



INDIGENOUS TRAINING MINISTRIES, INC.

REVC'S NEWS & VIEWS

by
RevC

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TOGETHER WE CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE!!

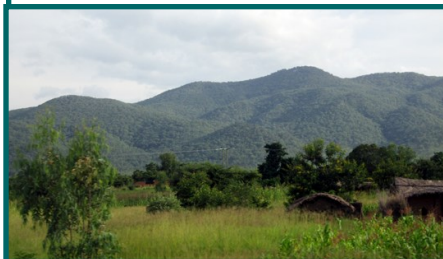
MALAWI—PART II



Last month in Malawi Part I, I introduced a small part of our trip to Mbwana village, which is in the “bush.” Though Pastor Stephen Tambuli thought it was about a 3 hour drive, it took us 4.5 hours to get there. Mbwana was a good hour off the main road, and at one point the road was so bad we had to walk the rest of the way, about 2 miles. But I’m getting ahead of myself. Let me start over and bring you to the point where we abandoned the car before I get to the best part of the story.



Malawi is one of the top 10 poorest countries in the world. I did not have to venture far from the city to realize that this is very foreign to what we all are used to. In



spite of the ever-present poverty, Malawi is very beautiful with vast lowland areas and mountains in the distance. You can easily imagine the wild animals wandering through the tall

grass and the trees that dot the landscape. The rainy season was over and everything was green and would stay that way until about mid-July. Then the countryside would turn brown from the months without rain and the summer heat.

Where we went, there were many fields of tobacco, corn, and some peanuts. Being originally from Indiana,



I was especially impressed with the rows of corn that were very straight, the corn evenly spaced all done by hand. There was also a surprising lack

of weeds, and in many places the farmers had planted watermelon, pumpkin, and squash inside the outer rows where there would still be enough sunlight.

As we drove out of the city of Blantyre, there were still many people walking along the roadside, riding bicycles or pushing bicycles loaded with large bales of charcoal they were bringing to the city to sell. Even in Blantyre there are frequent power shortages and times when, in order to cook, they need a supply of charcoal. On our way home while we were still many kilometers from Blantyre, Pastor Stephen bought a large bale for 2500 Kwachas (about \$5.50 US) which he said would have been twice that in the city.

As we got closer to our point of turning off the main paved road (all the roads off the main road were dirt roads), we stopped to get Keyason, a missionary working in the area where we were headed. Keyason had a good-sized Honda dirt bike and would lead us to the church where a group of mostly new Christians were waiting. Keyason, like most missionaries, needed financial help for gas, so I made sure he had gas for our trip and a few future



RevC - Stephen - Keyason

trips. We followed him a short distance further on the main road then turned off onto a dirt road that got narrower as we went then widened a bit more. Though the sky threatened rain, it only sprinkled for a few minutes. By the time we made it to where we left

the car, the sun was shining with a strong breeze.

Along the road were many houses like these pictured here, some made of mud, others of hand-made brick or brick that had been covered with



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stucco, leaving a smooth finish. The home pictured here was of hand-made brick and

ability to pick up money that had been wired out here in the **"bush."**



had tobacco drying in the side building. This was a common site as was the number of women walking the roadside with all kinds of objects carried on their heads. It was also interesting that I never saw one man doing the same, only women and children.



After we passed this little village shopping area, we soon had to abandon the car and walk the rest of the way to the church. We came upon a field of peanuts, and close by was a small structure made of poles and thatch. This was the church, the field of peanuts part of the church property.

All along the dirt road, I saw footprints in the dirt and bicycle tire imprints, but no car tracks, though I am sure other cars had been there. These footprints



that I photographed were of an adult. Everywhere we went, there were **people without shoes** unless they had a pair of flip-flops, but even those were few. As you will see in the church group photo, most everyone, except the three of us and two other pastors we brought with us, were without shoes, young and old alike.

Some men were waiting outside, and the women and children were already waiting inside. The structure was such that I had to stand in the middle to avoid hitting my



head on the "ceiling." Stephen had asked me to share my favorite message on faith, then allow time for questions. We were there for nearly 3 hours before I closed by praying for them and their future ministry to the many Muslims that live among them. The fact is, almost all of this group of about 30 believers were former Muslims, one of which was a Muslim Shak, like our pastor. There were only two who had printed Bibles, and both of those Bibles were very worn and torn. Some of them had been given talking Bibles by my friend Berkley Badger, who has done mission work with Stephen for many years. This was a big reason many of them had come to Christ. I look forward to returning someday to see how they are doing. Please remember to pray for these brothers and sisters in Christ, as they have a real hunger to learn God's Word.



Before we left the car, we drove past what Stephen referred to as the **"bush version of Walmart."** Then to my great surprise as we turned the

corner, there was a post office. It had a sign on the building that read **"Money-Gram"**! Last month I sent my first Money-Gram to China to pay for some translation work. I never dreamed they would have the



The best part of my trip to Malawi will have to wait until next month. Until then, know you are in my prayers. Your prayers and financial help are **always appreciated and much needed.** This month I expect to be Macedonia opening a new CTC program in the Gypsy settlement. Please Pray!
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