

July is coming to an end and I am preparing to help with MK camp starting Sunday. Missionary kids from around Honduras will come for a week of games, crafts, learning more about the Lord and getting to see friends that many don't get to see but once or twice a year. Please be in prayer for everyone traveling and our time there. I am hoping that once camp is over, things will slow to a more consistent pace. One can dream.



Independence Day with other North American friends. BBQ and pot-luck, Patriotic songs, Patriotic punch, a dried worm-eating contest (I'll spare the details), sparklers and an impressive fireworks show to end the night. This time it was the Gringos making all the noise!

We took some time this month to clean and paint the ministry house. This is where kids come during the week for music and dance classes as well as where the pregnancy crisis center is. We would love for God to someday provide another space for us but are learning to care for and be faithful with what He has provided in the time in between.

The Arevalo's, who I serve with but are also become my Honduran family, have been spending time in the States. This past month, they were able to stay at my parents house and meet my pastor, his family and another friend from my sending church. It can be difficult sometimes, living in one world that those who support us in the States will probably never get to experience. I'm glad that they were able to connect for a little while and get to relax and refresh at my parents home.



While my intern Jessica was here, we visited ministries where my friends serve. I will post links to their websites at the end of the update. Please look them up when you have time to see how God is working through His people to reach those living in darkness.



Before Jessica left, we went back to El Picacho. This is a park that has a statue of Jesus, similar to the one in Rio de Janeiro but on a smaller scale. As long as I live here, I don't think I could ever get tired of these views.



Celebrating the Day of the Indian Lempira. One of the malls had a station where we could decorate a "penacho" or, headdress.

Jessica left for Kentucky the end of July. It was so nice having her here but it's always difficult saying goodbye. Though there are a lot of things that aren't "normal" or consistent here; goodbyes are one of those things we can always count on. But, we know that for a moment, however long it may be, that we were a part of the life of someone else. She is a teacher and the kids at the city dump really touched her. She is planning to have a few classes sponsor some of the children here. These kids will probably never meet but I pray that the impact of the relationship they will have will allow them to understand a

much bigger world view than the space they live within. Whether she comes back to visit or not, I know God has already used her time here to change the life of someone else.



*Please remember the staff, children and parents during camp next week.
*Pray for me as I continue to wait on foster care training. I'm anxious to meet these sweet babies. Pray that I will allow God to teach me and prepare me in this time.

*God's continued direction and blessing over ministry. He has been so faithful. He is so good!

*Please don't ever hesitate to tell me how I can pray for YOU!