Hi, everyone!

This is a story from last week that tells a little about how interesting life is here in Belize. On Tuesday I dropped our friend, Teo, (from Perú) at the Belize International Airport. After paying for parking, I stopped at the yield sign to look for oncoming cars when all of a sudden, a woman in a security officer’s uniform dashed across the road and rapped loudly on my window.

I was a little startled, but not afraid to find out what she wanted, so I rolled down the window. “Are you going to Belize City?” she demanded.

“No,” I said, “I am going to Belmopan,” feeling a little relieved that I was off the hook.

“Belmopan?” she asked, then she turned around and hollered across the road to a group of women that was standing there, “Hey Kera, come over here. This lady will take you!”

“Take her?” I asked. “Where?”

“Mahogany Heights,” she said, “Don’t worry. She’ll tell you where to go.” And with that, she turned away to dash back across the street. I then heard the passenger door open, and a young woman slipped into the seat next to me. She was breathing heavily and looked tired; I realized that she was probably afraid, so I tried to reassure her.

“Hello!” I said in what I hoped was a friendly tone. “Welcome. Who are you?”

“I’m Kera Sutherland,” she answered, looking straight ahead and still appearing a little nervous.

“Well Kera Sutherland, it looks like we’ll be spending some time together this afternoon, so fasten your seatbelt and try to relax. I promise I won’t hurt you,” I said reassuringly.

I then drove carefully into the main road. Once I felt like we were on our way I turned to her and said, “So…Tell me about yourself, Kera.” She then took a deep breath and began. Her story, like so many here, is one of constant struggle. I learned that she is happy to be pregnant, but discouraged that the things she bought for her unborn child were stolen from her home while she worked. I learned that she works long hours for little pay, and that her mother (who should be part of her life) is instead estranged because of addiction to drugs. I learned that Tyrone, the man she loves, was also robbed. I learned that life is hard, and she wants to reconnect with Jesus.

We had a nice talk. It’s funny how God throws people into our lives—I think he would send them sailing through our windows or have them waiting for us on our sofas when we walk into the living room, if he had his way—I believe we would all get acquainted.

Later that evening when I told Herb the story, he just laughed. “I guess Jesus wants us to get to know Kera and Tyrone better.” So, I got in touch with her and we made a visit. During our talk we learned that her pregnancy has put her at risk. She has developed gestational diabetes and needs to eat a diet high in protein and low in sugars and carbohydrates, but it’s hard for her to eat well because she works an exhausting day. The one bus takes her to work well before her day officially begins, and then the bus home doesn’t leave until about two hours after she gets off work. By the time she gets home, she is done.

The father of her unborn child, Tyrone, has an equally long day. He works as a free-lance artist and goes wherever he is called. He also has an interesting story, but perhaps that will be for another day.

We all decided we would like to get to know each other better, so we will try to visit there on Wednesdays. Kera asked that we bring a Bible, so we have a date for supper and Bible study next Wednesday afternoon.

Please pray for Kera, Tyrone, and their growing child. Also, pray for us as we get to know a number of young people here is Belize. We are so grateful for the opportunity to be here and want to be open to God’s will for our lives.

Blessings on your week!

Serving in the mission field of Belize,

Markie