



CLIM
CONNECTING
LIVES International Mission

Kenya, Sudan, Jordan & Israel
Spring 2008

A Letter from Fran Boyle

Dear Friends and Supporters:
I am extremely grateful for all you have done. You have made a lasting difference in the lives of many.

KENYA

The time I spend in Kenya is usually busy, but pleasant, as I prepare for the trips into Sudan, but I found Kenya a different country in late January and early February. Tourists were scarce, taxi drivers, hotels, and shops were suffering and everyone was on edge. I was one of only two (either brave or foolish) foreigners staying at the ACK Guest House in Nairobi. At the Anglican Cathedral on Sunday morning, I listened as the pastor and some members from the church in Elderot described how many people had been burned alive as they fled a mob to what they thought was the safety of the church. The Archbishop prayed over them, and we were all stunned at hearing first hand how cruel humankind can be to one another. I had opportunities to pray with and encourage a number of Kenyans whom I know and also prayed for others that I came into contact with during my time in Nairobi. Because of the dangers and closed roads, I did not venture outside of the city to visit Sudanese refugees, as I usually do.

SUDAN

On a dirt runway in the middle of nowhere—Western Aweil, Northern Bahr El Gazal province in Southern Sudan—the MAF pilot asked me, “How long do you intend to stay here?” as he watched us unload the last of the medical supplies from the chartered plane. I told him I would be there until I could catch a UN flight from Nyamillel, half an hour away, on Monday of the following week. He said, “That is a long time,” as he shook his head and hopped back in the plane and flew away. I stood in the dirt field and felt my heart stop for a moment, but then I looked up and saw the Christians coming waving their wooden crosses, and I prayed, “Lord, just keep me focused on you and on the assignment here, not on the circumstances or the harsh environment.”



It was good to see some of the same faces from two years ago. It was sad, however, to see some of the same little dirty faces of the orphan children, especially the children who had been purchased back from slavery. They are easy to spot. Their little eyes are very dull and lifeless. The dirt on their faces has grown into their skin and their faces are whitish.

Church members carried the boxes of medicines, mattresses, our tents, our luggage, and other supplies as we made our way to the church compound where we set up our tents and where a hundred or so people had walked to welcome Pastor Santino and me. There were speeches and warm welcomes. Community and church leaders came out to offer their greetings and express their gratitude for our coming. The Chaplain of the Army was among those bringing greetings. Separate meetings were then arranged with the women and with the elders of the church community. The elders requested fishing equipment so they could catch fish from a river in the area to help feed the community.



Do You Come From Where God Lives?

I was so impressed to see that the women had woven a fence of rush stalks about 6 feet high that encompasses the entire church property (about an acre). The women have to walk about 10 miles to the river to cut the stalks and then carry them back on their heads before they even begin their hand woven project. It is amazing. Needless to say, you feel safer with this fence around the compound and I praised the women for their sacrifice.

I couldn't resist spending time with some of the little orphan children. I also couldn't resist the urge to take some of them for a bath at the water well. One bright little boy named Longar especially touched my heart. He said, "You know, I do not have a mommie or a daddy." I replied, "I know, but you are very special, and you have a heavenly Father who loves you very much." Then he asked me, "*Did you come from where God lives?*" I was so choked up that I am not even sure how I answered him. Lord, I pray that the next time I return to Sudan, I will have some help for these children and a plan for a project to benefit them for their future. I know that the Lord has not forgotten them even though the world seems to have forgotten. I questioned Pastor Santino about the possibility of adoptions for some of the children. He said that it could be arranged, and I continue to think of that possibility.



Clinic in Jorbich

Our mission for this trip was to travel several hours away to Jorbich to see the clinic that had just been completed there and to bring supplies, beds, and medicines to furnish it. We waited for our vehicle (a truck belonging to the Commissioner of Aweil Province) to arrive the next day to take us and most of the supplies to Jorbich. The truck arrived late but we finally got on the road around 7 p.m. We drove into the night over bumpy, deeply rutted roads seeing only an occasional fox, rabbit, or bobcat.

Around 10 p.m., as we were nearing Jorbich, several soldiers stepped out of the woods into the road and stopped our vehicle. As I wondered what this was about, they told the driver that they had been waiting for us for hours and wanted to invite us to their compound where they had arranged a ceremonial welcome. I was surprised at this



and despite the late hour knew that we would certainly go to their compound. As we drove into the military compound, the drums were beating and soldiers were singing praise songs. We stood out under the stars, blessed by their songs and words of welcome. They asked me to speak to them and pray over them. I was so stirred with emotion. I told them that I knew that the only explanation for the survival of the South with so little to defend it against the airpower, bombs, and weapons of the North was the fact that they had always put God first. I told them of my memories of the first soldiers I had met 9 years earlier. Although those soldiers were barefoot and in rags, the only things that they asked for were song books and Bibles, which I returned with later that year. That night the soldiers presented us with a goat, a very valuable gift. We didn't have room for the goat along with the supplies, but the soldiers promised to bring it to Jorbich the next day.

Even though it was 11:30 p.m. when we arrived in Jorbich, a huge crowd began to appear from out of nowhere. They sang and shouted as we drove into the compound where the clinic was located. A sign reading "Mustard Seed Clinic" was the first thing that we saw. When I caught the first glimpse of the clinic, my tears began to fall. I found it hard to believe that this accomplishment had actually occurred. It is the first permanent building to ever be constructed in this area. It had taken a couple of years, many donations from faithful people, and a few logistical miracles. There it was, and it was so much bigger than I had imagined!



We went inside the large room that is to become a ward with beds and found about 15 refugees from Darfur camping on the floor. Even though they were bedded down for the night on the hard concrete, they invited us in and were so relieved to see us. Their eyes and hands were reaching out to us and pleading for us to help them. They especially wanted to see a young man that they had wrapped up in a blanket in one corner of the room. His family was hovering over him with worried faces. The young man had a high fever and stomach pain and was vomiting. He had been ill for a couple of weeks and was steadily getting worse. We consulted with the young medics who had come with us to open the clinic, and they decided to start the young man on antibiotics right away and see him again in the morning.



We wound up taking the Darfurian boy (Wady), his father and his grandmother with us in the truck to Nyamlllel, where I had been told there was a clinic run by a non-governmental organization (NGO) where we could get some additional help for him. I knew that he was seriously ill and might die if we did not help him. In addition to Wady and his family, we had several other hitchhikers as well as our luggage, tents, and other supplies piled into the back of the pickup.

We dropped Pastor Santino at a church in Majok Bai, where I was expected as well. However, I knew that I had to continue on to Nyamlllel with the Darfurians. Santino later told us that 1,500 people showed up at the church in Majok Bai.

We finally arrived at the clinic in Nyamlllel. Although the clinic building was only a straw shelter, it was well stocked with medicines supplied by a large NGO. The medics quickly went to work on Wady. They determined that he had malaria and was dehydrated and hooked him up to an IV. They said that he would have died if we had not brought him. The father and grandmother were full of gratitude. We made arrangements for the commissioner to get the family back to Jorbich when Wady is well enough to travel. Praise God for his provision.



We held a clinic for most of the next day. In addition to the local people, we saw many Darfurians who had traveled by donkey from a nearby settlement. At a meeting later that day, the leaders of the Darfurians told us that they were simple cattlemen who had fled attacks and raids where many of their cattle were taken by the Janjaweed, local militias. They said that there are now 1,000 Darfurians in the area. I told them that it was the love of Christ in the Christians reaching out to them. For 21 years, the local people had endured the same thing that the Darfurians were fleeing. The northern government in Khartoum often hired Darfurians to raid the Southerners during those years. Now, the Darfurians were the ones in need, and the Christians were reaching out in compassion and forgiveness. I believe that the clinic is a special bridge between the two communities. At a community meeting where all the community leaders expressed their gratitude for the clinic, the Darfurian leader said, "We are most grateful to the local Christians for welcoming us and to those who have provided this clinic to serve us all."

We camped at the Commissioner's compound for the night and joyfully and thankfully caught the UN plane on the dirt runway within walking distance of the compound. The UN World Food Program flight lasted the entire day and took us all over the south. We missed our flight from Loki, Kenya, to Nairobi. Fortunately, we made it the following day in time for me to catch my flight out of Nairobi to Amman, Jordan.



Please continue to pray for our Sudanese friend and associate Emmanuel until we know for sure if he is dead or alive. We know that the possibility that he is alive is unlikely, but we won't give up hope until the truth is known. The details of Emmanuel's disappearance were given in the Spring 2007 newsletter. He and a driver were attacked by the LRA and Gov of Khartoum troops in an ambush outside of Juba while traveling back from Uganda by road.

Jordan and Israel

In Jordan, I connected with a friend. We had some incredible ministry appointments in Jordan, where we led a young Muslim man from a Bedouin tribe to the Lord. We also traveled to Israel, where I had an unusual appointment with a Christian and an Israeli organization, both of which are working to help Sudanese refugees who have fled to Israel from Egypt across the Sinai Desert. The Sudanese are being treated badly in Egypt. They thought that the UN would resettle them in another country, but the UN will no longer do so and is deporting them to Khartoum. Most say that they would rather die than be sent back to Khartoum. Some did die in the process of fleeing to Israel, but many have made it, creating a dilemma for the Israelis. While I was there, a tentative agreement was reached with the Israeli government to offer training to the Sudanese before sending them back to the South. Since that time, however, many Sudanese continue to try to flee to Israel; this continued influx may jeopardize the tentative agreement.

We traveled to Bethlehem, where we visited with Palestinians that my friend and I had met while helping with a reconciliation conference in Cyprus last fall. It was a privilege to deepen those relationships, encourage the Christians, and spend time praying with them.

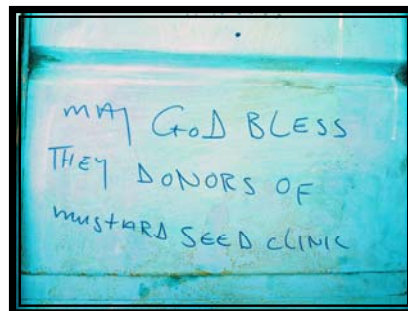
Throughout all my travels, I was very aware of walking in the supernatural and under the holy protection of the almighty. The wonderful prayer coverage made it all possible.



I am so grateful for all of the prayers, financial support, and encouragement that made my trip possible. Now is a time for sharing and discerning the next steps that the Lord will order. We know for sure that we must raise regular support for the clinic now that it is open. May no one arrive there to find that there are no medicines or that no one is there to administer the medicine. It is a faith walk on our end to believe that the provision will come, just as it is for the Sudanese, who are accustomed to living by faith alone.

We are praying that the Lord will show us how to reach out to some of the many orphans in the area.

Do you know someone with medical training that might be willing to go to Sudan on a short-term mission team? Please contact Fran at 703-642-5135 or franbc@cox.net.



Note left by front door of clinic

Funds are needed to:

- Continue to stock the clinic with medicine
- Train and pay clinic workers
- Scholarships for the pastors and secondary students we are committed to support
- Drill wells for clean water
- Buy fishing equipment

We thank you for your continued prayers and caring!

Because of God working through you, we are making a difference!

Tax deductible checks for any of the projects and for Fran's ministry support may be made out to **"YES"** (Yielded Evangelical Servants), with **Fran Boyle** printed on the memo line.

Mail to: **Fran Boyle, 4103 Hummer Road, Annandale, VA 22003**

Questions? Call Fran at 703-642-5135 or email her (Francb@cox.net.)

If you would like to receive newsletters via email, contact Wendy Habicht at mombolina@aol.com to be added to our email list. Thank you!