



# Tiyamike Mulungu Center

# Malawi - East Africa

James Petrus  
JAMES PETRUS  
2008

Since 2003 - Our Goal- "Children's lives being made whole thru family"

May thru mid-July 2016 ... Busy times n busy bees... we are alive and so well and amazed at how Holy Spirit is always a step ahead waiting patiently for laggards (speaking only for myself) ... May and June can be summed up as (tearfully at times) walking thru the decision to close our Secondary School ... hopefully only for a year maybe two and then reopen with new adequate and well developed buildings and facilities. We now realize that the goals we had initially to establish a reputation for quality education at a Secondary level were achieved. The high cost of educated secondary School Teachers and the few paying students, all in a renovated house setting, adequate to the current size, but no good way to expand as it was leased, was a known challenge at the time, however the effort (and costs) over the past two years has now established us as a welcome and much needed Quality Secondary School option in the Valley. So Secondary School, Primary School all finished up well taking us to mid-July.



4 yr old Emmanuel doing his part for his future school!!



Building the new classroom ...

Building the arches...



Siftin sand !!



Keepin the Schedule !!



Finished Classroom....

New Guest room bathing /toilet .. For YOU!!



2nd part of July and into August brought Mary back from well earned UK holiday and us finishing up the new classroom and a new guestroom as well and so enjoyable was a return of Fiona, one of our past UK girls (she had spent ten months with us.) And... Hannah P. and... Hannah J. Her good friends... they and we all had a great time with some new fire dance moves brought to the fun!!! The middle of August brought our oldest daughter Shannon for a wonderful visit , here at birthday supper!!! Even to the Lake !!!



Thank you, always grace n love. Pam, Will & Mary



Tiyamike Mulungu Center Primary School Standard 8 Students of 2016 all passed...





Tiyamike Mulungu Center

Malawi - East Africa



Since 2003 - Our Goal- "Children's lives being made whole thru family"

James Petrus  
JAMES PETRUS  
2008



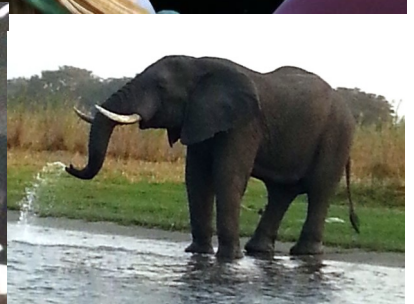
Supper and laughter with friends from UK, Tasmania and Germany.



New (n old) Partners for TMC , Kevin, Brad & Jason part of a group of Australian businessmen



Birthday supper video..



An overnight Safari at Mvuu Camp WOW !!! Thankyou Guys !! We all enjoyed it much !

1st Grads from Tiyamike Mulungu Secondary School



Our young men... Samson, David & Allan 2016 Grads !!!







Tiyamike Mulungu Center

Malawi - East Africa



Sept was busy getting back on track.. & Mary doing a great work Sundays with the small children remaining at home.



A feed of fish for the children all caught by Brad and his fishing teammates in the Shire River

Tiyamike Mulungu Secondary School Students (then & now ..) Can u match the faces?

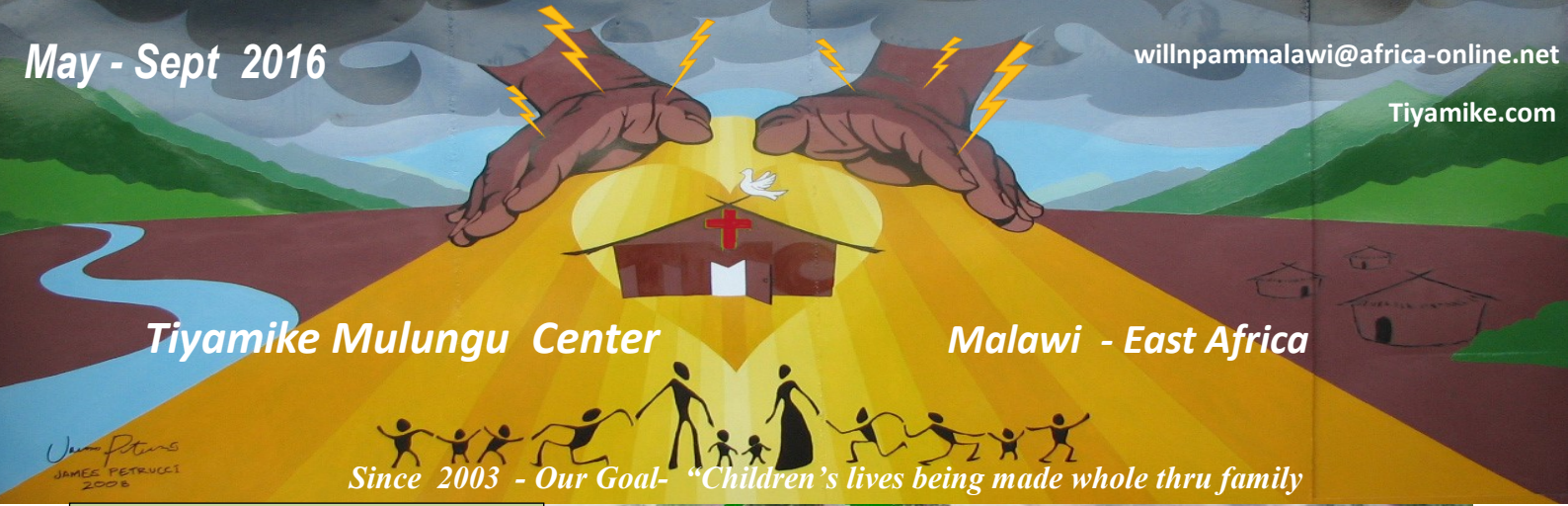


Yohane & Charles were chosen to go to, apparently, one of the best Secondary Schools in Malawi located in Dedza (about 7 hours drive from Bangula one way).. The school opened in 1951.



Two Brothers Madi n Fred (close to Will) with their sister Tamala in center & friend Maria and their cousin Yamikani by Pam.



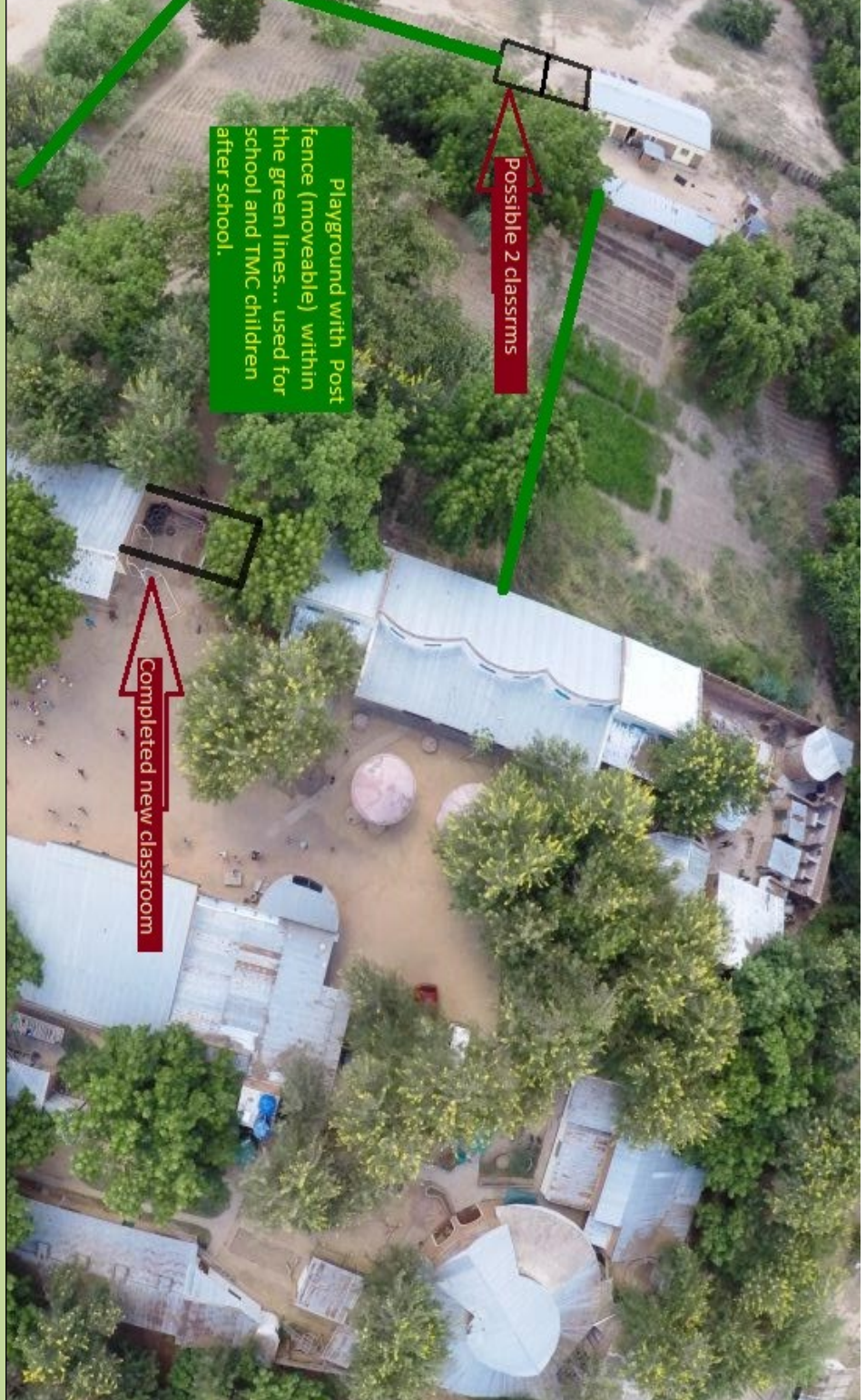


Tiyamike Mulungu Center

Malawi - East Africa

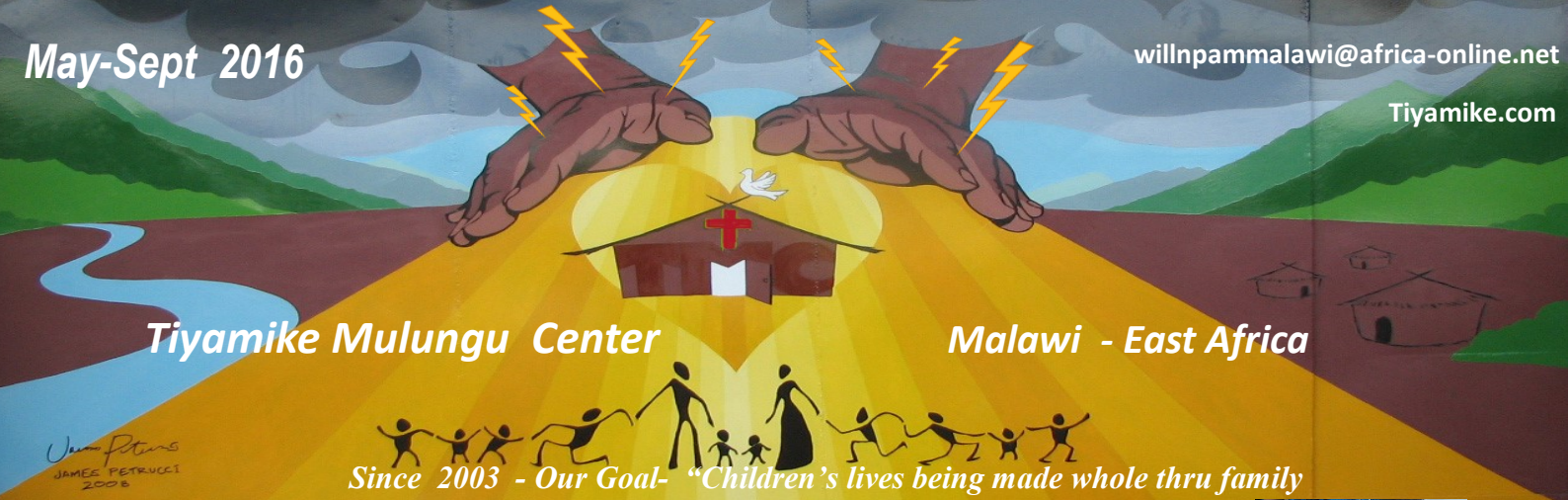
Since 2003 - Our Goal- "Children's lives being made whole thru family"

Dear Friends, Look and see... everything below the new playground area has been built with the funds you have provided !!! Not forgetting the many lives you and we here have been able to be part of saving and changing. Futures and hope where there was little if any. We need to educate these wonderful children and to continue doing that, we hope to add at least two more classrooms for next year, which will allow more community students to be impacted and to assist with the operating costs. As well and importantly it will allow the class sizes coming into pre-secondary School (Standard 8) to be of a good size when the Secondary School is ready. We are praying/ listening and are so glad to have additional partners now, friends from/in Australia to give advice and input. With our decision to close the Secondary School and the resulting need for sending our 25 secondary students out to other Secondary Schools (all paid for by incredible people).. It has given us a breather to prepare for the future larger Primary and the needed Secondary School. We have good local support and encouragement from School officials to Build a Secondary School as soon as we can... one or two or how many years? Our Head Teacher is working hard to have a top Primary School, we will have qualified capable Primary graduates to enter our (THEIR) new Secondary School.



So as always .. We encourage each to give as you are led and to what/who/where and when... be free.. Sometimes the when is very important. A friend sent an "in time gift" the beginning of January this year, too late for 2015 tax benefit, it was what carried us thru !!!





Josiah...what was he thinking March 1, 2016 at 4pm when he first took a breath....Perhaps after the shock and pressure of coming through the birthing canal and settling down after his cries of shock and fear .... And then being washed off with nice warm water which made the air feel even colder...

Thoughts such as... "IYIYI It's too cold out here... I am not sure I like this..." then placed on his mom's soft belly. " Well, I am hungry... OH! I hear her heart beat! Ahh, she is nice and warm.." He sees her face as she draws him up, holding him, smiling at him with the joy of seeing him, lighting her face, cuddling him to her breast. She sighs! It had been a hard day. Josiah breathed a sigh of contentment , " There that's more like it, much better..... mmmm good ..."



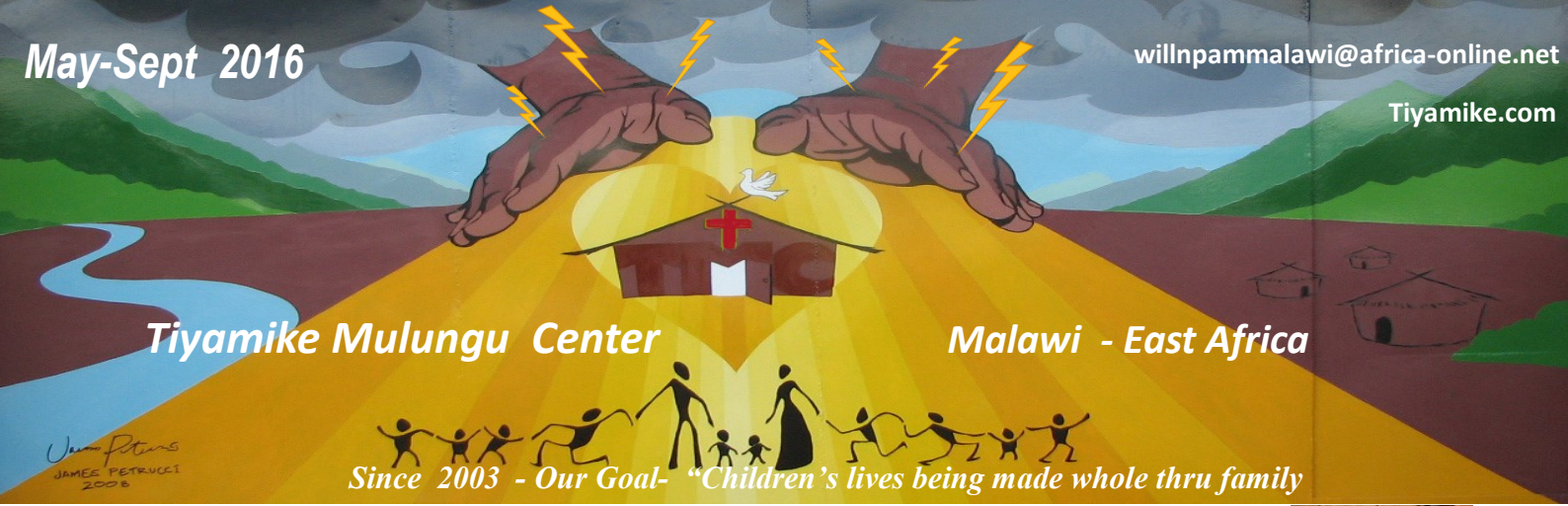
He doesn't notice the background of subdued voices and the urgency in them... "She needs blood and quickly!!" She felt so weak... it wasn't like this with her other children...she murmured, "What's wrong nurse?" with her eyes closing and her hands dropping away from Josiah. "I'm so tired..." ( Her new born son doesn't know that this short time would be the only memory he would ever have of her face and touch.)

For a few minutes he had what babies should have the world over, a safe warm haven of mother's love and care in which to cocoon for the first years of life. Then.... "Hey, what's happening?" ... He doesn't know his mom has fainted from the loss of blood...the mid-wife struggling to stop the hemorrhaging. They rush her to the operating room. It's too little, too late. At 2 am the ladies begin wailing.... his cries for his mom lost in the crescendo's ebb and flow... the voices reverberating through the small clinic ward even more as other ladies began joining in.

"What's that noise?" " Where is my mom??" " What's happening?" "Mom, why don't you hold me?" "Why won't my mom hold me ??" "Please mom, feed me...I'm hungry.." "Where is my MOM???" " Who are you?? Don't cuddle me ...Mom .. Mom..." " I want something to drink where are you mom?" " Why all the hushed whispering?... What is dying??" Confused, frightened and alone he wimpers.. " Where is she??" "What do they mean, 'She's gone?'... "Where has she gone??" "WHY???" "Where is she??" "Why are they saying I won't make it?" " Where are you taking me??" " Hey, I'm hungry !!" " Of course I'm crying. You would too!!! Where are you taking me ? Where is my mom? Who are these people?? Finally, some warm milk ..well, kind of milk... Oh I'm so tired... who are these people?"

A woman picked him up; she smelled different; her voice was different... this was not mom but she began softly singing, rocking him gently ... maybe it was going to be ok? Josiah awoke after a couple hours and announced his hunger to the woman who was holding him in her arms as she slept. After feeding him, she smiled and laughed a quiet laugh, laying Josiah down in a small bed. He could see another baby nearby and he whispered, "Psst!! Where are we? Who are you?" " It was another little boy just about a year older and yet you would have thought he was middle age from the superiority displayed over this newcomer. " You don't know where you are?.. ha ha... We are at a baby care center!" Josiah puzzled " What's a baby care center?" "Boy you sure don't know much ... that's where babies are brought if mom's die and relatives can't care for them." Josiah nodded, understanding about what happened to him was coming clearer. "Did your mom die too?" the older boy frowned at Josiah " Yes... of course why else would I be here!" "Oh... sorry .." "What's your name?" "My name is Mtendere (Mtendere for the English speakers reading about us)" Josiah was amazed "you mean people read about us?" Mtendere smug in his vast knowledge " Ha, not only read about us but they really like pictures of us and some even come to see us from other countries.." "Josiah, you have to remember the adults don't know we can think or even talk to each other, so we must be careful as some of them are pretty smart." So let's spend the next six months growing up a bit and I will keep teaching you , ok?" Sure Mtendere that sounds good to me, I'm not sure why we need to wait six months?" " It's not about us waiting , it's Poppa Will he doesn't get newsletters done very often and he wont start writing until then." " What's a Poppa Will?" A little frustrated Mtendere replies " Poppa Will is not a what... he is an adult , a person! He tickles us sometimes and talks quite a lot and seems to be helpful, at least sometimes." "So he is a servant?" "Kinda but our care ladies and Momma Pam and Aunti Mary are better servants." " So Poppa Will he is just learning?" "You got it, hey your kinda smart." "Thanks Mtendere , so we talk quiet until October?" "You got it! Good night Josiah." " Will you sing to me Mtendere?" "No I don't want to, just cry a bit your care lady will come.. Good night!"





“So here we are , it’s October already,” Mtendere now established as the guru of information for Josiah.. “ Now finally...Poppa Will is going to write again.. Its about time.” Josiah grumbled, he was tired of waiting ...



“ Let it go Josiah, that’s life... now let’s look like we are interested in these toys while we talk... adults expect that sort of thing..” “ You really know a lot Mtendere..” Josiah’s voice revealing his awe of the volumes of wisdom from Mtendere.



“ So Mtendere what do we do in life ? Just keep on being cute and cuddly?”  
 “Yeah... basically that’s what is expected until we are two then we can act a little more like adults..” So what do we do to act like adults?” “HaHa Mtendere it’s really easy especially the adults that act like two year olds..” “ What ? ..That doesn't make sense!” exclaimed Mtendere.. “ Let me tell you.. There are adults that don’t seem to have their brain in gear, they lie, cheat, steal... things that will cause them much trouble..” “Why do they do that? Is that all adults?” “No about one in ten do those things..” “Just in Malawi?” asked Josiah “No, that’s in Canada, USA, UK, ... everywhere..” “That’s discouraging!” “Yeah really discouraging, that’s why we need education!” “ Is that what keeps adults from doing bad things? “ “ I think so, Josiah, I haven’t figured that one out yet because many educated people rob and steal and lie... almost worse than the adults with no education... hmmm maybe much worse than adults with no education??”



“Oh , great so how do you tell who is what? ..” “ Well Josiah it sure isn’t by their smile, I can tell you that !!” “ Some of the adults are really nice .. Poppa says something about the inside of the cup being clean... not just the outside... I don’t know what he means. I only see him doing dishes when visitors are here and then not very often..” “Maybe he means he likes clean cups?” “Josiah I think its more than that, he says there are Senators in Canada who steal and Presidents in USA who lie and do bad things and even here in Malawi there’s a lot of newspapers sold with stories about such things.” “So, what is the answer Mtendere?” “ It’s kinda hard to understand Poppa and Momma Pam say they didn't begin changing until they were 26 years old when they met someone.” “Really who did they meet?” “ Well Its really strange, I guess that ... whoops ... hurry grab some toys...”



“Pssst Mtendere... it’s Jesus!!!”

“Josiah, I heard the care- ladies reading a book about him.... Josiah , do you know that Jesus caused a lot of problems, The religious people hated him! His followers were all killed except for one who died an old man... that was a long time ago and yet even now people are being killed because they believe and follow him!” “ Josiah there are people today who leave everything and everyone, to do what he tells them they actually hear him! There are people who give their money and things to help us.” “ Why?? Would they do that?” “Mtendere, that doesn't make sense!!” Josiah was baffled “How can they hear a dead man?” Mtendere wasn't as all-knowing now as he tried to explain what he didn't even know himself “That’s a good point and I guess that’s why they say he didn't die, he’s alive!” “ There’s something about someone called Holy Spirit teaching them and giving gifts of healing and speaking in a language they never studied... crazy stuff...” “ Mtendere , why are we whispering? .... “ Some of the adults say we can all get to know Jesus ... we just have to ask him.” “Ask him what Mtendere?” “Josiah your not keeping up ... just ask him if he is real and what’s he like?..It’s really simple!” “Ask Holy Spirit if he is real and what’s he like and what’s Father God like? Who is he, what’s he like? “ “Why are we whispering?” “It makes the printing smaller ...” “ you sure are smart Mtendere.. ”

“Mtendere , why is Poppa Will letting his hair and beard grow ?” “ Josiah ... I think he is in mid-life crisis.. I heard him say, it makes him laugh? ....ADULTS.... ???” “Mtendere, how old is Poppa Will...?” Thoughtful reply “Really really old!!! He just doesn't know it!!” “ Mtendere, is he appearing on Ducks Dynasty?” “Well, he is still a Christian .. Maybe...” “But...” “ Good night Josiah !”







**THE BUT...** For those who are blocked or hindered from surrendering to this one who created us, perhaps by thoughts of: a real or perceived broken promise, a lost maybe but really not likely dream, an unrealized potential ... betrayal of possible truth.... What if it really was...maybe its... doubts... questions...maybe..forgiving a friend, relative or parent's religiosity... hypocrisy ..failure.. cruelty? Usually those of us with those thoughts, find them soon washing away any thought of pursuing real truth and we go back into the striving and efforts of life, The I'm ok your ok club, we are good people, much better than so many... And that can be very true ... when we use our own plumb-bob... the problem is we need to use the Jewish Carpenters plumb-bob and then even the best of us in the the do-good, be-good club fail miserably (sometimes the biggest blockage is our doing good) so many self justifying, fill the God space in us, things we all are prone to. What in our lives replaces the desire to come into the fuller ... fullest relationship with Jesus, that he freely offers? For some of us, what offense have we hung onto to justify our indifference or even bitterness towards him? What heart excuse do we believe valid to offer to like minded "friends"... And even to use to keep others from him? Well, this part of the letter is not expected to win friends and influence people in the majority, but maybe...some .... who read it .... but is that really the issue? Not to offend but to care enough to say I was a poor beggar who has found good bread and good clear sweet cold water that quenches my thirst, such that never again will I thirst. I don't write to intentionally drive people away but in the hope ... even at times when thinking of some... the smallest flicker of hope that it may touch a part of their heart not hardened to stone... If one out of 300 (300,000) is brought to some truth, that will make even a crack in their/our defences and misconceptions ...it's worth it. How I wish there would have been enough humility in me to listen to one of those who knew and the very few that tried to tell me...it surely would have helped me keep from wounding the many I have. If they and now myself take the grace ( enabling power) to share of and in the love and truth of the experience of Christ and Holy Spirit. Isn't it worth the offense of others who likely would judge this as ramblings of a (hey I can almost be a crazy old man ... to some I am) The interesting thing is for those who have a bee in their bonnet reading this, that is good !!! You have enough life to at least fight, even if it is in ignorance of the greatest love given to man for all time....I say this not in mockery, but in the knowing the truth of where I was until 27 years old....but those who are luke -warm ... com se com sa.... don't care if they read it or if they give it to another...that is the heart break, the loss .... At the same time he does extend mercy... forgive them they/we know not what we do or don't do? Can a blind man understand what colour is, if he has never seen even shades of light? Is that not the same? To argue with a person who has had an encounter with Jesus (not just reading about him) and filled with Holy Spirit and getting to know the reality of his leading us in life, is really a hopeless cause to argue, for the one not so aware. A person who has no revelation of the love shown by God-man Jesus Christ of Nazareth willingly mocked, tortured and hung with criminals on a cross, and think of Steven, a waiter of tables, powerful in miracles and love speaking boldly to the religious knowing he would soon be stoned to death and both saying "Father forgive them, they don't know what they are doing." the disciples, sawn in half, hung upside down on a cross, slaughtered... willing to give their lives for the privilege of sharing the good news about the one they knew as God come to live with them..... and give his life for them/us. These are men who cowered in the upper room hiding... frightened mice ... what happened to change them to who they became? Talk about "Action Adventure Stories!!!" Reading the book of Acts is like ... well for those who haven't don't let me spoil it!! How can I not mention Saul, a persecutor of Christ's followers, approving the stoning of Steven! Saul a man highly educated, destined for greatness, struck blind... hears Jesus, who asks him "Why do you persecute me?" then after three days prayed for by Ananias a follower of and sent by Jesus. He sees, has name changed to Paul and Paul becomes one of the greatest evangelist of all time, even to writing so much of the new testament. Well friend to be, child or parent of our friend or friend of a friend I write from my heart with the hope you consider what you are told not just thru words but thru what you see in the lives of your parents, friends, work mates... the reason they gave you this part of the news letter (maybe sent by mistake with the rest of it?) is that they care and if you already know and follow this one we speak of, love and serve...perhaps it is for you to share with another who may not know. All we will have in heaven is what we take with us (who we truly are) and what is waiting for us..... As it was with Jesus, we and so many like us, are deceived (and happily so) or We are trying to deceive (which would be so sad) or... we are lost in a psychosis of a false world view .. If so please pray for us.. Hmmm but who can you pray to? With grace n love Will n Pam