



**INDIGENOUS TRAINING MINISTRIES, INC.**  
**REVC'S NEWS & VIEWS**  
by  
**RevC**  
MAY 2022  
TOGETHER WE CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE!!  
**LOMÉ, TOGO**



The enemy was working overtime to keep me from going to Lomé, Togo, located on the western side of Africa. Prior to leaving, I began to struggle with allergies along with the rest of our family. Nothing seemed to help! I had al-

ready put off this trip for nearly a year and had promised the group that if they planned to come together for a week in March, I would be there. They chose the week that my mother turned 97 and it meant I would be traveling on her special day. Fortunately, my brother and his wife had come to stay with us and spend some time with mom and be here on her birthday.

I arrived at the airport early to board my Delta flight to Lagos, Nigeria. The agent at the counter asked me for the credit card I had used to purchase my ticket. Not realizing I had to have it to check in, I didn't have the card with me. The agent insisted I would not be boarding the plane unless I presented the card or purchased a new ticket. After handing her my Sam's Club card, she promptly charged me for another full, round-trip fare and said American Express would refund the other ticket. Then she asked if I had the QR code to enter Nigeria. I explained that I had only received my negative COVID test results that morning and did not have all the information I needed to complete the form. She informed me that I would not be boarding the plane again without it and told me to do it on my phone.

Though I use my phone every day, I suspect Daniel, my three-year-old, knows more about a cellphone than I. I worked for at least an hour trying to complete the paperwork but lost it twice because I did not know how to hold the page while trying to capture the COVID test and insert it into the document. Each time I had to start all over. The agent, seeing my frustration, offered to help but even she was having difficulty. Finally, we thought we had it completed. However, when I went to advance pay for another test upon arrival in Lagos, the program had problems with my ITM Visa card. It wanted a Master Card. I gave it my Sam's Club card and as the card was being processed, my cell phone rang, and it was Synchrony bank wanting to know if I was trying

to put through a charge for \$275 for a COVID test in Lagos. I asked her to hold a moment.

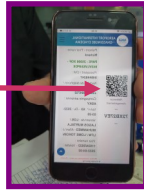
In the meantime, the agent I had spoken to called Delta Global Assistance to ask for permission for me (because I am a Million Miler + with Delta), to fly without the paperwork; they agreed. I told the bank card agent to deny the covid test charge so I could do it later in Lagos. I boarded the plane for the 11-hour flight and no sleep. When I arrived in Lagos, I planned to complete the paperwork and meet Pastor Victor who would take me to his home for the overnight stay. That would mean a shower and air-conditioned bedroom for a decent night's sleep. However, the folks at the airport saw things differently. I explained that I had difficulty completing the paperwork and that even a Delta agent had tried to help. They said I would have to spend the night at the airport and then be escorted to the plane Sunday morning for my flight to Lomé (pronounced Low-may). I told them Pastor Victor was coming for me so I could get the necessary COVID test. They sent an agent with me & Pastor Victor, I took the test, then we returned to the airport where Victor & I said, "goodbye". Pastor Victor thanked me several times for your generosity in helping them get a roof for their church. The work has already begun, and he will send photos of their progress. I was escorted to the small transit office where I would spend the night. That meant sleeping on the floor or a metal bench seat in the office, another full night with no sleep, and getting up off the floor in the morning feeling as though I had been beaten with a ball bat. The folks were nice enough, and I was determined to get to Lomé on time. As promised, I was escorted to the Asky Airline gate where I flew to Lomé.

Once in the Lomé airport, I arrived quickly at the immigration desk and presented my entry visa and passport. They spoke only French, so the officer pointed at a web address on his window and motioned me to go away from the window. I saw a group of foreigners feverishly working on entry paperwork similar to what Nigeria required. I found the website and began to complete the paperwork but quickly realized this, too, was going to be a test of my faith and patience!

The information wanted not only everything about me, but also the COVID test and a phone number of someone inside Togo. About the time I had lost the page for a second time, Ruben, my translator for the week, called. He gave me his number, I typed it in, and a new window opened saying we needed to verify the number. I had to input the verification code sent to Ruben. However, as all the demons in hell could attest to, when I left the main page to retrieve the code then returned to the info page, the time to input the code had

expired. Now keep in mind that I had not slept since early Friday and was still in the same clothes that I had put on that morning. I was exhausted, not feeling my best by any stretch of imagination, and the phone demons were enjoying every second of my frustration. Three times I tried to get the code and put it in, and each time lost the page and had to reenter all the information.

Finally, I told Ruben to simply stay on the line until he got the code and just read it to me so I could immediately put it in. That WORKED! The QR code box appeared. Now I could get beyond immigration and head for customs and my way out! **NOT SO!** There was yet another hurdle to overcome. Though I had just been COVID tested on Saturday, they required another test to be paid for and taken before I could pass through customs. That meant exchanging money so I could pay the 25,000 franks, approximately \$44 USD. More "highway robbery!" By this point, I only wanted to find my hotel and a hot shower and soft bed which in reality was only a box spring with a blanket to cover with. The nurse who administered the test told me where I would need to go to get yet another COVID test so I could board my flight back to Lagos and a few hours later to the USA on Saturday. That would make four tests within nine days!



or working stop lights. It was a traffic nightmare at every intersection with no one wanting to give way. Ruben told me they have power outages as much as twice a week. When I got to the hotel, the lights were on as they had a generator. By the time I got to my room, however, the power went out again and it was pitch black dark with no air-conditioning. Fortunately within about an hour, the hotel got their generator working again.

There were 16 students joining the CTC class, a mixture of pastors and other believers who wanted to check out the program and see what CTC was all about. We met from 8 AM until 3 PM with a short break for lunch, a cup of hot chocolate and a piece of bread. There was no air-conditioning, only a couple of floor fans blowing the 90+ degree air around the room along with blondish dust that coated everything



When I finally walked out of the airport, brother Nestor and Ruben were there with our taxi driver, Koami, a young father who was trying to support his family as a taxi driver. Later in the week, I discovered that Koami was a follower of Christ. After trying two dinner meals at the hotel, and not able to eat either, I asked a couple of the guys to take me to a restaurant and I would buy their dinner so I could eat. Kaomi waited for us outside the restaurant instead of getting other fares. The next evening, I invited Koami to join us as he was a brother in Christ, and we wanted him to fellowship with us. He was very surprised by the invitation but quickly fit right in with the other brothers, all about the same age. He was always there on time and waited for us as long as we needed. He even ran an errand for us as I gave him money to purchase a white marking board and stand for the CTC program.



within a few minutes. This proved to be another problem for my allergies. The heat just sucked the water out of me. I could feel the sweat running down my legs and off my chin and my blue jeans were sticking to my body which made it more uncomfortable to sit than to stand. There was no restroom but that wasn't a problem for me. Even though I was drinking

water, I was losing it almost as fast and thus never needed to go stand against a nearby wall (that surrounded private property) as was the custom of men when in need.

Although the main roads in Lomé were two lanes wide in each direction, all the side roads were dirt. Motorbikes outnumbered cars by at least four to one. I saw a father with two



small school children sitting in front of him and his two older school children sitting behind him, all four kids dressed in their other interesting sitting on the back holding a wheelbarrow.

school outfits. An photo was the man of the motorbike row on his head.

On Thursday evening, as we drove back to my hotel room, everything was dark! The power had gone out during rush hour which meant no streetlights

Nestor had told me of another young pastor from Burkina Faso who wanted to start a CTC program. We covered his transportation by bus and a church family gave him housing for the week. I also brought both him and Nestor a new laptop loaded with the CTC materials they would need for the training. We also equipped both schools with tables and a white board for the teacher to use. Starting two new CTC programs in one week was a first!

Without a doubt, this was one of the most physically difficult trips I have made in many years. Perhaps I'm just getting older! I was so relieved to get home, not realizing that I must have eaten or drunk something that my body would soon violently reject. At 4 AM, with none of my usual remedies working, I went to the ER. A week later, after a course of Cipro, things were finally back to normal. We are booked for a teaching trip to Ecuador May 24 — June 24 and a side teaching trip to Peru for me. **Please know I'm praying for you. We appreciate each of you and thank you for standing with us!!!!** Our CTC director in India, JT Norman has 4 locations. They graduate 64 in May and immediately begin training 76 new CTC students. **They need sponsorship help. Blessings!!!**

**TOGETHER WE'RE MAKING A DIFFERENCE!**

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