

# Student Missions

NEWSLETTER OF THE CHAPLAIN'S OFFICE AT SOUTHERN ADVENTIST UNIVERSITY

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## My Sabbath With the Maasai People

By *Marc-Antony Pierre - Nairobi, Kenya*

As we embarked on our journey, I had no idea what to expect. All I had heard was that the Masai people drink blood and milk and have a competitive jumping dance. Naturally, my guard was up.

Our goal was to distribute water to the community, because there has been a dry season for eight months. It took us two hours to reach. Everything was dry, but the people still seemed at peace. I thought to myself, "How do people live like this?"

As we arrived, we sang some songs and they sang for us a few of their own as well. It was clear that they were all just happy to get some interaction from us.

We continued to sing, and others began gathering their water containers to give them some free filtered water.

I made a friend there named Benjamin. He is 17 and loves football (called soccer

by Americans). He showed me his whole village, including his own home. He told me that out of their 600-person community, only 7 percent are literate. Mercy, that is serious! He desires to be in college, but he is too poor to afford a college education and spends most of his day working the family business of burning trees to make charcoal that they sell from their backyard.

Never in my life have I seen such poverty. But at the same time, never have I seen such happiness either. We in America get mad when our 4G phones run on 3G, while some Kenyans don't even have cell phones. We get mad when our power goes out for an hour in a storm, while there are some Africans who live in a tin-roof house with a dirt floor and who bathe in an outhouse. We get mad when Chick-fil-A is closed on Sunday, while some people in Africa will never have a sanitized meal because they

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## Be Still and Know That I Am God

By *Nicole Davis - Koror, Palau*

In the past two months, I've found that being a student missionary (SM) allows for a lot of time to think and to reflect. God has been revealing to me many areas in my life that need to be touched and changed by His hand. When I signed up to be a student missionary, I knew that God was going to "change me forever" because that's what everybody was telling me. I believed that. I was okay with that idea. I thought I understood what people were saying, but I now realize that I honestly didn't have a clue.

About a month ago, I saw one of the

other SM girls studying the adult Sabbath School quarterly, and for some reason (God's intervention), I became interested. I've never studied a Sabbath School quarterly, at least as far back as I can remember, but I was drawn to giving it a try. My reasoning was, "Might as well! I've got time." So I picked up a quarterly and I started filling it in, day by day.

This quarter's focus is the book of James, and it has been a huge blessing for me. Diving into God's Word, especially into a book of the Bible that is so incredibly

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Power for Mind & Soul

# Cats Aren't Made From Dead Skin Cells

By Tucker Anderson - Tha Song Yang, Thailand

I was gasping for air. The overgrown path went straight up the mountain and across several skinny bamboo bridges over creeks. We had been ascending this crazy terrain for at least 20 or 30 minutes. It was like a stair-stepper on steroids. My pack was heavy, full of bags of medicine. It began to weigh heavier on my legs and back. My muscles burned with each step. I felt like I was carrying a shipment of bricks.

We were hiking to Kodajo, one of the more difficult villages to reach. I wish I would have looked up—I'm sure the scene was beautiful from there—but all of my attention was on my footing, catching the leeches off my feet, and gasping for air.

Kodajo is a small village. There are five houses. It's perched somewhere on the top of a ridiculously steep mountain. The people are the product of incest. One boy is cross-eyed and a little slow. One lady is mute and dumb and sometimes wanders in the jungle at night. All of the people look pale. It's just a very sick place.

After treating the few people who were there, we were able to have worship with them. We showed them pictures from the Creation story. One of the ladies saw a picture of a cat. She looked very pleased with herself as she explained to everyone that cats were made from dead skin cells. No, ma'am, as nice as that would be, God created cats with a word; He commanded, and it was so. And everything else that you see was made like that.

The people were captivated by the photographs. They wanted a closer look at each one and listened intently to the story, sometimes breaking into conversations that discussed the photographs or story.

The group also looked at a photograph portraying the birth of Jesus. The lady holding the photograph looked up and laughed as she exclaimed, "I want to know more!"

At the end, we prayed with them. Sometimes we meet people who have never prayed to God before. They quickly look around to see what the others are doing, trying to be discrete, and imitate the motions of folding their hands together and closing their eyes.

Before coming here, I had never met someone who has never heard of or even thought of the concept of God. It's interesting to think about. Most of my reality



*Villagers in Thailand learn about Jesus Christ for the first time.*

is reigned by my acknowledgement of the existence of God. Nature makes sense. Love makes sense. Death and life make sense. The purpose of life makes sense. Everything. Fear of the unknown seems to dissipate with the more knowledge one has of God. That knowledge brings a hope that's honestly essential to my mind's well-being. Life would be terrifying without God. If I had only 80 to 100-some-years of life to live, then die, and that's the end... how scary an existence that would be! Life wouldn't have meaning; there wouldn't be a purpose.

Bringing the knowledge and hope of God to these people is a struggle because of how culturally steeped in tradition they are. It's difficult for them to understand the grander concepts of God. The simplest explanation of Christianity often blows past their comprehension. But even if it's only something as simple as a slight interest in photographs or the act of trying to pray, it fills me with joy. 🇹🇭

## How to Help

If you would like to support Student Missions financially, there are different ways you can donate.


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To credit a specific student's account, write his or her name in the comment box online or attach a note with the student's name to your check.

## Sabbath With Maasai (CONTINUED)

clean their food in river water.


And yet, Benjamin is happy. Why is he happy? He's happy because he has a family, a roof over his head, and food to eat. He may not attend Southern, Andrews, or Oakwood or live in a dorm that is beautiful with A/C and full Wi-Fi. But he has Jesus, and that's enough.

This visit not only challenged my way of thinking but how I value things in life. God is showing me exactly what is important. And I know this is just the beginning. 

## Be Still and Know (CONTINUED)

applicable to many of the struggles and questions that I've been facing recently regarding faith/growing in Christ, the struggle against self, and works.

Now that I'm here in Palau, He's continued to work on forming a quieted spirit within my soul. In my devotionals, I used to be the one who did most of the talking, but I'm starting to listen a little bit more now. I realize that in quieting me this past summer, God was starting to work on continuing this process of emptying me of self to give Him room to do the work that He needed to do inside of me. The verse "Be still, and know that I am God" (Psalm 46:10, NIV) has become so applicable to my heart the past several months.

Honestly, going off as a student missionary truly does change your life forever. This article merely touches the surface of all the crazy things that God has already been doing during my time here. All I can say is that we serve an incredible God, who takes us—wretched, selfish, broken, and messed up as we may be—and makes something beautiful. All the while, He uses us to draw others to Him as well. There is so much that we don't see, so much more to life. I'm so thankful to serve such an awesome God. I'm so glad that He's teaching me how to listen. 

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Student Missions Office  
PO Box 370  
Collegedale, TN 37315

## Into All the World

Since 1967, the Student Missions department at Southern Adventist University has helped thousands of students take a year off from school to share the love of God with others.

Thanks to your generosity, Southern students have been able to minister to those in need all around the world, while at the same time growing closer to God themselves!


**2,300** Student missionaries deployed since 1967.


**94** Number of countries in which student missionaries have served.


**400** Average number of available opportunities worldwide.


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For questions or comments, please email [studentmissions@southern.edu](mailto:studentmissions@southern.edu).



“I stepped way out of my comfort zone and loved it! I know without a doubt that **this was God’s plan for me.**”

**Courtney Brackbill**  
Student Missionary in Bolivia

# **STUDENT MISSIONS**

*at SOUTHERN ADVENTIST UNIVERSITY*

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