



Tiyamike Mulungu Center

Malawi - East Africa



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

James Petrus
JAMES PETRUS
2008

THE PURPLE (CHECK IT OUT PAGE 3)



Our panel for Secondary Quiz Competition and Fly Skit for same...



Interview with Fly



Sassy Fly gets his due ...



Fly is DOWN !!!



Fly is OUT !!!



Fly is LOADED..

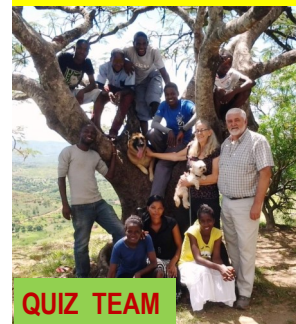


Fly IS GONE !!



Fly resurrected for Bow With other performers.. Well Done !!!

In our 13 years here it finally dawned on us we have never seen a fly swatter used in Malawian homes, schools, offices, clinics or hospitals....Where we live most have never heard of them. (we have seen the electronic insect killers in restaurants)... Hmmm has anyone heard a UNICEF funded blurb on Fly Swatters... Let's keep in mind China's kill a fly campaign? Sadly Chairman Mao decided there were four pests the Fly, the Mosquito, the Rat and the Sparrow.. The first three... not bad thinking... but the sparrow was the main predator for controlling the locusts ... 20 million people or ??? died in the famine following... So lets leave the sparrows and encourage donors send FLY SWATTERS to Africa ... Come on UNICEF ... and Mosquitos... Rats.. ?

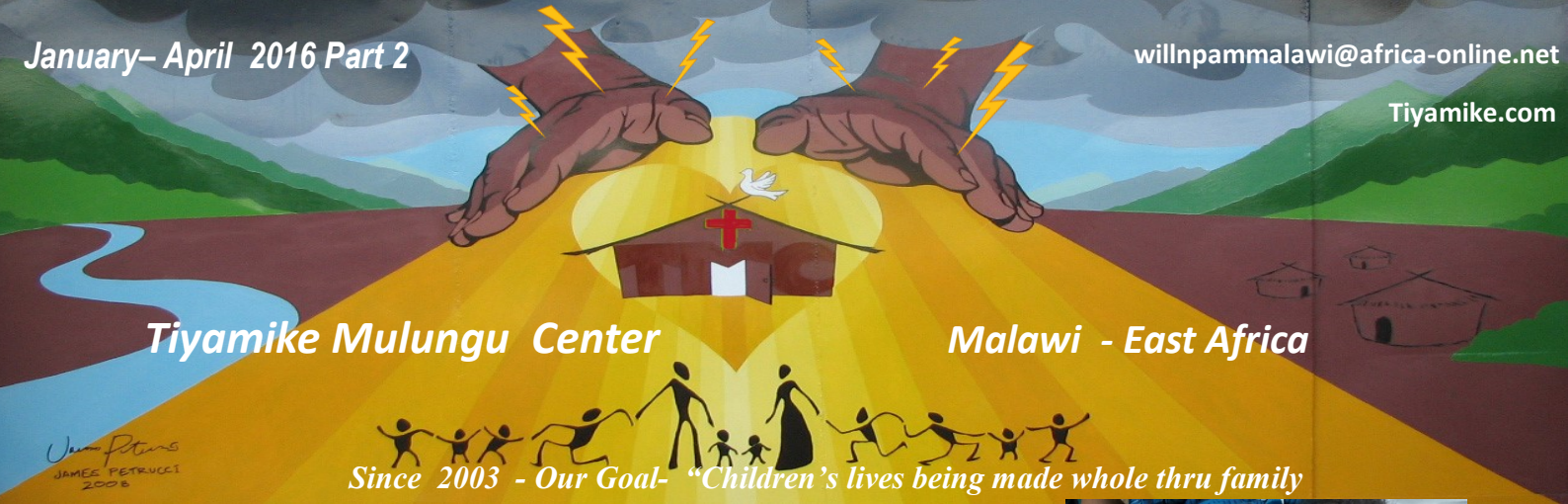


QUIZ TEAM



Some things are so obvious but weEnough said !!!

To show we can have fun while imparting a very crucial message !!!



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, the joy of seeing him lighting her face, cuddling him to her breast. She sighs! A hard day but worth it.

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 dieing??" 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 a month 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! "

" 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."

Thank you for your help which allows Josiah to have a safe home and so many others over the 13 years past.



(From the purple on page one) **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 three hundred (three thousand) is brought to some truth, that will make even a crack in their/our defences and misconceptions ...its worth it. How I wish there would have been enough humility in me to listen to one of those who knew and the 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, stuck blind... hears Jesus ask 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 and what is waiting for us.....



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

With grace n love Will n Pam