

Never Mind 11-1-25

Okay, we, of course, were waiting to move into House 6 until bathroom construction was complete. So we would have bathrooms. That minor toilet issue I alluded to became major. Oh, never mind, it's not a toilet problem. It's not even a sewer line problem. Oops. The septic is full. That's why. Did you want to have a bathroom? Never mind. That diagnosis has been a week and a half since. Every update is, "We've contacted the septic company, and they've said they're coming." Somehow, the slightly uphill kitchen toilet still allows us to flush, so no complaints. I don't want to look too closely at how things are out at the septic end of things.

And the almost never mind? (Duoplay)

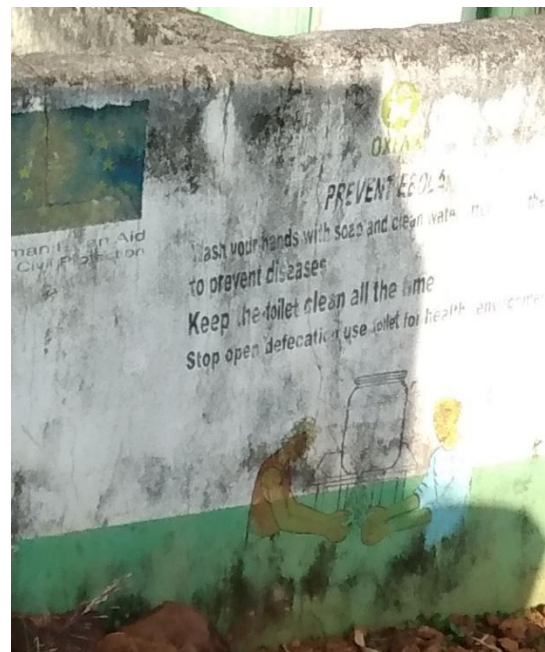
Last Saturday, Oct 25, was the trip to Duoplay for the midwives. Along the way we only passed one stalled vehicle in the middle of the road, with the usual warning "flares" or "cones" as we approached, created by putting a punctuated row of neatly-piled green leafy twigs in the road to alert drivers of the obstruction ahead. We made it the 1 hour/21 miles down the dirt road to Sanniquellie and around the corner towards the first of 7 bridges and closing in on the wonderful fairly-newly-paved road to the Cote d'Ivoire border, well except for the fact that those wonderful, modern, new 7 bridges are not yet connected to the paved road and are blocked off, each with a detour down a narrow, rutted, mud track to a narrow old wood-plank bridge across the river, and back up to the new roadway again. The first bridge in the series is the worst for the detour. But, before we got that far, we were met by a man flagging us down waving a long swathe of green leafy branches, saying, "no way, can't pass." Not even a motorbike could get through. A huge, heavy, overloaded truck had made it down to the entrance to the bridge where it totally blocked passage with a broken transmission line. Cars and trucks were backed up. I thought, well, is this it? Do we turn around and go back? I could see the likelihood of no progress here for hours at least. But, our driver, Jonathan, suggested we could wait for a half hour and see if there was any hint of hope. And, I remembered the last time we were blocked in making it to a planned midwives' workshop by a very large bus stuck in the very deep and sloppy mud, and had even turned around and headed back when things cleared and we turned back again and made it through. So, we waited.

Not a half hour but an hour later, as the mists had long since cleared and the morning cool turned to hot, blistering sun, what miracle is this? Somehow, they had gotten that hulk moved back from the bridge and over off the side of the road and a veritable parade of motorbikes was dashing through from the far side of the bridge, and then it was our turn. Only an hour and a half delay in starting our day, and it was a lovely gathering of 25 midwives and birth attendants, including a young, new recruit there with her very young baby. There were, also, several nursing and nurse's aide students from the United Methodist University in Ganta and a somewhat nearby technical college. So glad it didn't end up being a never-mind.





Hiking down to Duoplay Clinic bathrooms



Faded "Prevent Ebola" sign on bathroom wall



Gate to Birth Center

Anita and her new Birth Center



On the way back, we took a moment to stop and view Anita's new birth center. Such a beautiful setting and so exciting to see how new and nice. It's made of a cluster of round metal buildings with low conical roofs, looking something like small silos (see photo, with Anita in the foreground), and are on a beautiful knoll next to Mamie Gbluwon's Hope Center, which cares for about 20 kids from single-parent homes. They live in a larger cluster of the same kind of buildings, with beautifully groomed grounds and a small pineapple plantation. In Anita's cluster, the three on your right include the birth center proper, a short stay house for women to be close at hand before labor, and a pharmacy. On your left are a building for her office and another providing an educational room. She says they're not done and still need an open-air palapa for gatherings, a kitchen, and bathrooms and septic tank. She is so blessed with the help the Lord has brought to make it this far. Apparently, some families from South Africa have been involved in helping ministries to acquire these relatively inexpensive structures.



Jonathan & kids from Mamie Gbluwon's Hope Center

Calvary Chapel Updates 11-5-25

We attended CC Yekepa again last Sunday and are so impressed with Richmond's leadership and vision. Good message as we move through the Gospel of John. There were at least a dozen adults, not counting us and the pastor, and 20 children, who are now being taught across the way in a neighbor's home during service. Here's A photo of Richmond at his new way-too-tall podium and of church fellowship after service and Sunday School.



Rebecca & her husband, Charlie, center back, in front of their house church

CC Liberia Women's Conference

Kathi is off to the Calvary Chapel Liberia Women's Conference today hosted at Calvary Chapel Saving Grace in Johnsonville, down below Monrovia, Nov 5-9. This is the church that runs the school where most of our scholarship students attend because of its attention to quality and dedication to low fees. It will be a pleasure to see how the school as well as the church are coming on. Rebecca, who hosts Calvary Chapel Yekepa in her home, and her son, Richmond, a sophomore ABCU student and fledgling pastor of the little congregation, are coming along. Rebecca will attend the conference with Kathi, and Richmond will have the opportunity to meet and be mentored by other, seasoned Calvary Chapel pastors as he joins the Calvary Chapel men in cooking and cleaning and otherwise serving the women so they can focus on the conference.

Bug-a-Bugs

Nothing new here. They are alive and well. View of my kitchen utensil drawer later in the day after Rebecca's faithful cleaning. She laughs and calls it, "my African yeast" as she cleans the wood granules out of everywhere.



Remember us in your prayers.

Blessings all,

Dave & Kathi