

Presbyterians Sharing . . . April 2009 Update

Presbyterians Sharing is the national fund supporting the mission and ministry of The Presbyterian Church in Canada.



Leah Adema visits agriculture program participants in Tanzania.

I forgot my chicken

Our gifts to *Presbyterians Sharing* support Leah Adema, an intern with the Africa Inland Church of Tanzania from October 2008 to July 2009. Leah is studying International Development at the University of Toronto. In Tanzania she is helping with reporting, monitoring and other activities for programs supported by *Presbyterian World Service & Development*.

I forgot my chicken on the bus. Not in the carriage with fresh air and sights to see, but in the dark, dusty, storage compartment above the back wheels. She had had a few minutes respite earlier that day, as fresh air wafted in when the trap door was opened to access the spare tire. But when the busted tire was exchanged for the new, and those of use waiting in the red dust returned to the carriage, my hen was closed in again.

I think I can be forgiven for this lapse in memory. It was late evening when I was dropped off in front of the house I am calling home for the year. I had things on my mind and I was relieved to have returned that night at all.

We were already late finishing up our visits for the day. The delays had started that morning. The first delay, not surprising to anyone involved but still an irritant, was the hour and a half wait for our rented mini bus to pick us up. The second delay was more of a test, and a trying one for the new agricultural field officer, Eliza.

"When do we sign?" was the question she was asked as we arrived at our first stop of the day. They wanted to sign for money, such as the amount given to help pay daily expenses on last year's four-day exchange visit out of the region. They have better things to do, some said, if not being paid for their time.

Neither of us had known this was done last year. The project officer hadn't thought to tell us. But even so we said, "Didn't

you come here to learn? To invest your time so that you can do better in the future? And this trip, you are visiting your neighbors, only a one-day event like all the other seminars have been. No money was given for those. Do you want to continue, or be here at all?"

And so we waited for them to discuss amongst themselves. It soon became evident that those causing the upset were from the same village that has been slower to implement project successes than the others.

"It is time to continue," I began to say. If they wanted to wait there they could. It was not fair to the other participants sitting in the sun while they discussed. My patience was past wearing thin. With some relief, we walked into the fields, and those who

Presbyterians Sharing

Goal for 2009: \$ 8,975,000

Received by end of Feb: \$ 419,171

Thank you for your faithful support of *Presbyterians Sharing*. Let us continue to work and pray together as we encourage congregations to reach and surpass their commitments in 2009.

Celebrating twenty years of Cariboo ministry

Well, we are almost 20 years old! It's hard for Linda and I to believe that this much of our lives has been invested in mission work in this one area of Christ's vineyard. The funny thing about time is that it just marches along as you live your life doing the next thing. After all is said and done though, we have had a strong sense of God's call and God's sending out as we have served God day by day in mission in the Cariboo-Chilcotin region. And it is to this "sending out" that this small letter is dedicated; that means it is dedicated to you.

The very word 'missionary' comes from a Greek word via the Latin that means, "sent one." The word in Greek is the word we are all so familiar with in the Bible, the word 'apostle'. Apostles were sent ones. Missionaries are sent ones. The sending out happens in at least two

ways: Christ touches one's heart and calls one out and Christ's people touch one's ear and send one out with much prayer and physical support. For 20 years, you, and others like you, have



been prayerfully and financially sending us out to do mission work for Christ among the rural people of Cariboo-Chilcotin. Without this process, it would have never happened and neither could it continue.

The Cariboo Presbyterian Church is truly a regional mission. Many of you experi-

ence Christ's church in one geographic point of focus. Christ's mission through the Cariboo PC covers a huge region with a large rural population scattered across an area that accounts for about one-fifth of the province of BC. In most of the locations where we work, there is no other ordered Christian witness. We believe this is true mission – taking the church of Christ to rural people who live beyond the traditional church. No one else is doing what we do. We believe that because of this, what we do is crucial mission work.

The Cariboo Presbyterian Church is a dependent mission – dependent on Christ and on you!

The ministry of Cariboo Presbyterian Church and David and Linda Webber is supported by your gifts to *Presbyterians Sharing*.



had grumbled followed behind.

It was on our third stop of the day that I received my chicken. A quick grab at the nestle of hens around his feet, and Kulwa, the community extension worker who was showing us the success of the project on his farm and in his life, was suddenly thrusting a clucking, very frightened young chicken towards me. And he had a big grin on his face.

Out to his field we continued. And it was there we encountered a sudden, quick change of mood. Gasps of astonishment, and muttering amongst the farmers. Someone grabbed Eliza's hand and pulled her into the tall green stalks of maize.

"We have no more questions!" she was told. Why had we not

just brought them here? In the dry, thirsty land of the region, the thriving gardens and crops on this man's land were enough to convince them of the project benefits.

So agreed our mini bus driver. He was so excited to come with us that day. His questions had been answered. His jotted list of prescriptions for healthy chickens and thriving crops was tucked safely into his front shirt pocket.

It was amidst the now positive conversations that we heard the loud POP of a tire followed by that grating, clunky sound that is all too familiar to me now. How long would it take to change the tires? Would the bus seats be our beds or should we return to one of the villages and spend the night there?

But the tire got fixed. And finally, the minibus pulled up outside my house. It was the next morning before I realized what had occurred. I was explaining my doubtful thoughts on the ability for change in this particular village to another field officer, when his opportunistic assurances were interrupted by the arrival, tied to the back of a motorbike, of my chicken.

She was being returned to me safely. Our eager-to-learn bus driver had taken very good care of her. Seeing her again reminded me of the big smile that had spread across Kulwa's face as he held her out for me to take. This act had been an expression of gratefulness for the achievements he has experienced. And he is now able to share these with others.



The Presbyterian Church in Canada

50 Wynford Dr. Toronto, ON M3C 1J7

416-441-1111 or 1-800-619-7301

www.presbyterian.ca