

No, I wasn't driving the van when it slid into that knee-deep muddy ditch. But I was there to help push it out. We were dropping off the current Discipleship Training School (DTS) for their outreach in Guatemala, about an hour and a half drive from here at the ship. Near the border the road degenerates into a sticky quarter-mile of rutted goo, which the students walked through to meet their ride on the other side because even our 4x4 probably wouldn't have made it. Yes, that's an oxcart in the picture.



It's been a busy two weeks since I arrived on a humid Tuesday afternoon. The ship felt so familiar, it was strange the first night to remember that I'd just stepped off the plane in Honduras. I've had no trouble remembering since then, though. Plenty of sights, sounds, smells, and tastes to remind me that I am again in Latin America. And it's really good to be back.

Since I got here, I have been preparing for the next DTS, roofing a hospital addition, hauling different teams everywhere in vehicles of dubious and widely varied ancestry, helping to

teach a free carpentry seminar in a nearby village, and (disconcertingly enough) pressed into service as a translator on supply runs and such. I'm part-timing with the Relief & Development Services team while the current DTS is off on outreach, and it's been great to get a chance to see more of the ways this ministry reaches people with God's love. To me, the carpentry seminar was a particularly good example. All the participants - Mercy Ships crew and local people alike - developed a great sense of camaraderie, and not only did the attendees learn a solid skill with which they can now support their families, they all got their own Nuevo Testamento and a whole lot of time spent with Christians whose real love for Jesus shows through in their work. Relationships like that are the best basis possible for real and lasting change.

I also had the chance recently, with another crew member, to drop off an appointment card for Pastora, a 96-year-old grandmother, to visit the ship. She has never had a pair of glasses, but although



appointments with the ship are nearly impossible to get at this stage in the outreach - the initial screenings turn away thousands like her because we simply lack the funding, crew, and supplies to help them all - somehow there was an opening, and my friend had the happy job of letting her know. We met the whole family and talked in Spanish into the night on subjects as diverse as health care, education, and the relevancy of the Bible before we had to take our leave.

One particular need the ship has right now is more technical crew - qualified engineers and deckhands - so that we can legally make the sail back to the U.S. in September. Currently, we do not have enough. God always seems to

provide at the last minute, but this is a weight on all of our minds right now, above and beyond the usual needs for cooks, computer techs, electricians, and everything in between. Pray also, if you would, about the next DTS, which will start October 19. I'll be leading a small group during the lecture phase, and it's possible that I'll lead the entire outreach as well when we go to the Dominican Republic. Ask God to prepare the students for a radical and lifechanging encounter with himself, so that they'll see healing not only in the people they reach, but in their own lives as well. Thanks for praying and for supporting me in this ministry - your help is accomplishing something very real here in Honduras. I'll keep you posted.



Jeremy