

### Returning—Our 31 Hour Day

It was 5 a.m. as we struggled down from the second floor of our hotel with all nine bags. The cold ocean breeze made us bristle as we waited in the early dawn light for the shuttle to arrive. I sat wondering what kind of reception we would get from our driver who would have to lift and fit in all our bags and then what of the ticket counter at the airport; I always dread the stares and tension as we attempt to move our overstuffed carts through the lines without crowding others. It makes me feel like a square peg in a round hole. I whispered a prayer. Thankfully our driver arrived and Steve helped him load them without any comments, although it looked to me like no one else would have room for their bags.

As we drove through the still dark street I felt a chill go through my body and chided myself for not taking time to go to the doctor before leaving Modesto. I felt feverish. I whispered another prayer.

Near panic swept over me when our driver insisted on dumping us in front of the domestic terminal; we tried to explain that we were headed for Africa, which had to be international. But there we stood on the curb with all nine bags, hoping that we would not end up walking to the international terminal! I whispered another prayer. I felt like Pooh Bear sitting on the limb with all of his honey pots lined up. I whispered another prayer.

Obediently we crossed six lanes of traffic and maneuvered the turntable door with difficulty only to find passengers checking themselves in at the computers most with only one small tote bag; everyone stared. I whispered another prayer.

We couldn't even fit between the computers with our overstuffed carts and just about the time we had exhausted all our options a clerk came to our rescue and steered us in the direction of another line way to the side. I breathed a prayer of relief and pointed my cart in that direction, hoping for better results.

Then the time of reckoning came, the clerk behind the counter asked, "How many bags do you have?" I hesitated and then weakly said, "Nine." A look of shock came first, replaced by a deep frown. Steve quickly handed her a letter from our travel agent explaining a special baggage allowance for NGO's, which by the way, they did not have to honor. I felt my stomach knot. I whispered another prayer.

I smiled at the ticket agent and talked about the street children in Africa. She said she'd have to talk to her supervisor but she started to warm up to us. I breathed a prayer of thanks while I looked at Steve and smiled. She came back after a long time and was having trouble getting the computer to acknowledge our bags, but in the end we walked away with our boarding passes for all three flights and only \$260 in excess baggage. We walked away 450 lbs lighter and with hearts even lighter with thanksgiving! What a relief.

We settled down to wait knowing that we had three long flights ahead of us and would possibly have to pay again for our bags in Texas when we changed airlines. I whispered another prayer and went off to look for some medicine to relieve the chills that I was still having.

Thirty-one hours later (our fastest trip ever!), two very tired but grateful missionaries arrived at Jomo Kenyatta airport in Nairobi (with no fever and no extra baggage charges). We breezed through immigration, collected all nine bags, and headed towards the customs officers. I whispered another prayer. We opened our first bag holding our breath...there was the unicycle and legos. Suddenly they burst out laughing and told us to have fun with the street children as they waved us on through. We were back! Thank you, Lord for answering all those prayers.

### Reuniting



The past few weeks have been jammed pack with getting back into the work at Agape, reconnecting with the boys, meeting with

the Orientation staff to evaluate progress, involvement in a week long Green-Bag training workshop, and a four-day retreat with all the new missionary staff to get acquainted.

Our contact with the boys on the streets has been a great reunion, with a welcome of singing songs of truth. It's great to have His words to us, which are found in the Bible, and our response to Him found in the hymnal.

Our first time back on the streets we had the privilege of praying with one boy as he invited Christ to take control of



his life; according to his story he and his little sister are alone. Their parents died. He left his sister in the village to come to Kisumu looking for ways of supporting both of them, but confessed that it



has only led to taking glue and alcohol; now he sees the sense in returning home to farm.

“How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord,

is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He say than to you He has said—to you, who for refuge to Jesus has fled.” John Rippon 1787

### Rejoicing

Isn't it great how God's economy is not adversely affected by the troubles in our world's economy? “God has made the poor of this world to be rich in faith.” We'd all be blind not to notice that things have gotten tougher with raising costs all over the world, Kisumu is no exception. We were very concerned for our boys that live in the slums in extremely difficult situations. In our first meeting with one of them we asked what God was doing in his life. The answer was immediate, “Miracles!” He went on to share how his baby brother was very sick and the situation was desperate with no money to take him to the doctor so he prayed and prayed and the Lord healed him!



Another very exciting discovery is that God is working among the boys at Agape in a new and special way. A few boys have been getting together entirely on their own at various times during the week to encourage each other in the Lord. On Saturday afternoon they meet more formally for prayers, scripture memorization, and spiritual growth—all led by some student volunteers (one is a former Agape boy studying to be a pastor). Ten have completed a teaching on the Way of Salvation and have been led individually through the Steps of Freedom (Neil Anderson's material). Those on campus are wondering why these boys



are behaving so differently; now others are curious and joining the group. They now are up to 15. ***Six of the original 10 boys are new boys off the street that our special prayer team has been praying for by name!***

PRAYER CHANGES THINGS! Thank all of you who pray for Agape and for us.

### Reflecting

Much more could be said but I'll close with a glimpse through the eyes of a couple small boys. It's hard to image what their world looks like; both were



recently brought to Agape for protection...one compared himself to a donkey because he said he carries all the burden of his own education, good shelter, and clothing with no one to go to. He said he felt like he had no life in him so that's why people didn't want to help him. After the death of his parents he has been shifted from one relative to another; some of the relatives claimed that the grandfather cursed him so he can't stay with anyone.

Another boy broke down weeping in Orientation class a few days ago. He said they might never see him again because his mother told him that if he ever goes home she would kill him but he added, “I know that I will go to be with Jesus in Heaven.”

There is so much darkness in the world but we have the light of the world!

We love you all. Thanks for all your support, gifts, and prayers.

*Steve and Dianne Warn*

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