

Dear friends and family,

I doubt that I can do justice to the incredible adventure that Herb and I shared on our way to Honduras for the Honduras FORO meetings in Tegucigalpa, but I will give it my best literary try.

The first piece of information you need to know, is that there has been a lot of ENEMY ACTION around here recently. We had no sooner welcomed the Logston's to Belize, when they found themselves under attack. Before arriving, they had spent 2-3 grueling weeks of travel and training. In the excitement and stress of the move, they had not been able to rest for several days before landing, so they were exhausted just getting off the plane and making it through immigration. However, they tried to keep going forward in order to get settled into their new country and "digs". However, the cruelest arrow hit their little baby Malachi, who came down with pneumonia on day three of their new life in Belize. Finally, we all realized that we needed to stop forward movement, and concentrate on putting our hearts, minds, and faith in Jesus, to guide this young family to good care and treatment. I'm glad to report that Malachi is back to his bubbly, happy self, but his dad (Justin) is still being targeted by all the biting insects that find new blood so delicious. Please keep the Logston family in your prayers as they settle into their new call here on the Belize mission field.

Because Justin needed to attend to his beloved wife Jordan and their baby Malachi, I made the executive decision to be co-pilot as Herb drove to Honduras. I had not done this drive for several years. We started our journey under cloudy skies, but we soon found ourselves in rain. We left Belize with no problems, but it is always a chore to cross into Guatemala with a vehicle. After a little more than an hour at the border, we were on the road with our "permiso" to travel. Herb was beginning to tire, so I had taken over the wheel. We were making pretty good time as we quickly happened upon a change in road, I called out to Herb, "I think I remember this now!" as we flew off the asphalt and landed on the dirt road about four inches down.

Herb jolted awake and said, "Yes, that's a bad one," but it was only the beginning. There has been so much rain over the last year that we had to swerve to avoid both potholes and sinkholes in the road. We arrived in Puerto Barrios in the early evening and found ourselves at an historic hotel that is now smack dab next to the working port. It seemed pretty dreary at that hour, but the next morning we could imagine what this lovely coastal hotel looked like when it was built for guests back in 1892.

Pastor Byron Paz came by the hotel and welcomed us to Guatemala. He then took us to join the Milagres family for a lovely meal on the water. The next morning, we arrived at the Colegio Integral Luterano Cristo el Salvador School, and Pastor Paz has his workers tucked 13 boxes of new Spanish Bibles into the car to deliver to our sister congregations in Honduras. After a marvelous tour of the school, we headed our car toward the border.

We rolled into the border between Guatemala and Honduras in a deluge. We slogged around trying to show health officials our vaccination cards, and then then were directed to immigration. That went quickly, but again, taking a car across the border between countries is

no small feat. Luckily Herb speaks good Spanish, and has done this several times, so he remembered to get all the photocopies of everything that we needed to satisfy officials. This part of the journey is very cool because on one side of a large rectangular building is where you get stamped to leave Guatemala, then they direct you to the other side of the building where you are stamped to enter Honduras. It's very efficient.

We got back on the road with windshield wipers flying. The GPS helped us to avoid much of downtown San Pedro Sula, but as we left the city, we encountered terrible flooding. The road has been built up to be quite high, but on both sides of the road we would see the devastation as water rose to cover people's homes. Herb said that those lowland lots had been for sale when he traveled to the last couple of FOROs. I guess they were affordable because they were on a flood plain. Oh Lord have mercy!

There had been rumors that the big bridge was closed, but we had no problems crossing it, and we then began our ascent. It rained most of the afternoon, and Herb and I both experienced some white-knuckle driving, but praise God we finally began our descent into Tegucigalpa. We arrived without incident to be welcomed by Ted Krey, Jamielynn Flores, and Junior and Rosa Martinez.

The FORO meetings were well attended and very fruitful, and our return home was mostly under partly cloudy to blue skies. In Puerto Barrios, we picked up another 13 boxes of Spanish Bibles for use here in Belize, and then we continued our way home. The trip to Tegucigalpa is always four days of travel. Herb can fly, but then he must spend the night in Miami or Panama City, so driving gives him the freedom of having a car and the opportunity to meet with the LAC alliance missionary Rafael Milagres who is the chaplain at the Lutheran School in Puerto Barrios.

I'm so glad I got to go along. It's always a lot of fun to travel with Herb, and it was great to be with the folks in Honduras.

He's off to the Pastor's Conference in Reno, to be with other CNH pastors, and I'm here in Belize holding down the fort during what is now tropical storm, Julia. The river is rising, so will you please put the people affected by this storm into your prayers. We are on high ground, but many people are not. Thank you!

Yours in Christ,  
Markie

To learn about the eyeglass clinic that was held in Valley of Peace and sponsored by a short-term team of the Belize Mission Society, go to our Facebook page at: The Lutheran Mission in Belize.

Mission Central  
<https://missioncentral.us/>

