



LITTLE SCHOOL ON THE PINE SAVANNAH

by Jordana

For a while, I had been feeling like I was only in the background of mission life as if my role was to cook, clean, and live a normal, happy home life. Although cooking and cleaning are a vital part of the mission, I wanted to do something bigger for God; something that helped someone in a direct and personal way. I prayed about this earnestly, but nothing seemed to come up, and I began losing motivation. Just about when I thought, “Well, I give up! It must be that God wants me to keep doing what I’m doing,” something providentially happened.

We took a trip to Tikiamp and visited the families at the “empalme,” or the entrance of the community. The living conditions are worse than anywhere else in the village. The water they drink is brown and smells awful, the houses are falling apart, and it is running over with kids who don’t go to school. When we were told this, I had a glimmer of hope. “*Maybe they are the mission God has for me!*” It seemed a little far-fetched, but suddenly Mom and Dad turned to me and asked, “Do you want to teach those children?”

Amazed, I said, “Yeah!” while I was thinking, “*Really?! That’s the opportunity I’ve been longing and praying for!*”

As the first day of school approached, I was a little nervous. After all, I’d never taught school before, and I was scared I’d do something wrong. I had to keep reminding myself that God had given me a duty in His vineyard so He would lead me all through the way and tell me what I needed to say.

The day finally came, finding me struggling to trust, but as we hopped off the car, I committed myself to God. “*This is Your business, Jesus. Guide me.*”

Our friends greeted us happily and sent a young girl named Amy to get the children and bring them to what would be their first time going to school. About 15 children came, and only ten or so were school-aged. Since they were raised in primitive conditions, most of them were pretty wild—yelling and laughing and wrestling each other enthusiastically.

I began by teaching them the vowels in Spanish and was very surprised at how well they could write and how fast they learned. From 5-year-old Chanaira, my



littlest student, to Tanya, my oldest and 12 years old, they carefully copied their letters, proud of their work. It was hard to keep their attention, but they still did an excellent job. They also learned how to write their names, which seemed to mean very much to them. Josue, age 11, told me, "I used to go to school, but I stopped. Now, I'm happy I can learn close to my house!" And with that, he diligently applied himself to learning.

At the end of the class, we all repeated (really, we shouted) the vowels, and whenever I asked a child, "Can you tell me the vowels?" they would proudly and loudly proclaim, "A-E-I-O-U!"


I think we all had a bunch of fun.
 I thank Jesus greatly for my precious, rowdy students and your support in prayer. It is a blessing.

God bless you!

Your AWA Nicaragua Mission Families

**Your AWA Mission Families for
the AWA Nicaragua Mission Project**

**Caleb Runne,
Glenda Escudero,
Jordana and Enoch**



**Josh and Yosiday Fix
Caleb and Isaac**

