



# Kingdom Wok Ministries Int.

## June/July 2018 Newsletter

---

May was a personally trying month. Being We had "K & K Celebration Day" at Powell Butte Church this morning. It was a unity service, with all the presentations focusing on how the Lord has used our body of Christ and others to help bring these tiny villages out of their poverty and give them hope. Their hope of course is in Christ, and under His "umbrella" the villagers are learning that God will send people from halfway around the world to help them and their children.

Pam and I were given 20 minutes to present slides showing the "before and after" of the work God has called us to in Uganda. We showed about 100 slides that depicted the truth about projects, the church, the women, medical, and of course the school. Just as surely as God opened the Red Sea to rescue the Israelites from the Egyptians, He is opening the hearts of the villagers in the K & K region to Himself, and is walking them away from the ways of hopelessness and evil. It is amazing ---but not at all surprising---to watch how the Lord does His work both there and here. What a GREAT God we serve.

I have never told this story in a newsletter before. It is VERY personal to me and in some ways embarrassing. None-the-less, I am feeling the urge of the Holy Spirit to tell it now.

I did not grow up in a Christian home. Both my parents passed away as believers, but they did not teach us the ways of the Lord when I was a child. Even so, as a primary

school child, I always wanted to go to church, so on Sunday mornings I would get myself up and go to Sunday school and church. I had a neighbor, Mrs. Weathers, who was a Christian, and she went to church where I did. She took me to see the movie "King of Kings" twice, and was always willing to answer questions for me. One Sunday evening she invited me to go along with her family to a missionary presentation. I went. The missionary was in the U.S. gathering support for a village somewhere in Africa.

At that time, \$1 would provide food for a child for a month. I knew that it would be difficult for me to come up with \$1 per month so I did not sign up. But, what I did do---during prayer time---was promise God that some day I would go to Africa and be a missionary for Him. That night, when I went to bed, I dreamed I was carrying a backpack full of medicine on a jungle-type trail into a very remote village somewhere in Africa.

Fast forward now to middle school years. I left church behind, I left my Lord at the church, and I forgot my dream and promise. I thought I was really something, and to prove it I learned every swear word and dirty joke around, and ---God forgive me---I spoke often with the vulgarity of the worst sort that you can imagine. This went on through high school until I met the sweetest girl on the face of the earth. I wanted so much to win her heart that I gave all my vulgarity up. She brought me back around to church and to Christ. (And we have been happily married for 46 years now.)

(cont' on page 2)

---

Even with renewing my devotion to Christ and sticking with Him, I never once remembered my childhood promise to serve Him in Africa. Pam and I did missionary work with the Toppenish Indians, we served locally working with the youth, and we served in Mexico with M4M for many years, but that was it for me.

In 2005 Pam---a pediatric nurse practitioner---was invited to apply for a medical mission to Uganda. She had to have an interview, so I took her to it. I was not about to let her go off to Africa with some strange ministry and missionary without me interviewing him! The interview ended and Pam was invited to go. I was comfortable enough with the situation to agree with her going. As we were leaving I said to the missionary, "So, is your team full now and you are ready to go?" His reply to me was this: "Almost. I need one more person, a farmer-type guy who can solve problems and figure out solutions on the spot to help the medical people with set up, procedures, tear down, and general organizational skills." WOW! That had my name written all over it. The short story is that I went with Pam and the team and we ventured to eastern Uganda as a medical team. The medical thing went fine, but the most memorable event for me was when I was asked to go with a local pastor and deliver some mosquito nets to his home village. While there, I climbed Prayer Mountain, a small mountain next to the village where we worked, and while on the mountain I prayed with the guys for God's guidance for my life. As soon as we finished I looked in all directions, but my attention was drawn to two tiny "dots" of villages about 4-5 kilometers away. The guys told me they were the VERY remote villages of Kabacheriya and Kaplobotwo: we call them K & K today. I cherished this information in my heart, and went home.

The following year, we decided to take a medical team into K & K. We would have to hike in, but Samaritan's Purse came to the rescue and gave us a dozen medical backpacks to carry our supplies in. Each of us carried different medications and supplies; I had only medications. We had to cross a river by walking on a log, then follow the trail amongst the tall grass up to the village. I was last in line for some reason, and I was taking it all in: the river, the tall grass and other growth, and the narrow trail. I reached a certain point on the trail where it turned to the right, and stopped in my tracks; I began to cry as I stood there. You see, when I reached that point, my childhood dream flooded back to me. I was on the same exact trail, at the same exact point that I saw as a child, carrying the medications I saw as a child.

I had forgotten my promise to God, but He had not. He brought it back to me in full color, full panorama, and with all the sights, sounds and smells as the original dream. It was then that I knew that somehow, over time, I would serve the Lord helping these two villages and their neighbors as I had promised God I would do as a child. God is good, all the time.

Thank you for your support of K & K. They are God's children. I will share about the Uganda trip in August.

Serving Him,  
D.C