

SPECIAL EDITION

SAVING A VILLAGE
FROM AN EPIDEMIC

DELIVERING A BABY
IN THE AMAZON

SHARING JESUS' LOVE
IN THE PACIFIC ISLANDS

...and many more
stories of how God is
changing lives through
student missionaries

JUNE 2015 VOLUME 5 ISSUE 4

STUDENT MISSIONS

AT SOUTHERN ADVENTIST UNIVERSITY



Welcome

JULIE NORTON

STUDENT MISSIONS COORDINATOR



The year has flown by so quickly. The current student missionaries are getting ready to say goodbye to the places they now call home. At the same time, new SMs are training and preparing to take their places. The current SMs are already dealing with feelings of sadness, while the new SMs display nervous anticipation. How will the current school year end? How will the new year begin?

So many thoughts and feelings confront the student missionaries coming and going from their mission locations. All hope and pray their time of service makes an impact on those they serve.

This special edition of the student missionary newsletter is dedicated to those who have been giving of themselves to serve the community to which they were assigned. At the beginning of their service, it is a challenge for the to write stories for the newsletter. The SMs are attempting to get settled, building relationships, and trying to fathom the idea that one day they might actually call their new location home. But as the SMs approach the end of the year, they have overcome so many hurdles, and their experiences have birthed an abundance of incredible stories we wish to share with you!

Our prayer is that these stories will not only give you a glimpse into the life of an student missionary, but that you will be drawn closer into a relationship with Jesus Christ.

“Now to Him who is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that works in us, to Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus to all generations, forever and ever. Amen.” Ephesians 3:20-21, NKJV

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If you would like to support Student Missions financially, there are several 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.

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How to Pull Teeth in the Amazon Jungle

BY MATT GREEN
RIBERALTA, BOLIVIA

A few weeks ago, I got a volunteer job for a dentist at the nearby hospital here in Riberalta, Bolivia. I work there every day during the week whenever I'm not on the river. The dentist I work for is a lady named Angy, who is really nice and fun to work with. I mostly clean the instruments, get things ready for new patients, help take x-rays, and mix up paste for filling cavities, but every now and then, I help her with certain procedures.

One patient had a wisdom tooth that was growing in sideways and causing her pain, so we took out the molar in front, which allowed us access to remove the wisdom tooth. This was a long process that I helped with quite a bit; she even let me put in a suture after we removed the teeth. Lately, there hasn't been much work for me to do here at ADRA when I'm not on the river, so I'm glad I was able to find another volunteer job to occupy my time while I'm here in Riberalta.

Since I've been working with a dentist lately, Dr. Ortiz wanted me to start pulling teeth on the river, because they have all the supplies but don't have a dentist. I wasn't too sure about this, especially since our next river trip was only a few days away when he talked to me about this.

Pulling teeth isn't super easy, and you have to give the people injections to numb them up before you pull the tooth, which was something that I had never done. The next day I told Angy that I was going to be pulling teeth on the river, to which she responded, "Pobre gente en el rio!" (Poor people on the river!) That wasn't very reassuring...but she gave me a little overview on how it's done. I also made a phone call to Uncle Rick Prusia (my dentist and neighbor who is a close family friend back home), and he gave me a condensed hour-long lesson on how to do anesthesia injections and pull out teeth, which was a huge help, especially since it was in English! This helped me feel more confident, but I still wasn't sold on the idea of having to pull out teeth on my own.

This trip lasted 7 days and was on the Madre de Dios, a really big river with a mean current that flows from Peru and looks like it's filled with chocolate milk or heavily creamed coffee instead of water. This was definitely a change from our previous travels on narrow, fairly clean rivers. We stayed on this river for most of the trip, but we did go a little way into two smaller rivers that ran into the Madre de Dios to visit two villages. At our last stop, we were only about four hours downriver from Peru. There

are a lot more bugs and mosquitoes along the Madre de Dios. My least favorite is the Marigui, a tiny fly that stings when it bites you and leaves a red blood spot that itches like crazy. You would think that there would be more malaria on this river due to there being more mosquitoes, but they say that there isn't much malaria at all. We did run into a malaria case at our last stop, though; the boy was really sick, and we ended up taking him and his father back to Sena with us. After watching the effects that malaria had on this boy, I definitely don't want to get it!

When we stopped at villages, we would tell the people that we had some medicine for sick people and that we could pull teeth. I would pull the teeth; Courtney (another student missionary and registered nurse) would diagnose the sick, give them meds if needed, and also assist me with pulling teeth; meanwhile the others with us would do malaria check-up paperwork.

At one of our stops, a lady came up to us saying that a scorpion had stung her husband that morning. When we went to see him, he appeared to be in shock. He couldn't sit still and said that his whole body was in pain and that he couldn't see or breathe very well. We really couldn't do anything to help him, and I felt really bad. We had him take some Benadryl, and I prayed that he would recover. Thankfully, when we returned a few days later he was alive and well.

I ended up pulling a total of eight teeth on this trip. Almost everyone who needed their teeth pulled were kids, thankfully, because they are easier to numb and their teeth come out a little easier. That being said, not all of the extractions were a walk in the park. Things went pretty smooth for the most part, though. Many people on the river have poor dental hygiene, especially the kids! They eat a ton of sugar, and if I were to pull out all of the teeth with cavities, some kids would be left with an empty mouth. I

would mostly just pull out a tooth if it was hurting them. It was nice to be doing something new on the river, and I was able to feel a little more needed. Overall, this was another good and successful trip in the Bolivian Amazon.

I continue to be blessed every day by the experiences I am having here. There are times when being in a different country for so long can be difficult, though, and knowing that I'm in people's thoughts and prayers helps me get through those times.

Thanks again for having an interest in what I'm doing over here and for keeping me in your prayers! ■

Matt Green (left), numbs a young girl's mouth before providing dental care. Matt is volunteering with ADRA along the Bolivian Amazon River.



Are You Good Enough?

BY SARAH MORAVETZ - YAP, FEDERATED STATES OF MICRONESIA

The discussion questions in the book read: What is your purpose in life? What motivates you to live and do things? What's your personal mission in life?

Good idea, I thought. I want to know what my students' purposes are. Let's make this a writing assignment.

As I was grading, I shuffled through the usual teenage writing fluff: cliché answers on every page; not much depth or originality. But then I came to Shawn's* paper. But before I tell you what it said, let me back up and explain Shawn. From the moment I met him, I knew that he had a brain and that he knew how to use it. His voice was quiet, he seldom spoke, but words poured from his pen like a professional writer.

Since high school I have been a writing tutor; in college I graded essays for the English department and taught a homeschool writing class. Last year I taught high school English here in Yap. So I've seen a

lot of writing skills, mostly amateur with the frequent terrible writer and the occasional good writer. But Shawn's writing was unlike anything I'd ever seen. If I didn't know that he was a high school teenager, I could have sworn to you that he was a professional writer with several bestsellers under his belt. Effortlessly, it seemed, stories flowed from his brain and caught you in a web of intrigue, leaving you wanting more. For some people, writing is a science or a math where you rummage through dusty parts of speech and painstakingly carve sentences one at a time. For others, writing is an art: something that comes from the deepest part of the heart. Something that's a part of you; a gift from above. And Shawn had a triple portion of that gift.

But Shawn was not a Christian. And the use of his gift reflected what was in his heart (or rather, what wasn't). His dream was to be a screenwriter for Hollywood, crafting stories that would make you shudder. Gore, blood, violence,

drugs, language—his writing was full of it. Just as art reflects the heart, reading Shawn's writing was like getting a glimpse into his bitter soul. And it wasn't pretty. Darkness, cynicism, skepticism, anger, and hopelessness seethed in his heart and trickled into his writing. He was mad at God, disgusted with life, and tired of school.

Nobody could really blame him, though. When your American father dies in a diving accident because he's saving one of his clients and leaves you with your Yapese mother on an island with no opportunity and no future, you would be bitter too. When religion offers you nothing except hollow forms of repetitive prayers and school offers nothing but inexperienced college-aged teachers with limited supplies and nonexistent funding, you would be angry too. You would be skeptical, hopeless, and tired too. You would be ready to give up and go wild.

And this is how Shawn an-



Sarah Moravetz holds a sea turtle. This is Sarah's second year serving as a student missionary on the tiny island of Yap in the South Pacific.

swered the question "What is your purpose in life?"

"My purpose in life? Easy, for one thing. Get a scholarship so I can escape this smoking hellhole. Get myself sent into a college fraternity and enjoy as many parties as possible. Then it's a fast headlong trip into Hollywood, work my way up the ladder and start producing and directing top-notch quality productions that may or may not glorify sin. Essentially, I'm going to be a *BEEP* in life by working in the devil's den.

But mostly I want to sit down and craft some stories, direct films, be famous, smoke weed, etc. All in all, my personal mission in life is to do things that the Bible does not want

me to do.

And I do not think I'm going to revise my statement anytime soon. Why? Because it's an unbelievable mission to begin with.

My personal mission in life? Why do you ask?"

Over and over I thought to myself, "What if God could get Shawn on His side?" Think of the life and creativity that would be breathed into current Christian writing. Think of all the good God could do with Shawn's talent.

But then I would shake my head. That was impossible. Shawn didn't want anything to do with God. AT ALL.

One day we had a test in Bible class. The last question was: "Knowing that the Investigative Judgment is happening in the heavenly sanctuary right now, what should be our response to God's offer of salvation?"

Shawn answered: "Thank you, but no thank you. This is my life, and how I lived it is already done. I'd ask for forgiveness, but I'll only be lying. What's done is done. If I took Your offer, I wouldn't be true to myself or to You, I'd just be lying, Sir."

I marked it wrong. I didn't ask for his opinion, I asked for what SHOULD be our answer. Shawn got a 75% on that test. The lowest grade on any assignment or test he's ever done in any of my classes. At lunch he came to me, "Miss, why did I get a C?"

We went over the test. Most of the mistakes were simple; he just forgot to study. And then we got to the last question. "Miss, I know why I got that one wrong. Gotta go," and Shawn was halfway out the door before I stopped him.

"Come back," I requested. "I want

to ask you something.”

He shuffled back, hung his head, and looked like he'd rather be eating fish bones or drinking sea water.

“Shawn,” I said. “Do you think you're good enough for God?”

“Of course not,” he mumbled.

“Do you think I'm good enough for God?”

“Yeah,” he shrugged. “I mean, you're a Bible teacher and all...”

He started to walk away, but I stopped him. “Shawn,” I said almost sharply. “What part of the ‘all have sinned’ did you not read in the Bible? I'm not good enough for God. You're not good enough for God. But God died so that none of us had to be good enough. That's called salvation. It's free.”

He locked eyes with me and stared for an uncomfortably awkward amount of time. “Ok,” he turned on his heel. “Gotta get to class.”

I stared at the door that had closed behind him. Shawn is hopeless... I decided. He's never going to change his mind. I've worked with him and prayed for him for nearly two years. But nothing's changed...

The next day Ivana (a fellow high school teacher) came to me. “Sarah,” she whispered excitedly. “I've been talking to Shawn. He wants to give up.”

“Give up what?” I questioned.

“Fighting God,” she replied. “He knows what he's doing. And he's tired of fighting.”

Two days later, I was walking past Ivana's classroom. She called me over to the window, and we started whispering between the slats.

“He said yes,” she told me.

Stupidly I asked, “Who said yes? What for?”

“Shawn, silly,” she replied with shining eyes. “He told me today that he's ready to follow God. I asked him when and he said, ‘right now.’ So we prayed. And Shawn prayed. He asked God to forgive him and save him.”

The bell rang, interrupting our conversation. I was glad. I had to turn away before the students saw tears in my eyes.

That afternoon, Shawn stayed after school to take a retake test. He wasn't happy with the C, and since I allowed a retake for anyone who wanted, he decided to take it.

After the last student left, I was alone in my classroom. As I was grading, I got to the last question on Shawn's test. “What should be our answer to God's offer of salvation?”

And this is what Shawn wrote: “Oh Lord, I humbly accept You as my true and only Savior and to follow you always. I'll put off the sins of my past and accept You, because only You can lead me and offer me salvation. I live a sinful life, but I know that only You can make it better.”

The next day, Shawn came by to check his grade. He smiled when he saw 94% written on top of the retake test.

“Shawn,” I said pointing to the last question. “Is this your real answer? Or did you just write this because it's what you thought I wanted to hear?”

And then I saw the biggest smile I have ever seen on that cynical, skeptical, angry boy's face.

“No, miss. That's my real answer.” ■

*Not his real name.



Reverse Culture Shock

BY CARISSA BELONIO - Pohnpei, Federated States of Micronesia

I IMAGINE I'LL FIND MYSELF STRUGGLING TO UNDERSTAND FIRST-WORLD PROBLEMS AGAIN, AFTER SEEING ACTUAL PROBLEMS THAT PEOPLE FACE.



I feel this restlessness; as if I'm returning back home tomorrow.

I actually have two more months, but looking back on how fast time has gone by has put me in limbo. What have I done with all of that time? What more can I do with what little time I have left?

This island has changed me: my outlook on life, my perspective, and my way of thinking. It'll be a culture shock to drive on nicely paved streets and to see stoplights or grocery stores stocked with produce and overflowing with variety.

The showers will be hot, and clothes will no longer need to hang dry. I'll opt for a local skirt instead of short shorts, and putting me in heels will probably be a scene. I'll be in constant communication with

people that I didn't hear from all year, and I will no longer see the other student missionaries and locals everyday. I'll miss the people of this island so dearly, the welcome that they showed me, the smiles on their faces.

I imagine I'll find myself struggling to understand first-world problems again, after seeing actual problems that people face. I'll probably feel disgusted with how consumed people are with themselves after I've seen such sacrifice.

The fact that I can get anything I want, at anytime of the day, actually kind of scares me. It's a hard concept to grasp after living in a place that routinely runs out of necessities.

I'll have a great appreciation for the little things, simple things, and things

less extravagant.

It'll be a daily prayer that I don't have a type of resentment. I know that's the last thing God desires after this year spent in Pohnpei. But I can't help but think about all the shock I'll face when it comes to going home.

I need to take what I've learned here and use it to uplift, not to tear down. To improve, not to criticize. To share the importance of missions abroad, while portraying what it means to be a missionary at home.

I look back at the whirlwind that has been the last three quarters, and it leaves me speechless. This experience is nearly impossible to fully explain in an article.

It's something someone definitely needs to experience for themselves.

It's my hope and prayer that I will truly take each day for what it is. To find joy in the simple things, to treasure each moment with the people around me, and to do what I can to draw my students to Jesus. Am I doing all that I can to show them His love? Can I do more? What will they remember when I leave?

Nothing they could have learned in math, spelling, or science could ever compare to what it means to know God and to love Him. That is the influence I want to leave behind, and I have a few weeks left to reach that goal. ■

Measles Epidemic in Kukungan

BY RACHEL WILSON - *Palawan, Philippines*

One of the villagers, Marinsyu, had come to our clinic early one morning to report that many people from his village were very ill. Carrie (head nurse at the clinic) and I were called to go hold an outpost clinic until the patients were stabilized. We had no idea how long we'd be there.

The hike was six hours away from our home village, Kementian. It was the hardest hike I've experienced. It was my first time seeing a Palawan actually slip and fall. You can only imagine how many MORE times I fell.

During our stay in Kukungan, we cared for 19 patients. Not only did they have measles but also malaria, conjunctivitis, UTI, worms, dysentery, pneumonia, and URI. After practically living with them all week, I thought I might be a patient soon.

Their village was located on the top of a mountain. Their huts were on an incline because of the steep mountain face. Carrie and I had very limited resources of tissue, food, water, and most importantly, hand sanitizer. Water had to be hiked in from the bottom of the mountain. Mrs. George wanted to drop more supplies for us by airplane, but unfortunately the supplies would just slide down the mountain.

Nights were freezing and exhausting. We huddled together in our little three-walled hut from the howling wind. We woke up for hours at a time giving meds and checking vital signs. At times, we felt a bit hopeless and scared that we'd never go home.

But God is so good!

Slowly but surely, we saw the villagers improve a little each day. On day 1, they looked like dying daisies on the bamboo floor. On day 5, they looked like revived daisies, scattered along and walking all over! I'll never forget how God's healing power worked in the village of Kukungan.

Overall, I wouldn't trade these first six months in Palawan for anything. It's been one of the most trying, exhausting, and stressful times. But God has truly been my strength in my weakness, knowledge in my cluelessness, and comfort in my loneliness.

Please continue to keep me in your prayers. Your prayers, letters, packages, and support have meant more than you know. ■

I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW GOD'S HEALING POWER WORKED IN THE VILLAGE OF KUKUNGAN.



Baby Delivery in the Jungle

BY COURTNEY BRACKBILL - *Riberalta, Bolivia*

BETWEEN THE MOTHER'S EXHAUSTED CRIES, I COULD HEAR RATS RUNNING ACROSS THE BEAMS OVERHEAD.



Two weeks ago I started volunteering at the local Mother-Baby Hospital. This opportunity had been discussed for a couple months, but it finally happened! When I am not on a river trip, I have a lot of downtime and there usually isn't enough office work to keep me busy.

My first day at work was...terribly sad. The director of the hospital was walking me to the pediatric ward to show me where I would be helping out. Upon our arrival they were coding a little girl. The director started to assist with compressions. Wanting to stay out of the way, I observed from a few feet away. I watched the scene only

long enough to see how they were running the code and to note the techniques and order they did things in. I couldn't believe how sloppy it all was.

I waited outside, along with a handful of curious parents/families who kept trying to peer inside the window. The little girl's mother finally stepped out of the room and sat down on the bench next to where I was standing. Leaning over, head in her hands, crying...I watched her.

What could possibly be going through her mind right now? Should I go sit with her? Should I get her some tissues? I just got here, though...I don't know where anything is! Should

I go sit by her? I wouldn't know what to say...especially in Spanish. She doesn't even know who I am. I want to do something to help her, though!

A staff member finally came over to be with the mother and brought her some water. Looking away from the grief-stricken mother and back to her lifeless daughter, I saw the doctor stand up and start walking away from the bed. It was over. The little girl didn't make it.

Before coming to Bolivia, I worked for about a year in an adult ICU in America. I saw some very sad situations. I've assisted in and seen numerous codes, some of which have

been successful and others that have not. Dealing with death is something that comes along with the job of being a nurse. This was different, though. Watching a child die was harder to stomach.

The start to a terribly sad first day got even worse. While checking on patients later that morning, the doctor was interrupted and called to run another code. I stood in the corner of the room, helping hand supplies to the nurses and doing what I could.

I angrily observed. Where was the heart monitor? Where was the backboard for compressions? Where were the IV and drugs? Why are they waiting

so long to restart compressions? The child in that code died also.

I couldn't help but wonder... if the same scenarios had occurred in an American hospital, would the children have lived? What if there had been better equipment, better-trained staff, and knowledge of the latest methods? I know the staff did the best they could. It's just so frustrating to watch and feel helpless.

On the pediatric ward, there are six to eight beds per dimly lit room. There are fans and lights in each room, but those are rarely in use because it wastes electricity. There are no pillows. Various faded "kid-patterned" sheets cover the dirty mattresses that sit atop rusty metal cribs. The railings are usually down, despite the safety hazard for a squirmy kid, who could easily fall out onto the dirty brown tiled floor.

Barefooted toddlers crawl and waddle through the hallway while their young mother pushes the squeaky rusty IV pole behind them, unaware that the tubing is kinked and not giving their child fluids. I see the same exact same nurses day after day. They work 12-hour shifts, six to seven days a week! Their job is their life.

We pulled into a village for the night and were greeted by "Betty,"

who told us that a woman was in labor. As we walked through the village, I could feel the excitement nearly bursting inside. This was my dream come true! Before coming to Bolivia, there was one experience I wanted to have more than anything: delivering a baby.

When Dr. J and I walked into the dark, candle-lit hut, we found the woman sitting on the dirt floor on top of a pile of almendra sacks, leaning back on a woman I assumed to be her mother. She had been in labor since about 7 a.m. Twelve hours later, she was at 6 cm. Dr. J assessed her and told her to start walking around to help speed things up.

We returned two hours later, and she was at 10 cm and ready to push! We helped her onto the bed, put a dirty plastic tarp underneath her and readied the blankets, not-so-sterile scissors, and other supplies. We were down to only 2 candles, so I put my headlamp on Dr. J so he could see. With one pair of clean gloves each, we tried our best to keep things as clean as possible. Between the mother's exhausted cries, I could hear rats running across the beams overhead.

An hour later, a beautiful baby girl was born! She was slightly blue when she came out, and Dr. J quickly

began wiping her mouth and nose with a blanket to clear the secretions so she could breathe. After a few tense moments and some vigorous pats on the back, she gave a weak cry. What a relief! She was beautiful and appeared healthy. I cut the cord and handed Dr. J the alcohol-soaked, pink sewing thread that was used to tie off the umbilical cord. Once everything was stable, Dr. J and I headed back to get some sleep before our 6 a.m. departure on the river the next morning.

I sensed a lack of education among the women. To my surprise, no one seemed to know about delivering babies! I pictured there being some sort of "village midwife" who knew all the tricks of the trade for a rural delivery. I also couldn't help but notice the lack of emotion in the room. I never once saw a smile or look of happiness. I did not know about the family situation. I'm not sure if the father was in the picture, if this baby was planned or unplanned, what kind of family support the mother had, etc.

Regardless, God answered my silent prayers that evening for a safe delivery. I am even more in awe of what an incredible God I worship! ■



Left image: Courtney Brackbill attends to patients, she also recently helped deliver a baby (right image) along the Bolivian Amazon River.



Why Did I Ever Doubt God?

BY LUNEDY FLORVEUS - *Ebeye, Marshall Islands*

Coming to Ebeye was an unexpected and almost unlikely one. I always knew I wanted to be a student missionary and answered the call my sophomore year in college, but I did not actually go out until after completing my undergraduate degree. I knew that God had special plans for me, but I also had my own. I was going to become a girls dean in an academy somewhere in Africa. Being a dean would be less work; I did not have to work directly with kids, I would be in charge, and everyone would love me. It sounded like the perfect plan to me, so I got started. I officially applied to become a missionary and was enrolled into the missions class, so I was on my way. The options listed on the missions website were endless, but I finally found it: the dream position I was looking for, and in the exact place where I wanted to serve: Kenya. I quickly sent out my application and just knew I was not going to get turned down.

Days turned into weeks and weeks turned into months. Why was it taking so long for me to get accepted? I was the perfect candidate, and they would be glad to have me. I had tons of experience, and in a few months I would

have my college degree. A month and a half later, I was finally accepted by the General Conference to become a volunteer and my application was sent to Kenya. I quickly told my friends and family to pray for me in hopes I was to be accepted to Kenya. A few days after school was over, I had a phone interview with the head dean at Maxwell Academy. This was it. The phone interview lasted over an hour and a half. It went well, and I was extremely confident. I knew this position was all mine, until it wasn't. I was denied from the girls dean position in Kenya two weeks after the phone interview. After my denial, rejection letters from various other dean positions continued to come in—position after position, country after country. I was depressed. I was not giving up and took this as a sign that God wanted me to expand my net and look at teaching positions. So I began to look at teaching positions and applied for the first position I saw. It was a high school English teaching position in Ebeye, Marshall Islands.

I had never heard of Ebeye before, but I thought to myself that if it was the middle of July and this position was still up, they desperately needed teachers and I des-

perately needed a placement. A week after I applied, I was accepted to be the high school English teacher at Ebeye Seventh-day Adventist School in Ebeye, Marshall Islands. Praise God, after the many rejections I was finally accepted. It was a relief to finally see the word “accepted” instead of “denied.” I did some research and found out that a few friends from my school, Southern Adventist University, were also going to Ebeye. I was very happy and knew this was God’s plan all along.

Now that I was accepted, another major hurdle I had to jump was finances. In order for me to go to Ebeye, I needed to fundraise a total of \$3000 and so far all I had was \$100. This seemed almost impossible until my friend Angelica Perez encouraged me to ask my friends and neighbors to donate \$20 each. I figured out if 120 people donated \$20 I would have just the amount of money I needed to reach my goal. I have over 500 friends on Facebook, so it seemed very realistic, until it wasn’t. Many people donated and I had a summer job to also help with the cost, but after all was said and done I still needed another \$1400.

I did everything I could. I emailed, texted, called, and practically begged everyone to donate and came up empty-handed. I also began to explore other options, such as going back to school to complete my master’s degree in social work. I knew that going back to school was not the route God wanted me to take; God wanted me to become a missionary in Ebeye, Marshall Islands. Even though I did not know this yet, God was going to make a way so that could happen.

I missed the deadline to have all my funds in and also my expected departure date. I was crushed and shed many tears. God was still working, though. My missions director

informed me that if my mother could donate another \$400, the school would sponsor \$1000. My mother knew that this was God’s plan and did not hesitate to agree to donate. I was finally cleared, and my flight was in a week. I had never been so happy, excited, anxious, and overjoyed in my life. My best friend was with me through it all, and when everything fell into place I looked at her and said, “Why did I ever doubt God?” She responded, “You never should.”

Now I am serving as a missionary at Ebeye Seventh-day Adventist School as a high school English teacher, and never have I felt so complete. I know this is where God wanted me to be all along. I find joy serving the people here in the Marshall Islands. I am reminded daily of how blessed and highly favored I must be to have such a great God working on my behalf daily. The love, motivation, and encouragement I get from God and my students is just unimaginable. I am lost for words, and there is no place I would rather be. ■

Many Southern Adventist University students long to serve as student missionaries but often struggle to find the financial means to do so. However, with your financial support, students and recent graduates—like Lunedy—are able to serve God and make a life-changing difference around the world.

If you would like to support Student Missions, please turn to page 2 to learn how you can help. Thank you.

The Journey Continues Online

There are so many more incredible experiences and miracles we want to share with you, but they simply can’t all fit into one newsletter!

Follow Student Missions online to see more photos and videos from our student missionaries. We’ll be posting stories and all the latest news of how God is working in and through the lives of student missionaries. You won’t want to miss it!



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STUDENT MISSIONS

AT SOUTHERN ADVENTIST UNIVERSITY

