

DRU'S VIEWS
Eighteenth Edition – July 2009

“There is a time for everything, a season for every activity under heaven...A time to cry and a time to laugh. A time to grieve and a time to dance.” Ecclesiastes 3:1, 4

My last few newsletters have been filled with grief and sorrow over the suffering of the poor in Zambia; many of you have told me that you cried when you read them. That certainly has not been my intent! To make up for it, this letter will be only about happy things, and I hope it will make you laugh and want to dance!

Lifesong School

After over a year of working diligently, our attorney has secured our registration with the government. Lifesong for Orphans is now a legal entity in Zambia! Hallelujah! This means a lot of additional work in the next month to set up accounts with the various governmental organizations to which we will have to report, such as the three tax agencies that require monthly payments from our payroll. Of course, they're all located in different office buildings around town, and since payments are in cash, this will mean more “running around.” Guess I'll get some much needed extra exercise.



The children recently had a week of sports activities. They were divided into four groups with a range of ages in each group. Competitions included sack races, three-legged races, soccer, badminton, basketball, a food eating contest, etc. The one I found the most interesting I call “spit in a bottle.” This involved team members filling their mouths with water and running to the other end of a field where they emptied it into a soda bottle. The first team to fill their bottle won.

The number of malaria cases has decreased, although we still have some now and then. With the colder weather, runny noses and coughing have increased. Each morning, John has a long line of children in the sick bay waiting for the sweet, red cough syrup he dispenses. I was talking to our doctor the other day about this. He said he used to work in the mines, and they had the same problem. The miners would come to the dispensary and ask for cough syrup. He discovered they were putting it on their bread like jam! They changed to a bitter medicine, and the coughing stopped!

“My Children”

I marvel at Kafuti, whose faith inspires me as he encourages me in times of trial with verses from the bible. He also has the gift of prophetic dreams. For example, a few years ago he told John Mumba, our school manager, that he dreamed I would return to Zambia, and John and I would be working together. John didn't see how that could be possible, but here we are! So I was delighted when one morning Kafuti told me he dreamed I had a “hard body.” I thought that would be great, so I stepped up my exercise program. I was disappointed when he told me that it was not a hard body he'd dreamed about, but a “Hardbody” truck (made by Nissan). Well, that would be a blessing, too, as my little Toyota car is rapidly wearing out under the strain of hauling kids and supplies over terrible roads.

Events at Kafakumba

Pastors School finished the end of June with 28 graduates who have spent eight years in commitment to study. It was a joyful occasion with the bishop coming to share a message of encouragement and hand out diplomas. The following week, women from Fisenge and Baluba villages and wives of some of the Kafakumba workers attended a conference. They learned that they are special and have value in their home and community, discussed how to be good mothers and wives, learned the five ways of expressing love, and were educated on health issues. At one point, my friend Terese mentioned that in African culture families rarely use the words, “I love you.” She told the women they should say this to their children and husbands, even using English words (which don't translate) such as “Darling” and “Sweetheart.” This created quite a hubbub, but the women agreed to try it as an experiment when they went home that night and reported back the next morning. Many of them said their husbands were not only shocked but quite pleased. The men responded in kind, and one husband even helped prepare dinner. The men wanted to know what else their wives were learning in this class, and they said they hoped their wives' new attitudes would not end with the conference. So do I!



Sneak Peaks

- There is a large anthill next to my house, which was left to buffer the noise from the soccer field on the other side. Zambian children don't miss an opportunity when they see one. Little Marvin found himself an excellent “sliding board.”

- Again we struggle with the lack of an “r” in the Bemba language and the confusion it causes. Our staff member, Zimba, wrote on a receipt for a truck that transported our supplies the word “Roading” with a number after it. I finally figured out that this was the amount that he paid some of the men for helping with the loading! And I nearly laughed myself silly one day as I was trying to teach the neighbor children that the dog that visits me is named “Red.” We practiced the “r” sound over and over, and they never did get it right! They kept trying to get their tongues involved.

What’s in a Name?

“...rejoice because your names are registered as citizens of heaven.” *Luke 10:20* Isn’t it marvelous to realize that God knows the name of each and every one of us? In my morning devotions, I’m reading a book titled “Living and Praying in Jesus’ Name” by Dick Eastman and Jack Hayford. Each of the 31 chapters focuses on a different name of Jesus. The book quotes Andrew Murray, “What is a person’s name? It is a word or expression in which a person is represented to us. When I mention or hear a name, it brings to mind the whole man, what I know of him, and also the impression he has made on me.” *

Names in Zambia can be very interesting. Biblical names are common, such as Ezron, Eiel, Esther, Miriam, Aaron, Moses, Rebecca, Martha, Lazarus, Haggai and Joachim. (Notice that many have the “r” in them?) You also hear names that have special meaning such as Given or Gift, Precious, Blessings, Mercy. My night security guard has a name that gives me comfort—Action! A child who is born following twins is frequently named Chola, meaning “bag.” (This was explained to me, but I don’t understand.) One of the neighbor boys is named Mukosiku, which means “Baby that comes in the night.” That is self-explanatory. I asked another one of the boys what his name was, and he replied with what sounded like “Sidilin.” I repeated it, “Sidilin?” and he said, “Yes.” I then asked him to spell it, and he said, “S-y-d-n-e-y.” We have a little girl at school who everyone calls “Sniffer” although in our records it is spelled “Seneffer.” Her mother is illiterate, so she is not able to spell it for us. And we are not sure if one boy’s name is Millard or Mirald; it’s that “r” again!

Prayer Requests

- Pray for Lifesong School as we complete our second term of the year. The children are showing progress in many ways, and the staff members continue to grow in understanding of “servanthood.” John leads by example as he sacrifices his own needs and duties to apply a bandage or rub ringworm medicine onto a head, to counsel children who are having a bad day, and even to chop vegetables when the kitchen crew is behind schedule.
- Pray for the families represented by the women who attended the conference at Kafakumba, that they will continue to show love and appreciation for one another by word and deed.
- Continued prayers for Rev. Glenn and Dee Ioder and their mission team from Peoria First United Methodist Church. They leave the US on August 3 and will be with us from August 5 through August 18. They will be conducting bible school with the children and helping with classroom renovations. Pray for their safety, health and a meaningful experience. Please also pray for Lifesong President, Gary Ringger, and his staff as they assemble the Vision Team who are coming early in September.

“You have taught children and nursing infants to give you praise.” *Psalm 8:2*. My bible study notes say, “Children are able to trust and praise God without doubt or reservations. As we get older, many of us find it more and more difficult to do. Ask God to give you childlike faith, removing any barriers to having a closer walk with him.”** Isanna Lungu, age 4, is in the baby class at Lifesong School. She is a single orphan; her father died, and she lives with her auntie. She always has a smile and laughs most of the time. When she sees me drive up, she runs to me as fast as her little legs can carry her with her arms outstretched shouting, “Auntie Dru! Auntie Dru!” I receive a big hug and revel in her love and attention. Wouldn’t it be wonderful if we all could approach Jesus with such abandon? That is my prayer for myself, that I will be overflowing with praise, joy and love for Christ, with reckless abandon like a little child.



May God bless you and keep you all laughing and dancing!

In His service,

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*Andrew Murray, *With Christ in the School of Prayer*, rev. ed. (Springdale, Penn.: Whitaker House, 1987), 174.

***Life Application Study Bible*, NLT, Tyndale House Publishers, Inc., Wheaton, Illinois, 1996.