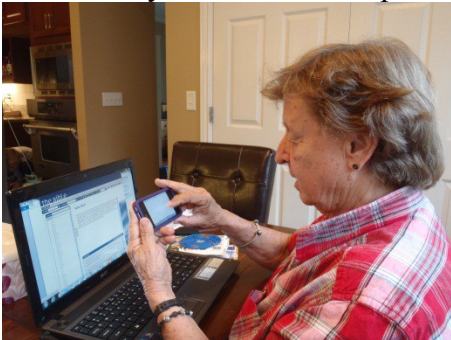


April newsletter 2012
Good Day, Good Friends of Palmas de Mamre

I'm a good 4 months late to catch you up on what is happening here on the frontier. We aren't as much the wilderness as when I came. In those days there was a public phone in the little settlement down the river with an operator and the same in the big town of Puerto Viejo. Now I think every monkey has a cell phone stuck out of his ear. I even have one that sometimes works if you climb up on a tree stump. We now have electricity by bringing a cable across the river. A tree washed it away in one of the floods, but we pulled it back across again. Costa Rica is at odds with Nicaragua so Uncle Sugar of the United States has given C.R. money to make a new road from the last jump off of Puerto Viejo to the border of Nicaragua so the Ticos (Costa Ricans) can avoid traveling on the Nicaraguan River.

I am trying hard to catch up to the 20th century, (but not the 21st century yet). I visited Josh, one of my former students from Alabama last week and he took what he thought was a totally out of character picture of me trying to use 2 computers at once.



Last year was filled with many long days from 4:30 AM until midnight trying to catch up from the devastating flood we had December 2010. We are feeling now like we are almost recovered. We appreciate so much the hard work and contributions of our guests who have moved alongside of us to make a comeback.

So, I'll just touch on what happened in December where I left you last. We had what turned out to be a wonderful group of medical students come to do clinics. Before they got here thought about just running away. They asked where they would use the bathroom at night, so I mentioned the problem to my leaders here that were preparing for the group and they just shrugged and said they would use just what we use when it is raining and we don't want to go out at night we just cut off a Clorox gallon jug. They were worried that they might get dirty. I haven't been clean out here for 20 years. Everything went wrong with the bureaucracy. The doctor in charge of the district where we planned to go told us that he had given proper papers for our clinics to both immigration and the army. He had done nothing, so the wonderful clinics were squashed half way through the projects. Then it rained, and rained, and then it poured. The rising water and mud shrunk our environment to where we were all cozily squeezed together—

far beyond American independent standards. However, it turned out to be one of the best times ever.

This tremendous group of Doctors and Medical students was escorted by Maria from FLAME Ministry, who has faithfully helped so much in sending us boxes of much needed educational materials, medical items and life jackets to make us legal. The troops rose to the occasion in spite of moving completely out of their culture comforts and several have sent me messages that they want to come back.



Examining patients on the first part of the voyage.

However, it turned out to be one of the best times ever for spreading the Lord's message. We dedicated our time to conducting church services and working with children. The patriarchs of the pueblo made a choice to follow Jesus. Because of the in charge of the district didn't do what he said he had, we didn't hand out as many pills as we'd planned, but a church was formed and Juan is teaching and discipling them on a weekly basis.

So we dedicated out time to conducting church services and working with the children, and the patriarchs of the pueblo made a choice to follow Jesus, and out of the doctor's efforts not many pills were given out but a church was formed and Juan teaching and discipling them on a weekly basis.



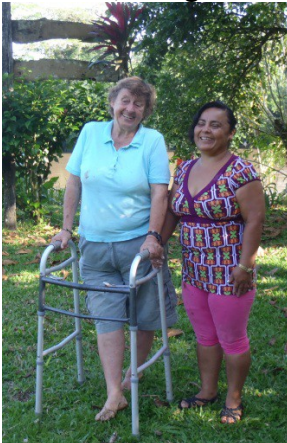
The leaders of the pueblo

accepting Jesus on the return home

I continue to pull teeth and hope to continue to do clinics, but am convinced that my job —our job here on earth is to give a hand where we can and to finish the great commandment that says, “teach them all things I have commanded you,” (Mathew 28:18), which is, to make disciples, and not just leave allot of people at Hell’s gates with clean teeth and no more headaches.

So, the good thing about the clinic is that we were forced in the end to concentrate on ministry. The bad thing is I did a stupid thing. I hopped in the rain on my right foot to the outside toilet to avoid getting my Band-Aid on my left foot wet. I hopped in a hole filled with water and my good right knee flew out like a bow, leaving my knee fractured and me incapacitated, getting worse and worse, and finally unable to walk for a couple of months until I could get an operation.

That brings us to introducing Hodilis. Ramon (one of our leaders in the san Juan River) called for his sister, Hodilis, to take care of me until I could walk again, and she is still here. What a blessing. Hodilis was originally born in Nicaragua and came to this country with her parents and siblings to escape the Nicaraguan war. She has taken over the job of cook and hospitality (keeping the beds changed & rooms cleaned for visitors) chickens, and gardening.



Hodilis was with me a couple of weeks ago when the Land Rover broke down for the umpteenth time on a starless night going through the jungle and a huge mountain lion sat

right outside the car. Hodilis played with him shining her flashlight from one eye to the other to make him blink for about half an hour until my dog caught up with the jeep, mad because I had left her behind, and scared away our big cat. Soon after, Hodilis was helping me clean the library and found about a 6 foot long boa constrictor rolled up behind the books. Of course he has no fangs and can't hurt you unless he gets a grip and squeezes you. But Hodilis took it all in stride, she's definitely a keeper.

Love,
Ana