

lives changing.

STUDENT MISSIONS
AT SOUTHERN

In the Works

Kamea's experience growing in the seasons of waiting
page 2

Eyes Opened

Sarah's testimony on being a school nurse in Zambia
page 3

ISSUE

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Trials Worthwhile



JOBY NASH

Currently at the orphanage Banglahope in Bangladesh

To be truthful, my experience in Bangladesh has been quite hard. My days are filled with irritations and problem solving. The kids at the orphanage are extremely disrespectful. Not to mention, they are always around. Setting boundaries has been a huge challenge. My patience is tested constantly.

However, with all of that being said, I know my intense struggle hasn't been in vain.

The patience and energy needed to survive and be impactful here is far beyond me. I realize that the reason I've made it this far is because of my reliance on Jesus and the Holy Spirit. There was a day, a few weeks into my SM experience, that I had a huge meltdown. I just gave up. Yet, I still found myself in the middle of Bangladesh. I quickly realized that my only hope at being a light and thriving through my time here was to FULLY depend on God. Not just to say I was relying on God, but to ACTUALLY give all of my worries and fears to Him. Since that breakdown moment

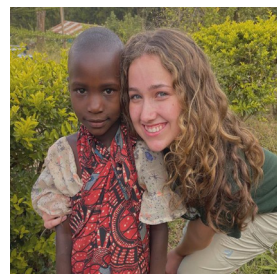
continued on page 2



The valuable lessons Joby has learned in Bangladesh make all of the challenges worth it for him.

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FAITH. SURRENDER. JOURNEY. PURPOSE. JOY.

Trials Worthwhile continued from page 1

I experienced, there have certainly been struggles, but I have a peace in my heart that I am not alone. There is a very real power working before and behind me.

I'm pressed and tried daily, but I've learned to really depend on Jesus... actually. There is an overwhelming sense of power and peace that follows when Jesus is driving. There are awesome moments, but the fact is that this is far from a vacation and I'm not having a blast every day. HOWEVER, the discovery I have made is worth it a million times over. My problems aren't gone, but my fear is, because I KNOW Jesus is holding my hand. I'm looking forward to living in that freedom for the remainder of my time in Bangladesh, and also when I return to the States.

Student Missions is a great opportunity. I would encourage anyone who is interested to look into it. Not because it's always fun, but because of its ability to push you in the right direction and to teach you to rely on Someone much greater than yourself.

My experience has been difficult, but I would walk through any valley to realize what I know now.



In the Works by Kamea Zarate



Kamea, currently an elementary school teacher in Hawaii, embraces one of her students.

I have learned that being a student missionary is not just about the God-given opportunities, adventures, and people I have gotten to know. Even in the mission field, God still allows you to be tested, and Satan does his best to destroy you. Personal battles have challenged me during my time as a student missionary. I have struggled with finding my purpose and confidence, and my faith has been tested many times. Currently, I think "waiting" is the biggest lesson that God has been teaching me, which goes hand-in-hand with faith.

To be transparent, I have a hard time focusing on my own journey. I tend to compare my life to others. For instance, I still need to graduate and apply for graduate school, but I see friends in new relationships, friends graduating, and friends already working. Although I know that I am doing what God has called me to do, watching from the sidelines sends my mind into a spiral. Even more so, sometimes it changes the desires of my heart. What I mean by that is that I start to ask God more about what I want instead of desiring God Himself.

Now, I don't know about you, but being in the waiting season causes me to have high expectations and doubts. I had to remind myself that the war we fight as Christians is a spiritual one (Ephesians 6:12). I learned that the cool thing about being in the waiting season is that something IS taking place, and I should be assured of that. If you are reading this, and if you experience the same feelings as me, I pray that you remain faithful in God. Be excited in His promises for you, and know that the "waiting season" is only a signal for great growth, which comes only through His grace.

Eyes Opened



SARAH HASEL
School nurse at Riverside, Zambia

During my second week volunteering as a nurse in the remote village of Chipwa, a woman came to our temporary clinic seeking help for a foot injury. She had walked barefoot for over four hours with a thin cloth bandage covering a large wound on her foot. When she removed the bandage, I was shocked to see a hole that was three inches wide and went from the top of her foot to the center. Her pinky toe had turned black from necrosis, or dead tissue.

She had heard from nearby villages that the Mazungas, or white people, had come to hold meetings, and she had held on to the hope that we would be able to help her.

When she walked into the small room we had been using as our temporary clinic, I could not hide the shock on my face when she removed the cloth. Not only was there a gaping hole on the top of her foot, but also a hole on the bottom so that you could almost stick a pencil through the entire open wound.

As I used the limited supplies we had to clean the wound, the woman explained that she had been consulting a witch doctor in her village. He had tried to heal her using charms but had been



Cleaning the wounds of a man with ulcers on his foot similar to the one from the story.

unsuccessful. She pleaded for us to pray for her healing and asked if there was anything we could do. Unfortunately, due to the limited supplies we had brought with us, we could only pray and give her the money to go to a local hospital.

I felt so helpless, and my heart ached for this woman. Maybe she was a mother, a loving wife, a kind sister. Whoever she was, she was hurting. Her situation, which would have required simple care in my country if treated early, was now life threatening here in Zambia. Her foot would most likely need to be amputated to save her life.

Over my year as a student missionary, I have seen so many similar issues, from typhoid outbreaks to malaria. All are in desperate need of good medical care. Zambians living in remote villages are poverty stricken and, due to the lack of resources, desperately seek witch doctors for healing.

A few days later, I was able to assist in my first delivery of a baby—the most thrilling joy anyone could possibly have. My experiences have taught me about the gift of life and its ultimate fragility. God calls us to be His hands and feet so that we can meet others' needs and share His love. So many times this year, my eyes have been opened to the needs that humanity faces every day, most without the benefits of basic health and the Savior who so desperately wants to provide healing for their souls.



Sarah holds one of the babies they helped deliver.

Fun Moments in Bolivia

Some highlights of Giancarlo Leonor's time at Familia Feliz.



On Saturday nights the whole campus meets together for worship and forms a giant circle in the middle of the cancha (field). Just as worship ends and he witnesses yet another beautiful sunset, Giancarlo goes around to each person to say, "Feliz Semana!" Welcoming the new week always includes an enthusiastic hug or, more frequently, a piggyback ride!



Giancarlo enjoys bonding with the other student missionaries and the babies!



On Sundays at La Casa de Los Leones, the boys play while the house parents have their day off.



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