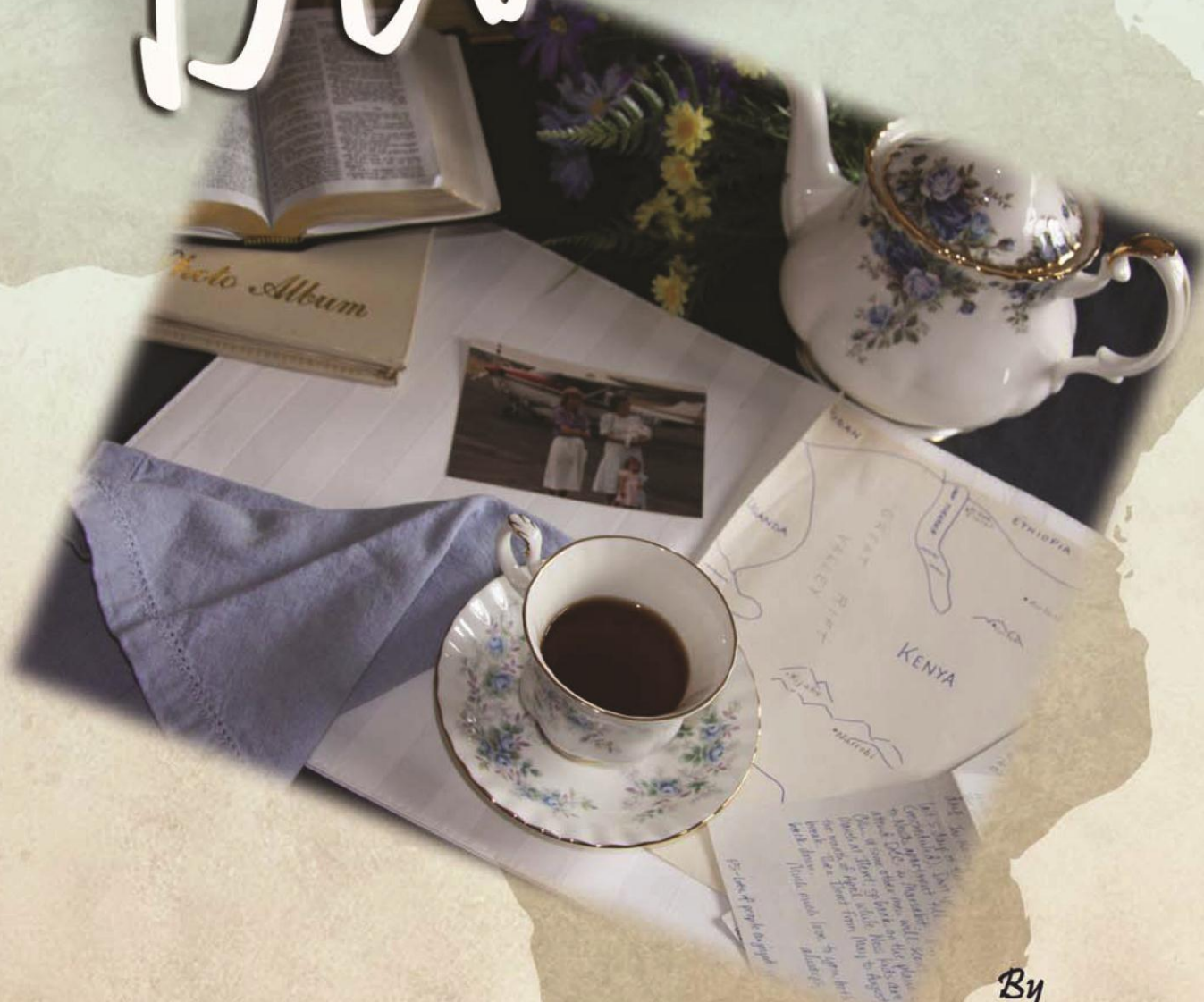


Devoted



By
Rebecca McDougall
and Mary Beaty

Devoted

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*To my mother
who continues letting me go to Africa*

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How It All Began

She loved me devotedly, and I cannot remember a time I did not love her back. But each of us loved God more. And that separated us.

Rich, lavish delight in one another has been God's gift to Mother and me from the very beginning. Mothers and daughters can be a volatile mix. For some women the thought of mother or daughter brings resentment or guilt. For others, however, the relationship is filled with love. I don't have memories of harsh words, manipulation or tears. But such sweet love brings its own kind of pain. Once I grew up, I could never get enough of her.



When I was four years old I trusted in Christ as my Savior. At the age of twelve, I presented myself as a living sacrifice to Him as my King after reading Paul's plea in Romans 12. The previous year I had read Elisabeth Elliot's book, Through Gates of Splendor. The surrender of the five martyred missionary men who longed to reach the Auca Indians with the gospel astounded me. "Lord, I will follow you...even if you send me to Africa!" Little did I think at the time that one day I would have to fulfill that commitment literally. That just seemed like a way to express my complete abandonment to God. God took me at my word, however, just as I took Him at His.

Mother released me freely to the Lord. Her own mother had done the same, years before, so she had a good example to follow. I never heard Mother express a wish that I would live near her or a complaint that she felt abandoned. Now that I have a grown daughter of my own, I realize how remarkable that was. She remained cheerfully grateful for whatever kind of relationship God allowed us to enjoy. Insuring her own personal comfort by living near family took second place to her commitment to trusting Jesus Christ wherever He led us.

Most of our lives we have lived apart, except for the brief years of my childhood in Central America when my missionary parents held me close. They considered it a sacred trust to raise my younger brother Bruce and me. When I was eighteen, I left our home in Texas to go to college in California. Since that time my visits to my parents' household have never been longer than a few months. In adult life my family and I come to my parents' house as guests, gorge ourselves on conversation and music and laughter and jigsaw puzzles and books and Dad's old jokes and Mother's newest arrangement of the furniture, and then off we go again for another long separation.

But time and distance have never alienated Mother and me. We love each other devotedly and will always. Growing up, Dad and Bruce were the men in my family:

mechanics, electricians, financiers, entrepreneurs, theologians. We loved them, too, and our letters are full of that. When I married, my mother also learned to love my husband Colin. We wrote to one another about our men's successes and defeats, their projects or problems. Our friendship was enhanced by the mutual love of our men.



In 1983 I married my sweetheart, Colin McDougall. We met at Biola College in La Mirada, CA. He was training to become a missionary in hopes of going to a remote tribe called the Daasanach people in Kenya, East Africa. I thought that sounded scary but exotic, and fell in love with him. We went to Dallas, Texas for our graduate studies as young idealistic newlyweds, expecting a joyful life of adventure.

A few months before school ended for us in 1985 we received a call from our home church, Church of the Open Door in California. Would we be willing to go to Kenya for a year to cover the responsibilities of some veteran missionaries, Howard and Doris Andersen, who needed a break? We looked at one another with delight. Oh, yes!

The Andersen's place of service in Kenya was with a tribe of people called the Samburu, on a high, green mountain called Kulal, rising out of the northern desert. A steep, rocky road had been cut out of the side of the mountain, leading up to a small town called Gatab. After we arrived in Gatab, the missionary staff in the village gradually shrank from ten missionaries to four. As the other missionaries left, they explained to us the various tasks they had been doing, and asked us to keep those projects going. We had no idea whether these would be easy or not. Nor did we know whether we could actually do all that they did. But we felt this initial missionary assignment was a great opportunity, a forward step toward our future goal of taking the gospel to the Daasanach people.

My parents, Glenn and Mary Beaty, meanwhile, had recently started a church in Irapuato, Mexico. They then left that small congregation in the capable hands of other missionaries. After a brief visit in Dallas to check on my mother's elderly parents, they were moving to a new city, Leon, to "plant" the next church. At least, that was what they expected. But their life took some surprising turns. Their responsibilities to their parents in Texas and California sent them back and forth to Dallas and San Jacinto. Their travels in Mexico also sent them back and forth to Irapuato, Puebla, and Leon. As veteran missionaries of many years, they were in demand for the help they could give others. Most important, I felt, was the help they gave Colin and me across the miles through their letters to us.



Throughout our term at Gatab I wrote letters to my mother in the USA and Mexico, and she continued to write letters back to me. We wrote and wrote. One day, years

later, when we were together, I said, “Mother, I kept all your letters to me.” She smiled, “Oh, really? I kept all yours, too.” Our love speaks a similar language, you see.

Certain themes recurred in our letters. Mother and I both enjoyed making our house a home. We held our family connections as a privilege as well as a responsibility. Other cultures intrigued us; people delighted or frustrated us; we were acutely aware of the spiritual needs of others and deeply desired to bring them into close knowledge of Christ. The themes of suffering, sacrifice, joy, service, ambition, and submission to the will of God were part of our letters as well. You may see our sanity-saving humor. Our roots did not reside in places as much as in the people we loved, and in God.

When Colin and I returned to the USA in 2002 for a longer period of ministry in our home church, Mother and I still did not live near each other. Thanks to the luxury of the telephone, however, California and Texas felt closer than Africa and Mexico. One day a box arrived in the mail. When I opened it, I found all my letters to my mother, carefully collected and returned to me. I paged through them slowly. Memories came flooding back: images, feelings, recollections. That inspired me to write a book, but for a long time I did not begin.

For one thing, I wasn't sure what I should include. Life as a missionary can be messy. Some things I remember I did not confide to my mother; some things I am sure she did not confide to me. We were careful not to make one another feel guilty for what we could not do that “normal” mothers and daughters do for each other. We did not want each other's pity, nor each other's protective outrage. We did not want to gossip about other people. Missionary work is full of ups and downs, victories and defeats, and even years later it's sometimes hard to tell where things went wrong and who was at fault, or why things seemed to go right when they did. We remember how it felt to be there, and how we lived, but God alone accurately assesses the worth of each servant's work. He does not feel the need to explain why He planned things to happen the way they did, except to guarantee that it is all for our progressive good and His eventual glory.

This book is more than just a compilation of letters between my mother and me as Colin and I journeyed through the first two years of our missionary work in Africa. It is also a very human story of my love for my mother, and her love for me, and our mutual love for Jesus and service to His people which kept us apart yet deeply happy across the miles.

Becca McDougall

December 1985-February 1986

Most mothers have to let their daughters grow up and go away; most daughters have to give up living with their mothers at some point. How far those daughters go and how well they cope with life have a lot to do with how willing those mothers are to both love them and freely release them. “There is no fear in love, but perfect love casts out fear” (1 John 4:18).

After Colin and I moved to Dallas, Texas, he took a Master’s degree in Linguistics from Wycliffe Bible Translators through the University of Texas at Arlington. Meanwhile, I studied for my MA in Biblical Studies from Dallas Theological Seminary. My parents, who were doing missionary work in Mexico, owned a house in the Dallas area which we rented from them for \$200 a month. My gracious maternal grandparents, Dr. John and Martha Montgomery, lived in Dallas, too. On weekends we attended church with them. Colin finished his degree before I did and took a job in data processing at Southern Methodist University. He was glad to have a job but eager to get out to Africa. We both were. In December, 1985, Colin and I were privileged to host friends of my parents from Irapuato, Mexico. Ruben* had come to Dallas to run a marathon and his lovely wife Helen* was with him. We welcomed them into our home and trusted God for an opportunity to share Christ with Ruben and to encourage Helen in her new faith.



Dallas, Texas

December 18, 1985

Dear Mother,

I’m sitting in the student center waiting for 10:30 to arrive so I can take my last exam of the last semester of my Seminary career. These years at Dallas Seminary have been so rich. I pray often for God to allow me to pass this blessing on to people whose environment has been spiritually barren. Thank you so much for teaching me from a very young age how to know Christ, and in these last years for funding my Seminary education.

Our time with your friends Ruben and Helen was profitable when they came up to run the Dallas marathon. Helen prayed in Spanish over the food, explaining that Ruben was not a believer. He casually said he didn’t believe there was a God, and felt no distress at believing he was simply a part of a long evolutionary process. He said the cause of social ills was that men didn’t love each other enough. If they would just quit trying to dominate one another and distribute wealth and services fairly, earth would be a virtual paradise.

I simply said that man’s problems are individual, universal, cross-cultural—and that we are sinful from birth. We all need a Savior. Love for one another would improve the world, but we cannot love wisely because we are sinful. Only God

can teach us to love, and He does it by changing our hearts from within and first giving us love for Himself. He kept saying, “I just don’t understand how you all think.” I told him that our thinking comes from the Bible, and that if he wanted to understand he should study it. He backed off, saying he really didn’t have much interest. We went on to other topics then.

An Indian woman working at SMU came to Colin the other day and said, “You seem so happy and fulfilled. Why?” He had a wide open opportunity to share the gospel with her. She’s Hindu. It’s amazing that Colin is still having opportunities to witness, even with only a few work days left.

Bruce brought us a most elegant stereo-cassette short wave radio. It looks too snazzy to be classified as “missionary equipment.”

Much love to you with a special affection which goes to you as my dear mother from your own—Becca.

*Ruben and Helen: not their real names.



Every missionary sends “prayer letters” to the people back home who support them with finances and prayers. I have included most of our prayer letters in this correspondence because they give a broader picture of our lives and work.

Beaty Prayer Letter

Puebla, Mexico

January 6, 1986

Dear Friends,

What to do during the holidays in Irapuato? The options are few. We sought to provide a choice for friends who weren’t away visiting relatives. About twenty people including son Bruce spent their Christmas Eve with us. Most were believers. Their comments fell on our ears like music:

Everything has become new to me since I trusted Christ. I can hardly comprehend the way this past year has gone. Now my main concern is for my loved ones, and especially for my husband, that they may come to know Christ.

My happiest moments are now in the company of my wife and son. Old friends no longer seem the same...I like them, but something in me is different now, and I see that they too need Christ.

On New Year’s Eve we were excited to have fifty-seven people come

for games, a gospel film, and potluck dinner. There was a large number of unsaved.

This letter comes to you from Puebla Bible Seminary, where Glenn is teaching for two weeks. The fifteen first-year students are potential leaders for the twenty-nine Bible churches in this great country. Does that seem like a tiny handful? It is. We urge you to join us in prayer for more laborers. The doors are wide open and there are numerous large cities as yet untouched with the gospel. Please pray that the new missionary families who are ready to come will have their financial needs met quickly.

Sincerely,
Glenn and Mary Beaty



Irapuato, Mexico

February 1986

Dear Becca,

Came back to Puebla from Dallas on Friday Feb 7 feeling virtuous for having found a flight via Houston that cost only \$148. Dad sure looked good to me. Nearly three weeks had passed and I was missing him mucho. He had been traveling that day as long as I had been getting to Mexico City. We found the car, got on the right street for going to Puebla, and were stopped by a cop who at last extracted 5000 pesos (ten bucks) from us after we realized he simply was not going to give up.

Now we're back in Irapuato. Five men took part in the Sunday church meeting yesterday. The men seemed happy to be responsible for the meeting. They know so little at this point. I'll bet they'll grow through this kind of experience. Then last night we went to an encounter at Roberto and Tere's with a pair of Jehovah's Witnesses. The couple was out for a fight. I think that nothing was accomplished, though they did go home with several pages of verses showing the deity of Christ.

In Dallas things at your grandparents' are pretty sad. It is true that Grandmother has lost her partner. When I tell her that I pray for his homegoing, she quickly agrees. But then she says, "I need to wait patiently and love the will of God, whatever it is." Very true. It is a trial through which we all need to learn to love God's will.

Well, m'love, you and I are in a state of flux these days. It is hard to concentrate on any one thing when you know that you'll soon be leaving, isn't it?

Dad had kept the house in apple-pie order. During those three

weeks he hosted three missionary couples, so he was not exactly alone the whole time. Washed and changed a lot of sheets for the passers-through. We are so grateful for the growth among the brethren and for the emerging spirit of unity. The prospect of leaving the flock in capable hands of other missionaries is a restful one. What a rewarding two-and-a-half years these have been. We lean now toward Leon as the next place to go—assuming we are not in Dallas for a prolonged time.

We hope to leave here for Dallas by March 15 or 20. Is there any chance we could see you in North Carolina before you go? I'm dreaming right now. How great it would be if we could get over there.

Love in Heaps,
Mother



La Mirada, California

February 24, 1986

Dear Mother,

My heart leaped up when I thought about your coming to see us at Mission Ready. Wouldn't that be neat! If there's any way you could come, we'd be just delighted. And if Bruce is free, he's invited, too.

Our preparation time here has been excellent. We have almost full monthly support pledged, and Church of the Open Door has also promised to pay for our trip over to Kenya. At this point it seems we'll buy a truck there rather than trying to ship one. We have bought a kerosene refrigerator (\$1100) and had it shipped to the mission.

Every Sunday morning Colin has taught a different Sunday School class. Every time an offering is collected, we are mentioned by name. We've made the rounds of Women's Missionary Fellowship Circles, each with a \$35 honorarium. We've had so many dinner and lunch dates that Colin finally said, "The calendar is closed to any more." We feel humbled and grateful for the way the COD family has taken the initiative to include us and send us off with a great blessing.

Colin and I are studying Hosea these days, shocked at Israel's evil straying and vividly aware of God's mercies to us all. "If we are faithless, He remains faithful, for He cannot deny Himself." Humbling reassurance.

Your own daughter,
Becca



Irapuato, Mexico

February 25, 1986

Dear Colin and Becca,

You have a bunch of spiritual step-children in Irapuato. Helen's parents attended Sunday meeting with her. Dad witnessed to her dad and found that, through hearing Scripture tapes (John), he has already probably been saved. He is eighty-two and almost blind. Dad has yet to get together with Ruben, but Monday the third is the date.

We're in a motel since Saturday, when 1) we finished storing everything in four homes and 2) Dad came down with bronchitis.*

Two families got saved in Roberto and Tere's home last week. They've heard the truth over a period of a year. Attendance on Sundays is about fifty, potential of seventy-five.

We've been praying much for you in these days of unsettledness. Dad says we might fly over to see you in NC.

Love Muchisimo,
Mother and Dad

*My dad has suffered from chronic bronchitis since long before he was a student at Dallas Theological Seminary in 1958. If he gets a common cold, it frequently turns into bronchitis, fever, and a deep cough that puts him in bed for a week and leaves him coughing for a month. When I was a child I had no idea other kids' dads did not have to go to bed when they got a cold.

April 1986

A mother whose daughter moves to the mission field may be delighted that her daughter is going to share the gospel with people who would otherwise never hear it. And when her daughter leaves, she wants to know if someone is picking her up at the airport, if she has a place to lay her head, and if she is being hospitably welcomed into that strange new culture. Mothers think first of the small things.

Dallas, Texas

April 11, 1986

Dear Becca,

Sitting here watching a WWII movie with Grandfather. Awoke several times last night and prayed for you two as you crossed the Atlantic. Dad did, too. Church friends have called to ask about you and say they're praying.

Thank you for sharing your mission with us. It is good to know your mission family and see their situation. We loved being with you and having a part in your final send off.

I went to class at Dallas Seminary with Bruce on Thursday night. Heard about Thomas Aquinas, Luther and Calvin. We are already missing you. But, as Dr. Hannah said last night, "What greater privilege is there than to preach the gospel? We preach to dead people in their tombs, and, like Lazarus, they come forth. How can the dead hear? Only because of the mercies of God. He performs the miracle. Don't feel sorry for yourselves—you are highly blessed to be able to invite the dead to receive life in Christ. I'd rather do that than anything, wouldn't you?" And we all said, "Yes!"

I think a spirit of sleepiness is creeping up. But I'm not near a window, so all is well.

Wonder when you'll get this. Wonder if you are sleeping when it's 8:00 AM here? Wonder how long was the flight and whether you found a truck and learned to drive it on the wrong side of the street?

But I don't wonder whether the Lord is remembering to take care of you, or whether He is able. Isn't the sovereignty of God an enormous comfort and joy?

Love,
Mother





Nairobi, Kenya

April 19, 1986

Dear Mother, Dad, Grandparents and Bruce,

We've arrived safe and sound! Our trip over here was long since we were not given a hotel room in Brussels. The temperature was twenty-eight degrees when we arrived there, so after a shivery morning of sightseeing, we returned to the airport. We slept on the plane from Brussels to Nairobi, arriving at about 9:00 AM.

This past week we've stayed at AIC* DIGUNA, a missionary training center a few miles out of Nairobi. It is a friendly place with international flavor. (Di-gu-na stands for "The Good News" in German.) We have Africans, Germans, Russians and Americans around the dinner table, all speaking their languages. Africans are more like Latin Americans than I expected—very warm, friendly, loving to sing and laugh and joke.

In this past week we found a diesel Land Rover for \$6000. We registered with the US Embassy, bought groceries for the next month, talked to the man from Mombasa who will clear our crates through customs when they arrive there. We bought health insurance and met dozens of missionaries. We've been astounded at the delighted reaction of some of the Africans when we say we are here to do missionary work. The woman at the bank who opened our accounts talked to us a long time about how the people in northern Kenya need the Lord.

One thing that has surprised me is the widespread use of English here. Everyone knows and speaks it, making it difficult for me to learn much Swahili this first week. Now I understand how some missionaries might never learn it. They say up north more people use it, so maybe it will be easier there.

Thank you so much for coming to visit us at the mission before you left for Mexico. I am very rich with all my family.

I love you all—
Becca

*AIC=Africa Inland Church, the denomination started by the Africa Inland Mission.



 **Dallas, Texas**

April 25, 1986

Dear Becca and Colin,

There was dancing in the streets today when your letter came. Get this: a letter from Nairobi arrives sooner to Dallas than a letter from Mexico!* We were so happy to hear how the Lord prepared friends and orientation for you. And a Land Rover! Dad says, "Is it a pickup type truck, or a jeep type?"

Grandfather was confused today to the point that he kept going to the bedroom and lying down. He asked, "Is this day or night?" I don't know that I can do anything to help this situation other than relieve Grandmother myself at times--she's so resistant to getting help, as you observed.

Your letter was such an encouragement and made us feel that Kenya is not so far away, after all.

Love, Mom

*We have no idea how this happened. A letter never did arrive that quickly again.

May 1986

A daughter newly arrived in a foreign country wants to communicate often with her mother back home. She does this because she is not yet interwoven into the fabric of her new society so her local friends are few. She also writes because she is excited about the novelty of her new surroundings. No matter how ambivalent her mother's feelings, that daughter wants to give her a window into all she is experiencing.

McDougall Prayer Letter



Nairobi, Kenya

May 1986

Dear Friends,

Africa! The afternoon breeze carries the sounds of birds singing and the murmur of voices speaking Swahili. Somewhere nearby a guitar and a trumpet call to each other, slightly out of tune.

This is the place God has brought us. It seemed so far away when we began our travels in January. We discussed our plans with friends at Church of the Open Door, enjoyed time with Colin's family, and thanked God as we said goodbyes in Los Angeles at a combined ordination/commissioning service. Still, Africa seemed far away.

It began to draw nearer as we spent the month of March in North Carolina at our mission, packing crates full of household items and making lists of things to be done in Nairobi. We received advice from the missionaries there. The Cherokee church gave us a goodbye dinner.* And as a special treat my parents flew out for a short visit from Dallas.

Suddenly we are here. Nairobi streets swarm with people—on foot, in cars, or packed into buses. We have spent every day of the past week in town getting our permits and collecting supplies for our first month in Gatab, north Kenya.

Now that we are in Africa, how can you pray for us?

That we will learn to speak Swahili.

That we will contribute to the growth of the Gatab church.

We are your partners in this place, and you are ours.

Becca

*While in missionary training in North Carolina in 1984, Colin was asked to pastor a

Cherokee church one summer. That was our first cross-cultural pastorate. Every week, after the sermon was over, the congregation would sing one last song-- Amazing Grace--in Cherokee. We dearly loved those people.



Initially our understanding when we left for Gatab was that we were to lead the church there, take care of the missionary houses on the mission property, and supervise a children's boarding home, "Haven Home." We pictured preaching, minor handyman repairs, and settling quarrels on the playground. In our inexperience we had only a vague idea that nothing in missionary life is quite as simple as that. Within the first three months of our arrival we were also given the responsibility to administrate and keep the financial records for five northern Kenya "dispensaries," or medical clinics. The dispensaries were separated by several hundred miles and received money from humanitarian organizations that required a yearly audit in order to insure that the money kept flowing. Kenyan "dressers"* helped missionary nurses staff the clinics. Every six weeks a real doctor flew up to offer his services for a few days.



Gatab, Kenya

May 6, 1986

Dear Mother,

We are now at Gatab, settled in temporarily at the local AIM* pilot's house. On our trip up we were packed to the hilt with our stuff, groceries for the pilot and wife, plus gear for the two single missionaries who traveled up with us, Sheri and Dan. The back door of the Land Rover kept popping open and boxes kept flying out onto the road behind us; I lost my hat. About a third of the trip was on two-lane asphalt; after that deeply rutted dirt roads led us here, growing steadily worse the farther north we got.

For most of our second day the skies were overcast, and we were grateful for the relative coolness. But in the evening it began to rain. We drove on, determined to make it home that night. About ten miles from Gatab, still on the lower plains (by now mucky marsh) we reached a river we could not cross—wide and swift. Our alternator was not charging our battery, so we were afraid to turn off the engine for fear we could not start it again. Warily three of us slept upright in the front seat, one stretched out in back on the luggage, and all night we listened to the rain and car motor. At about 10:00 AM the Andersens met us on the other side of the river, they on their way down to Nairobi. They crossed and we chatted a bit before coming on up. How grateful we are for four-wheel drive! The road cut out of the side of the mountain is the worst part of all.

What a sight Gatab is! The rains have made the mountains absolutely lush. Every meal we eat fresh vegetables from the garden—squash, broccoli, tomatoes, guavas, rhubarb, berries, avocados, bananas, potatoes, onions. The houses are simply built cement block, with corrugated roofs and no ceilings. My day's schedule runs like this generally: 6:30 AM get up, dressed, breakfast, dishes, devotions, start a fire under the water drum, go to help repair clothing for the children's home. Fix lunch at noon, eat at 1:00 PM, dishes, then go practice Swahili with some ladies. Come home at 5:00 PM, fix dinner, sweep the floors, take a bath, wash dishes, write a letter or read. At 9:30 PM the generator goes off; therefore, so do the lights.

Colin is teaching a men's Bible study every morning, preaching on Sundays, and giving a Bible study to the soldiers at the police post down the road on Saturdays. The local church evangelist, Maiko Lesurmat, wants Colin to go with him on his rounds to all the small villages in this area to evangelize.

Our mail comes whenever someone goes to Nairobi to get it, which could be only once a month or so. If you have a telegram to send over, they'll read it to us over the two-way radio the next day. I miss you but I'm glad we had time together before we came here.

Love to all the family,
Becca

*Dressers: A term used in Kenya for medical personnel who were not as well trained as nurses but could administer simple treatment for health problems, including "dressing" wounds.

*AIM=Africa Inland Mission.



Dallas, Texas

May 9, 1986

Dear *Rebequita*,

After Dallas Theological Seminary's graduation—held in the biggest church I ever saw—we went to a reception at the mission home office for some Latins. Dr. Walvoord's graduation message was very good. He asked, "What's the most important thing for a graduate to remember?" Then he answered, "Who is Jesus Christ?" Then he gave a gospel presentation of who Christ was. To the grads he said to be sure that Christ is Lord of our lives daily. Be willing to be servants. It was all so practical. We loved it.

Bruce is showing Dad how to use our new computer (or something or other), and the two of them are deep in conversation in computereze.

How are your days going? Are you overwhelmed by all the changes? I'm supposing that the hardest part is the other missionaries-- adjusting to their ways of doing things. Does the wind blow all the time? When you go to Mombasa, watch out for coconuts falling from big trees.

Took the Grandparents for a ride today. He liked seeing familiar streets. But when we got to unfamiliar territory he said, "Let's go home now." He sits all day watching TV and is eager to have someone watch with him. The Mavericks almost beat the Lakers in the playoffs. I could hardly believe the Mavs were good enough to win two of the six games.

Love & Prayers,
Mother



Gatab, Kenya

May 20, 1986

Dear Mother,

Thank you for your prayers for us. The last few weeks have been challenging and interesting. Colin and I rode with Howard Andersen to Marsabit, east and a day's drive away, to purchase food and pick up kids from school. It is rainy season now, so the desert is green. Some parts are rocky, like a moonscape. Some are absolutely flat and sandy; some are rolling hills of gravel; some are green meadows with tree-lined brooks; some are dunes of thorn trees and shrubs. And some are small volcanoes, rising like pyramids and covered with short green grass. And the animals! Zebra, giraffe, camels, goats, birds, antelope and an enormous black-and-white plumed ostrich running ahead of us with its neck swaying side to side.

That trip was a treat, and so was our visit in Marsabit with the missionaries there, Tim and Jan Ryder. The General Secretary of Kenya was due the day we arrived, so all the shops were closed. Such flag-lined streets and marching, singing schoolchildren. Jan toured me around town the next day, bargaining for wares.

As soon as we got back to Gatab, Colin came down with malaria and I got one of my bad colds. Life goes on even though you're sick, though, and we had company—a pilot, a doctor, another pilot, a short-termer here for a visit, another missionary. All needed fresh sheets and meals. Fortunately the Lord helped both of us recover rapidly from our illnesses (thank the Lord for the clinic! Colin got malaria medicine* from the nurse).

The children are often at our door to buy notebooks for school or just to chat. They teach me Swahili phrases and are very sweet. I'm hoping to start a once-a-week Bible study with the older girls, maybe on evenings when Colin goes to the

local village to study the Bible with the men. Tomorrow I will speak to the church women's group in the afternoon, with an interpreter. I'm thankful for an opportunity to minister in some way, however small.

The issues the church faces here are the same, yet different: personal holiness, honesty, gossip—and female circumcision, polygamy, whether to drink blood. People's knowledge of the Bible is minimal, except for a few who have been to Bible school. Even the evangelist's wife, Mary, is a young girl of 22 with three kids and little education. Each week I visit her and we read a chapter from the Swahili Bible aloud. I study dialogues during the week to practice with her. Little by little my language increases and so does her Bible knowledge.

One thing we have found difficult to deal with is the beggars. We must have three or four requests for things or money per day. In this culture, it's not a shame to ask for things, and people DO. Most of them we turn down, but sometimes we can see there are desperate needs, so we give. It's difficult to know how to respond sometimes. We have SO much compared to these people. We want to demonstrate God's love and life in us, both by generosity and by good stewardship. **

Our Land Rover is kind of boxy. It has a hardtop, so it looks like a jeep. It has only a front seat which can seat three. It can carry a large, heavy load. It is a "long wheel base."

Thanks so much for your letters—please greet our friends at church and come visit if you feel brave and rich! We'd love it—
Becca

*Chloroquine.

**It took years for us to realize that asking for things and receiving them is how the Samburu—and many other African tribes—make friends. If we wanted to reciprocate the compliment, we should have gone to them and asked them for things, too. Unfortunately we had no idea this was acceptable or expected.



San Jacinto, CA

May 22, 1986

Dear Colin and Becca,

Thank you for your First Letter From Gatab. We got it the day we left Dallas. How neat to have such a supply of fresh foods, and to have your own cement block palace soon, in which to feel at home.

We had a good missionary retreat recently. The pastor of Abilene Bible Church spoke on Moses. There were about eighty to ninety people present. One couple told of being held up on the road in Guatemala. Said he, "The bad part was, they stole my pajamas and my Fixodent!" Another missionary told us that the church we started back in Guatemala City now gives \$1600 to missions every month. Guatemalan churches even formed a sending agency which helps support a missionary couple in Spain.

We had letters from Irapuato. Helen says she's praying for you. She says she went through a slough of despond when we left. "I'm better now and am attending the Sunday meetings and the Friday night women's meetings which rotate among women's homes."

Colin, we pray for you with many thanksgivings. Your birthday slipped up on us, but not on Grandmother, whose computer brain still amazes me.* It sounds as though you are being stretched in the daily Bible classes and evangelism. We rejoice with you that God has allowed you to be so used for His glory.

Dad and Wayne bought four computers to sell to missionaries at cost. It took some repairs and help from Bruce in programming. Dad says we'll return to Mexico in August for two weeks of class in Puebla. Then to househunt in Leon.

Right now we are briefly visiting Grandma Beaty in San Jacinto, CA. Dad sends love from his perch on a ladder in the kitchen, where he is scrubbing Grandma's cabinets.

Love you!
Mother

*Grandmother rarely forgot details, and lived well into her eighties. She was a gifted Bible teacher and in the 1970's trained many leaders who then taught women's Bible studies all over Dallas.



Gatab, Kenya

May 31, 1986

Dear Mother,

I sighed with bittersweet pleasure at your description of Dallas Seminary graduation. Wish I could have marched across that stage with my class.

Our time here seems to be going fast. Monday is the day the single gal, Sheri, moves out of her house to go back to the USA and we move in. This past week the pilot, John Wollman, was home while his wife Pam was at women's conference. He has two boys, ages 2 and 4, who have been home with him, so

I've been chief cook, babysitter and housecleaner for a week. I think the Lord gives children one at a time on purpose.*

This week Colin and I have had devotions with the school children, each of us teaching on alternate days. Their bright faces and quick grins are darling. We've taught them a couple of choruses which they sang with enthusiasm. Some of the older girls seem ripe for discipleship.

You're right about the adjustments to the missionaries being the biggest struggle we face. I pray often for a forgiving spirit to be willing to overlook the frustrations and irritations I feel as a result of others' words and behavior. I pray also that the Lord will help Colin and me to be peacemakers in this community. "By this will all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love for one another."

My Swahili is progressing to the point where I can carry on a simple conversation, with the aid of my notebook. For the next two weeks I am teaching the women's Sunday School and Wednesday afternoon class, so I'm going to try writing out the translation and reading it. Should be exciting.

Thanks for all your letters—I love to get them!
With much love,
Becca

* Pam Wollman got home in a week, to the happy relief of her family. She and I became good friends. Colin and I missed the Wollmans when they went on furlough several months later. We still treasure their friendship.

June 1986

A mother whose daughter moves far away can be comforted for a while by learning what her daughter's new life is like. But after a time she will become lonely and sad if she does not also look around and become involved in ministering to people in her own world. God still has a plan for her life, as her husband's wife and as a wise older woman who has raised her children. None of us can be satisfied to live our lives through someone else's letters. In spite of inexperience, sometimes daughters understand this better than mothers.

Beaty Prayer Letter



Dallas, Texas

June 8, 1986

Dear Friends,

Letters from Irapuato make us smile as we see that the writers are maturing in their faith. For example, a research scientist says, "We are reading the Bible. I now realize that this is NECESSARY FOR US. Would you believe it? In fact, tonight we will study together."

A car salesman says, "We continue in the classes. My wife gave her testimony for the first time last week. It is a significant step for her."

Confessed one woman, "Your leaving was a great blow to me. I experienced many doubts. But then I realized that I must quit feeling sad and get on with my walk with God. I attend the Sunday meetings and also the new class for women. Had a chance to give my testimony to a friend in a letter."

An engineer and his wife assured us, "We pray for you. And we ask your prayers for my brother who is seriously ill. Pray that we can accept God's will for him."

A secretary listed the books she has been reading: Jeremiah, James, and First John. "I am praying that I'll know God's purpose for my life, now that my children are gone. I trust that God will increase my growth in Jesus Christ. Please tell me about your daughter in Kenya, as I am very interested in their work there."

Colin and Becca are busy in their mission station in Gatab, Kenya. They minister through Bible teaching and through hospitality. An ostrich ran ahead of them like a tour guide one day as they traveled over the rolling desert.

Bruce and a friend continue teaching the children at Eastfield Bible Chapel. They are already working on computer programs to take with them to the Puebla Seminary in July. They will spend a month programming there and training people to use them.

Glenn is preparing to teach a course in Puebla Seminary in August. After that two-week course, we will go to our new assignment: Leon, Mexico. Leon is a large city just an hour from Irapuato. We are eager to see what God will do there.

Sincerely,
Glenn and Mary Beaty



Missionary life in Mexico was much different than life in Africa. The cities my folks worked in were quite large and civilized. It was rare to not have electricity or running water, and middle-class people could afford houses and cars. Also, most Mexican people are literate, so people could read the Bible for themselves in Spanish. My mother had the added advantage of having lived many years in Latin America, so she understood that culture better than I understood Samburu culture. It was comforting to me, therefore, to read about her frustrations and perplexities. No matter how long we live in a foreign culture, there are always adjustments and a need to rely on the grace of God.



Dallas, Texas

June 13, 1986

Hi, Deary Becca,

Life is full of surprises. Just as we stamped and mailed our prayer letter telling of our expected move to Leon, we got a call from a missionary in Puebla. Would we come first to spend three months as house parents at the Seminary? The current ones decided to go to the US to be with their teens for a while. And the other couple who will replace them don't arrive till December. As Dad said "I'll let you know in one week, but my first impression is to say yes," I thought NO. Then in pondering further I gave him several reasons. Whereupon he said, "But they do need help. And we're logical people for the job. And it's only for a short time."

Later Bruce agreed heartily with Dad and added "You can get to know many of the future leaders of the churches. And your input concerning the way the Seminary should go would be strategic." And Dad added, "Remember, the missionaries there came to our aid when we called for help."

All that was yesterday. Today I was reminded by both Isaiah and

Jeremiah that I am a chunk of clay. So I'm going to tell Dad when he gets home that I'll cheerfully go to Puebla in the Potter's hand. It appalls me that I don't think of that principle more automatically.

More details later when I know more.

Hooray, just got your letter. One sure thing, you've had no chance to feel isolation in Gatab. What a series of visitors. Your letters are almost video. Are you amazed at so many guests? I am.

Love to both,
Me & Dad



Sending and receiving mail at Gatab was a problem. In the complete absence of any postal service, we only sent or received letters when other missionaries arrived from Nairobi, whether by car or by small plane. Fortunately for us, during our stay a regular "doctor's safari" brought a visiting doctor's plane up every six weeks for a few days. While the doctor treated patients, Colin and I read through the stacks of letters and answered those that were most urgent. We then sent back on that same plane all the letters we had written. This is partly why as you read this book you will see there are more letters from my mother to me than from me to her. She had mail service every day. This also explains why sometimes she received my letters "out of order," or asked questions that I never answered. In this day of instant messaging, it's hard to explain what long silences and slices of living intervened between those aerograms. It also explains why I sent a cassette "tape" to them at Christmas. It had been months since my parents had heard my voice.



Gatab, Kenya

June 17, 1986

Dear, dear Mother,

Tomorrow morning early we leave for a quick trip to Ileret* in the north, and the plane goes south to Nairobi, so I want to get you a quick letter before then. Thank you so much for your recent letters and packages! I was especially delighted with the stencil, craft book, and pretty paper. The paper has already been put to good use, as I have pasted one sheet of the navy blue onto a cute little wooden hutch I bought which had a hideous geometric design inlaid on the doors. I glued new paper on top and now it's charming.

Last week was lovely:

Monday—washing, working in the garden.

Tuesday—baking bread, visiting the village to chat with the ladies and invite them to church. Their houses are sticks covered with mud, a fire pit in the middle. So humble. But with several I had good fellowship.

Wednesday morning—work in the garden, afternoon ladies' meeting at church with me teaching.

Thursday—correspondence.

Friday—clean house, evening Bible study.

Saturday morning—I went with five other ladies to the forest to see how they chop firewood. My bundle was about a third as big as theirs! In the afternoon I worked with the Haven Home kids, distributing new clothes for those wearing rags. In the evening I had the fourth through eighth grade girls over for singing, Bible study and chai (tea). The generator had conked out on us earlier that day so we had a fire in the fireplace and candles.

Sunday afternoon we had a baptismal service—fourteen were baptized in the water tank for cows and goats. I was moved by the joy on the faces of some of those baptized. What a contrast to the pagan wedding ceremony going on all afternoon in a yard nearby.

Today I've been baking bread and granola and packing for our trip to Ileret tomorrow. The school kids came to play table games and musical instruments. I do enjoy them. But my real burden is for the women in the community, many of whom lead very difficult lives. Most of them cannot read, so their spiritual food comes primarily from what they hear in church on Sunday. They have problems like how to deal with their husband's second wife. Or if a woman is a believer, how should she respond when an unbelieving husband wants to marry their daughter to another pagan? I am so young that I don't know if I will be heard when I share with them. But it is becoming top priority to visit them regularly and speak to them from the Scriptures in our conversations. Please pray that the Lord will use me to help them know Him better. I'm learning Swahili little by little.

Love to the family and especially to you—
Becca

*Ileret: The name of the southernmost Daasanach village, located on the northeastern shore of Lake Turkana. Colin wanted to move there after we completed our assignment at Gatab to reach the Daasanach with the gospel.



Dallas, Texas

June 22, 1986

Dear Becca Jane,

We talked to a missionary in charge about the Puebla dorm parent job. He says we need not bring furniture. Just personal items to use from Aug 10 to Dec 7. There will be a three week break in there in which we can go to Leon to house hunt.

Had a fast and furious three day visit with Jose*, who came for a foods convention at the convention center. Jose presented a paper on his research projects, learned a lot about what is being

done worldwide in food production, and then spent two afternoons and one morning with us. Dad took him to a bunch of stores and got a lot better acquainted than ever. Jose came here and met the grandparents, who were thrilled. He and Grandmother exchanged testimonies, and he told us that he and Martha and the kids are regularly attending Sunday meetings now.

Recently, after one missionary had journeyed to Mex. City to be present when he received the "Scientist of the Year" award, Jose agreed to share the news with the brethren. It was a difficult thing to do, but the missionary said that they need to hear praise items as well as problems. So this brilliant scientist sweated and shook through his first public word in the church meetings. He says that a lot of his friends have asked how he got the award, and he replies simply, "I prayed that God would let me win it." They are amazed.

On the morning of his return to Irapuato, we took him to see Dallas Seminary. He asked many questions, marveled at the fine facilities, and watched the presentation about the school. Then we attended part of a class. As we went to the parking lot, Don Campbell and Roy Zuck happened along and greeted us warmly. So we introduced Jose. Roy asked his name carefully, and I could see it going into his incredible mental computer. After Dad mentioned that Jose is a new believer as well as a microbiologist, Dr. Campbell said, "Maybe you would like to come up for summer school sometime." Jose later asked us for a catalog.

This Saturday is Bruce's friend's wedding. Bruce and the other guys will meet downtown and then go in a limo to the church. Bruce just grins and shakes his head when he sees the elaborate apartment. He accepts his Neiman-Marcus taste. I figure his friend will one day be a millionaire.

I have been taking a long time to get over the flu. Have been answering lots of mail from Irapuato, all of it good. The missionaries there are doing a great job.

How did your Sunday School lessons in Swahili go? Did you know about a guy who filmed Gatab a couple of years ago and put it on TV? A friend of mine whose daughter spent a summer there sent us a copy of the video tape. We have not had a chance to see the tape yet, but will soon--maybe with some friends.

It is almost two hours later. To bed. S' nice to chat with you. Please know we pray for you every single day.

We love you a whole bunch and then some.
Mother

*Not his real name.





Dallas, Texas

June 28, 1986

Dear Rebecca and Colin,

Glad to hear from you today. I wonder if people were so happy when they got letters from the Apostle Paul? We do indeed love to get word from Gatab.

Bruce was here all day yesterday with a friend, working on installing air conditioning for the car. They came back today to finish the job. Filled it up with freon, and behold, the car heats up too much and blows the hose right off. Dad is sad, very sad. "The mechanics were right after all, when they told me this car couldn't handle an a/c. But I thought I could make it work by using an extra fan." He spent \$200 on the experiment, which isn't too terribly much, but enough to cause a few groans of remorse.

This week has been whirlwindy. Grandmother and I went to lunch with four friends. We had a wonderful time of fellowship. The women wanted to know about you two and Gatab. One woman is the grandmother of a girl who spent the summer there.

That same day we had supper with other friends, and then watched the videotape showing the missionaries and nurse and schoolteacher and a truckload of kids coming up the mountain to the school. It was so intriguing to see glimpses of the native houses and the interior of the church. The little babies getting their shots were absolutely precious. I can see how one could fall in love with them. Is the nurse still there?

Your wood cutting must have been a wonder to the women. Bet they loved having you with them. What kind of games do you play when you play table games? In English? I'm confused about how much English is spoken there.* I will pray specifically about the outreach to illiterate wives. Do they not want to learn to read, or is it too hard, or is it a cultural objection, or do they simply not have time? I think your involvement in people's lives is fantastic--very much and very soon.

Now it is Sunday afternoon. Grandmother has an intestinal bug and has been abed all afternoon. We ended up having three of Bruce's friends over for lunch. Bruce was taking someone from the wedding party to the airport. They say that Bruce caught the garter at the reception, and that he is happy to think of a work crew coming to Puebla from North Carolina composed mostly of girls. Ah, Bruce. He makes us smile.

Dallas is hot today--95 and humid. Fourth of July sales are on. I'm thankful for a cool house and the prospect of getting back to

Mexico before long. We'll be in Puebla after the first week in August. Your letters take about one week to get here usually, from Nairobi. How odd that the first one came in four days.

Love you,
Mother

*Swahili is the trade language of Kenya, and most people at Gatab speak a little. Samburu is their heart language, and the name of the tribe as well. But English is spoken by many children, as they study it in school and love to practice it. They know that it opens doors of opportunity for them, and it is a sign of education.

July-August 1986

“Living without” till the household belongings arrive can both simplify and complicate a missionary woman’s first few months on the field. A big part of a woman’s life in a foreign country is cooking, cleaning, and creating a comfortable space where she and her husband can rest or host guests. Mother and I never despised each other’s chatter about the “stuff” we used to make a house a home.

Beaty Prayer Letter



Dallas, Texas

July 15, 1986

Dear Friends,

Very soon we will be leaving for Mexico. We are constantly mindful that your prayers are foundational for the success of the work. Thank you for praying!

Please continue to pray for Glenn as he prepares to teach an intensive course at the Seminary in Puebla. That’s old news. The new wrinkle is this: we plan to stay on there for a while. The Seminary needs us to fill in as dorm parents until the new ones arrive in December. During those three months we will take some trips to Leon to hunt for a house. God willing, we hope to move to Leon in early December.

From our former city, Irapuato, we continue to get good reports. Not surprisingly, God is causing His people there to grow. All of them are suffering economically as inflation soars. Our hearts go out to them. We pray that they will become strong in faith as they wait on Him for relief.

Many of you have prayed for my parents. Thank you for upholding them in these difficult times. Colin and Becca’s days in Kenya are full in that mountaintop village, Gatab. Bruce and his two friends will soon be back to Dallas after their ministry at the Seminary in Puebla, Mexico.

We leave on August 6. You are in our prayers.

Sincerely,
Glenn and Mary Beaty



We were responsible to maintain an eight-ton German army truck, named “Kaleb,” as in the biblical Caleb who insisted, “Give me that mountain!” because it had to regularly conquer the steep, rocky, narrow road that wound up the mountain to Gatab. Kaleb was the school bus, used to take the Haven Home children back home to their various scattered villages at the beginning and end of every school term, six trips per year. Because public transport was virtually nonexistent, the local Samburu merchants often traveled with us as well and bought supplies for their shops when we arrived in Marsabit, which we then hauled back to Gatab for them.



Nairobi, Kenya

July 16, 1986

Dear Mother,

I'm sitting at DIGUNA listening to the trumpet school students practicing “When the Roll is Called up Yonder” for their graduation Saturday. Some of them don't sound like they are reading the same music!

It was lovely to get your June 22 letter when we arrived in Nairobi last week, here to shop for food, do some repairs on our Land Rover, and collect our crates. Everything arrived intact. Soon we'll have all our camping stuff so we can camp along the way home.

We leave Friday, with a stop at Kijabe hospital to see the doctor because Sunday Colin banged his knee, making an old dormant infection spring to life. With penicillin and hot soaks it looks almost normal now, but we would still like to see a doctor about it. The nurse at Gatab is a good nurse, but we need a doctor's opinion.

Now that the Andersens are gone on furlough* there is quite a bit of work for Colin to do. He will administrate the workmen, keep the water system running, keep the roads repaired, keep the vehicles going, pick up and deliver the kids at the beginning and end of each 3-month school term in Kaleb the truck, plus do the bookkeeping for five clinics, the station*, Haven Home, and the church. Whew!

Besides that, there are four or five manyattas (villages) nearby which have believers but no churches. We would like to begin “Sunday Schools” in these places, but we need teams of evangelists and teachers who will be willing to go out on Sunday mornings to teach the new believers. Colin will talk to the elders at Gatab church when we get back. We feel this should be an all-church project, to plant new churches in the surrounding area as we are able. Please pray for workers. They need to be able to speak Samburu or else have translators who will accompany them.

Mother, I think this time at Puebla sounds like a good opportunity and I

especially pray that your fellowship with the other missionaries will be rich.

Greetings to the grandparents and the folks at church—
Becca

*the station: large Africa Inland Church property where 5 missionary homes had been built.

*Furlough: originally a military term, a missionary's furlough is time (several months to a year) spent back in the home country to rest, report back to supporters, and prepare for the next term of service on the mission field. Recently the term "furlough" has been replaced in military vocabulary with "leave," and in missionary vocabulary with "home assignment." A missionary's furlough length is based on the length of time he has been on the field that term. Four concurrent years in Africa meant that the Andersens were due to spend a year in the USA.



Dallas, Texas

July 23, 1986

Dearie Becca,

Your letter came amid cheers. While I confess to missing you both very much, Grandmother misses you more. She walks about this house praying for you daily.

Bruce arrived safely in Puebla. He and some friends went to Ixtapa for the weekend. By the time you get this, Bruce will be back in the Nickens nest* with his cat Floja, and your brother-in-law Kevin McDougall. Both will enjoy Dallas Seminary.

We do pray for teachers to go out to the villages from Gatab. Sorry to hear about Colin's infected leg. I am concerned because of its propensity to stay infected inside. The work load sounds a lot bigger, now that the missionaries you are replacing have left.

Dad is abed with a terrific cold. This is the fourth day, so I hope he'll soon be starting to improve. He has felt too bad to study for his classes. Seems strange to have a cold in such hot weather.

We studied with Rosario several times, but she is not terribly interested. Her many questions seem more belligerent than anything, though she is always polite.

I got up at 5:30 to see Prince Andrew and Sarah Ferguson get

married. Lovely! Had a cheery note from Colin's mom last week. Wish we could be neighbors.

So glad you got your crates at last. Refrigerator, too? Yes, we're eager to be on our way to Mexico. But I feel I could be called back at any time. Grandfather's mind is going down fast, and he creeps so slowly using his walker. God grant that he may soon go Home.

Love you,
Mother

*The Nickens nest: my parents' house in Garland, TX, on Nickens Road.



Puebla, Mexico

August 11, 1986

Dear Rebecca,

Here I sit upstairs in the Seminary waiting for Dad to get out of a meeting. We had a good trip down. Found a nice cheap motel five miles out of Puebla and have been there four days. Dad has been polishing up his course preparations and I have been reading, sleeping, and recuperating from six months at my parents' house.

I know I'm about back to normal because my nesting instinct is coming out. I can hardly wait to get into our apartment, which is being painted by a *mañana*-type painter. I spent the morning masking off the cabinets in the kitchen so he can paint them faster.

We brought clothes and some books pertinent to Dad's class. Bought a skillet at the border when I realized that I'd have nothing to cook with here. Brought one set of king size sheets and a spread. All our stuff is packed in Irapuato. We may have to bring back the computer when we go over there in a couple of weeks. But no way can I search through the boxes to retrieve cooking utensils. We will just have to live simply, and borrow the rest.

News from Irapuato keeps on being good. We roared with laughter when we heard that the missionary who was embarrassed for his donors to know he lived in that house on the golf course, has now joined the golf club! He runs with Ruben, who even went with him to a marriage conference, and attended a baptismal service where Javier and his entire family, plus others, were baptized. Ruben was glued to every word said. We think the missionary's

influence has been God's means of working in Ruben. But how neat that all of us have had a share.

Dad prayed for you today that you would be encouraged in the Lord and would walk in wisdom. We do pray earnestly for you both. God has given us joy in knowing you are in His chosen place of service. Our Mexican friends are caused to think on the unreached millions in Africa when we tell them where you are. It is a missionary challenge to them.

Must get off this machine so a secretary can use it.
Love you!
Mother

September 1986

It is always in the plan of God to take His children through crises beyond their control. Christian mothers and daughters know this in their heads, but when the truck breaks down in the desert, it is hard to feel that this is wise or fair. Whether the crisis comes to the mother or to the daughter, it is meant to strengthen the faith of them both. Faith, like a muscle, must get plenty of exercise to be made strong.

Beaty Prayer Letter

Puebla, Mexico

September 1986

Dear Friends,

When we left Irapuato six months ago, the believers were still spiritual babies. They looked to us for teaching and were spasmodic in personal Bible study. On Sundays they were cautious and brief if they had any word to share in the meeting. They loved us, and we them--but their relating to each other was just beginning to blossom.

Last week we returned to visit. The Pillettes and Ayres have been concentrating on training leaders. What a thrill to see the results! On Sunday Juan led the songs. Beto and Alejandro read the Scriptures and added their own exhortations to be readers and doers of the Word. Victor read Psalm 86, his first trembling participation. Javier, backslidden when we left, helped young Juan Carlos serve the Lord's Supper.

The women had always lagged behind, except for Helen and Martha. But now they are beginning to apply to their daily lives what they learn from God's Word. As we visited in homes we could see the growth. Friends, we are encouraged!

Here at Puebla Bible Seminary we are cleaning and painting the men's dorm. The needs for secretarial help, maintenance of the buildings, technical help with computers, and personal interaction with students are myriad. We are becoming involved as we learn how best to fit in. Yesterday we helped revise the student handbook. With thankfulness for a fine group of co-workers, we are optimistic about the coming semester which starts next week.

Because of our move to Dallas for five months and another move to Puebla for the coming four months, we are a bit out of touch with you. Please know that we have you in our thoughts and prayers.

Thank you for your prayers for us. Our address until January is:
Apdo 38
72000 Puebla, Pue
Mexico

Sincerely,
Glenn and Mary Beaty



Gatab, Kenya

September 9, 1986

Dear Mother and Dad,

A couple of weeks ago a man came to Colin one morning while he was at work. He had walked four hours from his home to see Colin because he was very afraid. Every seven years a group of men “graduates” into the next age group above them and they have a big celebration for a week. Each man kills at least one cow to be eaten, and people walk from miles around to enjoy the food. The mamas carried big baskets up to the place of celebration and came back with them full of meat. In the six days of celebration, over fifty cows were slaughtered and eaten.

This man’s father had several sons in this age group who were slaughtering, and he talked the sons into having a prophet come from Losigiriachi (where the new church is starting) to look at the livers of their goats and foresee their future. The prophet gave good reports to all but this man, and he told this man that if he did not pay him some money, someone in his household would die.*

The man was not a believer, but he came to Colin. So Colin and Maiko walked out to the man’s house and spent the night there. They preached to the man, and he and his teenage son trusted Christ. But the wife, who sat listening inside the hut, did not. She was keeping the liver of the goat in the hut with her until the prophet was paid. And when the man wanted to take it out, she refused. So Colin said they could not pray and ask God to protect the house with the liver still in it. The man promised he would deal with his wife and then ask Colin to come back.

We did not see the end of that episode, however. The next week we set out on Monday to go to Marsabit to collect the school children and buy their food for the next term. On the way we had trouble with the fuel filter, which put us behind schedule. We arrived at 10:00 PM rather than at 6:00. We always enjoy seeing the Ryders, so our night was a late one as we sat up talking. The second day the men ran around town shopping. Next morning we rounded up all our passengers. We left Marsabit around noon.

Our route took us through two other towns where we picked up more kids, and at about 6:00 PM we began driving to Gatab on the last leg of the journey across sandy desert in which rains and rivers have worn deep gullies and dips. We were about three hours away from our last stop when Colin said “The steering is getting hard.” He jumped out. He stood out a while, looking at the left front wheel. Then he came to the window and said, “We’ll be here a long time. We have a broken front axle.”

All the passengers began climbing out of the back of the truck. Two men started a fire to brew chai and then we all settled down to sleep as best we could. In the morning the situation did not look any better. We tried to drive on the wheel but it was almost impossible to steer up and down through the river beds, so we finally just gave up. We hoped that Dan, the only missionary at Gatab, would notice how long we were taking and come look for us rather than leaving on his scheduled trip to Nairobi on Friday. Kulal Mountain was still so far away we could not even see it on the horizon.

The women cooked chai and cornmeal for our food that day over the open fire. We had over thirty passengers with us, and our two drums of water began dwindling pretty fast. The children played games; Colin stretched out under a thorn tree with me and slept while I read a novel Janis had given me.

At about five in the afternoon a trio of young men came and told Colin they would start walking to Gatab. We sent them off with three litres of water. The Samburu are amazing for their endurance in the desert, sometimes walking for days without anything to eat or drink. In the evening our group chopped thorn bushes down to make a circular fence around us for the night. After dinner the children sang and played games around the fire for over an hour. The Africans were not ever gloomy over our misfortune; they took it with ease and cheerfulness. They did not seem worried about our predicament. Laughter and joking continued throughout our whole adventure.

We curled up to sleep. At three in the morning a car pulled up next to the truck. It was one of the men who had walked up the mountain. Dan had met them on the road at about 8:00 PM, coming to look for us. He sent us food, a blanket, and a drum of water. The guys in the Land Rover were pulling a welder behind them.

In the morning, Colin worked to repair the axle. He worked till 3:00 PM, then said, “Pile in,” and we started off. About two miles down the road the axle broke again, worse than ever, so we put as many children as would fit into the Land Rover and drove it to Gatab. Since then, Colin and some guys have been driving the two Land Rovers down the mountain every day except Sunday, transporting everything from the truck. Yesterday they tried to take the broken part off the truck, but one bolt would not come off. On the way home, a front spring broke on our Land Rover, so now there is only one vehicle they can use.

Next week we host the District Church Council meeting, and the week after that we go to Nairobi for an Africa Inland Church new missionaries’ conference and for Colin to have his leg operated on. We expect about thirty men and women to come to Gatab for the DCC conference, which makes us glad all the other

Gatab missionaries have gone so we have housing for the guests. But this thing with the truck, Kaleb, is really a big problem. Colin leaves in the morning and gets back at 10:00 PM or so every night. He is just dead tired, and so discouraged. I am busy washing mountains of clothes, baking, cleaning house, and organizing new clothes for the kids. Not every day in a missionary's life is glamour!

We pray for you in your new situation and love to hear from you. Thanks for your August 11 letter.

Becca

*Sometimes we are asked if we saw any demonic influence in Africa. Yes, we did. One of Satan's strategies is to keep unsaved people focusing on the fearful predictions of local "prophets" who are being informed by demonic spirits. Satan does not know the future, but he has plans, and he often communicates those to the "prophets," who then blackmail people who are terrified by the predictions. The solution, of course is to renounce all association with evil spirits and put all confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. Praise God, He delivers those who do.



From time to time Mother typed a letter to her whole extended family: parents, brothers, sisters and children. At the end she would hand-write a personal comment or two to each recipient.

Puebla, Mexico

September 9, 1986

Dear Extended Family,

If this looks like a small, tired, portable machine typed it, it did. I couldn't use the computer because of the high demand for it.

We had a good, busy time in Irapuato last week. Had some long visits with our missionary friends and their unsaved aunt, age 42. Had supper at Juan and Alicia's with Juan Carlos and Arturo there, too. Alicia has always been guarded in letting you know how she feels; but we could see that she has softened up a lot. Her husband and three sons have all been baptized now. She attends women's class faithfully. She and her sister Anita are just undemonstrative people; Anita's husband Alejandro is very open in his love for Christ and is becoming a teacher. Alicia gave us photos to take to her sister who lives here in Puebla: "They can be your next project."

Next afternoon I went to a surprise baby shower for Tere. The small living room was packed out with twenty-five chatty women. The believers were outnumbered by the unbelievers. Luz Maria

remarked to me that it's lots easier to get people to come to a party than to a Bible class.

After two hours I left to go to supper at Jose and Martha's. That couple puzzles us. After Jose's happy visit to Dallas and Dallas Seminary, he came home to Irapuato and attended Sunday meetings faithfully for three to four weeks. Then they quit. The missionaries have tried having them over for any number of things, and have met with zero success. We talked with them about his work, Martha's work, their kids, our kids, etc. but they were strangely uneasy about discussing spiritual things. Must pray for a new breakthrough and putting down of Satan. Rumor has it that Martha is now in a Catholic women's Bible class.

We were busy visiting folks every day of the four. Ruben and Helen had us over to eat at their new coffee shop near the stadium. His beaming smile when we surprised them was quite genuine. He wanted to know all about Colin, Becca and Bruce. He spoke freely of Helen's involvement in the church, and of having met some other missionaries. We think that even though he is far from being a sympathizer, he is no longer afraid of the believers. He even came to a picnic up at the golf club and chatted happily with everybody. He hopes that we will be in Dallas when he goes in December to run in another marathon.

On Sunday morning Juan Gomez led the singing. Victor read a psalm. Alejandro read a verse on anger and exhorted us to not give it room in our hearts. Beto read from James and exhorted us to be readers and doers of the Word. Javier and Juan Carlos served the Lord's Supper. Then Glenn gave a study on 1 Corinthians 1. Then we sang some more. The children were taught by Rosita the taxi driver's wife, and by Rosario, the quirky 28-year-old who is a good teacher.

Attendance was quite good--about seventy, I would guess. The people now linger long talking and drinking coffee afterwards. They know each other and enjoy each other, though I did hear a few gossipy comments here and there. Many have been baptized. It is great to see the men learning to lead. They are really growing. So are the women. We praise the Lord for taking us there and for taking our successors there. It was a proof of God's faithful care of His sheep to go back and see them prospering.

Our dog Sunny stays on in Irapuato with friends. We didn't have to move any furniture or boxes--everybody said we could wait till we move to Leon. Hooray!

Your last letter was dated July 16. We're getting nervous.
Love you dearly,
Mother



Puebla, Mexico

September 24, 1986

Dear Becca,

We finished painting the men's dorm inside. Right now there are only three guys here, but next week we expect several more.

Having finished the restoration and decoration of the men's dorm, we set to work yesterday to clean and organize the huge dining room and library. There are some movable dividers which serve to separate dining area from study area. When graduation time comes around, everything gets shuffled and shoved. Thus it had stayed for the past month.

The maid Teresa, who works six hours a day for the school, was hugely pleased when I came in armed with cleaning rags, soap, and determination. She said, "You and I work together so well, I know we can make this place look better." (She had helped me clean the men's dorm.) We found a better way to arrange the room dividers. We folded and stacked the fifty extra chairs. We washed library tables and chairs and arranged them more attractively. By this time Teresa was beaming, for she has an artful eye and likes to see things not only clean but attractive. Blanca the librarian, new at her job, began to smile with a proprietary air and said, "Do you have a long, low flowerpot? I'd like to see an arrangement to put on the piano over there." It was fun to see the two women respond to the old-fashioned housecleaning. Next I would like to add some hanging baskets of silk flowers between the windows on the side walls, and maybe even some sort of centerpieces for the three tables which are in daily use.

We need to fill this place up with students so as to make a faster impact on the churches. So far the philosophy has been to take only the high school grad who expects to go into full time Christian service. But Mexico is so in need of snatching the young people who are not yet sure what they want to do in life. They need to live in a Christian community and see what the opportunities in life are, for a Christian. We are trying to "sell" this idea to the administrators here. Yesterday I wrote a prayer letter for the Seminary to send out. It describes three new students and how they are reacting to the new situation. I'm going to write a series of letters, using some of the artwork we have used on prayer letters in the past.

Last night we had some kids over for popcorn, colas and a movie. It was good to be together informally. We believe that student morale is up simply due to the improved look of things. And they like to have us play basketball with them three times a week, and have them into our home for fellowship.

A curious thing happened yesterday afternoon. It had been a mild day—neither hot nor chilly. The black clouds coming from over the hilltop cathedral looked like the same kind we usually have during this rainy season, except that they got right over us and just hung there silently. Then suddenly the wind came up and the rain came down. Then hail, the size of peas. Of marbles. Then the size of those largest marbles. The ground was covered with one-and-a-half inches of hail. Dad went to move the car into the sheltered side of the parking lot and instead went skating on marbles of ice. The sound of the hail was ferocious. All the bushes and trees looked as if locusts had eaten them. Little bits of greenery were mixed with the hail balls. Sidewalks and lawn were all covered. The earth sent up steam in response to the cold. I suppose the whole episode lasted twenty minutes.

How is the language study? How is Colin's leg? Do you ever get lonely?

Love and hugs,
Mother



Gatab, Kenya

September 29, 1986

Dear Mother and Dad,

Your letters arrive regularly from Puebla, cheering us with news. Your first week there sounds like a marathon, getting all the grounds cleaned up. Is Dad still teaching classes? Did you have a good trip to Irapuato?

We had District Church Council meetings here last week. All the churches in the Northern Frontier District sent representatives, and all the missionaries and their wives came. We filled every bed in every room in every house, and still slept five in the dispensary! While the men had their meetings the women got together and had devotions, worked jigsaw puzzles, discussed problems missionary wives face, cooked, wrote letters, and talked-talked-talked-talked. It was fun. The Gatab ladies were so helpful to me in cleaning houses before and after, hauling firewood, and babysitting the kids so we could have uninterrupted time together in the mornings.

Living in a small closed community can be claustrophobic and lonely at times, and I find myself longing to go out to dinner occasionally. Colin is fighting discouragement about our ministry here. He has to spend so much time doing mechanics, road work, and Haven Home upkeep, that he does not have as much time for evangelism as he had hoped.

My reading class is going well. We haven't finished the alphabet yet, but last

week I spelled out several words for them to sound out. Last week we also began writing. Such hilarity! One woman wrote a neat row of V's under the sample row of A's I had given her.

Kaleb is still down in the desert, but a missionary arrived from Nairobi with the parts on Saturday, so today they begin putting it back together.

I am reading Psalms every day with Sowan, the Haven Home seamstress. I don't know if she's a Christian. We drink chai at 11:00 AM and read and then just chat a while. I'm sending a cassette tape* to you which is not to be listened to till Christmas, if it ever reaches you. Life is so full of changes! How wonderful that the Lord is the stability of our times.

I love you and we pray for you regularly,
Becca

*So they could hear my voice.

October 1986

For a missionary mother or daughter, the local church is not simply a nice social group with some good Bible teaching thrown in. It is her passion and goal, the end toward which she makes disciples to Christ. But it can be difficult to find one that feels like home. Will they accept and welcome the contributions she brings, and is there a place for her to exercise her spiritual gifts?

Puebla, Mexico

October 1, 1986

Deary Becca,

Hooray! At last we got a letter from you, dated Sept. 9. I was really getting worried. Now I'm frustrated, realizing that the problem is going to persist. Mexico probably does not get mail direct from Kenya. I'm guessing it goes through various countries. Bet you have received precious few of the letters I have written and mailed from here. The last communication we had from you was in Dallas, July 16 (date yours). I've sent eight or ten at least.

The story of being stuck in the desert for three days was pretty grim to ponder. And the laundry afterward--I faint. But how neat to have your missionary friends that close, *c*lose being actually a relative term.

How good to hear of the man and his teenaged son being saved. Poor wife, still in fear and darkness. So needy. It is interesting that the Enemy is busy in Losigiriachi even as the gospel is at the door.

Dad is using someone's computer tonight to compile a mailing list for the Seminary (ours is in Irapuato). I just got back from buying sausage and frozen orange juice to send with a missionary to Irapuato tomorrow, where he will teach the men from several towns. My friend will fix the meals for them and had asked me to send this stuff not available there. You would love her, Becca.

I keep asking about Colin's leg. Now you mention surgery. WHAT IS HAPPENING?

Bruce seems to be fine. He got a front row seat at a Cowboys game thanks to a college friend. No mention of a girlfriend. He still works for a lawyer frequently. Likes having Kevin for a roommate. Says studies are harder this semester, and likes John Martin best.

Today we played volleyball with twelve students. For some it was

a first. There's a girl from Canada here who is causing us some distress--she just has a rebellious spirit. Gripes about the rules and breaks them when she can. She says her parents call her the nomad of the family, as she has traveled a lot. Now she is engaged to a Mexican guy who came to Christ a few years ago. He is too good for her, I think. She will be a headstrong wife.

I may try sending this to Dallas to be sent to Kenya. Might be faster.

Our prayers are with you daily. And our love!
Mother



Kijabe, Kenya

October 10, 1986

Dear Mother,

I'm mentally chiding myself every time I realize what the date is; I haven't forgotten your birthday and thought of you on that day, but a safari and a knee operation kept me from telling you so.

We drove down to Kijabe last Friday and Saturday, with only one minor car problem and a lovely campsite on the top of Maralal Mountain in the forest with the evergreens and a chilly morning when we woke up. I'm getting good at making campfires and cooking over them...especially with a few kerosene-soaked ashes dumped under the kindling!

We arrived at Kijabe Saturday night and Tuesday morning Colin went into the hospital for his operation. You can imagine my surprise when I saw him walking out in about half an hour. The doctor cut his leg open, took out all the accumulated scar tissue, and sewed him up. He instructed his assistant to look at the scar tissue. They found a maze of tunnels, and nestled in one of them, a pocket of infection about the size of a pea. Apparently every time he bumped it, the infection was released to travel. His leg is healing well, he's walked on it since the first day, and we've had a lovely week of visiting the missionaries here. Monday we head into Nairobi to spend about a week there and then go home via Marsabit to visit the Ryders.

Kaleb is still in the desert. Dan arrived from Nairobi, hauling spare parts from DIGUNA, and they drove down to Kaleb, prepared to spend the night there. Alas! The parts were for the right front wheel, not the left one that was broken.

I'm so encouraged to hear of the happy time you spent in Irapuato, and of the ways you are seeing to be useful in Puebla. We pray for you regularly, asking the Lord to prepare a place for you—and Him—in Leon. I'm also praying you'll

get this letter and a few of the others I've sent you!

Love,
Becca



Letter from my brother Bruce, who was renting from my parents the house Colin and I had also rented while newlyweds in Dallas. He found three roommates to help share the cost, one of whom was Colin's younger brother Kevin.



Garland, Texas

October 10, 12, 13

Dear Colin and Becca,

I was extremely surprised to find no element of reproach in your last letter (although I have deserved it indeed for my lack of letter-writing effort). No threats, no public notice of disowning, no thinly veiled encouragement. What incredible self-control! Actually, Kevin and I had started a joint letter about a month ago, but collective time and energy are sometimes lacking.

I was sorry to hear about Colin's knee problems, and also both of your heavy responsibilities. If there's anyone who can relate to a dislike of a lot of responsibilities, it's me. Did Colin's surgery turn out okay? How does the injury and recovery affect all your activities?

Things are well here. Kevin fits in just fine. It will be fun to have Titus back next semester. One big, happy family. Kevin and I have classes at Dallas Seminary on the same days and hours—Wednesday and Friday from 7:45 AM (grossness) to 2:30. This works out well for carpooling. Kevin bought a very fine car, a '78 Subaru wagon. Only 95,000 miles, air conditioned, and not an oil burner. Weird kind of engine. Looks like a VW flat four, but water-cooled. My Datsun 310 just keeps on going. I still own the Z car. It sits in the driveway. I ran an ad for ten days, advertising it for \$2900, but got no takers. I guess I'm too proud to take less.

I've spoken to Mom and Dad on various occasions. They are busy, as always, but mostly with maintenance type stuff at the Seminary. I can just imagine Dad and Ken Hanna talking about strategy for the Seminary, and Mom thinking of ways to beautify the campus. The Seminary is in hot water financially, so I imagine it sets some boundaries on their creativity.

Classes are going very well, except it seems like a lot more work than last semester. John Martin is an incredible guy. I have really enjoyed his class. Also Howard Hendricks. The new prof, Dr. House, is very good, too.

The grandparents seem about the same. It's been about a week since I've been by to see them. It's encouraging to see how the church people still call and go by to see them.

Speaking of which, church is going very well. There are several new families who have come in recently, and the overall mood is upbeat. The leadership just designed and sent out a mass mailing of brochures to all the people in the immediate vicinity of the church, inviting them to come visit. The themes of the adult Sunday school and morning meetings have been coordinated together, and designed to be more evangelistic in their emphasis. I think the psychological boost from the purchasing of the new building has been a major factor, even though we haven't moved in yet.

Work has been busy. One client decided to go ahead and buy another computer. I built him a PC clone. I've also been getting in a lot of hours teaching his secretaries how to use their computers better. He is always grateful and pays promptly.

Floja is an awesome cat. Kevin says that she reflects Colin's personality. He likes to fight with her, too. She gets a lot more affectionate in cold weather. She seems to be getting more beautiful with age.

Your house has been treating us very well. This morning we used the fireplace for the first time this fall. The weather got cold in the past three or four days. No complaints yet from the neighbors about the stereo. All the ivy you left me is growing well, except when I don't water it for long periods of time. Strange thing.

Kevin loves to play basketball almost as much as I do (he claims more). There's nothing quite like mutual encouragement. When one of us feels like staying home and studying, the other is there to bring him back to his senses and force him to go play basketball instead. Works out very well.

Thanks for writing. Unmerited favor. I'll try to be more faithful in the future. We pray for you regularly.
Bruce



 **Puebla, Mexico**

October 20, 1986

Dear Becca,

We have been alternating churches so as to get the flavor of each of the six the missionaries attend here.

Last Sunday we visited a small, cement block structure out at the edge of town. To get there, you park on the road and climb a hard clay embankment. The group now consists of about six old people, two middle-aged couples, eight young men and women, and ten or fifteen children age 10 and below.

Pastor Alejandro is teaching several of the youth to play guitar, so every hymn or chorus is preceded by several minutes of "tuning up" by the aspiring guitarists. It gives you time to find the page, stretch, look all around, and then some. Then when the singing starts you wish for a piano, because nobody can keep the time, and each singer and player invents his own tune.

That was last Sunday. Today we go to the first Bible church ever planted in Puebla...

Just got back. It was a more middle-class church than last week's. There were paint, varnished pews, lots of fresh flowers, and about thirty-five people. The teacher was excellent. That church too has a decline in attendance, not due to a split but to apathy. There was no one to play the organ today, but they sang the old hymns very much on key and well. Sunday School was poorly attended. But during the coffee break, more people arrived, and the church service was quite good. Just recently there has been an effort to unite all the youth of the six Bible churches for meetings, and apparently it will be effective. The people in this church wore suits and ties, nice clothes—a middle class bunch who read well and know how to organize things.

Another church is out at Cholula (fifteen minute drive) and meets in a missionary's home. These people are also enthusiastic singers, and with an expert pianist, they do well. They are lower class people—laborers, workers—with the exception of a couple of middle-class families. Attendance is about fifty to sixty. Dad will preach in another middle-class church for the next two weeks, meets in a rented house. It's a lot more like our Irapuato group in that there are lots of new believers in the group.

In spite of valiant efforts, I am unable to quit mentally marking off the days till we move to Leon. We have done many jobs here that needed doing. And it has been good to know the students and missionaries. But we miss being out in the community and in people's homes. Two more months, then off to Dallas for two weeks. Then to Leon after Christmas.

I hope you got the parts for Kaleb. We groan with you, Colin, at the hugeness of that repair job.

Love, Mom



Puebla, Mexico

October 28, 1986

Dear Becca,

Thank you for your good letter of Sept 29 which arrived here in about three weeks. The mail mule is getting faster. We sympathize with your wishing you could be free from some of the institutional aspects of the work there. I can hardly believe you have been there for seven months.

We brought none of our things to Puebla except some clothes and a skillet. And a set of sheets. Everything else is borrowed. When we went to Irapuato I brought back my sewing machine. Dad got me a light gray blazer for my birthday—at the grocery store!

Bruce called to chat the other day. He has four papers to write, long ones, and he has not started yet. He says that whenever he or Kevin begins to get overloaded with studies, they snatch each other up to go play basketball! I asked if there were any girls in his life, and he said “Oh, thousands. We had the gang over the other night.” But he’s mentioning no names.

We prayed for you and Colin and the tribe today in wives’ meeting. There were three wives of students and three missionaries. We studied Ephesians 5 and did a stencil on cloth to frame in a hoop.

Dad preached Sunday morning at middle-class Loreto church. Three German families attend. Their Spanish is darling. Two are businessmen and one is a doctor. It was a good morning.

Then in the evening he preached in the outdoors in a church under construction. The iron rods had been installed in a grid all over the ground, ready to have the concrete floor poured over them. But money is scarce, so construction has stopped for a while. The young people, twenty or so, set up chairs for each service in amid the gridwork. Walking is a major task, as the rods are about three inches off the ground and are in an eight-inch pattern.

There must have been two hundred people there, scrunched close together against the cool night breeze. A few light bulbs were glaringly helpful in combating the darkness. Four or five young

people played guitars for the hymns. This is a Brethren church, but their weekly schedule is so full it could be Baptist. The elder had asked Dad to talk about giving. He will continue this next Sunday night.

Monday morning he led the devotions at the publishing house for sixteen people, and Wednesday (tomorrow) night he will teach a group of men who will come here. They are going through the book called The Measure of a Man. I'm going to fix lasagna for them, and hot apple juice with cinnamon and a bit of pineapple juice in it.

Have you seen any snakes? Do you hear anything on your short wave radio? We watched the World Series baseball games, most of them. The Mexicans love American sports events.

We love you long distance. Hardly a day passes without some mention of you aloud. We talk a lot to the Father about you, praising Him for you and Colin and for His faithful care.

Love, Mom

November 1986

Holidays are traditional family times. When mothers and daughters have to spend them apart, both feel the sadness. Even if they are distracted by filling the house with other people they love, part of the sacrifice of living apart is giving up family time at holidays. Another sacrifice is not being with siblings or grandparents who are declining rapidly. It is a fine line mothers and daughters walk as they express how much they will miss the family gathering. Each must guard against indulgent self-pity.



Gatab, Kenya

November 3, 1986

Dear Mother and Dad,

Since this letter will probably take a long time to reach you, happy birthday, Dad. Mother, your package arrived before we left Nairobi. Such a delight! I did not have to pay duty on it, either.

We spent several days in Marsabit. Jim and Sue Ness, Bible translators at Ileret, were there, and we talked at length with them. They say the Kenya government is looking for missionaries to come in and start work there. So Colin and Tim Ryder made plans for us to go in May to build a small corrugated steel house with two rooms and a porch. We can store our things in the steel "mabati" house and build a regular home when we come back to Ileret after furlough. Jim and Sue say they feel the people are open to spiritual things as they never have been before. They have a Bible study going on Sunday nights at their house, well attended.

We have come over another big hump. Last Friday Colin and Dan went down to work on Kaleb and drove it home Saturday morning with no problems. It is such a relief to have that truck running again.

There are several decisions Colin has made recently which affect us. He laid all the workmen off as soon as we came home. No more supervision of them all day every day. We are still paying several employees but they all can do their work with a minimum of supervision. And the elders meet to discuss the Haven Home dorm parents in the girls' dorm this Thursday. They have frequent fights with each other and with the kids. If they are fired, Colin and I will probably move into the girls' dorm until someone permanent can be found. The apartment is not as comfortable as our house now, but with a little paint and a lot of soap and water it can be made livable, and the opportunities with the girls would be prime.

Gatab is going through a drought now, in many ways. We've had no rain since

June or July. The grass is brown, the herds are suffering. So are the people. Food is scarce, as is money. Church attendance is low. The church at Losigiriachi, after an initial burst of enthusiasm, is losing attenders and interest. We pray fervently for the Holy Spirit to refresh and renew people's spiritual health and energy.

Last Friday I had my friends Shangili and Kutumbe help me clean my filthy house after our trip, and then they ate lunch with me. At mid-morning tea we had read the first part of Matthew 5 and they launched into a long discussion as we re-read it slowly. I keep my eyes open for more signs of progress.

Val and I have taken up walking in the evenings. We go at about 6:00 PM and walk for half an hour or so. Val is taking care of Blueberry, the station dog, and Willie, the station cat, so they join us, and we make a happy foursome.

I have not seen the cobra which lives under a cement slab in our back yard recently, but last night there was a mouse skittering around the kitchen. The constant battle with bugs, insects, and animals is wearying but amusing. I have often been reminded of Miss Muffet in the weirdest places. Before we left for Nairobi I set off some insect "smoke bombs," but a month is a long time to be gone, so by the time we returned, a new crop had moved in after the dead ones. Out here I feel much more aware of the command to subdue the earth. Wild things are greedy for territory. Lions have been heard recently, and their tracks spotted near some of the homes. I think they come for water.

Bruce sent the nicest letter recently; I love thinking of him with Kevin at the gym. How nice that he likes all my favorite professors. He loves you and so do we. How wonderful to be born into your family!

Your own,
Becca

PS—I learned to knit! I also sent you a map of Kenya.



Puebla, Mexico

November 8, 1986

Dear Widely Extended Family,

Today is November 8, just a few days away from Rebecca's 26th birthday. I recall distinctly the delight it was to us to have her arrive safe and sound. And every year thereafter has been more of the same, but doubled when Bruce joined us. If our human love for them is as great as it seems to us, then what must God's love for them be!

The days are going fast here. Last week at this time we were printing envelopes for a Seminary prayer letter (Glenn) and

sorting through a medicine chest and a closet in the Seminary office area (Mary). I think things had stayed where they were shoved since about 1974. I felt like an archeologist picking through layers of civilizations. It was possible to see who had been good at filing, at publicity, at music, etc.

Today we took off into the highways and byways for about three hours. It is necessary to do this occasionally just to get away from phone calls, door knocks, and cabin fever. When you live on campus you feel that you are always on call. Requests go like this:

Do you have a key to the back gate? (No)
May I make a phone call? (Handbook says no, and he knew it, but he hoped for an exception.)
Could you come see why this program isn't working on my computer?
Do you have a key to the snack shop? (No)
Please help me print my mailing labels.
Did you fix the washing machines? (No, they're not fixable)
Where is the vacuum cleaner? (Should be in the dorm, but is found in the typing room)
What are spiritual gifts, and how do I discover mine?
Could I plant a garden in the vacant lot?
Could you loan us two cups of sugar for Pioneer Girls Club?
How about letting us have our wives' meeting in your house this Tuesday?
Joe Shmoe is acting huffy toward me. Should I ask him to explain?
Who is in charge of locking the classrooms?
Will you be home this afternoon to receive a load of bricks for the garden?
Do you have some more cleaner for the girls' bathroom?
The garbage men are here, and we have not tipped them for three weeks. Could you take care of that?
Please give me a copy of that lesson you taught at church.
Did you order this meat?
Do you have a student who would like to work for us?
We're having trouble concentrating on studies. Do you think we ought to take some vitamins to improve our minds?
Please pray that I will know if I should take a couple of weeks off to help my family in Mexico City.
Do you have work for me for the next two weeks, so that I can pay my overdue tuition and enroll in the next course?
Do you have time to help serve coffee break?
Could you help me count the knives, forks, and spoons?
Please translate this booklet for me.

Every four months there is a work day at the Seminary. This time the guys cleared the weeds and brush from the vacant lot across the street. They all got blisters from wielding machetes. The girls scrubbed classroom walls, desks, floors, and windows.

There are so many needs here in Mexico. The publishing house needs an experienced, dependable, bilingual printer and repairman. The Seminary needs at least one expert bilingual

secretary not afraid of computers. And they need somebody to build housing for married students. The missionary in charge of purchasing and meal planning will be taking a furlough, and she has no one to replace her. Imagine a school without meals! And we need someone to travel around to the existing Bible churches all over Mexico to recruit new students for the Seminary.

Then we need plain, ordinary people to move into the host of large cities all over this country and witness to them of Christ. The unreached masses are just staggering. Today we visited a town of 40,000 which has no church other than the Catholic ones. We went into the ornate cathedral on the square and saw people kneeling and staring at the gory figure of Christ. No wonder the little children are afraid of him and prefer Mary.

Six more weeks remain to us here. Then to Dallas for two weeks. Then to Leon, vigorous city of 700,000. Can't wait!

Love, Mary



Gatab, Kenya

November 25, Dad's Big Day

Dear Mother and Dad,

Thanks for the various birthday cards which arrived in good time, full of Mexican cheer. I also enjoyed your letters of Oct 1, 20 and 28. I think your mail arrives here more rapidly than mine does there.

Colin's leg is fine. No more problems, just like new. I also am interested in your descriptions of the various churches you have visited.

I've seen two snakes recently—one in the garden, and one in the garage. Scared stiff both times. Called Colin both times. And when he came, they escaped. One was a cobra.*

Colin shaved off his beard about a week ago. I like the change, though I liked the beard, too.

We rarely hear anything on our short wave radio, though I expect on Thanksgiving we'll try to tune in to a game. In the evening, when we can get a clear signal, we like to listen to music while we eat. After dinner it's time for baths, a little reading, and washing dishes, so we don't really take the time. But we do take the time to read the Ryders' Newsweeks when we see them.

Homesickness has really hit me now that the holiday season is here. Dan and Val are going to missionary conference Thanksgiving weekend, but we have to stay because we have to take the school kids home on Monday. Sure wish we

could go, too! But we'll do our best—a man will sell us a rooster which I'll cook, we'll have sweet potatoes and rolls and a tossed salad and pumpkin pie. And maybe we'll take a walk up the mountain in the afternoon.

Christmas is promising to be a happy time, with quite a few visitors coming to see us. I think most of the DIGUNA people (about ten) will arrive the 20th; our friends Jim and Bev Streit may hire a plane and come with their little daughter, Kristi. We'll have carols and a movie on Christmas Eve at the church and services the morning of the 25th. There are some evergreen trees in our front yard and I'll cut branches off to lay along the top of our walls (which don't reach the roof) and make the house smell good. And I'll bake Colin's favorite Christmas cookies. But most of all I'll try not to think too much about McDougalls and Beatys enjoying Christmas in America, because I really just wish our furlough was in the month of December this year, with all the members of the family.

The rains started, a blessing but also more work. One of the pipes bringing water for the community from the largest spring at the top of the mountain broke and Colin had to spend a couple of days traipsing up there to fix it.

Kaleb is begging for attention, so Colin is spending this week on mechanics, getting it ready to take school children home on Monday. Since it is conference time, none of the towns we stop in will have missionaries there. And the mud is deep, and our tires are so thin that we don't know if they'll last two more trips. It's really a pain to have to go right now, but of course the kids have to get home for Christmas.

I want to tell you our good news. Every morning three mamas—Sowan, Shangili, and Kutumbe—come in the house around 11:00 AM for chai, and we read the Bible together and pray. I am already seeing some good results from this, and I am thrilled to see their bright faces every morning. Colin is preaching sermons in Samburu when he goes on Wednesdays with Maiko. Our language fluency is coming slowly but surely. We feel like there are a few “disciples” who are really growing. Please pray with us, as we do together each week, for revival and cleansing of Gatab church.

We love you and are proud of you for sticking it out at Puebla and for looking to see what good you could do there. Now we are waiting to see what the Lord has for you in Leon, and we have already been praying that the Lord will make the people ready there to receive His Word.

Much love to you,
Becca

*How did I stand the snakes? Friends ask me this sometimes. By running away and telling Colin where they were so he could kill them! As with all dangers in this life, we developed habits of alertness. But once again, the final solution to the general fear of snakes is to trust the Lord. Whatever dangers are lurking ahead, He knows all about them and all His plans for us are for our good.



Puebla, Mexico

November 25, 1986

Dear Extended Family,

This was a happy Thanksgiving Day in the company of fifty-five fellow missionaries and their thirty-five kids. We had a traditional dinner out at a Christian camp. This was our third year to be part of the annual conference, and again we were tickled to be with the folks and hear how their work is going.

Every year Glenn has been asked to be a candidate for the field committee. He has always declined, because he hates the travel through smoggy Mexico City and on out to Irapuato five hours further. Glenn reluctantly agreed to let his name go on the ballot. It was a landslide, to the point of embarrassment. Glenn groaned but vowed to give it his best effort. He likes the men and respects them, but the job will mean hours of work in addition to what he really prefers doing--evangelism and teaching.

The news via the missionaries about the people in Irapuato continues to encourage us. The Lord has brought Juan Gomez along to the point that he went to give his testimony and a short message at the Bible Church in Queretaro.

A bunch of the young people went to Guadalajara for a first youth convention at the Bible Church, where three hundred kids converged from all over Mexico. Our sweet former neighbor Cindy went and got herself all straightened out after a year of rebelliousness. And her unsaved boyfriend Jaime, 20, found Christ as Savior. The son of Alejandro also was born again. His father really choked up when his young son stood in the morning meeting and told the folks of his new life in Christ and then led the group in prayer.

Becca, the last letter from you was especially good. We are excited with you about the prospects of getting to Ileret. And we are thankful that Colin is free from supervising the workers.

I'll admit the idea of becoming dorm parents gave me pause. What we find here is that we feel very confined, on twenty-four-hour duty. I hope you will not have that kind of responsibility very long.

Thank you for the map, with all the cute little petrol x's on it. How British! Now we can follow your travels knowingly.

We do pray for the prospering of the Word of God among the people in Gatab, including your class of reading students. But also for that little village with long name where initial interest has

dimmed. Do not be discouraged. Sometimes the light gets turned back on.

That has happened with two people in Irapuato who had turned us off. Juan Gomez went after one, and found that her new husband is quite interested, and therefore Meche is too. And then there is the dentist Julio, who Bruce tried to get into a Bible class at Roberto's. He never made it. But Bard went to him to get his teeth fixed, and found him full of questions. Now Julio, his smart young wife, and little girl are avid Bible students--not saved yet, but very close.

I'm getting sleepy, so will call it a day. We love all of you, dear family. You are never far from our thoughts.

Love, Ma and Pa

December 1986

Pregnancy is one of the most joyful times of a woman's life, and a time she and her mother often are drawn close together. Children are a gift from the Lord; the fruit of the womb is a reward. The anticipation of a new baby, the changes in the woman's body, and the preparations for a baby's birth are novel experiences for the daughter and poignant times for the mother. It is a time that a mother's direct orders are welcomed. "Take your calcium," sounds like love.

Puebla, Mexico

December 6, 1986

Dear Loved Ones,

This will be my last letter from Puebla. We are busy tying up loose ends and helping in various Christmas celebrations on campus. I can hardly believe that a week from today we will be on the road to Leon to house hunt.

Glenn has been involved in lengthy Field Council meetings this week, and in a student evaluation meeting.

We had a shower for two girls who are getting married. It was at our house, but all I had to do was decorate. The practice among unsaved people is to have wedding showers full of lewd and embarrassing games. So these girls were delighted to see how happy an occasion a shower could be. Four of us went together and got bedspreads for them. Others gave dishes, silverware, towels, Tupperware, candles and gowns. There were a couple of games, a devotional by Tita the girls' counselor, and a beautiful cake and hot spiced tea. Thirty-two people came.

Everybody says they lament our leaving Puebla. That's a good way to take our leave. Would be worse if they were glad to see us go. We have appreciated getting to know the Seminary's inner workings, the students, and the visiting faculty and resident missionaries.

To Leon Sat 13th. Toward Dallas Dec 17 or 18.
Love, Mom





Marsabit, Kenya

December 8, 1986

Dear Mother and Dad,

We're in Marsabit now after a two-day drive from Gatab starting Wednesday. Kaleb's starter burned out so there's much heave-ho whenever we stall. Friday we shopped, Saturday we took a group of people to a wedding in a town nearby (an interesting cultural experience), Sunday Colin went to church and I rested, and in the afternoon Val and Dan arrived from Gatab, here to do some dispensary business. They brought mail from downcountry, news of conference, and—the results of a lab test for me.

Are you ready to be grandparents??!! Shh...Colin doesn't want to tell Anyone Else yet, but he said it would be OK for me to tell you, since you can keep a secret. We'd like to wait till February to make it public news, please. I'm only at the very beginning stages; we think the baby's due sometime in June or July. It's all very exciting. Even though I'm nauseated, I'm not violently ill and anyway it's for a good cause.

I have dozens of questions about how it was for you when you were pregnant with me. Did you have a lot of nausea? How many months along were you when you started to "show" and need "fat clothes"? I plan to sew a few full dresses and blouses and see if I can borrow some pants from my friend Bev, whose next baby is due in March. Bev and her husband Jim, an AIM pilot, are coming to Gatab at Christmas.

We love you and I hope you have a happy Christmas time—
Becca



Leon, Mexico

December 16, 1986

Dear Colin and Becca,

I'm lying here in the hotel in Leon and Mother is bawling me out for not having written to you. I told her I was planning to one of these days so she put the paper and pen in my hand. She's sitting right here in front of me, so what can I do?

We enjoyed both of your tapes which we heard at Christmas time. Sounds like missionary life is really agreeing with you. It is true that a lot of time has to be given to just plain living. But that's "missionary work" too. Needless to say we

are rejoicing with you anticipating the new family member. And we're praying for a safe delivery. Keep us informed as to the progress.

After almost 10 months in a semi-settled state, we are just about to return to a settled life. Mother especially is looking forward to it. The house we found was a real answer to prayer. We had found nothing after about two weeks. This one just dropped out of the blue. I think they rented to us because we're "gringos." And because we were willing to pay rent in dollars. The floors are tile like the house you saw in Irapuato. Master bedroom and living room-dining room will be carpet. Two-and-a-half baths and another bath in the maid's room. Nice patio. Big TV room upstairs. We should be able to entertain royally.

The house is in the middle-class area that we would like to reach. We haven't met anyone who is a believer yet. Many people have been very friendly, however. We're paying about \$7.50 per night in the hotel, but hope to move by this weekend. The missionaries seem to be doing well in Irapuato and enjoying it. And the believers that we were able to visit the first week we were back seem happy with their ministry. Will Ayers is teaching the believers music. Pam Pillette had a class with seventeen women last week. The men meet for "elders' training" on Saturday morning, about twelve men.

Tere (de Roberto) told us that Robert's mother has been pressuring her to baptize the new baby. Knowing Roberto will not allow it, she proposed to Tere that the mother could take the baby to the priest. Tere told her that she certainly would not sneak around behind Roberto's back. And further this baby was going to be baptized when he got big enough to "receive Christ as his own Savior"! Such a good testimony to the Lord's work in her heart.

Feb 6-7 we will have the annual all-Bible-church conference. This year it will be in Queretaro and the brethren there are handling all the details—no missionary is involved in either the hospitality or the program. That's a new step for a new church. Queretaro has no "pastor" but several elders and deacons.

I was elected to the field committee, so I have to be concerned about a whole new "family". We have about thirty couples in Mexico right now. The stated goal is fifty churches by 1990. We have twenty-seven now. I don't think we're going to make it.

Well, I did pretty well writing this. My fingers got tired, anyway.

Behave yourselves and write soon.

Love,
Glenn





Gatab, Kenya

December 27, 1986

Dear Mother and Dad,

Thanks for the tape! It's great to hear your voices. Jim and Bev Streit brought it up on the plane when they flew in for Christmas, and Jim thought I was listening to myself when he heard you, Mother. He says we talk exactly alike. Thanks for the prayer letters, the recipes and other articles.

I was interested to see that walking is touted so highly. Val and I are trying to walk every afternoon for about an hour, just to keep in shape. I laughed at your article on skin cancer. Mostly I'm indoors. Colin often gets sunburned on his day-long preaching hikes, but my skin is as white as Dallas in the winter.

This morning I did have to go in to the dispensary and get a jigger dug out of a toe, though. They're tiny insects that live in the dirt and get under the skin of your feet, causing inflammation and itching. Val used a needle to coax him out.

Happy anniversary! I think we may grill steaks tonight in the fireplace, or if the DIGUNA team arrives we may have a movie at the church. Jim and Bev and their little Kristi have been fun houseguests. DIGUNA did not arrive as planned, due to mechanical problems, so now we are awaiting their arrival before the New Year. Actually, it's a blessing they didn't come. On Christmas Eve we fed eighteen people, which kept Bev and me busy all day fixing the food. On Christmas morning we slept in late and had a big breakfast with the Dan, Val and the Streit family. Colin made me a lovely desk for Christmas with no nails, the way Grandfather taught him. We opened gifts, and then headed over to the church for the celebration. The service lasted 3 ½ hours! That night we lit a fire in the fireplace and just sat around talking till we got sleepy.

Congratulations, Dad, on your appointment to the field committee. Sorry it means more work but I'm glad you can help out that way.

We are grateful that the job of being dorm parents has not materialized.

January 5 the doctor comes on safari in our area, so he'll check me then, as he will every time he comes. My nausea is almost gone now, so when I get over this cold I'll be fit. Some days I forget I'm pregnant, I feel so normal.

Hope your Christmas was a good one and that you'll soon be happily settled in Leon. Thank you for your faithful letters. I love to hear from you.

Love, Becca





Dallas, Texas

December 30, 1986

Dear Becca,

We loved hearing the tape you sent to the McDougalls. Bruce copied it for us, and Uncle Jack relished it too when they came. Jack called later to ask for your address--Sandy wants to send you a book to read "for fun."

We've been in Dallas ten days. Things have settled into a pattern for the grandparents, and I guess could continue thus a long time. Grandmother has help twice a week from Rosario, who sits with Grandfather several hours after lunch.

We are so excited to think of your being parents and our being grandparents! This has brought back a lot of memories. Suddenly I notice maternity clothes and infants' wear in the stores. Please take vitamins and calcium. Otherwise the baby will deplete your supply. What is available by way of supplies? Disposable diapers, pacifiers, bottles, plastic pants, infant formula, infant thermometer?

When you were born Dad was in his last year at Dallas Seminary. We were living on Goliad St, Grandfather's psychiatric office newly functioning in the front room of the house. You came home to the blue room, where Grandmother's maid Willie Mae came to coo at you wisely and say, "She got legs jest like her grandmother!" We hired a woman to come for a week and help me with you--an excellent investment, as I was worn out and nervous about the responsibility. Meals were hard to plan and execute in the midst of all the newness of things.

I had planned to nurse you, but neither of us got the hang of it, and I gave up prematurely. Wish I had had counsel. By the time I gave up I was producing enough milk for twins, and it took a long time to dry up even with pills to help. Meanwhile you had colic day and night, and we found you were allergic to the formula. But with a switch to soybean milk things slowly got better.

It was a rough first month. Dad was a real trooper, taking every chance to care for you that he could. We alternated nights getting up to feed and diaper you. Never was a baby more loved and wanted. And the gratefulness we felt to the Lord for this little weensy bundle was (and is) profound. But at times I was resentful of your crying and wanted to get out and away from it. So did Dad. So we took turns going to store or wherever just to relieve the cabin fever. Grandmother took turns, too. I remember wondering when Dad and I would be able to sit down to a quiet meal without interruptions.

Bruce has four pals from college with him this week. We took

them and two other guys out for supper on your third and our twenty-eighth anniversary. The waitress refilling our glasses asked "Are these your seven sons?" Dad replied "Yes, they sure are, and they're helping us celebrate our twenty-eighth anniversary!" She looked them all over, singled out Bruce as maybe ours, and then said dryly, "I suppose these aren't all of your kids." "Nope," replied Dad, "We have two more in Africa!" She walked away saying "Sure you do."

I'm sending some baby things by boat, in a brown mailer. Sent a package by air and some books by boat.

We looked for four days for a house. Leon has one million people and one house for rent. We found two middle class neighborhoods and drove up and down looking for empty houses. Saw one, called the owner in Morelia, and he said "Maybe." Called back later and he said "I've decided not to rent it."

Been writing ALL DAY. Love to think of your presence in Gatab, Marsabit, etc as light-bearers. Everybody here sends hugs and blessings.

Mom

January 1987

An adult daughter is looking forward to the future. She has prepared all her life for the time when she will be grown up, and now that she is, she has many plans and goals. If her mother is a sympathetic listener, the daughter will confide many of these to her, and if the mother is wise, she will encourage where she can, even if she foresees problems. It is a sign of a mother's respect to refrain from pressuring her daughter and allow her the freedom to follow her young husband's lead. She must be swift to hear, slow to speak, and slow to anger.



Gatab, Kenya

January 8, 1987

Dear Bruce,

How would you like to be an uncle?! Come the end of June, we're going to have a baby. Of course, we're happy and excited, and since the doctor who came on safari this week told me I'd be too big for my skirts next month, I've got an incentive to do some quick sewing. We'll have the baby at Kijabe. I couldn't feel more secure about the quality of care there. The labor, delivery, post natal care should cost us about \$30, maybe tripled for a C-section. That's a big improvement over the USA's \$3000! The Lord has worked everything out so well for us. (BTW, could you look up and send me my blood type? It ought to be in my file, with medical papers. I need it SOON. Thanks.)

How was Christmas? I got a little weepy through the season, thinking of you and parents and grandparents together. I'm actually kind of glad it's over. We had the AIM pilot and wife and baby with us for six days, and thoroughly enjoyed them. But two days after Christmas six hungry guys from DIGUNA arrived and feeding them three times a day for six days was not much fun. I struggled to be hospitable and heaved a relieved sigh when they left. The next week the doctor's safari arrived, so in the evenings I've been feeding nine people.

How are you? How is school? Church? What work are you doing these days to support yourself? How are the grandparents?

Colin is gone on all-day evangelism today, since a man with tuberculosis in the hospital didn't die last night so he didn't have to preach the funeral. Val and I will do some visiting this afternoon before going on our daily 2-mile walk.

Love you,
Becca



Leon, Mexico

January 14, 1987

Hi dearies,

We're now in a hotel in Leon, furniture still stored. Found a new house to rent for about \$160 as soon as the doors and windows and bathroom fixtures are installed. Could be two to three weeks. But we're very excited: 1) to have found a place 2) to have met the owners and their assorted relatives. All are super friendly, all extroverts.

Bruce called while we were still in our friends' house in Irapuato. He said your letter to us had come to his house and "Can I open it before I send it to you?" I knew it would say something about your pregnancy, but couldn't bring myself to say no. A couple of days later he called in high glee, "Was there something I didn't know about Colin and Becca?" He and Kevin went bananas when they deduced that you are expecting. I mean EXCITED. "We're going to be uncles!" I've seldom seen Bruce so obviously thrilled. Hope this revelation has not caused any problem. I told Bruce it was supposed to be a secret till Feb. But he and Kevin may have already spilled the beans before Bruce called here.

We're praying for baby McDougall every day, and suddenly noticing baby clothes and rocking chairs like we hadn't in twenty-four years. Also praying for you, our dear African missionaries. Irapuato people ask about you and listen all agog when we answer. Bruce said you are checked regularly by a doctor. Great! Do you fly out, or he in? Probably your letter will tell these things.

Love, Ma and Pa

PS-Irapuato people are growing. Also facing increased opposition from relatives. Ruben still unsaved. He likes the missionaries, though. Helen loves to hear about your work, sends greetings.*

*In 2010 my mother reconnected with Helen by email. She and Ruben had moved near Mexico City. She continues to attend a Bible church faithfully, and her grown daughter does, too. Ruben is still not a believer in Christ. She continues to pray for his salvation and to trust God for whom nothing is impossible.





Leon, Mexico

January 18, 1987

Dear Becca,

Dad came down with a sore throat after we went to the State Fair of Guanajuato. So for three days he's been abed here in the motel. I have a nifty little gismo to heat water in a cup to make tea, bullion, or instant grits (from the US). We've found a local FM which plays pop music from the 30's-50's, in English.

Leon is a busy city, but not intimidating. Today I walked downtown and prowled the open stores looking for sofa and chairs. We sold our heavily used set when we left Irapuato.

Our house now has windows and bathroom fixtures. Phone will cost \$360 to buy and have installed. Landlord pays that. Monday the front door will be installed, unless the carpenter is hung-over.

Roberto and Tere and 9 year old Roberto are growing in the Lord. Her relatives and his tried to get her to baptize 3-mo-old Miguel secretly, since Roberto and Tere had said no earlier. Tere replied, "No, I cannot do anything behind Roberto's back. We're NOT baptizing Miguel." Now the relatives accuse them of treating the baby like a mere animal. Roberto Jr. has learned the Old Testament books in order, to his parents' delight.

How are you? We talk about you every day. In the night Dad said calmly, "They'll be good parents." Have you made maternity clothes?

Love, Mother



Gatab, Kenya

January 29, 1987

Dear Mother and Dad,

Thank you so much for your package, which arrived safely and without duty, and for your good long letter, and for your tape, and for your encouragement. We love the calendars—you can't get them here with spaces to write in, much less with such pretty pictures!—and your picture is lovely. It is so good of both of you.

Mother, thank you for the story of my birth. We loved it. Available here: disposable diapers (expensive), pacifiers, bottles, plastic pants, infant formula,

and infant thermometer. I hope to be able to nurse the baby. It will make life less complicated. We believe the due date is sometime in the second or third week of July, and the doctor who examined me on this last doctor safari was very encouraging about my chances of having a trouble-free delivery. He says I'm growing, look healthy, and everything seems fine. It is such a happy time of anticipation for me.

Colin and I leave Saturday morning with Val and Dan to go downcountry. We will get on a night train which will take us to Mombasa, where we'll spend eleven hassle-free days and nights at the Baptist guest house, right on the beach, complete with cook.

And do we ever need a vacation. Last week we took our trip to Marsabit to pick up the school kids. We had a busy three days in town, then on the way out of town four bolts out of the steering fell out, and we had to park the truck and return to Marsabit to spend the night so that in the morning we could pick up the bolts from the police, who had some spares, and go back to Logologo to work on Kaleb. The missionaries there graciously worked with Colin all that day and the next, getting the truck together, and they housed and fed us.

We had thirty kids with us, and the missionaries donated money they had been sent for "famine relief" to send the kids to a local restaurant to buy food for their meals. Lunch cost about eight dollars for them all. Amazing. We made it home, after a long, slow, circuitous route because some of the main roads were washed out. As soon as we got home Colin landed in a big conflict.

The town chief called a "citizens' complaint meeting" two long afternoons in a row, and Colin was ordered to go. About half the complaints were directed at the government, and about half at the mission. What complaints? That we haven't fixed the tractor to plow the local field, that we have refused rides to people on Kaleb, that we haven't sold petrol to the police when they run out, that Kaleb doesn't go often enough to Marsabit. I told Colin it's a good thing I wasn't there because I take that kind of thing personally.

Then last night the manager of Haven Home called a sudden meeting of the Haven Home committee, at our house. The reason? To rake Colin over the coals for firing an employee of Haven Home, a young man of about eighteen who has been immoral, taken drugs, and frequented the bars of Marsabit. Lately he manipulated his way to take off and go to Nairobi for a month without leave, leaving the boys' dorm with no supervision. Colin had a brief meeting with him: "You are fired." But now the Haven Home committee says, "You don't have the authority to fire him, and the elders of the church will reinstate him because that is the way to show forgiveness."* What hurts most is the feeling of being all alone, of having to make unpopular decisions and know that even your "friends" will not support you publicly because they don't want to look like the bad guys.

I think our situation here will be better when we get back from our vacation. People's tempers will have calmed, and we will be more rested. It's difficult to feel optimistic about anything after a three-hour grilling the night before! Colin keeps reminding me, "We work for the Lord first, and look to please Him first

and live up to His standards first. Our reputation and standing with the people is up to Him.” Some days we talk about how this is preparing us for responsibility in the Kingdom, and how we’ll see it all as worth it when our reward comes. But it would be nice to see some rewards here, too.

One note of encouragement: ten women came to the ladies’ meeting yesterday. And two women who were fighting have made up. And the belligerent mama in the girls’ dorm at Haven Home has calmed down and become downright friendly. So your prayers for the mamas are being answered. Val and I have been visiting one or two women each afternoon when we go for our walk. It’s good!

We’re praying for a house for you in Leon, and for the people you meet.

Love, Becca

*Hindsight and further experience with other cultures has taught us that sometimes unpopular administrative decisions can be made and result in peaceful consensus after lengthy discussion with all parties involved. In a more socialistic society such as that of the Samburu, individual needs or loyalties are considered less important than those of the whole group. In many situations, however, the missionary must stand against social pressure for his own integrity and in order to fulfill the responsibilities laid on him, even if he is maligned for it.



Beaty Prayer Letter



Leon, Mexico

January 30, 1987

Bright sun offsets the chilly breeze as we explore downtown Leon. Sunday mass attracts the elderly and some families. Arched colonnades along two sides of the shaded plaza face massive buildings across the way, where government offices stand shoulder-to-shoulder with a cathedral. Incongruously, a Woolworth’s faces the same paved square. Vendors with carts offer seafood, pigskins, fresh fruit cocktails, ice cream and sandwiches made with French rolls.

Leon is celebrating its 411th birthday during the State Fair. License tags from across Mexico and some from the US indicate widespread interest in their cheerful event. Leon’s one million people welcome the increased business. Our hotel is full. The fair reminds us of the Texas State Fair with one exception: a whole floor of the main exhibition hall is full of shoes and leather goods.

To understand Leon, think shoes. The shoe industry dominates the city. The yellow pages advertise tanneries, adhesives, hides, heels, soles, and machinery. Help Wanted ads mostly seek workers for the factories. We often see pick-ups loaded with hides, and 18-wheelers loaded with finished shoes. One mall with 52 stores is devoted entirely to shoes! There is wealth here, attested by 48 banks and an ostentatious social scene.

Providentially, while we looked through an unfinished house, the owners arrived and agreed to rent it. (It's worth waiting for.) They are Manuel and Irma, 40-ish, parents of five fine children. In their lovely home his exquisite wood carvings and oil paintings reveal a new dimension of this thoughtful man who has supervised the construction of five houses, works in a warehouse, and keeps up with modern medicine as a hobby. Irma works with him in overseeing their rentals. They seem well matched and happy. What will their response be when we invite them to study the Bible? That's fodder for prayer.

Sincerely,
Glenn and Mary Beaty

February 1987

Loss and grief can be times of loneliness for women without family nearby. Even if a mother or daughter receives word of the loss and grieves it equally from a distance, they cannot experience the comfort of each other's presence or arms. It is an opportunity, however, for them to realize that even those depths cannot separate them from the love of God, and that He is present in both places.



Gatab, Kenya

February 13, 1987

Dear Mother,

We stopped by Kijabe on our way to Mombasa for a checkup and the doctor took an ultrasound to see how many weeks pregnant I was. Everything looked fuzzy, so he said come back in two weeks. When we did, the ultrasound picture was clearer but the doctor was concerned. Says he can't see a heartbeat or even any clear fetal parts. And the baby should be much larger by now than it is. A pregnancy test showed positive. No bleeding. But the doctor says he thinks something is wrong—maybe even that the baby has died. There is nothing to do now, so we will just wait. There's another doctor safari March 23 and hopefully by then I will have either grown or miscarried.

I was quite disconsolate at the news, but after a few good hearty cries I am much calmer about this. Colin believes my dates are wrong and there's no reason to despair or even to worry unless I start bleeding. I am realizing there is still hope, but also that there is a good chance something's wrong.

But I remind myself that we asked the Lord for this child, and as soon as I knew I was pregnant I prayed that the Lord would make our baby someone who would grow up to honor Him, or if not, to just take him to heaven before he could disgrace the Lord. I prayed Hannah's prayer of dedication often, and these things give me confidence that whatever the outcome, the Lord knows we see this child as ours "on loan" from Him for as long—or short—as He wills. It also comforts me to know that when I ask for a fish He doesn't give a snake: this baby (and its problems) are not a snake to me. It has been such a joy to have a new life growing inside me and it gives me confidence that one day I'll be pregnant again.

Please pray for us in the next six weeks of waiting. We will try to stay busy, of course, and I have no unusual restrictions on my activities. Colin is going back to keeping up the water system and bookkeeping. After March 25 he won't have to drive Kaleb anymore, since his big-truck driving license runs out. I think he is going to spend more time in evangelism.

We had a lovely vacation in Mombasa in a breezy guest house overlooking the beach, complete with cook/houseman/gardener. Fish every day, huge fruit salads, icy colas. And lots of books. Walks on the beach, long sleeps. The train ride down and back was fun, and the last two days Dan and Val came to see us. We got all rested up, ready to go.

So glad to think by now you must be in your new house.

We love you,
Becca



Leon, Mexico

February 15, 1987

Dear Ones in all our extended family,

This is Feb 15, Sunday. I am just getting over a three-day sore throat. Glenn had it earlier, when we were still in the hotel. Now we are camping out in our house.

Every day the carpenters come to work on closets, doors, etc. The carpenters have our living room full of tables and saws. They are making the closets look like old-fashioned armoires from the front, mahogany. The shavings are beautiful, but the sawdust tends to infiltrate everything.

And every day Manuel and Irma come to see if the workers are doing things right. They are very embarrassed that the carpenters took a two-week holiday without so much as a fare thee well, and thus we are living in the midst of mild chaos. We have one bedroom fixed up with our wonderful king size bed and large rug, bedside tables and lamps, and the computer. The alcove where the closet will be has a clothes rod precariously supported on two tall boards. Last night when the curtain rod man was drilling holes in the cement wall in here, the clothes rod fell down. Glenn got it set back up just in time to watch it fall again. He was less than thrilled. I was downstairs in the kitchen drinking hot tea and missed the blessing of picking up all the clothes twice. We knew when we rented the house that we would be living in the middle of at least some mess, but the carpenters' holiday prolonged it.

We purposed to make no complaints to the landlord or workers. It is fun to watch their amazement. Manuel and Irma's five children take turns coming with a parent to see us. Now and then Irma's sister Angelica comes with her two rowdy little boys. Once she told us that Irma loves to come. We are beginning to sense that Irma is at ease with us, especially after she took a few family

skeletons out for us to hear about. Manuel keeps telling us "I assure you that it is not my practice to come all the time to my rental properties. Just as soon as we get this carpentry done, we'll leave you in peace." He is a good natured man, chain smoker, American West buff, tall and lean as a cowboy. Irma is about Becca's size, a woman with much initiative.

We are biding our time, letting them see that we like them and their kids and relatives. Once they asked what all those books were about. When Glenn said they were mostly about the Bible, they asked if we are Catholics. He said no. "But you do believe in a God? Do you believe in the Virgin?" Glenn said we believe that Jesus Christ was born of the virgin Mary exactly as the Bible says, and that He was God in human flesh. That seemed to satisfy them for the moment.

They had us over to eat supper with her youngest brother Saul and his wife Carmen and two little girls. Very much noise ensued when sister Angelica and her husband Tito and the two rowdy boys dropped by for a few minutes. Every time I see the two rowdy boys I get this sinking feeling in my stomach. Lord, do you want me to teach them? I want to be willing. Irma's kids are easier for me to contemplate.

We had a good weekend in Queretaro at the fourth annual conference of Bible churches. About two hundred people were there. Many of us stayed at the lovely Real de Minas Hotel nearby, but we ate at the Queretaro Bible Church. The Irapuato group was helpful in taking people to their homes to sleep (the ones who could not afford the hotel).

Helen was encouraged by her unsaved Ruben to go: "I can see it would make you very happy. Go ahead and stay at the hotel. I'll take care of the home front." How we do long for his salvation. He still is utterly indifferent to spiritual things, though he likes a lot of the Christian people he has met.

Glenn is studying every day for the course he will teach in Puebla in March. He's translating forty pages of Ryrie's latest book to use with the students. It takes him all day to translate, type, and correct three pages of Ryrie. He admires Colin more and more for his linguistic ability.

Later: What a wringer you have been through at Gatab! First the unexpected responsibility of driving the truck so far and so often and with so many riders. Then the Haven Home care, and the eight village workmen to supervise. Then the realization that the whole community is one ball of wax, and you're expected to maintain the status quo.

I recall realizing that the brethren in Opico, El Salvador expected us to take them to town when we went. And that one evangelist was a moocher. We used to sneak away to town early sometimes. But the hardest trial is being clobbered by believers for doing what you thought was right. Dad says, "Somehow this

experience will prepare them for Ileret. Maybe they'll suffer discouragement now. But over the long haul they'll profit. Gatab is a training ground to learn the culture and also to see what to avoid doing when they get to Ileret." We're praying you'll be "patient when wronged."

We're praying daily for your health and for the baby. By now I hope you received a package with a cute shirt. And another with books and apple cider mix. By now you've returned from Mombasa. What a blessing to have that time away from daily chores.

Another friend of ours had surgery at Kijabe hospital when she was in Africa and was very pleased. She thinks you'll get good care there. I tremble to think of taking a wee baby to live with another family in Ileret. So many adjustments for parents! Yet I sense your desire to be through at Gatab. Could you spend a month at Kijabe or Mombasa? How early will you go?

Love, Mom



Gatab, Kenya

February 18, 1987

Dear Mother and Dad,

Yesterday I miscarried our baby. On Monday I started bleeding when we got on the plane and by Monday night I was bleeding heavily with contractions. Tuesday morning Colin helped me to the dispensary and there the doctor "put me out," then gave me another shot to induce quick labor. He said afterwards that I was already quite dilated and this hurried the process. They couldn't tell about the baby, but the doctor says he believes the egg implanted too low so eventually it ran out of room to grow.

Although I am very sad, I am grateful for the Lord's timing. It was a great help to have the doctor on safari here, with his wife, an anesthesiologist, and not to have to be flown down to Kijabe—that would've been more traumatic. Now I can be home in my own bed. Though I've almost stopped bleeding, I'm still weak and my hormones keep making me cry. I feel a great sense of loss, not just emotionally but also physically. I am confident, however, that in the end it will be shown to be God's mercy that took our baby home soon and when I think of all the times and circumstances under which I could have miscarried, I thank Him for being so gentle with us.

We haven't given up on babies and as soon as my body has "recovered" we hope to try again. The doctor says this very miscarriage gives us a greater chance of conceiving soon and also a greater chance that the next baby will be

fine. He says it will also help me to deliver the next one more quickly, since my body has already been through labor.

The word from COD elders is that we can stay in Kenya till December, but the Andersens may be delayed longer than July so they ask us to stay at Gatab till they return. It's disappointing, but right now the government has revoked all two-way radio licenses so it probably wouldn't be smart for us to be up at Ileret without one. The Daasanach recently raided the Gabbra tribe and drove eight hundred of their cows across the border to Ethiopia, so if we got stuck between crossfire and couldn't radio a plane to get us, it would be bad.

We'd like to be home next Christmas.

Much love to you,
Becca

March 1987

It is a fortunate mother and daughter who can grieve together across the miles without losing perspective of eternal things. The trick, of course, is to allow others who are personally present to help as well, without feeling envious or displaced. God provides many mothers and daughters to help us in our times of need.



Leon, Mexico

March 1, 1987

Dear Becca Jane,

Bruce arrived today with the sad letter about our baby McDougall. We sorrow greatly at 1) the loss and 2) the trauma. Yes, as you said, God's timing was right. And His grace is sufficient. And He provided medical care as needed. Still, it's a hard experience. (I hate this business of getting all the news late. Because our phone isn't installed yet, we feel really isolated. Can't get calls even within Mexico, except through our landlord.)

Bruce brought his friend Bruce Lininger with him. Can you believe this: Bruce Beaty is going to write a paper on the book of Mark while he's here for five days. He got here at 3:30 PM having left Dallas the previous night after the Mavericks game. While Bruce L took a nap, he repaired two computers for missionaries. Tomorrow we'll go see Guanajuato. Next evening, Irapuato, to a Bible class.

We went to Puebla for a Field Council Meeting. Dad is the secretary of field council. He enjoys the interaction with all those guys. Mostly they deal with problems: people who over-extend themselves and are exhausted and discouraged; people who disagree with other missionaries; furlough requests and replacements; allocation of new personnel; children's educational needs.

Dad just came into the bedroom saying, "Becca could have hemorrhaged and died out there if the doctor hadn't been there." He's re-reading your letter and feeling grateful for the Lord's protection. Me too.

Are you taking iron? Please do, to avoid anemia. Also calcium.

Yes, you get tired of cooking, dishwashing, laundry, etc. Especially when no women come to help! The Lord knows about those hard times when you're saying, "Is this really an outreach to the lost? I could wash dishes in the US!" But somebody has to tend to the human needs, and it is a ministry when it's for the Lord's sake. I have heaved a few sighs of relief, too, on guests'

departure. Later I forget the bad and remember the good aspects of those times.

Much, much love to both of you,
Mother



Beaty Prayer Letter



Leon, Mexico

March 1987

Year of the Suitcase

It began last March, when we packed up to leave Irapuato. We spent five months in Dallas; then Puebla was home for five months. Now Leon is home, except that we're still living out of suitcases while the house is being finished. The other day I found seven bottles of shampoo accumulated along the pilgrimage! In our house we have unpacked the bare essentials: bed, kitchenware, radio and computer. (Would David Livingstone laugh at our "essentials?")

Rebecca is recovering from a miscarriage. She and Colin were at home, and a doctor and nurse were there to help when she went into labor at 3 ½ months. Kenya suddenly seemed farther away when we received the news two weeks after the fact. We solicit your prayers for them.

Bruce came zooming down for five days recently. He spent three of those solving computer problems for missionaries and building a PA system. It was great to be with him.

Last Sunday we rejoiced at seeing twelve people baptized in Irapuato. Three were wives of men who were potential elders and deacons. Now they are more potential. One man was a Bible class drop-out whose serious illnesses drove him back to the Lord. The day was a moving one for us as we saw anew the faithfulness of our Good Shepherd.

This letter comes from Puebla, where Glenn is teaching a two-week course at the Seminary. Packing was no chore at all.

Sincerely,
Glenn and Mary Beaty





Gatab, Kenya

March 5, 1987

Dear Dad and Mother,

What a delight to get Dad's letter! Thanks. It's so good to hear how people are in Irapuato. What a strong faith Roberto and Tere are showing! Isn't it wonderful what acceptance the missionaries have received in Irapuato?

Sure wish we could see your new house...Colin says on our way home in November or December maybe we'll fly to Mexico to visit you and drive up with you to Dallas for Christmas. Wouldn't that be fun? The airstrips are all open and the two-way radios allowed again. We saw Jim Ness last week at the District Church Council meetings in Marsabit and asked if we could come build our house in June. "Great," he answered.

I recovered quickly from the loss of our baby and could do light housework even four days afterwards. The mamas came in twos and threes to sit, cry, pray with, and comfort me. They were so dear. Then we had three days at District Church Council meetings with all our missionary friends. Again I was comforted. I've missed you very much these days, Mother, but the Lord has sent women to help.

The day after we got back from Marsabit we got sick. Very. High fevers, no energy, dizziness, and a deep congested cough. We're slowly getting better. I was flat on my back all of one day and only up to fix meals since then. Colin works all morning; sometimes he sleeps all afternoon.

The courteous thing to do here when someone is sick is to go pay them your respects. So I prop myself up in the living room with the door open and visit with those who come. Oh, to be left alone to sleep! But this morning a girl sat a long time with me and told me she needed to get back in fellowship with the Lord. I prayed, she cried, and I was glad I wasn't in bed.

We're still grieving over the loss of our baby, but it's a gentle grief, full of peace. I am joyful when I think of how our child knows and loves the Lord right now, face to face.

Loving you,
Becca





Gatab, Kenya

17 March 1987

Dear Folks,

Becca remarked today how it's been a long time since we swapped and wrote to each other's parents—shameful, but true. We have abbreviated our pictorial prayer list, so y'all are our featured special about once a week now. Of course you're on our minds a lot more than that.

It sounds like progress is a little less frantic in Leon than it was in the early days at Irapuato. I hope by now that the carpenters have left the house to you all free and clear; maybe the frequent visits by the landlords will be your first inroad. It is surprising how much growth you have been able to see in just four years in Mexico; we've told your story to many of our colleagues here to their amazement; it's a great testimony to the power of the Holy Spirit.

At Gatab we missionaries have been praying since December for a revival of spiritual consciousness, and finally this month we began seeing the first signs (though I'm sure our prayer began to be answered right from the first week). People have come to the elders to pray for forgiveness every week since we got back from Nairobi last month. Last Sunday, a mother and daughter came for prayer. The daughter prayed for forgiveness as she trusted Christ for salvation; the mother prayed for forgiveness (she is a professing believer) for her worldly lifestyle. There are still at least twenty people in our church who need to follow that example, but the Lord is doing His work in His way.

We have had fairly definite word that we can extend our term until late November. We have received permission from the Africa Inland Church to move to Ileret in August—that is not a big problem, since Ileret is in the same church district as Gatab. What we have not received yet is permission from COD to leave Gatab.

We hear that there is a family of four coming to Gatab for a four-year term, but we have not heard what their proposed area of ministry will be. I would like to suggest the "McDougall relief ministry," but I guess we'll find out in April when they arrive. It looks like Becca's nightmare will really come true: two missionary families will arrive for a visit at the same time, so we have to prepare both vacant houses in a week. Mom will appreciate that nightmare.

The late news around here is that our two colleagues here (Val, the nurse and Dan, the mechanic) are to be married in May. Dan is in his mid-30's and Val is

four years his senior; he's from Minnesota and she's from Australia; they plan to be married in Nairobi, and it looks like at least one of us will be in the small wedding party. Looks like we'll be going downcountry again sooner than we expected.

We love you all. Becca is always saying, "I'm going to take the day off tomorrow and go visit Bruce, and the day after that I'm going to Leon." She already invited him to come out for the summer—I hope he does, because we have a lot of moving to do.

Colin

April 1987

Adult daughters need to develop their own relationship with God apart from their mothers. They may speak from time to time about what they are learning in their quiet times with God or what part of the Scripture they are studying. What Christian mother does not delight in those spontaneous disclosures? Then a mother whose heart is full of love for Christ can also feel free to share how God is teaching her, as well, without seeming preachy.



Gatab, Kenya

April 4, 1987

Dear Mother and Dad,

I hope you've gotten all my recent letters. I sent one to Irapuato, one to Garland, and, most recently, one to your house address in Leon, not realizing the box number was needed. Or did I put the box number on there? I can't remember. Anyway, I hope you got them all.

Within the next week we hope to see the Hoffmans, the new AIM missionaries. The government has revoked all private radio licenses in the country again, so we don't have much communication with the outside world. But a plane now comes up to the north every two weeks to bring mail and supplies, so that helps us. Hoffmans will come Wednesday—two parents and two toddlers. We hope they will be able to take over for us here by August.

Mary Lesurmat and I meet regularly after women's meeting on Wednesdays for Swahili practice, Bible reading, and prayer. She recently had a baby and still rests most of the day. She has been such an encouragement to me, Mom, just by being my friend. She doesn't beg for things and has a happy household.

It's drought time, so much so that herders down the mountain are bringing their animals to drink up here. How we need rain! Colin had the cook at Haven Home ask for extra pay this month because he'd had to haul water to cook, which "wasn't in my job description." Colin told him everyone had to haul water some days. Now the cook threatens to go to the police.

But we have been encouraged lately. The evangelism trips are quite fruitful. Our night watchman, Lokurruk, is growing in the Lord by leaps and bounds as he listens every night for several hours to Scripture tapes on a hand-cranked cassette player. He is always glad to preach. Last night he had visitors from downcountry come and asked if he could take the player home for two hours to play 2 Timothy and Titus to them. We were glad to give him leave. It's too bad

he doesn't read yet...

We love you and pray for you,
Becca



McDougall Prayer Letter



Gatab, Kenya

April 1987

Our dear friends, Greetings.

On February 16, our expected baby died. Our doctor said it is not uncommon for a first pregnancy, but that did not lessen our personal agony of spirit. No sooner had Rebecca recovered than we were both hit by a severe flu. All of this occurred during a time of great spiritual stress in our church here, and at times we felt quite alone.

But we are not alone, and we thank God that He has used these circumstances to bring outstanding victories. Our personal circumstances seem to have made this tight rural community more sympathetic and receptive to us. In the last month eight young people have decided to follow Jesus Christ; they have all enrolled in the baptismal class which is now up to twenty-nine members. In the evangelism safaris we continue to place great emphasis on the cost of discipleship, and quite a few people have responded to Jesus.

One more example of a turn-around victory. Last November we graduated a 17-year-old boy from our primary school; but he could not get admission to high school. Through this disappointment, however, he has become my short-term apprentice in evangelism, Bible teaching, and auto repair. His name is Korie, and he happens to be Daasanach, the same tribe we have been wanting to reach for four years. Moreover, his unique citizenship allows him entry to places missionaries cannot reach. God speed him.

Finally, brothers, pray for us. Heartache does not become progress on its own. We claim the progress of the gospel through prayer in His name, and we remain your servants for Jesus' sake,

Colin





Leon, Mexico

April 1, 1987

Dear Becca,

Here we are back from two weeks in Puebla. The carpenters had done little or nothing while we were gone. Dad had a talk with Manuel the landlord and told him: two more weeks and the carpenters clear out of here and leave us in peace--or we start looking for another house. We have been here two months and the carpenters came for about half that time, or less.

Well, it looked like Manuel might take us up on finding another house. He then decided to lecture the carpenters, who came every day last week and finished two closets and bedroom doors. But this week they have missed two days. We are eagerly looking forward to getting the table saws, workbenches, and lumber out of the living room.

We received your letter telling about the sonogram and the suspected problems. It came after the one telling about the miscarriage, but gave us some consolation realizing that you were not totally unprepared for losing the baby. How are you feeling now? We pray for your health and encouragement.

Dad really enjoyed teaching his course on Man and Sin. The hours he spent translating several chapters of Dr. Ryrie's latest book paid off, in that the students really appreciated having the information. As always, Dad gave each student a three-ring binder to hold the translation and the class notes. Then some second year students got wind of the translation and asked for copies. About fourteen signed up for them.

Bruce was here the week before we went to Puebla, so Dad was not really prepared to teach. Each afternoon after class he and I would make homework questions to hand out the following day. In the morning I would rush to the photocopy place and rush back to class with the homework questions.

Soon as we got back from Puebla, we had an area prayer meeting with five other missionary families. It is encouraging to hear how the Lord is working. The newest couple have now had one year of post-language school experience. Both are doing well. We look forward to the arrival of four more couples in the next year, all now in Costa Rica. One couple, the Landrums, have definitely been assigned to work with us in Leon, so I need to find out about schooling for their kids. Dad says we need to start looking for a house for them. I guess they'll be here about September. I may end up helping teach their kids one day a week if they go the homeschooling route.

Bruce is thinking of forming a corporation and marketing computer software for churches. Dad went to Guadalajara yesterday for a

field council meeting. Know what he is learning, being on this council? Missionaries are independent sorts, and many of them are a tad maladjusted. The wonder is that God uses any of us. Oh for more "normal" believers with missionary commitment! The practical outworking is that the better adjusted ones get put into office and have to run around putting out the fires that the less adjusted ones start.

Ruben called the other night to ask Dad something about computers. We do pray for his salvation. He was present at the baptisms a few weeks ago, where twelve people were immersed, because afterwards there was a potluck. He often attends those. I ache for Helen's daily grind without a believing husband. There is no greater joy than marriage in which husband and wife are pulling together in the Lord's work.

My birthday book is packed. Wasn't Colin's birthday in March? Oh dear!

Love you both,
Mom



Leon, Mexico

April 12, 1987

Dear Colin and Becca,

Your two good letters came almost together. We are SO excited to think you might be coming here. Of course you are welcome to travel with us to Dallas. Our border trip will be due around Christmas time. Given the special circumstances of our African children coming to visit, we can stretch or advance our travel time to fit the occasion anyway.

We have had the house to ourselves for a week. At last we have been able to sort things, move stuff into the house from the storeroom, and today we dusted and put the books onto the shelves. I really missed the child labor we used to have for that sort of thing when you and Bruce were home! It was an almost all-day job.

How about getting your photo made by our photographer friend in Irapuato?

We can pick you up in Mexico City, no problem. Already went to a travel agency to find out when the Iberia flights arrive.

Talked to Grandmother and Bruce in Dallas today. Grandfather had fallen again, and Bruce had gone over to pick him up. Grandmother put the phone to his ear, but he could barely speak. I grieve for his sad, slow decline, and pray for his release.

Today we listened to Haddon Robinson expound Ecclesiastes, and yesterday we heard S. Lewis Johnson lecture on Christology. We have the tape recorder you gave us in the kitchen, and the reel-to-reel and a cassette deck in the living room. So listening is easy, and rich. I am thankful for a new desk where I can sit to study the Word. Right now I'm going through Pentecost's Words and Works of Jesus Christ. Dad is working daily on the course he will teach in May on Christology.

This evening we saw Shakespeare on TV, with Spanish dubbed in below. It was about King Richard, where Richard slays a half dozen friends and relatives, including two cherubic little boys, and then gets slain himself. Sir Lawrence Olivier played Richard, dashingly. Even on our eight-inch screen it was a compelling performance.

Manuel and Irma continue to be friendly, but are distressingly respectful. We wish they would relax and treat us like plain folks. We are Sr. Glenn and Sra. Mary to them, not just Glenn and Mary. Soon as we get a living room set, we're having them over for supper and a Bible study, to which they have agreed in principle. We pray they will want more than one study. Their oldest girl Lorena has newly discovered epilepsy, at age 16. She and Veronica (14) and Lupita (12) would fit right into an adult class.

I practiced piano a bit last night, after a year away. It was frightful.

We love you dearly. Thank you for your gifts. The best thing that happens in our day is getting a letter from Kenya.

Love, Mother



Leon, Mexico

April 23, 1987

Dear Extended Family,

Weather today was typically mild. Next door the six men constructing a house were mixing cement in the street. I became a conformist this morning by sweeping the sidewalk and street in front of our house. ALL the women do this each weekday morning, and many hose down their driveways and street. It was my first

effort.

You will be tickled to hear that Juan Carlos, Juan and Alicia's son, made his first contribution to the church meeting in Irapuato recently. He read a verse and commented on it briefly. All the people were so pleased. He and Alejandro are in college in Guadalajara, where Alicia's mother feeds them anti-protestant leaflets. This has made them search the Word for answers and has really strengthened their faith.

I am translating several pages of Ryrie's Basic Theology in preparation for Glenn's next teaching assignment in Puebla, May 25-June 5. He did the previous chapters. It is tedious but worthwhile. The computer is a lifesaver.

Yesterday the missionaries from Irapuato came over to see our house and take us out to lunch and go with Glenn to the money-changer. We found a man who will cash our US bank checks, and our friends wanted to meet him. They told us that their friend Julio the dentist finished a ten-lesson series of Bible studies with them last week. He and his wife are still not believers, but they instantly declared that they want to continue to study.

We are itching to get involved with some people in Bible studies, but Glenn has to prepare for his Seminary course. And at the end of this month we will go to Morelia for a four-day leaders' conference. I will help with the food for about forty men. A meeting of the field council comes prior to the conference--which means Glenn will spend a couple of days writing and mailing the minutes to the missionaries afterward.

We are feeling more at home now. The pictures are hung, the carpenters gone for a while, and the sawdust swept up. Studies occupy the time we were spending on painting, furniture refinishing, and unpacking. Soon as we get the dining chairs repaired, we'll have the landlord and family over for supper.

Love to all of you, our extended family. You are in our prayers.
Mary

May 1987

The most gratifying investments a woman makes are those that enrich other people's lives. Women are made to delight in the health and growth of others, and to take pride in the contributions they can make to someone else's welfare. That's why all mothers brag on their kids. That's why all missionaries brag on their disciples. When a missionary daughter tells a story about a local friend, she is saying to her mother: "Enjoy this woman with me! Be proud of her growth! Take her into your heart and love her as I do, across the miles."

Leon, Mexico

May, 1987

Dear Family,

Thanks for your gifts. To give an accounting for your investment I would have to say that we haven't really gotten started in Leon yet. Yes, we had the first class with the landlord and his family and they agreed to continue studying. That's a victory. And the Lord sent several other good prospects through missionary friends who knew people here. So we have a doctor and his young wife and new baby to follow up on. Also another family that studied the Bible with missionaries in Uruapan.

We're going to teach in Puebla, then get down to business with entertaining some neighbors before it's time for another border trip required of tourists in July. Looking forward to seeing you-all at Christmas.

Love, Dad



Leon, Mexico

May 6, 1987

Dearest daughter Becca,

In the handy almanac that Bruce gave us for Christmas, I find that your time is nine hours ahead of ours. So you are now asleep at 10:00 PM my time.

Last weekend we went to Morelia for a conference of the church leaders from the area. We went to a nice hotel with some other missionaries and spent one day just sitting by the pool and

visiting. Then conference began, with seventy attenders. The Irapuato contingent was the largest. It is hard to convey in words our joy at seeing the growth in these people, spiritually.

Alicia, Juan's wife who finally was baptized two months ago, was in the same small group I was in, where we were supposed to give our testimony in three steps: what I was before knowing Christ, how I came to believe in Him, and how my life has changed since. She was nervous as a cat as the other five people gave their brief speeches. When her turn came she said that in Mexico City she accepted Christ when a man taught on the love of God in a home Bible class, "but then I got away from there and never went back; and I told myself that I had had merely an emotional experience. When I came to Irapuato, Luz Maria invited me to a class where Glenn was teaching. She assured me that it was Catholic (!) and so I got involved. Then I found out that God had never left me, though I had wandered away from Him...AND THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER GAVE MY TESTIMONY!" She blurted out this last part, half scared and half victorious. It was a turning-point for her, I believe.

Alicia and Juan's sons used to come to a few of our young people's parties. They always sat back and tried to look cool. Toward the end of our time in Irapuato they came to Sunday meetings and both professed to receive Christ. That was a year ago. They have grown much. Juan Carlos talked my ear off at the conference, he who was so timid before that he would hardly speak at all. He is studying accounting in college "but I can't go into that to earn my living—I would have to be dishonest and conniving." I told him I would pray for wisdom for him.

The subject matter of the conference was communication. Actually it was a short course on how to witness, and how to relate to people effectively in order not to drive them away unnecessarily. The emphasis was on plurality of leaders in the church and their unity as they seek to win the lost. It was great.

We had our first Bible class with Manuel and Irma and their daughters Lorena and Veronica. They were at ease, since they already know us pretty well, and they had good comments and questions about the attributes of God. The word "*santos*" (saints) gave them pause, and when Dad defined it for them, they said, "But that is a term we have used for special people—maybe wrongly." They were happy to agree to three more classes after Irma's gall bladder surgery is over. Dad felt it best not to tell them yet that we hope for more classes than three. Lorena asked, "What you are doing—is it called evangelism?" He smiled and said calmly, "I like to call it teaching. I have taught the Bible in college in the US and in the Seminary in Puebla. I'm a Bible teacher." All the family is smart, and thoroughly Roman Catholic of the devoted kind. We tread on eggshells. Had them over for dinner the other night.

Last night we had the neighbors in front of us. They are Pentecostals, very untaught biblically. We enjoyed them and

their four well-behaved kids. They are going through severe financial stress (as in “will we eat tomorrow?”) due to his being fired from his government job for being too honest and hard working. He finds that all the friends he had when he was chief engineer of road construction for this state have evaporated. However, when we suggested that they learn to paint houses (with rollers, a new method around here) and get night and weekend jobs, the husband waffled a bit. I guess he feels his engineering degree entitles him to more dignity than that. His current job, a demotion, earns him \$6 a day, and from that he has to pay his bus fare (\$2) to Guanajuato.

Love you mucho,
Mom



Gatab, Kenya

May 8, 1987

Dear Mother,

Thank you for your letters. I love to hear from you. I feel physically fine and we’re “trying” for another baby. We are eager to come see you and yes, would be glad to have a picture made.

Brian Hoffman is now in charge of Haven Home. Whew! We like Hoffmans. They are flexible, cheerful and hard working.

The roads were awful on our last Kaleb trip, and it took us four days to get to Marsabit, pushing the truck through the mud. By the end we had no food and were drinking tea made of mud puddle water. When we finally got there we decided to stay till the end of the kids’ break. If we had come back to Gatab, we would have had one week at home before turning around to do the trip again. It was a lovely two weeks with the Ryders. The trip home was uneventful.

The last two weeks in July we’ll be downcountry for DIGUNA’s staff retreat, where Colin will speak.

It would be difficult to exaggerate our discouragement these days. I ache for Colin as he faces an enormous amount of work (accounting books, workmen on a new water project, mechanics) and also faces constant people-pressure. Our experience is not unique. As we stayed at Marsabit, a fellow-missionary drove in unexpectedly, called for a plane to come get him from Nairobi, said he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown and wanted to go home. Other friends used to work across the lake and were kicked out by the town elders. Others had to leave their last post because the resentment grew so bitter. I believe Satan is powerfully resisting missionaries and their work in Kenya.

We hear from COD that Andersens will most likely be delayed past August. Regardless of when they come, we plan to buy our plane tickets to be home for Christmas via Mexico. A lot of people have written lately to say they are praying for us, so it's strange to feel like the battles just get fiercer the longer we stay.* I praise the Lord for Colin's perseverance, humility, and faithfulness. Anyone can doubt himself and feel brought low. He commits himself to God and goes on.

Much love to you,
Becca

*It is actually quite common for the enemy's attacks to increase in ferocity as the time gets closer to a missionary's departure. Perhaps it is just part of his character. Revelation 12:12 predicts that when the devil is banished from heaven during the Tribulation, he shows "great wrath, knowing that he has only a short time."



Leon, Mexico

May 14, 1987

Dearie BJM,

This week we finished translating Ryrie's chapters on Christology. Got them photocopied, punched, and put into three-ring binders for the Puebla students. Proofreading everything about ten times is a good way to learn the material.

Our house is feeling more like home, now that we had overnight guests and two sets of supper guests. And this Tuesday we'll host the missionary prayer meeting. I made a casserole today and froze it. Neighbors in front of us asked us to supper tomorrow night. We had them a couple of weeks ago.

We pray for your daily grind, that God will give you strength and encouragement. And for the Gatab people, that onlookers will be brought to true faith, and that the backsliders will get revived. And for the Ileret people, that our Lord will prepare your path before you to find receptive hearts there.

Last night we went downtown at 6:00 PM. Everything was in full swing. Had a hamburger at a sidewalk café. While we were sitting there people-watching, some robbers were around the corner at the money-changing office where we cash our US checks. They overpowered the guard and made off with \$20,000 worth of checks and cash. We came strolling along and found the cops and a huge crowd of gawkers. Such is a calm Thursday evening in Leon. The previous morning, two mortal enemies approached a bank

from opposite directions, saw each other and drew their guns just like in the old west. One was wounded and the other captured. It seems the two families have been at odds for years.

Till later,
Mother



Puebla, Mexico

May 30, 1987

Dear family in California, Texas, Florida, Connecticut, and Kenya,

This is the last day of May. We're halfway through Glenn's two-week course at the Puebla Bible Seminary. Suffered much today when we ate buffet dinner at a big hotel out by the fort. This fort was built by the French when they took over Mexico for a while. The dinner was served in a large, airy room done in colonial décor. The serving tables, about fourteen of them, were arranged in a circle, laden with every conceivable main dish and salad. Roving guitarists sang and played, and waiters whisked our plates away as fast as we finished and went back for seconds. Thirteen of us endured this decision-making ordeal, paid our \$4.50 per person, and toddled out.

Glenn preached this morning at Iglesia Biblica, the first Bible church started in Puebla twenty-five years ago. Attendance has been down-to about thirty-five-for a long time. The people are just sort of settled down into their comfortable little group and are not exerting themselves to reach the unsaved. It is quite a contrast to the newer churches in town, which are more vibrant.

Every evening a man with tamales for sale pushes his cart around the neighborhood and calls to everyone on his portable microphone. On Saturday mornings the local police practice marching around here, too. Yesterday I saw and heard three groups of them, dressed in their beige-and-brown uniforms. Most are in their late 20's, I would guess. One brigade was all women. They left their purses piled by the sidewalk outside the Seminary while they marched.

The two male brigades have instruments to furnish the marching music, but apparently have only one good trumpet player. I saw him dashing from one squad to another, helping to keep the music going. The music was very like what we heard in El Salvador many a year ago, when we lived in Opico and heard the band practice each night. Lots of oom-pa-pa and not much tune.

Another sound you probably do not hear there is the four-note pipe played by the scissor-and-knife sharpener. He comes by every week or so, playing his little tune. The people go out to the street and watch him use his sharpening stone, pedal-powered. He put my dull kitchen shears back into good shape, but wrecked Glenn's desk scissors.

Before we left home this time, we covered the furniture with sheets, rolled up the rugs, and hoped that the carpenters would show up to finish the banister and closets. Glenn measured the house the other day and found that it has about three thousand square feet of space. We have one guest bedroom done in country style, which doubles as my sewing room.

The second guest bedroom is the computer room with a thick plush rug, burnished red. The bed doubles as a place to spread out paperwork. The third bedroom is ours, big enough for a king sized bed, a small sofa, and still lots of open space for us to contemplate the bright orange carpet. We have a huge library-TV room upstairs, too, with three skylights to make it bright. Twice the dome has flown off a skylight in a windstorm. The landlord says he'll do something to tie them down better.

We miss you, each one. Aren't we impossibly scattered? But I have you all right here in my thoughts today.

Mary

June 1987

A mother and daughter who are married have this in common: they will each see their husband suffer sometimes, and feel tenderly distressed and protective because of it. Wise wives do not automatically conclude that this has been brought on by the man himself. Neither do they panic. Part of being a man in this harsh world is developing the strength to bear the blows of it manfully without being deterred from serving God.



Gatab, Kenya

June 5, 1987

Dearest Dad and Mother,

Mother, I've gotten two packages of books from you now...thanks! I'm relishing the apple cider mix. I'm glad you're getting to see the continuing growth of people in Irapuato. I can identify with the lack of continuity that comes with much travel. It's so hard to "disciple" consistently when we're always going to Nairobi, or Marsabit, though we enjoy the trips because we get to be with friends who refresh our spirits.

We just arrived back from two weeks in Nairobi. We drove down in two Land Rovers with the Hoffmans and a Samburu woman named Joyce, also a bridesmaid in Dan and Val's wedding. No trouble going down, pleasant camping along the way. The wedding was lovely—mostly pink, masses of flowers.

We stayed at DIGUNA a few nights and with the Streits for a few. They borrowed a video and we watched movies while eating ice cream. A Maasai friend at DIGUNA took us to see his home in the Ngong hills and met his family. We also ate out at a Steak House...chicken, since we never get it at Gatab.

A lot of people asked us for rides back to Gatab, so Colin put me on the plane with our short-term volunteer, Sue, and he'll drive the rest of the group home. Yesterday I spent the whole day cleaning house and visiting with the stream of people who came to my door. I was amazed at the warm welcome people gave me.

We have booked a flight on KLM through Amsterdam to Mexico City on Nov 25.

Sorry my last letter was so depressing. We are gradually feeling better (this trip to Nairobi gave us a break) and the Lord has helped to resolve some of the misunderstandings and complaints. Having the Hoffmans here is a help. Reading through Psalms and Proverbs has been rich lately: Psalms, for the joy in the promises that come after the laments; Proverbs, for the recognition of

godliness and wisdom in my husband. And as I am memorizing Hebrews, I am nurtured by the last part of chapter 6: “This hope we have as an anchor of the soul, a hope both sure and steadfast and one which enters within the veil, where Jesus has entered as a forerunner for us...”

Much love to you both,
Becca



Leon, Mexico

June 12, 1987

Dearest chillun,

So things are discouraging in Gatab. Missionaries in Mexico are discouraged at the attacks of the Enemy also. It seems that Satan knows that his time is foreshortened.

How good that the Hoffmans are ready to take on Haven Home and its problems. From this end of the line, it sounds like Gatab depends almost wholly on Great White Father* for its supplies and lifeline to civilization, and that there's a lot of resentment about it. Your calm response to criticism will pay off in the long run. People will remember and learn. But we do grieve with you, and pray for relief if God would be pleased to bring it. Or patient endurance if not.

Tonight we are listening to the Celtics beating the Lakers in the fourth playoff game. Dad is for the Lakers. I'm uncommitted, since the Mavericks are out.

We are in rainy season here too. Not torrential, but daily. Suddenly the floors stay clean longer, and the dust on the tables is scarce. The desert is green and lovely, after only about a week of rains.

In Irapuato last Sunday, we watched as a formerly proud, abrasive man waited his turn to speak: “We have had good teachers here, and we men get really nervous when we think of following the missionaries. You have been very patient with us as we struggle to share from the Word. I want to thank you for this demonstration of love, illustrating John 13 where Jesus said that we should love one another.” It was as though another man were in his skin. What a great work God is doing in him.

Another speaker was Juan Carlos, college student, who was so timid formerly that he would hardly talk in private. He is growing even more since his mother Alicia finally got up her nerve to be baptized and his daddy Juan has quit being pushy with them all.

Another speaker was Cindy's boyfriend Jaime, college student. He also played guitar for the singing. His problem used to be verbosity. Now he has been less talky and more to the point. It is really exciting to see him changing.

Another speaker was Daniel, an engineer. His wife is still unsaved. By the time the guest preacher from Mexico City was introduced, we had already been well fed. He was well received. The room was so full that we began wondering what the next step will be for the group.

By January we hope that elders will be chosen. The missionary there thinks that maybe the Saturday morning group of about twelve men, which has been studying eldership, will simply look each other over and come to a consensus as to which ones fulfill the requirements. We're praying there will be no rivalry nor bitterness among them.

We are getting excited about your coming. I hope you can relax, goof off, or do whatever you wish. In two more weeks we go to San Jacinto, CA and Dallas. Then back to Leon. Then to Puebla for another module in early August. Another two-week module in late September. So progress in Leon in going to be slow.

We have you in our prayers daily,
Mother

*Great White Father: Mother's term for a white man filling a paternalistic role.



Gatab, Kenya

June 17, 1987

Dear Mother and Dad,

Thank you for your last two letters. Your description of the holdup at the bank was amazing. Hope you can stay put for a while now in Leon.

Right now we are having an infestation of furry caterpillars at Gatab which leave their hairs everywhere so we are all breaking out and itching like mad. At first I thought I'd gotten scabies again from the Haven Home kids but the medicine for it has no effect and we are all convinced it's those rascally worms.

Last week one of the DIGUNA girls came with us to spend her holidays with us at Gatab. She is a Russian German who speaks English and works in Kenya. How we've enjoyed Anna! This week the DIGUNA truck came up, and lo and behold, their schedule included a week at Gatab, so now two girls are with us

and the ten guys are sleeping up at the other house and going out on foot safaris during the day to preach.

I wish you could have seen them Sunday at church. Most of them are trumpet school students and they played three hymns with great fervor and slightly off-tune notes. I could not keep from giggling. The church people loved it. I am grateful they carry all their own food and cook for themselves—that is, the girls who go along cook for them. I have great admiration for these girls who know how to feed up to thirty people in the most remote places, cooking over a charcoal burner or two and always on the move.

The doctor safari is here this week on the monthly run. Colin went with them yesterday to pick up the books from the various dispensaries. Colin is pushing to get the books ready by the 20th of July, which is when the audit starts in Nairobi. But after that—no more involvement with the dispensary! We're slowly finishing our responsibilities here.

Last week I had morning devotions at Haven Home, and since Colin was so busy I offered to do PM devotions as well. Wow! It was a heavy schedule, and I wondered how women who teach school in the US do it and then come home and keep house, too. I really love the kids and always am grateful for the opportunity to teach them.

Thanks for your prayers.
We love you,
Becca

July 1987

Moving again! New people, new surroundings, new assignments, new challenges. A missionary feels intense, keen interest in her next place. She can't wait to finish up the last job and get on to the next. She can't wait to start making friends and settling her stuff. Mothers, daughters learn to hear and appreciate that note of eagerness in each other's chat.

Beaty Prayer Letter



Leon, Mexico

July 1987

Guadalupe

She was tall, self-assured, 55ish. In typical courteous Mexican fashion, she greeted the only other customer in the beauty shop. As she discovered that I spoke Spanish, she inquired how long I have lived in Leon. And did I have children? Did I like the climate here?

Her life has been spent mostly here in Leon, with her husband, six sons and three daughters. Of course there had been plenty of help in the house from the cook, the nanny, the housekeeper. Now only four offspring live at home, over by the club. The married ones have only two children each. But then, times have changed and servants are hard to get. On weekends, the kids go to the condo down at Acapulco. Often they meet Americans there and bring them home for a week. What can one say? One welcomes them, takes them sightseeing, tries to make them feel at home. "But when I go to California to see my son, the Americans are always too busy to be very friendly. They take you to breakfast out of obligation, but they do not open their homes to you. That seems so strange."

By this time she was addressing me as "tu," the chummy form for "you," and I was planning to invite her over for coffee. But then she asked about my children's occupations. I might as well have replied that we all have leprosy. She lost her charming manner, ceased talking, and looked away.

After my perm was finished, I offered to wait and give her a ride home. She answered negatively before I finished the sentence. Her instinct for courtesy had failed her, now that she had me identified as outside her faith.

Thank you for your prayers for Leon. Pray for open hearts and for wisdom as we relate to people. Thank you for your recent gifts. We pray for you, too.

Glenn and Mary Beaty



Gatab, Kenya

July 13, 1987

Dear Mother and Dad,

In this “mail drop” we received the magazine articles and the package of baby things. Thank you, thank you. I loved the little “Africa” shirt and of course can’t wait to use it. Some weeks it is harder to wait for another baby than others.

We just returned from a trip to Ileret. We left over three weeks ago and drove first to Marsabit. Colin and Tim spent a couple of days sawing wood, cutting angle iron, and collecting corrugated steel roofing. Jan and I baked food for the trip up. We then drove to Kalacha, stopping at a village along the way, where we noticed something dripping. Car trouble! Colin and Tim worked on the problem and we spent the night and the next day there. About forty miles from Ileret we got lost in a marsh. The rains had erased the road through a twisting riverbed and so we “bushwhacked” for an hour, trying to get back on it. Finally we arrived at Ileret at around 10:00 PM.

Jim and Sue Ness had a couple staying with them, so we set up our kitchen and sleeping quarters on the big porch which runs the length of their house. DIGUNA’s truck arrived and brought a welder. Then followed two days (and nights) of welding the steel frame of the house together in hundred-degree heat. One night some of the Ness’ friends gave us a goat roast. The guys ate heartily, then went back to welding. The next week we painted all the iron with red oxide, put on the roof, did a bit of plumbing. The house is 28’x20’ and has a front porch, 6’x10’, shaded by a big tree. All our belongings came up in wooden crates from Gatab on DIGUNA’s truck.

We enjoyed learning the Daasanach greetings and Colin attended Jim’s Sunday evening Bible study. Sue and I went visiting in the village. A group of women were having a ritual dance for a girl whose “coming of age” was near. We stood near them and listened to their chants and as they danced (a cross between a shuffle and a jump, done in a close-huddled group) the anklets on their legs sounded like hundreds of keys rattling in time. Most of the women wear skins and smear their bodies with oil and red ochre. They grinned and chattered at us. Sue knew how to answer their greetings. The children came crowding, holding my hands, touching my skirt and skin. At one woman’s

house we drank chai outside and listened to the murmur of the men inside making millet beer. The language is difficult—subject-object-verb, rather jerky and tonal. Still, those are “our” people and we are eager to begin work there.

How are things at Leon? Irapuato?
Much love to you,
Becca



Back in Leon, Mexico

July 19, 1987

Dear Rebecca,

Three weeks went fast. We are glad to be home again. I enjoyed seeing California again, with oleanders abloom and smog light. We flew from San Antonio to LA, then rented a car to San Jacinto. Grandma was fine physically. I marvel at her daily yard work. She proudly showed us your (and Colin's) note, which reached her from Nairobi in one week.

In Dallas we found Grandfather mostly in a wheelchair. When we left this time, I told him that next time we would be bringing Colin and Becca. He smiled, “I like that!”

Grandmother is completely off her medication for depression and is doing very well. She says that at times she is racked by grief as she looks at this husband who is fast fading away. Truth is, the person she married is almost gone. There remains a mere semblance in a pitiful frame. But she is able to laugh again, and she enjoys phone calls and visits from friends. Her walk with God is sweet, and she accepts this present situation as from Him. I am so grateful that she has come out of that slough of despond. She said several times “I can't WAIT to see Becca and Colin!” On August 14 she will have cataracts removed, will be home that same day.

Monday, July 20

Your letters of June 5 and 17 were waiting when we got the mail today. How excited we are at the prospect of your coming! And how gracious God has been to bring relief from some of the responsibilities there, as well as a measure of peaceful coexistence with the people of Gatab. By now you have been to Ileret to build your house with the Ryders and the DIGUNA crew. It sounded like great fun to go to the city, watch videos, and eat ice cream with friends. We are praying for Colin as he ministers to DIGUNA people in the Mombasa conference.

Bruce is working four days a week at United Way doing computer programming and teaching the secretaries how. He likes the work and will continue in the Fall, taking just two classes at Dallas Seminary. He looks absolutely dashing, even without the beard. Sold his Datsun to a friend and drives a Rabbit which he hopes to resell. People are forever calling on Bruce to repair something or purchase computers for them.

We've been home two days. I cleaned the house, did the laundry, and bought groceries. Dad is working on his evangelism course coming up in two weeks. After we return from that, we'll be home a couple or three weeks and then back to Puebla for the final module. We are both looking forward to finishing those commitments.

We pray for you daily, rejoice with you and weep with you. What other people may have brought on you is all part of God's plan for your good. He knows all about Gatab and Ileret. We are trusting Him to bring glory to Himself through you there and through us here.

Love and a hug,
Mother



Leon, Mexico

July 27, 1987

Dear Colin and Becca,

Grandfather is very low again, his sodium count having dipped as it did about a year ago. This time they are not putting him in the hospital but are limiting fluids to one quart per twenty-four hours. Grandmother says he is so weak that he has to be in bed all the time. Willie Mae came to spend the day and help in various ways. Again Grandmother thinks he may not come out of this decline. But he amazed everyone before by improving when the sodium level rose back up.

I am writing this at 7:00 AM because a little airplane came zooming repeatedly over our house since early. I guess it is spraying the corn field next to the new shopping center near our house. Can you believe that the quiet neighborhood we thought we were in has become a beehive of activity? A big spread in the newspaper says that this shopping center, which covers about four square blocks of what were lovely cultivated fields, will become the largest in the Republic of Mexico. So far it has only a large grocery store, three shoe stores, and a sewing shop. But later the corn field, around which we walk Sunny and let him run free on the back side, will become a Sears, a department store,

and some other big store. If they are going to mess things up with such civilization, I hope they put in a good, medium priced restaurant.

Today you are in Mombasa, speaking at the DIGUNA staff retreat. We are excited to think of all the things that are coming together for you.

I always wonder if my next contact with you may be a cable telling of Grandfather's homegoing. He murmured the other day as he listened to the tape of Triumphant Hymns, "That music sounds like Home."

Love to you both,
Mom

August 1987

No matter where a daughter moves, she will find the place and people a little different than she expects. It will take her a long time to understand where those differences originate, and whether she should embrace or resist them. A missionary daughter's letters are an out-loud process of analyzing her new culture and trying to come to terms with it. Meanwhile her mother reads the letters and interprets through her own greater experience. She, too, comes to her own conclusions.



Gatab, Kenya

August 11, 1987

Dear Mother and Dad,

Thanks for your steady letters. We continue to pray for open hearts in Leon. And thrill to hear how the brethren are growing in Irapuato. Colin and I both read Inrig's Life in His Body. We liked it.

Your assessment of the situation at Gatab is correct: people have been made dependent. At first we thought it was the missionaries' fault, but now we think it's mostly just the Samburu political system, which is socialistic.

In Nairobi Colin got through the audit of the dispensary books and handed that job over to the nurse at Kalacha. Then we went to Mombasa for four days with the DIGUNA staff. Colin taught at least two hours each day in English. It was a real treat for me, since I only hear him teach in Swahili at Gatab.

We butchered a goat today; Colin's working on our Land Rover; Maiko the evangelist is getting ready to attend DIGUNA for a three month Bible course. Last night the police brought a woman up the mountain from a village down near Lake Turkana. She miscarried two weeks ago and was in shock from dehydration. Spent the night in the hospital and has been on IVs. She's gradually regaining consciousness. Her mother is with her, and baby of about a year old. Please pray that we'll soon get a nurse up here. We miss Valmae.

The mamas from the garden came for chai this morning and we read in Swahili the story in Genesis 22. They gasped at Isaac's asking, "But where is the lamb?"

Colin's grandpa is in the hospital with heart and kidney failure; his other grandma will go for surgery for colon cancer this month. So these are hard times for his family.

Much love to you both,
Becca





Gatab, Kenya

August 21, 1987

Dear Mother,

Such luxury to sit here by the fireplace on a cold, misty morning and reread your two letters and reply! Thank you for writing. DIGUNA liked Colin's teaching so much that they asked us to come back in November and teach a one-week course at DIGUNA's Discipleship School. Our own evangelist, Maiko, left yesterday for the September-November session. Wife Mary stays behind with four kids, his mom and her mom. It's a happy group.

All this year we've been using another missionary's washing machine, which they left out for us when they went on furlough. But it's been breaking occasionally, so Colin has allowed me to hire a woman to wash by hand two mornings a week, \$1.00 per day. She's a Christian widow with 3 children and no other regular income, so I'm glad to help her. I'm so grateful for her and for the lady who hauls our firewood.

Colin is walking up the mountain to the lower spring each day with 3 workmen to repair the damage to the water system caused by the last rain and mud slide. He wants to get the mission station in good shape before we leave so Andersens won't have to fix a lot of broken stuff when they return. He covers Maiko's preaching responsibilities while he's gone, but he has plenty of time for both now that Haven Home and the dispensary are no longer our jobs.

When the doctor safari plane came this time, they did not bring the things I ordered: cheese, butter, eggs, bacon, onions, potatoes. Must've lost my form. I came home and cried, then filled out a new one. It will arrive September 1st. Ah, the frustrations of bush living!

Much love to you and Dad in every way,
Becca



Leon, Mexico

August 22, 1987

Dearly Beloved,

Got your letter of July 13 on August 8, recounting your travels. It boggles our minds to think of the primitiveness of the Daasanach people, like thinking of something out of the 1800's. A casual mention of the big tree which will shade your porch made

me surprised and happy. I had visualized Ileret as absolutely bare except for thorn bushes. How neat that you made such progress on the house, then moved all your belongings from Gatab. Dad says that in spite of the frustrations of this past year and half, your time in Kenya has afforded some good chances to learn the country and know other missionaries, getting perspective for the coming years. He just now walked into the room and gave me a kiss to pass on to you.

Bruce called to chat last night. He has been working extra hours, helping set up an accounting program for church. He sold his Z car some time ago, bought a Rabbit for \$300, repaired it and sold it at \$800 profit. That same week he sold a Fiat which he had bought. So slowly his Visa Card is getting paid off. He has no wheels now except for a car a friend wants him to sell, and a motorcycle which he uses for trails.

Dad is getting heavy pressure from the field to agree to be Field Director. If the home office staff in Dallas ask him, I think he will very reluctantly agree. It will mean more travel, settling missionary disputes, holding monthly meetings with the area directors, and being responsible for the overall work in Mexico. He fears the responsibility, but is grateful for people's confidence. But he would much rather just evangelize and teach. Maybe Dallas office will bring in someone from another field, and we can heave a sigh of relief.

Landrums are due next week. Their house isn't renovated yet. So we may have company for a while. I'm seriously considering getting a live-out maid.

Now unto Him who is able to keep you from stumbling, and to make you stand in the presence of His glory blameless and with great joy, to the only God our Savior, through Jesus Christ our Lord, be glory, majesty, dominion and authority, before all time and now and forever.

Love from Dad and me,
Mom

September 1987

Every man is a man under authority of some kind, and every woman who submits to her husband has times when she watches his response to a boss. Will he bow to the regulations and decisions coming down from others in charge? Then, when he himself is in charge, will he exercise that authority for the benefit and service of the people under him, even if they don't appreciate it? When she sees love and courage and integrity, she brags to her mother or daughter about her wonderful man. When he struggles, she agonizes with him.

McDougall Prayer Letter



Gatab, Kenya

September 1987

“All these died in faith, having confessed that they were strangers and exiles on the earth...And indeed, if they had been thinking of that country from which they went out, they would have had opportunity to return. But as it is, they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly one.” Hebrews 11:13-16

The Kenyans have a word for it: safari. A journey. Our most recent safari took us north to Ileret, our next place of work. It sits next to the Ethiopian border on long rolling hills which jut out into Lake Turkana, blue in the breezy sunshine.

The Daasanach people understand journeys, for they are nomadic herdsmen who move their flocks wherever the grass is green. To them, the house we began building is permanent, not like their grass ones which can be disassembled easily. They would understand Abraham more than you or I—his tents, his problems with water-holes and flocks, even his hospitality to strangers. One night they roasted us a goat under the stars, a gesture of hospitality and respect.

They differ from Abraham, of course, who discoursed with the Maker of those stars, but they sing a song written long years ago: “...we lie... we cheat... we steal cattle...we fight and hate...the way of Jesus, who will show it to us?” One day, we trust, God will send us to answer that plea.

Before then, however, our furlough coming up in November returns us “to the country from which we went out” for visits with you. In this temporal world, we treasure friends who also seek that country where Home lies.

Colin and Becca McDougall





Leon, Mexico

September 6, 1987

Dear Becca,

Grandmother says that Grandfather told her he is going Home. "I won't be needing you to shave me next time," he told the aide "because I'm going to die soon. I'm going Home." This was after a thirty-six hour period when he simply slept—no food nor drink. Finally, as a friend helped Grandmother turn him in the bed, he asked for a drink. Grandmother is both sad and joyful, seeing his peaceful anticipation of release from the weary days.

The Landrums arrived a week ago. They looked for a house for several days and finally concluded that the one we had found was a good deal. Manuel and Irma promised that it would be ready tomorrow, but it still lacks wallpaper, carpets, and installation of bathroom and kitchen fixtures. I think maybe one more week will do the trick. Meanwhile, I have been practicing being Nonny to baby Hannah, who thinks I am her grandmother. Sarah is a tall 9 year old, good conversationalist and very helpful with the younger kids. Joshua reminds me of Bruce at age 7—sometimes swaggering but oh so vulnerable inside. Ruth is darling at 4. She still needs cuddling and frequent help to think what to do next. Craig and Brenda are quiet and firm, but loving. It is hard having to live out of suitcases for yet another week, after two weeks of that in the US. Meanwhile they are hunting for appliances, furniture.

New neighbor Luz Maria is friendly, 45ish. Side neighbors had us over for supper last night. Jesus got home nearly two hours late—out drinking with his friends, we think. Jesus and Yvonne might be persuaded to study the Bible with us at least once. She may soon join him in Guadalajara, however. That would leave Graciela, the bossy mother in law, living alone beside us.

We went to Irapuato and ate out with the missionaries and church friends. It was neat for Landrums to meet everybody. Cindy told me that at camp in Guadalajara she committed her life to Christ for whatever He may choose. She's growing, has new interest in witnessing. Jaime is a good influence on her. She always asks about you, as do they all.

I hired two maids for the week prior to Landrums' arrival. The best one, Juana, I retained. She is only 15, but her help with keeping floors mopped, rugs vacuumed, and some dishes washed has been great. Juana knows a woman who may be able to work for Brenda and help tend the two smaller girls while Brenda teaches Sarah and Joshua. She will come for an interview soon. Four year old Ruth says her name is "woof." She has twouble wif hew r's and th's. You would cwack up to heaw hew wambling dissewtations.

10:00 PM and so to bed.

How can we love you so much?
We do!

Mom

PS—Grandma Beaty broke her collarbone two months ago, upon falling. Then she fell and broke her leg a few days later. We just yesterday got the news. Two women care for her at home, with other family helping too from time to time. Rough situation.



Gatab, Kenya

September 16, 1987

Dear Mother,

That was a good August prayer letter. It boggles me how primitive life in the whole northern part of Kenya is in this 20th century!

Next week we go to District Church Council meetings, at Loglogo this time. I've been baking rolls on my charcoal cooker (no gas for my stove—we ran out this morning) and this afternoon we'll clean the freezer out as I'm having a party for the women's group after our weekly meeting: goat meat, chai, rolls. Somebody owes us a cow so after our trip to Ileret we'll butcher it, fill our freezer with the best, roast the rest for the elders and church men. Men and women almost never do anything together in this culture.

Starting October 1, all airstrips are closed except those approved by the government. Those which want to reopen must file papers, talk to various government officials, and go through a complicated series of steps. It's likely we won't see a doctor—or our mail—again after September 30 till we go downcountry in November.

The word from COD is—go finish your house at Ileret.

Colin says he hopes Dad can get out of being field director. He wrote on our AIC evaluation forms that next term he hopes to avoid administrating projects. He and the workmen have finished capping two springs and now he's got them working on building a dam to collect rain water. He's given them all "notice" and it will be great to go home without employees. Yes, Dad, we've learned a lot in our first year and a half in Kenya.

It's time to take lots of furlough pictures. Next time we come, we should probably bring our own film. It's quite expensive here. Colin is enthusiastic about having a picture taken in Mexico to send to supporters.

Can't wait to see you. It feels close, since I'm packing and sorting now. Once you mentioned ham radios and asked if it were a practical possibility for us to talk. It's so touchy these days even to talk to one another by two-way radio in Kenya that I doubt ham radio conversation to Mexico is feasible.

Yours—
Becca



Leon, Mexico

September 23, 1987

Dear y'all,

Dad has been asked to be field director, as I told you, I think. It is an honor and a pain. An honor because the Dallas office and a sizeable group of missionaries think he's qualified. A pain because it could mean changing ministry from mainly church planting to mainly putting out fires and settling disputes. It would mean traveling each year to candidate school (two weeks) and field leaders' conference (one week), plus running about in Mexico visiting the folks, having monthly field council meetings, helping new missionaries get oriented, etc. Actually, if the truth were told, we do not know, really, just what IS this job called Field Director. He has asked the home office for a description.

Dad is getting his last paper together for his course in Puebla next week. It is a translation of a paper on tongues and healings. Guess who is helping proofread.

We have discovered your arrival on Wednesday, the 25th (also Dad's 53rd birthday) is also the day Dad has field council meeting all day in Puebla. When we pick you up at midnight or almost that, you will probably be feeling as though it is morning.

Irapuato brethren are eager to see you. They cannot believe that such a fine young couple as you went out into darkest Africa. Yet they admire you for it and want to know how things have gone. They cannot imagine loving an unwashed tribe. And underneath it all, they can hardly imagine that your parents would let you go so far away. These "gringos" are a strange bunch.

My maid, Juana, 15, works three to four hours daily. Yesterday I told her that God's Book says He loves her. She stared quietly. I told her that God's enemy does not want her to know about the great love of God for her. She listened intently. Her parents will not allow her to "read the Bible" with me, she told me

today. So I will just talk to her.

Love you both,
Mom



Gatab, Kenya

September 26, 1987

Dear Mother and Dad,

We thought that by now we'd be on our way to Ileret, but last week Colin got pleurisy and the doctor advised him to rest, so we've skipped DCC and are postponing our trip up north. Colin is much better now after a course of antibiotics and a few afternoons of hard sleeping. We got word from Ness' that the truck from Marsabit did get all our steel and cement up there, so everything's ready to go.

Our gardener's wife lost her three-month old baby a few weeks ago. I went to visit her at the time, along with the other women. Since then she's been at church every Sunday. So this week I went to see her again, and got an earful of stories about all the missionaries who have lived here that left me howling with laughter. Their oldest daughter graduates from Haven Home in November and will marry in December. Both of them are believers so it will be interesting to see if they choose to marry in the church. So far, no one ever has.

A woman came hurrying to see us over a week ago with a badly burned baby. We dunked the child in a tub of cold water and a few days later Nancy and I went to visit and take some ointment. Yesterday I heard he's doing fine.

My pregnant friend Kutumbe was two weeks overdue on Monday. She came for a visit, listless and heavy. Her sins were weighing on her conscience, I think, because she wanted to talk about forgiveness. She knew the story of the prodigal son by heart and brightened as she talked about how God is eager for us to return, but sobered when I pointed out that every prodigal must forsake sin in order to come back to his Father's arms. "That's true," she sighed. And I sighed, too. Yesterday morning I heard she'd gone into labor. If it's a girl, it will be her fourth—all illegitimate.

"You have need of endurance, so that when you have done the will of God you may receive what was promised." Even me! Knowing that these are our last weeks here, it's hard for me to go visiting because I'm emotionally withdrawing already. I gave a party for the women, gave a goodbye speech and exhortation, and now I feel ready to go! You know me—always eager for the next step. Even Colin says, groaning, "Six more weeks!" Please pray for us to endure in doing the will of God here.

Much love to you both always,
Becca



Gatab, Kenya

28 September 1987

Dear Mom,

You can tell it's furlough time by the faintness of our typewriter ribbon. And I can tell it's my turn to write a letter, when your letters are addressed to "Dear Becca." Believe it or not, I'm still here, and I read all your letters, and we're grateful for each one.

Of all our grandparents on both sides we feel a special attachment to the Montgomerys, and we are so looking forward to seeing them in December. It made us sad to think that Grandfather might die before we see them, but it sounds like he is ready to go which is the most important thing. My grandfather on my mom's side died of heart failure last month. He wasn't sick when we left home, and I had no idea that we were seeing him for the last time when we said goodbye last March.

It's very good that you are able to help Landrums get situated there; the orientation system on our field is appalling, and it is rare to find anyone who enjoyed his first two months here. Will Landrums live on the same side of town?

Hoffmans are beginning to take over for us here: Nancy is taking care of most of the medical business, and Brian has officially taken over for me as officer-in-charge. Under our British system here we don't have administrators; we have officers-in-charge which is what I have been since last July. Missionarying on this side seems a lot different than missionarying on your side. Brian has walked into the same situation at Haven Home that took years off my young life, and he is still feeling the heat of it. I finally realized that the kids are the villagers' kids, and they can supervise them or not supervise them as they see fit. Brian still feels responsible for supervising the kids as though they were his own; and after months of constant tension, the elders finally told him he could do whatever he jolly well feels like doing—"Just don't ask us for help if you get in trouble." It's not the kind of atmosphere I enjoy doing spiritual craftsmanship in, (I'd be ready to quit if I were Brian) but Gatab seems to keep rolling along.

Yesterday was Nancy's birthday, so Becca made dinner for them in the vacant nurse's house, and while they were having dinner, she was down babysitting the two kids. I think they had a good time away, and it was especially good for them because Brian had to leave this morning to go to Nairobi after his car. He went down to get it a month ago, but it was still not ready; so even though we can't be

sure it's ready even now, it is a good idea for him to go down and hurry the men along. He will be gone for about ten days.

The atmosphere on this station is much different now than it was when Dan and Val were here. The good part is that these people can take responsibility for administration, which was almost completely upon us before. The drawback is that we miss the spiritually encouraging interrelationship with Dan and Val that was here before.

We also don't have the medicine. I got a pleuritic infection two weeks ago, and fortunately the doctor was here on the first night of fever, so I got antibiotics right away for seven days until I began to recover. If we had missed taking the initiative at that point I could have been a bed case for six weeks instead of being a semi-invalid for 1 week. It makes us realize the potential health hazards we will be facing at Ileret without a nurse—we need to get better medical training!

We are frantically writing letters today because tomorrow is the last day that we will have air service until the government reopens our airstrip. We haven't heard why they have closed all airstrips, but it seems like they just want to update their files. Whenever our government wants to update its files in a given area, it just closes your shop until you reregister and get a new license—that insures your prompt compliance.

Last night Becca dreamt in Spanish. She thought we were in a restaurant in Mexico (the catch was that the waiters were still Kenyans and she spoke to them in Swahili). Becca is great at wish-fulfillment type dreams.

Even if our strip is not re-opened, we will try to write you again from Nairobi right after our Nov 12 arrival. We love you and look forward to seeing you.

Colin

October 1987

Good friends and colleagues in ministry are gifts from God. When a mother and daughter live far apart, they cannot rely on each other's help and companionship day to day but must develop sweet camaraderie with other women who share their call. Even one other likeminded couple can greatly reduce the burden of the work, and bring lighthearted fun moments.



Gatab, Kenya

October 7, 1987

Dear Mother and Dad,

Mother I am so sorry to have missed writing on the very day you were born, but happy birthday two days late.

October 10

Didn't get too far, did I? I've been battling strep throat for the last week; frustrating to be hit with it right now. Colin's been getting our Land Rover ready to go to Ileret Monday or Tuesday. Colin and Brian may take both of us ladies (and two kids), to cook and keep them company. That would be fun.

The house is getting emptier as we eat the food and pack the belongings. We slaughtered a cow last week, which we split with the Hoffmans. Total cost: \$60. I ground a lot of it and couple of days ago made big buns with sesame seeds for real hamburgers. Can't wait to have an American hamburger and a root beer. Colin laughs.

For girls' Sunday School tomorrow, we're going to draw a Bible timeline. Should be fun—you know how I love to teach!

Much love to you both,
Becca



Gatab, Kenya

October 28, 1987

Dear Mother and Dad,

We had a good trip to Ileret. Planned to leave on a Thursday and then Hoffmans' car wouldn't start. At 4:30 PM it finally started and we piled in and

went. Drove till 6:00 PM and camped; the next morning neither car started. We got them going at 10:30 and drove till 5:00 and camped. Arrived at Ileret around noon on the third day. Right from the start the guys made great progress. The winds were steady and the skies often overcast, so the working conditions were ideal. In four working days they put up all the outer walls, the front door, barred the windows and put all our stuff in, on cement blocks. Nancy and I cooked and watched the kids, and I painted the roof white and the front door blue. On Sunday we drove to the lake and took a swim. Lovely. Got back to Gatab Saturday evening after an uneventful drive.

Sunday evening a British man who works with a marketing group here locally arrived, with a tourist friend named Anne, who is writing a cookbook of Kenyan recipes. They stayed through Tuesday breakfast. The man was busy with his marketing group, so Anne and I had all day Monday together. She was open to discussing spiritual things but pretty satisfied with her own religious state and not open to the gospel. "I read the gospels but not Paul because I don't like some of the things he says." Gave me her address so I could send some recipes; I think I'll send a Christian book, too. She reads a lot.

Our house has been broken into several times; while we were gone our gardeners caught the thief and recovered all our things. The police beat the boy for punishment. What a blessing to recover Colin's license!

Our water pipe got clogged with a baby bird. When Colin tried to loosen the pipe, it broke our tank. So yesterday he and the workmen replaced the old rusty drum with a new one. It's great to finally have water. The rains are late and the animals are hurting. In church on Sunday they had a special prayer for rain.

Can't wait to see you. Soon now.
Much love,
Becca



Leon, Mexico

October 17, 1987

Dearlly Beloved Children,

Today is conference day at Irapuato. Amado, who was Dad's student at the Seminary and is now the men's counselor at Puebla Seminary, is the speaker. Dad and Craig Landrum took off at 7:15 AM for this all-male retreat, with leaders coming from several cities in this area. I sent a cake, but the missionary wife there thought she and three Mexican believing ladies could handle the rest of the food and serving. It is good for the women to see that they can carry off such an enterprise. In the future they will be confident at hosting the group.

Your two letters, written before the airplane service quit, were so welcome. We were on our way to pray with the Landrums, so we were able to include you in our Mexico prayers. After the prayer time, Hannah, age 2, walked confidently to the car with us, sure that she was going home with us. We gave her a ride around the block. Craig says she cried when we brought her back. When we call their house, Hannah answers the phone and talks to us at length in Chinese before surrendering the phone to a parent.

We are counting the days with you till you come. By now Colin has been back to Ileret, with Brian, to construct your mansion. Betcha that even that back-breaking work is better than driving a truckload of HH kids to and fro over the desert. I wish I could be there to fix some lemonade and cookies to ease the heat and strain of the day. Better yet, wish I could whip over to the fast-food place and bring you some super duper treats.

Dad and I spent two days in Puebla last week while he was in Field Council meetings with the Puebla area missionaries as guests. In the morning, while Craig and Brenda were being introduced to everybody and I was babysitting Ruth and Hannah, we went to the plaza to feed the pigeons. They could scarcely believe that I let them throw two sacks of rice to the birds. They kept dipping their little hands in and letting the rice fall everywhere, utterly delighted. So were the pigeons. We walked over to a fruit stand and had fresh-squeezed orange juice and a plate of fruits with honey and granola. At lunchtime there were twenty seven people at the missionaries' home. The maid cooked hamburger patties over charcoal, and then everybody made his own burger, accompanied by corn on the cob and chocolate cake.

Three times now I have met to study with Angeles, a 17-year-old girl. She is darling—very poised and rather quiet, but friendly. Her saved boyfriend has broken off with her for three months in hopes of determining whether her interest in the Word is genuine. I think it is. Yesterday when we studied Satan (Genesis 3), she was keenly attentive and had good comments. Her family is unsaved and fractured, but they like Fernando very much—which makes things harder, in a way, as he seeks God's will in his relationship with Angeles. Her parents would happily agree to their marriage in a year or two when she finishes high school. I trust that she will really put her faith in Christ alone, if she has not already done so. She says she has.

Dad and Craig Landrum have been door-to-door visiting for two weeks in a middle class neighborhood. An old man, four teenaged boys, and a 40ish woman and her two youngsters have professed to receive Christ. Tomorrow we go to visit the woman in hopes of finding her husband home, too, in order to arrange a Bible class.

I pray you will have patience with the squabbling Haven Home couple, and with others at Gatab in these last days of your sojourn. And also we daily pray for your health and good spirits. Yes, you do need to learn some more medicine. Do you

keep a list of what ailments you had, and what you took for them?
Is a dresser a nurse? That term puzzles us.

“You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and appointed
you, that you should go and bear fruit.” Comforting and
challenging words.

Lovingly,
Mother

November 1987

When a mother and daughter come together again after a long separation, they discover their relationship is not the same. Each has walked through experiences that have changed her. Though they know many facts about each other's adventures, when they are reunited they see and feel the effects. Their spiritual challenge is to appreciate the changes rather than to be disappointed by the inevitable distance between them. In the end, before they belong to each other, they belong to God, and He is making them into what they should be. By faith they trust that nothing good is ever lost. And all reunions on earth are a shadow of that Great Reunion before God's throne, when all closeness we have ever missed will be restored.

Beaty Prayer Letter



Leon, Mexico

November 1987

"What does all this lead to?" asked the real estate agent. Sergio had just listened to a Bible study on the character of God. Knowing that every good salesman hopes to make a sale, he wondered what Glenn was aiming at. He told him that we are offering free Bible classes, and that at any time they can be discontinued. The discomfiture on Sergio's face was palpable. After all, Estela had let this gringo in off the street without consulting him. He could have made excuses, but now for some reason he accepted the invitation to come to our house the next week for supper—and a second Bible study.

On the appointed day, we called to see if Sergio and Estela needed a ride to our house. No, they would come with another couple. We were delighted, and were waiting for them at 8:30 PM. At 9:15 they arrived, Estela looking embarrassed and murmuring something about the men's having worked late. Jose Antonio is a banker. Wife Marielena is a blonde beauty, full of good cheer. They look about 35 whereas Sergio and Estela could be 45. Supper lasted a while, as we got acquainted with these attractive Mexican people.

When we moved to the living room and began the Bible study, Glenn explained how to find references and provided each person with a Bible. We try never to exceed one hour in these studies, and so the time flew by. They were assigned some easy homework and we loaned them Bibles. Our prayers are that they will want to continue each week. Given the newness of our relationship and their nervousness, we felt that we should not press them for an immediate commitment to more studies.

This contact came about through door to door distribution of

Gospel of John. Estela took one, and when Glenn and Craig, our new fellow worker, passed by again to explain it, she received Christ.

Landlords Manuel and Irma are high on our list of Bible class prospects. But their lives are busy. Pray for their willingness to take time to explore the Bible.

Sincerely,
Glenn and Mary Beaty



Leon, Mexico

November 15, 1987

Happy birthday, dear Becca!

“’Twas a great event, ‘Twas from heaven sent,
We’re still excited, after all these years.”

I babysat for Brenda three hours today just to give her a break. Ruth (Woof) confided cozily, “My mother thinks it would be all right to have a cookie.” Hannah added her Chinese blessing to that disclosure. We played hide and seek, colored, and read stories. When I skipped some words, Ruth corrected me by saying, “You ‘posed to say...” Yes, we ate cookies.

You’re in our prayers. We’re asking for your encouragement, wisdom, outreach to saved and lost, health, relationships with fellow missionaries, and your DIGUNA ministry.

Love, Mother and Dad



Gatab, Kenya

11 November 1987

Let’s see who wins: McDougalls versus Kenya Post and Telecom.

Dear Mom,

Just in case we lose, I thought I’d answer your last letter (Oct 17), and send our congratulations and condolences on your (plural) appointment to directorship. I

think Mrs. Field Director will have more of an adjustment than Mr. because not only is your church ministry affected, but also your working relationship is necessarily divided when it comes to field administration, whereas church planting is more of a joint effort. In fact, we are often reminded of your example of team effort in our own work together.

Becca is very emotional these days, which we don't take to be a sign of anything other than last-minute homesickness to see you two. Our leave-taking here has also been an emotional drain. Our last service at AIC Gatab Church I preached on the 8th, when most of the congregation stood to commit themselves to obeying the Word of God and to receive my prayer for the blessings attendant on obedient servants. We were to leave here early on the 9th (5 AM), but just before the service our head elder requested that we delay 24 hours while the village elders held consultations about accusations that were being leveled at the mission (ie, us). So about 10:00 PM on the 9th, I was in the middle of a meeting with the village elders and the church elders who were asking me to stay on here until a certain plane load of administrators arrived from Feed the Children (one of the many charities we deal with). Was there any reason Colin personally had to be at Gatab to see them? Well, maybe he embezzled some of the money. So we got out the now-audited books to prove there had been no wrong-doing. But maybe Colin influenced the company to give money to the dispensary that should have come to the community. Well, the money started coming to the dispensary in 1984, so how could Colin be involved? By the end of the meeting it was clear that there was no reason to detain us, so I asked permission of the church elders to leave in the morning without delaying the extra four days to see Feed the Children. All the church elders capitulated to the village elders except Maiko—I thank God for him. Anyway, we agreed (more tears from Becca) to stay through the 12th to fight one more fight on the condition that if we did, we would be able to leave in peace on the 13th.

So the last two days have been full of radio calls to Nairobi to change appointments and reservations at the guest house, writing letters, and praying for deliverance. Maiko came to bring food, since we had emptied out the house in preparation for our trip. Other than him, all my church friends are embarrassed to come too near the house on the chance that they might have to talk to me. We have tried to live peaceably and be friendly for two years, so we have agreed that these last four days will also be peaceful and friendly ones. Soon we will be gone for good! Of course, Ileret promises to be full of pain as well, but at least we won't be going there till after furlough.

Becca has her list of souvenirs to buy everyone back home, so I guess I know what we'll be doing in Nairobi next week. Actually, there is a bunch of government paperwork before we leave, so maybe she and I will be going separate ways some of the time. We plan to leave the Land Rover at DIGUNA

over furlough, and of course, everything else is in lleret; we will have nothing left at Gatab after we leave.

See you in two weeks.

Colin

Epilogue

Colin was publicly cleared of all accusations in a meeting, by a highly embarrassed Kenyan contingent of Feed the Children dignitaries who arrived on a plane on November 12 and were shocked to find us under virtual house arrest. The next morning, early, we drove down the mountain and headed to Nairobi. That afternoon, while still a great distance from civilization, our Land Rover's timing chain broke. Colin had no idea how we would go on, since he did not carry a spare. Within half an hour, however, a Kenya Army Land Rover pulled up beside us and several soldiers jumped out. They were conducting joint "military exercises" with the British army and our stranded vehicle was in the way of their maneuvers. The mechanics replaced our timing chain with a new one, the cook came and made us some dinner, and by midnight we were on our way. We felt God had sent His angels to rescue us.

On November 25, 1987 we were met at the Mexico City airport by my happy parents and spent the subsequent few weeks together, meeting their friends, enjoying their city of Leon, and then traveling together to Dallas, Texas. My Grandfather Montgomery was still living when we arrived there, but very shortly after he died quietly. Maybe he was waiting to see us one last time.

I discovered I was pregnant during those Christmas holidays, but we kept that news a secret until the three-month mark had passed, not wanting to relive the ups and downs of the previous pregnancy. It took me years to tell the story of the day, while we were still back in Gatab, when a poverty-stricken church widow had come to my home with Mary Lesurmat as her translator, to tell me that she had grieved the miscarriage and would like to pray for God to give me another baby. I felt annoyed by her intrusiveness, as I was trying not to think about babies because it hurt too much. But I did let her pray for me, and as I counted back, I realized it must have been shortly after that I became pregnant with Mary Cathryn.

God brought us through our first missionary assignment with a number of painful memories and dismay at the unexpected problems we encountered, especially in our relationships with people. But He also gave us glimpses of His grace, and blessed us with a few true friends who remained so through the years. As time passed we thought of that season as our "boot camp," a time of intensive training for spiritual service on the front lines in Kenya. We were grateful for all we learned. We were grateful, as well, for the quiet support we received from our parents, and their unique ability to listen to us without intrusive advice or criticism. It is not quite true that we "left nothing" at Gatab. Today there is a church at Losigiriachi, and Daniel Lemadada is the pastor, with his wife Susan, two of our Haven Home kids. Howard Andersen built a magnificent lengthy pipeline to carry water to that community with the help of his faithful workmen.

Our furlough year we spent at Church of the Open Door, in Glendora, California.

Mary Cathryn was born in August. My parents were there to help in those days before and after her birth. Being together at that time was sweet, a gift from God. By January, 1989 we were on our way back to Kenya, this time to Ileret and the Daasanach people, and my parents had made some contacts for evangelizing in Leon. Had we gone to Ileret straight from Seminary, our story would be much different, I'm sure. But thanks to our year at Gatab, we had a little experience and more realistic expectations as we started that work.

Becca McDougall
Glendora, CA
October 2010



*On our way to Gatab,
Kenya. Commissioned by
Church of the Open Door
Elders.
March 1986*

*Land Rover
Our form of
transportation*



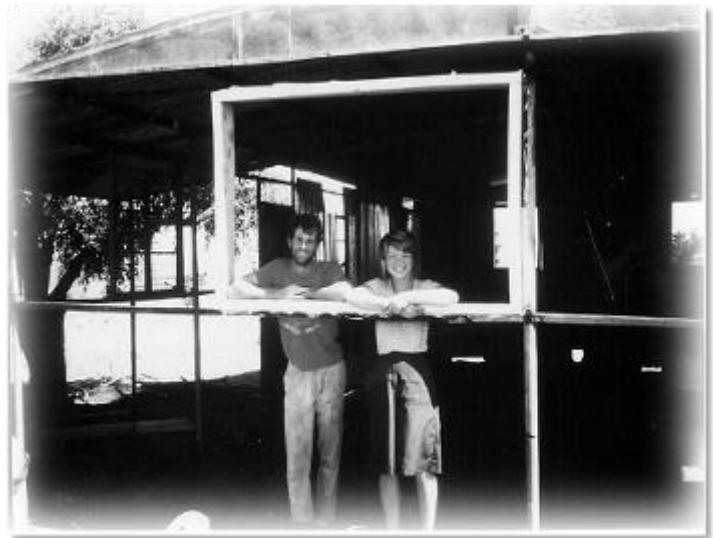
*Our mountain,
Kulal. At 5000 ft,
lush and cool
most of the year.*

Ileret

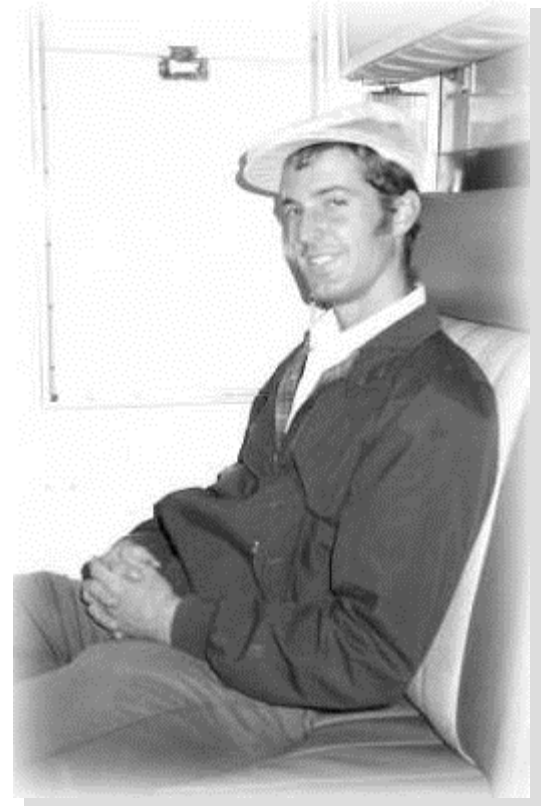
*Our next stop is the Daasanach
tribe near Ethiopia on the edge
of lake Turkana*

Right: Our steel framed home

*Below: a Daasanach house
being built.*

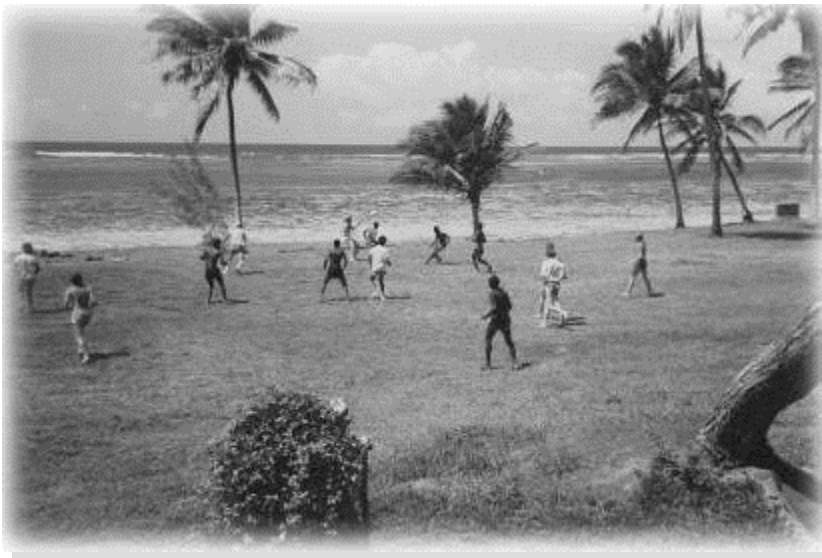


*Visiting our Maasai
friend in Ngong Hills*



Nairobi

*Colin on the train to
Mombasa*



*Diguna football game at
Mombasa*

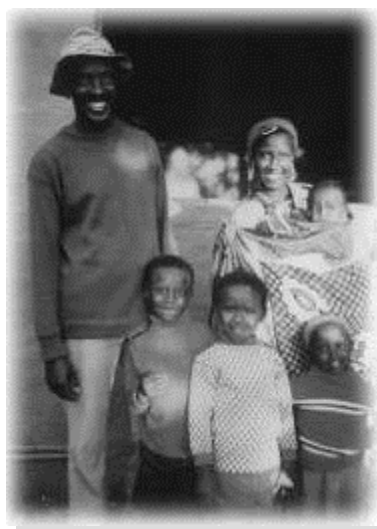
Mount Kulal from a distance



Dan and Val's wedding

*Colin and Becca at
wedding*

Kutumbe and Becca

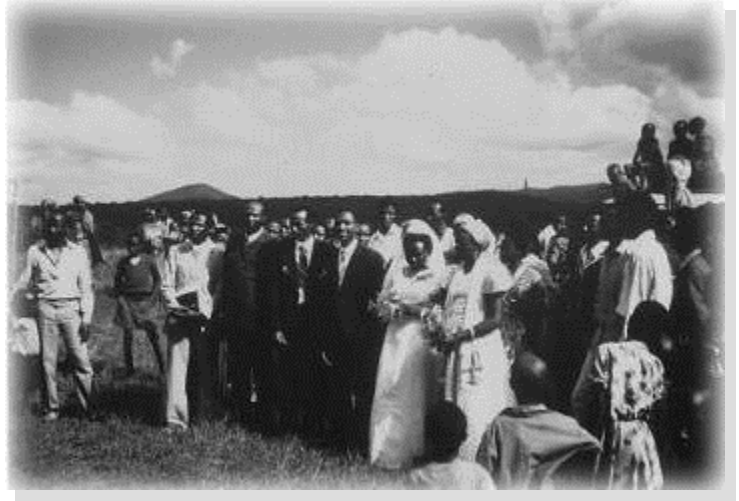


*Maiko and Mary
Lesurmat
and family*

Colin and Korie

Christian Wedding

Pagan dance below



Children play UNO

*Colin's workmen and Becca's
reading class*

Colin stitches injured leg

Right: Pushing Kaleb through the mud

Middle: Tea break on the road, more pushing!



Discovering broken axle

Becca and a volunteer covered in mud





Right: Butchering our meal

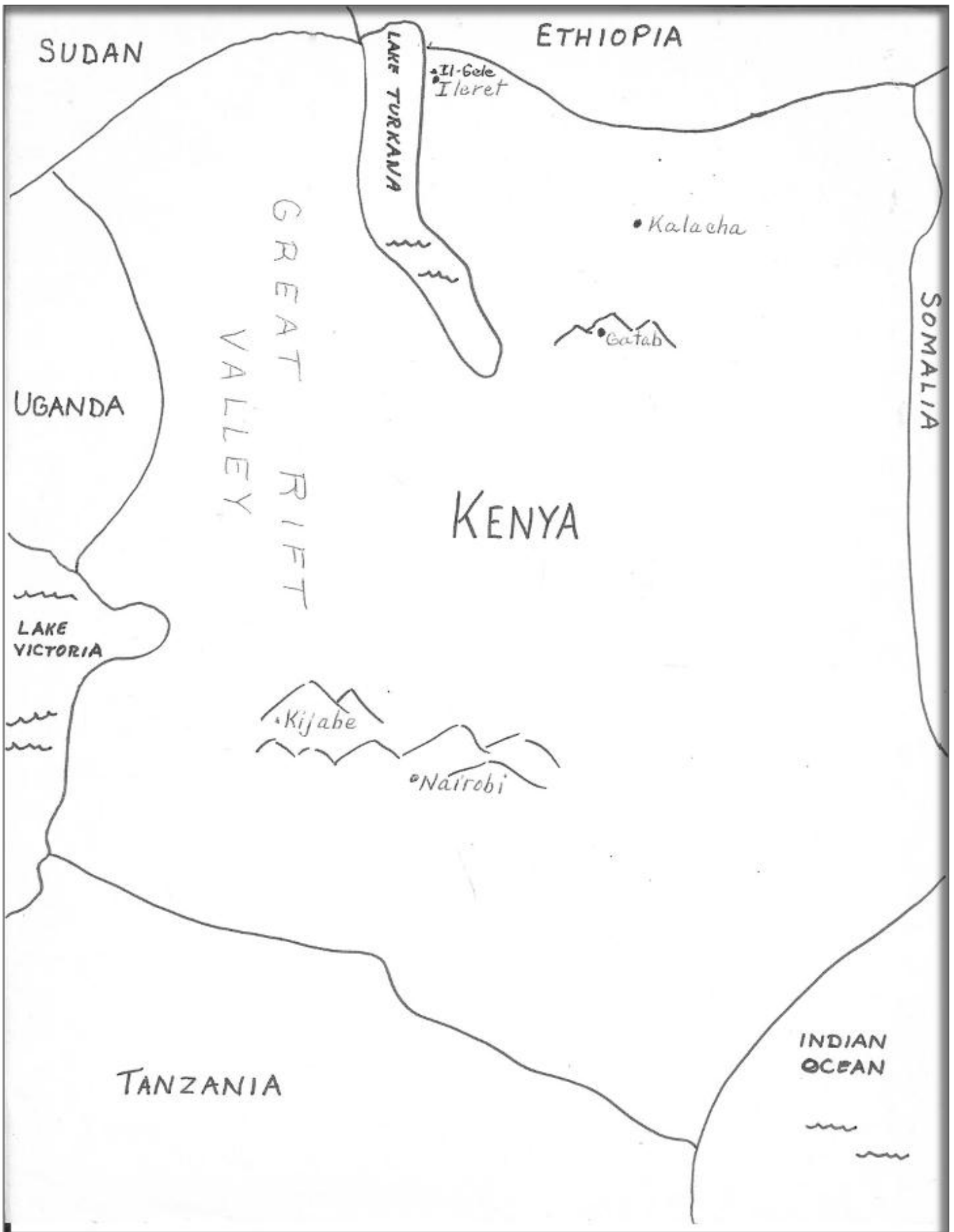
*Below: Becca going to church
Colin preaching in Gatab*



*Christmas Dinner
Gatab 1986*

*Colin and Becca
with Kristi Streit*



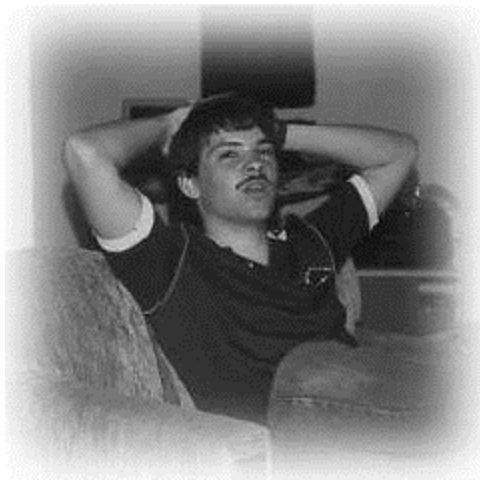




*Grandfather & Grandmother
Montgomery*



*Below:
Bruce Beaty*



*Colin and Becca with Glenn
and Mary in Mexico
Baptismal service in Irapuato*

*Irapuato church meeting
Bard Pillette speaks*



*Sunday church in
Beatys' home in
Irapuato*



*Glenn teaches a home
Bible study*



• Dallas TX

• San Jacinto
CA



Dallas to Laredo 9 hrs
Laredo to Puebla 10 hrs
Laredo to Irapuato 10 hrs
Laredo to León 6 hrs
Irapuato to Puebla 6 hrs
Going through MexCity 1 hour

Glossary

A

- Africa Inland Church, aka AIC: McDougalls' church denomination in Kenya, founded by Africa Inland Mission missionaries.
- Africa Inland Mission, aka AIM: Mission agency working mostly in East Africa, whose missionaries started Gatab.

B

- Bard and Pam Pillette: Missionaries who followed the Beatys in Irapuato, Mexico, continuing to teach the believers there. Their missionary partners were Will and Deb Ayres.
- Biola College: McDougalls' college, which later became Biola University
- Brian and Nancy Hoffman: AIM missionaries who came to replace McDougalls' at Gatab, with children Joshua and Katie.
- Bruce Beaty: Becca's younger brother, Glenn and Mary's son.

C

- candidate school: Introductory meetings held several times a year in the USA for people in the process of applying to join a mission agency.
- chai: A Swahili word for sweet, milky tea.
- Craig and Brenda Landrum: New missionaries who came to help the Beatys in Leon, with their children Joshua, Sarah, Ruth and Hannah.
- Church of the Open Door, CA: McDougalls' home church, which commissioned them for missionary service and ordained Colin as a minister.

D

- Dan Oksanen: Missionary mechanic at Gatab from Minnesota. He married Valmae Halling.
- Daasanach tribe: The tribe of people McDougalls worked among after their term at Gatab.
- Dallas Theological Seminary, aka Dallas Seminary: The Seminary where Glenn Beaty, Becca and Bruce all got their Bible training.
- Dallas, Texas: Home of Montgomerys and Beatys. The Montgomerys lived on Goliad street and the Beatys lived on Nickens street. Thus, "the Nickens nest" meant the Beaty house.
- DIGUNA: The German mission whose headquarters were near Nairobi. They sent traveling evangelistic teams all over east Africa in large trucks.
- dispensary: Kenyan term for a small medical clinic.
- District Church Council, aka DCC: group of area missionaries and church leaders from the Africa Inland Church who meet twice a year.
- doctor's safari: A doctor's routine trip to hold clinics in remote areas of Kenya where there are no hospitals.
- dresser: A medical assistant, less trained than a nurse.

F

- field committee or council: A group of elected missionaries from the same mission who supervise the work in their country of service together.
- field director: The missionary elected to lead the field committee and report to the mission's home office in the USA.
- furlough: A missionary's time spent back in the home country to rest, report back to supporters, and prepare for the next term of service on the mission field.

G

- Gabbra tribe: A neighboring tribe to the Samburu.
- Gatab, Kenya: McDougalls' village, at the top of Kulal mountain.
- Glenn & Mary Beaty: Becca's missionary parents.
- Grandma Beaty: Glenn Beaty's mother, Becca's grandmother, in San Jacinto, CA.
- Grandmother and Grandfather: Mary Beaty's parents, Becca's grandparents in Dallas, TX.
- Great White Father: Mary's term denoting an American filling a paternalistic role.
- gringos: Spanish slang for Americans or Caucasians.
- Guadalajara, Queretaro, Morelia: Mexican cities with small evangelical churches. From time to time the churches would get together for fellowship.

H

- Haven Home: Children's boarding home at Gatab, Kenya, where children from other villages lived in order to attend the local school.
- Howard and Doris Andersen: AIM veteran missionary couple McDougalls were recruited to replace at Gatab for their year of furlough at Church of the Open Door.

I

- Ileret, Kenya: Small town of the Daasanach tribe where Colin and Becca hoped to move after finishing at Gatab.
- Irapuato, Mexico: City in Central Mexico, four hours northwest of Mexico City by car, nineteen hours from Dallas, Texas. The Beatys had planted a church there in 1984. The Pillettes and the Ayers were the next missionaries in charge of the growth and development of that church.

J

- Jim and Bev Streit: AIM missionary pilot and wife, living in Nairobi, who came to Gatab to visit Colin and Becca for Christmas, together with their daughter Kristi.
- Jim and Sue Ness: Wycliffe Bible translators living in Ileret and working among the Daasanach.

- Dr. John and Martha Montgomery, aka “Grandfather” and “Grandmother”: Mary’s parents and Becca’s grandparents.
- John and Pam Wollman: AIM missionary pilot at Gatab, and his wife.
- Jose and Martha: New believers in Irapuato, friends of my parents.
- Juana: Mary Beaty’s 15 year old maid in Leon.

K

- Kalacha, Kenya: Town on the road from Marsabit to Ileret.
- Kaleb: eight-ton German army truck McDougalls used to collect the school children at the beginning and end of every three-month school term.
- Kevin McDougall: Colin’s younger brother, lived with Bruce Beaty and attended Dallas Seminary.
- Kijabe Hospital: Africa Inland Mission Hospital near Nairobi where Colin had knee surgery.

L

- Leon, Mexico: Large city with no evangelical missionaries that the Beatys hoped to go evangelize. One hour’s drive west of Irapuato.
- Loglogo, Kenya: A town McDougalls drove through to pick up school children.
- Lokurruk: The night watchman at Gatab with a great memory for Scripture.
- Losigiriachi, Kenya: A small village on Mt. Kulal, accessible only by foot, where Colin and the Gatab elders began a church.

M

- mabati: Swahili word for corrugated steel.
- Maiko and Mary Lesurmat: The Gatab church “evangelist” and wife who was Colin’s chief partner in evangelistic ministry. Mary helped Becca a great deal with learning Swahili.
- Manuel and Irma: The Beatys’ landlords in Leon, with their children Lorena, Veronica and Lupita.
- manyatta: Swahili word for village.
- Marsabit, Kenya: The town where Tim and Janis Ryder ministered. Since it was the “capital” of the district, it had electricity and running water and shops and a gas station. McDougalls always spent a few days there when we took the schoolkids home, to visit with Ryders and stock up on supplies.
- Mission Ready: McDougalls’ mission agency, based in North Carolina.
- Mombasa, Kenya: Kenya’s large port city on the Indian Ocean, and the place where we took our vacations.

N

- Nairobi, Kenya: Kenya’s capital city, and the place the McDougall's bought all their supplies and groceries every three or four months. It was two days’ drive from Gatab.

- Northern Frontier District, Kenya, aka, NFD: Former British colonial name for Marsabit district, denoting the large desert area north of the equator.

O

- Opico, El Salvador: The town where Glenn and Mary Beaty first started their missionary work, in 1965.
- officer-in-charge: A missionary in Kenya in charge of the work in any particular village or area.

P

- Puebla Bible Seminary, Mexico: The Bible school where the Beatys lived and taught from Sept-Dec 1986. Courses are taught by visiting missionaries in two-week modules. The city of Puebla is 6 hours east of Irapuato.

R

- Roberto and Tere: Growing believers in the Irapuato church.
- Ruben and Helen: Unsaved husband and wife in Irapuato, Mexico.

S

- San Jacinto, CA: Home to Glenn Beaty's mother, Becca's "Grandma."
- Samburu tribe: The predominant tribe in Gatab, Kenya.
- Sheri: A single missionary woman who left soon after McDougall's arrival. She had been in charge of the distribution and repair of the Haven Home children's uniforms, and supervised the Haven Home seamstress, Sowan.
- Southern Methodist University, TX: Colin's last place of employment prior to leaving for Kenya.
- Sowan: The Haven Home seamstress.
- Summer Institute of Linguistics, aka SIL: Wycliffe Bible Translators' official agency name as registered with foreign governments.
- Swahili: The national language of Kenya.

T

- Tim and Janis Ryder: Missionary friends living in Marsabit who regularly hosted and encouraged McDougalls in missionary life.
- two-way radio: The means of daily communication between missionaries in remote areas of Kenya and the city of Nairobi.

U-W

- Uncle Jack and Sandy: Mary Beaty's oldest brother, Becca's uncle and aunt.
- Valmae Halling: Australian nurse at Gatab who had previously worked in Congo, who married Dan Oksanen.
- Wycliffe Bible Translators: Jim and Sue Ness' organization.
- Will and Deb Ayers: Bard and Pam Pillette's missionary colleagues in Irapuato, Mexico.

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