

**DRU'S VIEWS**  
*Thirty-fifth Edition – March 2011*

*“Let my heart be broken by the things that break the heart of God.”—A prayer by Bob Pierce, founder of World Vision*

***Lifesong School***

Last month I showed you a picture taken in December of Clement fertilizing the little corn plant with a spoon. Friday when I was at school, the children were given cooked ears of corn from the same garden. Here’s a sample of what they are harvesting!



The end of this term was extended due to a 2-week shutdown in March because of the typhoid outbreak. Things seem to have settled down. Both our city water and well water were tested and found to be negative for typhoid. This was a big relief. When I was walking through the shanty compound yesterday, I met two of our mothers who were dispensing lime for homeowners to put in their pit latrines. The Health Department has finally taken some positive action and provided resources to address the outbreak.

I am happy to be able to report that William was seen by the CURE Clubfoot International doctors on February 22. They compared his feet with photos they had taken prior to his surgeries and were very pleased with the results. He will not need to be seen by them for one whole year! His balance continues to improve, and his personality is becoming more outgoing as he gains self-confidence. Yesterday he ran up to me and gave me a big hug—a first! (And whispered in my ear “bicycle.”) I even heard his teacher scolding him for acting up in class; in this case, a blessing indeed!

***Life at Kafakumba***

I am so thankful that God is patient with me; I am a slow learner. A year ago, a beggar—scarred face, covered in sores, with tattered, filthy clothes smelling of urine—stopped in front of my house begging for food. He did not speak properly so I couldn’t understand what he was telling me. He made me very uncomfortable, and since I didn’t want him coming every day, I sent him away. A few weeks ago he returned. He doesn’t knock on my door; he merely sits respectfully at the edge of my yard and softly calls, “Auntie.” My adopted dog, Red, once attacked this man, knocked him down and bit him on the hand. So when she started barking at him, he was terrified. I calmed Red down, and thankfully, she left him alone. I finally got the message. How can I deny this hungry man food when I have so much? He asks for only a little something to add to the bag of leftovers he has collected from the Kafakumba kitchen. I remembered the story from Luke 16:19-21: “Jesus said, ‘There was a certain rich man who was splendidly clothed and who lived each day in luxury. At his door lay a diseased beggar named Lazarus. As Lazarus lay there longing for scraps from the rich man’s table, the dogs would come and lick his open sores.’” Since I couldn’t understand the man when I asked his name, I decided to call him Lazarus. Now when he comes I search to see what I can give him—usually a box of milk and some bread. He always says quite clearly, “Natasha. Lesa amupale.” (Thanks. God bless you.) One day I gave him an apple, and he held it gently in his hand, turning it over and over as if it were something truly precious. The other day I gave him the leftover steak I was going to eat for my supper. He was pleased to eat even the gristle I’d kept to give Red. I took his photo and sat down on the ground next to him while he ate so I could look into his eyes—and see Jesus!



***“My Children”***

Last weekend Kafuti and I traveled to Kitwe to worship at Living Word United Methodist Church. It was Youth Special Day, and our own Joseph was the guest preacher. He did a wonderful job; the title of his sermon was “Don’t Stop on the Way.” He referred to the women who were on their way to Jesus’ tomb on Easter morning. Although they were wondering how they could possibly remove the large stone, they didn’t turn back but went ahead. Joseph’s message was that we should trust in God and not let perceived obstacles prevent us from following Christ or pursuing the calling we have received. He was able to use his own tragic history as a child soldier in Congo and a street kid in Kitwe to illustrate what God can do in our lives if we don’t stop on the way. I was bursting with pride!



Kafuti called the other day and said he needed a new pair of pliers for school. When I took him the ones I bought, sort of an imitation Leather Man, he said, “Oh, I should have been more specific; I need some with plastic or rubber handles.” Evidently he decided to replace the electrical socket in his dormitory room. However, he tried to do it while the wires were live, and he ended up melting his pliers. Since we have 220 voltage electricity here, he was lucky he didn’t melt himself! I told him I thought maybe that the first thing he should have been taught in class was to make sure the power was off. He said, “Well, I learned my lesson!”

### ***Sneak Peaks***

- I think our pastor should stick to preaching and find someone else to do the typing. Recently as we read the final part of the liturgy printed in our bulletin, I was amazed to read that “We are sent out in Chris’s name.” I’m not sure there is anyone in our congregation named “Chris”!
- One day I was following a funeral procession. Since few people here have private cars, they hire buses, or more frequently large trucks, to carry the mourners to the cemetery. They are crowded in and hanging over the sides and often quite drunk. When the procession in front of me stopped to turn into the cemetery, I grabbed my camera to take a picture of the truck full of people. One man was so angry that he tried to get out of the truck to come after me. Luckily, the men were so packed in that he couldn’t get his leg out. I’m not sure what he would have done to me, but it wouldn’t have been pleasant!



### ***Recommended Reading***

I just finished reading [The Hole in Our Gospel](#) by Richard Stearns, President of World Vision, U.S. It is one of the most compelling and challenging books I’ve ever read. I suggest it should be on the *required* reading list for all Bible study groups, Sunday school classes, growth groups—indeed, for all Christians in the Western world. It will change your way of thinking, worshipping, giving and serving—hopefully your entire life.

### ***Prayer Requests***

- Please pray for Lifesong School. Staff is being reorganized; pray that new teachers and staff will be committed to serving the Lord by serving the children. Two American couples are considering long-term commitments to come and serve the ministry here. Pray that they will discern God’s call and have the courage to answer it.
- Pray that the malaria season will soon end, and the children will be healthy. Pray that there will be no new cases of typhoid.
- Personal prayers as I struggle with concerns and doubts about my own future housing and a job. I know in my head it is right to trust God, but sometimes my heart is fearful.
- Pray for a world that is being shaken by violence—both violence in nature such as the recent earthquakes in New Zealand and Japan, and the violence of man against man such as in Libya, Egypt, the Middle East, Pakistan and Afghanistan. Pray that Christians will come forth and courageously live as Christ commanded—in unconditional love for God and our neighbors, regardless of their ethnic background or religion. Only when we live out Christ’s example of love for *everyone* will our world know peace.

### ***In Memoriam***

On February 23, we lost one of our precious children. Dorcas Kalowe, youngest daughter of our maintenance supervisor, was not a student at Lifesong. However, since she lived on campus, she spent her days with our students and was often found in whatever class she chose to attend that day. Although we provided her with the best medical care available, she was not able to overcome the effects of malaria and typhoid. She was 5 years old. Sadly, this is the only photo I can find of her. It was taken 3½ years ago. She and her sisters were making earrings out of flowers they found in my front yard. It does not show the big smile she always had on her face and the mischievous twinkle in her eyes. She was a very intelligent little girl—she could sing the *Zambian National Anthem*, recite her ABC’s and answer 2 + 2 is 4, 4 + 4 is 8, all the way to 356. Some things are hard to understand. But we know that she is now in heaven entertaining the angels and Jesus with her bright spirit and laughter, in a new eternal body that will know no hunger, pain or suffering.



*For we know that when this earthly tent we live in is taken down—when we die and leave these bodies—we will have a home in heaven, an eternal body made for us by God himself and not by human hands. 2 Corinthians 5:1*

In His service,

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