



Accidental Home Birth

The phone rang.

“Yanuri, is having pain since last night, she might need to be brought to the hospital in Waspan.”

It took me a moment to recall Yanuri; she is a fifteen-year-old first-time pregnant mother who we met two weeks previously on our customary Sabbath evening praise visits. We are trying to get to know the community by singing hymns and thanking God for his blessings on the porches of their homes. Turns out, Yanuri, her mother, grandmother, and brother had all been baptized into the Adventist church a couple years ago but had lost their first love. Our visit encouraged them, and they promised to attend church the next Sabbath, and Yanuri and her brother did!

“The baby is coming, bring your scissors!”, the lady at the phone shouted as she hung up.

Glenda was giddy at the potential of delivering a baby, but I was hoping we could just bring her to the hospital. Our children were planned homebirths, so we have some limited experience, and we kept the

same set of delivery instruments for the past 12 years, just in case.

When we arrived at the primitive one-room home shared by 5 family members, Yanuri was on the only bed, clearly in labor, and the midwife was attending. Glenda sprang into action, taking Yanuri’s hand to encourage her. I got out some rubber gloves and gave them to the midwife, but she wouldn’t take them initially. She wanted me to deliver the baby, she didn’t want to be responsible if something went wrong. I examined Yanuri, hoping to find that she was a few centimeters dilated and take her to the hospital, but instead I saw a cone-shaped, black-haired head trying to emerge.

It was a very hot day. All of us were dripping sweat, there was smoke from the cooking oven spilling into the window behind me, my only source of light. A skinny dog crawled under our feet and children ran in and out to get a peek. Neighbors and family were all there trying to help, yelling out orders and swatting away at the flies and curious children. Glenda had to ask them to leave so Yanuri could concentrate. Apparently, she had gone into labor the night before, and she didn’t



notice her water break that morning because she was bathing, but as she returned to the house, she could feel the baby's head, which is when we were called. It was only 35 minutes from the time we arrived at the time a healthy, 7.5 lbs. baby boy was born. How do we know his weight, you may be wondering? We had to send for the scale in the little community store, the kind of scale one would use in a grocery store to weigh potatoes.

The ladies in the community were grateful we had arrived to help. One pregnant woman, next in line to deliver, was already saying that now that there is a doctor in the community, she was going to have her baby at home. I hope she is joking.


We have been trying to win the confidence of our Miskito neighbors to have a greater influence for the gospel. This unexpected miracle, in addition to other divine appointments, has put our mission in a good light. How God will accomplish His work is beyond our wildest imagination, we are just thankful to have a part in it, along with you all.


“For I know the plans I have for you,’ declares the Lord...”

—Jeremiah 29:11

God bless you!


Your AWA Nicaragua Mission Families

 **PRAYER REQUEST:**
Safety and protection for the family.

 **PROJECT NEEDS:**
#1 Toyota Truck ~ Low Mileage, Reliable, 4 wheel drive \$28,000-35,000
#2 Remodeling Mission Base into a Community Health & Learning Center \$7,000

Your AWA Mission Families for the AWA Nicaragua Mission Project

Caleb Runne,
Glenda Escudero,
Jordana and Enoch



Josh and Yosiday Fix
Caleb and Isaac

