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Dear Co-worker:

Douglas Heidema gives us a look into a busy weekend at the Ambunti Mission Station:

*Friday's afternoon temperatures soared to the mid 90's, and the searing sun and thick humid air*



Cartons of *Heroes* being counted by Eric for distribution.

*seemed determined to sauté the group of ten PIM employees working without shade. With an inspection suppose to occur on Saturday and having been given only four days notice to complete a fencing project for the Justice Department, Friday became a 12 hour work day under the tropical sun.\* Thankfully all survived though now with even darker skin and most likely fabulously high levels of vitamin D. Yet my skin is still not as brown as the majority of the folks around here.*

*Sunday's weather was better. The cool of the morning lingered when a low overcast sky had not yet cleared at 8:30. A welcome reprieve, because the walk to church required an extra ten minutes to bring a tube of lip balm to soothe cold sores. Pastor Thomas preached from John 14:1-6, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me." One point: preparations are already made in the Father's house for believers and the pastor wanted all hearing the message to be ready.*

*After the service some of us relaxed in the front pews and chatted. A young boy brought in a massive ripe pineapple to give to me. When leaving the house I had put a packet of navy brand biscuits in my shirt pocket to give to someone. The boy happily accepted the biscuits in the exchange. Then while walking home I was joined by a man who needed some pain reliever tablets for a headache which he enjoyed with a glass of cool water.*

*During lunch I listened to a sermon on Jesus being the lord of the Sabbath. The day of rest led to a nap on the couch when someone out in yard called out, "Anyone home?" A retinue of eight had come to inspect the fence; they were only a day late. Pleased to see the job done they walked back down to the river. After finishing off the half gallon water bottle which had been cooling in the freezer, they got into their boat and roared down river.*

*The crowd cleared and things were peaceful again for about ten minutes. Then a helicopter droned overhead and landed to get some fuel from our storage shed. On Saturday the pilot had refueled the helicopter while on the way to a village to move the body of a missionary who had died while hiking to another village in the bush. The pilot was headed back to the SIL/ Wycliffe mission base in the highlands with two other missionaries who were close neighbors of the missionary who passed away. The rest of the afternoon was quiet.*

*After the evening service I took another road home and was met by a group of people who needed a coffin to take to their village. Fortunately one was already made up so that didn't require much attention. Rarely does a Sunday become this busy. Sometimes "a service" on a Sunday means more than just a church service, which raises the thought:*

*"Whoever would be great among you must be your servant, " (Mark 10:43 ESV)*

*Resting in Him,  
Douglas Heidema*

\*To supplement the mission income occasionally the PIM construction department has done work for the government.



Pastor Terrance loading boxes of *Heroes* books for Maprik High School's Religious Instruction classes.