



OUTREACH

YOUR HEART, HANDS, AND
FEET IN LATIN AMERICA

SUMMER 2015

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- Front page story reveals God's plan for the water at Monte Blanco.
- God has a purpose for everything, even a table.
- Onesimo and Elodia report on their trip to Florida.
- Exciting news updates from the REDES project.

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One Afternoon at the Well by Tim Ramsey

The hot, high noon sun beat down mercilessly as the lonely woman picked her way down the rocky, dusty road to the village well. Small puffs of dust billowed up from her bare feet and her shoulders sagged from the weight of the heavy clay pot balanced carefully on her head. Her face reflected the cavernous etchings of a life of poor choices and the heart-rending rejection she faced daily in her small community.

"If only's..." clouded her mind and numbed her spirit as she approached the well. Much to her revulsion she discovered that her careful plan to be alone at the well that day was shattered by the presence of someone else. The women who generally congregated at the well in the early morning hours were bad enough. Their gossipy tongues and furtive judgmental glances screamed loudly of their disgust and disparagement. But to find a man there at the well at noon was more than she was prepared to handle at the moment. Deep self-pity born of a life of rejection quickly changed to loathing as she thought of the many males who had used her. Self-protective anger boiled out of her toward the

man who stood beside the well.

Hardening her face, she sought to ignore him. Then he politely asked her, "*Will you give me something to drink?*"

In the next instant the accumulated contempt of decades of abuse rushed out in cutting words drenched in cynicism, "*You are a Jew and I am a Samaritan woman. How can you ask me for a drink?*"

Those two sentences designed to brush him off instead set in motion a conversation that ultimately shattered her defenses and flung her broken and damaged heart open to the deepest longings of her soul.

You know this story, and you know the end. You know how Jesus carefully wove his way down through her defensive layers and offered Himself as the **living water** for her parched soul. You know how this woman had tried through six different relationships to find the love she desired and how she still felt empty. Jesus presented Himself as pure, clean water that could fill the reservoir of her life. When this **living water** irrigat-



ed her soul, this embittered woman became the ambassador which brought the villagers down the same dusty road to hear the liberating words of the Savior of the world. To those people that day, and to us two thousand years later, Jesus' words are crystal-clear. He is the **living water** that cleanses the filth of our shattered souls, heals our brokenness, and satisfies the deepest longings of our hearts!

For the past ten years Monte Blanco has served as a source of **living water** to tens of thousands of campers. God is using this camp and its dedicated staff week-after-week to show adults and youth the emptiness of their lives, and to provide them with the opportunity to fill their deepest longings with the thirst-quenching, crystal-clean water of Jesus Christ.

Your investments in the staff, programs, and infrastructure of Monte Blanco have made this possible and we thank you. The camp is an amazing tool for sharing the Gospel.

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Gather 'Round the Table by Julie Reagle



**I have watched
as God's plan
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I know that He
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They say that the ditches ran with tears the day the missionaries and students drove away. Some were leaving a place that had been both home and job for most of their adult lives. A few had attended school there as children, and had come back to teach and work after graduating from Bible college. One or two had family members buried on the property. Some were second or third generations of families who had worked at the school. Yes, the ditches ran with many tears that day in 2008.

I've seen it all. I was carefully built in the carpentry shop decades ago, and set into place in the dining hall. I've seen it all. The years of students leaning on me, chatting and laughing while eating their meals. The quiet kids who were lonely for home, elbows sagging with fear and loss. The bored kids who scurried through their homework during study period, pencils leaping across the paper, feet tapping against my legs. The studious children, precisely answering the questions, pencils digging

slightly into my wooden surface.

I witnessed the tears; I felt them plop onto my tabletop. And then there was silence. No scrapping of chairs beneath me. No loud banging of elbows and plates and hands and cups. No chatter of kids rushing past. No prayers uttered over me, no food hot and ready to eat. No brooms clearing out the cobwebs.

For months there was nothing; just silence.

Then, people returned. Two or three, speaking Spanish, sitting down and making notes. More people appeared; the dining room walls were painted, new curtains were hung, and plans were discussed. Prayers were once again uttered over me, the words echoing through the empty dining room. More months passed while I waited.

Then the kitchen was in use again. There was the clanking of pots and pans, the roar of fires, the scraping of knives. I was set with pitchers of juice. Napkins and salt and pepper were placed on me. I could hear the clatter of hundreds of

kids' feet coming towards me again. Excitement filled the room as people filed in through the screen door. I was in use again!

For the past ten years I have supported the arms and elbows of thousands of young people. I have been set with fabric tablecloths and flowery centerpieces for fancy dinners. I have heard the voices of those who have experienced changed lives. I have held the cakes for birthday celebrations and cradled Bibles for worship services. I have been the playing surface for staff game nights. For several years I hosted at one end an elderly missionary lady who often led devotions for the kitchen workers. Last month, I felt the tiny toes of her great-grandson pushing against my side, sitting in the same place his great-grandmother had once claimed as her own.

I have seen it all. I have watched as God's plan has unfolded for me, for this place now known as Monte Blanco. I know that He is not done with me yet.

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News from the Rojas

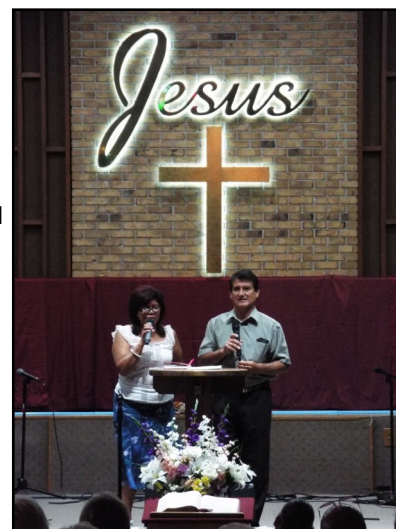
In April we were able to attend two conferences sponsored by the Gospel Coalition in Orlando, Florida. We also visited two churches and some friends who support us in the ministry, and we were well received. The conferences and workshops were of great help by increasing our knowledge of what others are doing. This will enable us to improve the REDES ministry in Concepción and help others.

The literature we received will help us teach others to share the Word and evangelize. Because of the conference, we have more knowledge of what to look for and consider when developing partnerships with other ministries.

We were warmly welcomed by the pastors and the two churches, who made us feel at home. We were invited to present our testimonies and the

ministry of REDES in Concepción in Sunday school and in the services. We were encouraged and challenged by the pastors' teachings of the Word.

We are excited about the new ministries starting in the Concepción area.



Onesimo and Elodia Rojas speak in a church in Florida in April, 2015.

REDES Project Update



- The REDES program and leaders are gaining acceptance and respect in the Lomerio area because they are modeling a different style of leadership—honesty, integrity, respect for others, innovative thinking and an emphasis on building up families and marriages. This type of leadership contrasts with previous village leadership which too often resulted in abuse, corruption, infidelity and alcoholism.

- The garden, chicken, seed, and cattle projects continue to grow and expand.

- The REDES leadership team is meeting on a regular basis and has begun to assign and share responsibilities for those communities which are currently without Christian leadership or whose leaders are still young in the faith. Juan Garcia and his

wife Rosa have taken on responsibility for the San Lorenzo church until Lorenzo, the young developing leader currently in seminary at La Alborada in the Beni region, completes his studies and can take on that responsibility.

- Due to intense rains the Lomerio economy has been negatively affected. Various means of income have been severely curtailed. They have not been able to work the farms, the mines have been closed down, and the roads have been impassable at times.

- A positive outgrowth of the change being brought about by the REDES program is the increasing number of couples coming to the leaders for counsel about marriage and family issues.

- Coloradillo church plans to complete the last 5 rows of adobe on the church building, install the top beam, and finish the roof in time for the arrival of the U.S. team in July so that John Lytle can preach at the dedication ceremony. However, workers cannot make adobe bricks until the rains cease, the sun shines, and the roads dry out.

- The REDES leaders are excited that their wives are to be part of the Strategic Training and Planning sessions which the STMTs (Short Term Mission Teams) will be doing this summer.



One Afternoon at the Well continued from page 1...

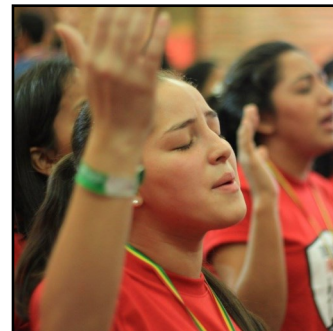
However, Monte Blanco needs your help with a special **water project** that we have needed since the purchase of the property in 2004. While we have had many opportunities to present **living water** to campers, we have not had the resources to provide the entire camp with **clean drinking water**. Over the years we have patched together the system we inherited and have attempted to find new sources of potable water (wells). Yet we continue to struggle in providing healthy water throughout the facility. In February the precariousness of the current system was made apparent by the flooding of the settling ponds which led to sediment clogs in the galvanized water lines. In addition, the main storage tank is on the verge of collapsing. We have filters to provide clean water at a few faucets but campers regularly ignore our warnings to drink only from these areas.

At the same time as the settling ponds flooded, we were scheduled to host the biggest camp of the year. We asked for prayers that rains would stop enough to

clear out the 6-feet of silt in the drinking system, but it continued to rain. Again, we patched together a makeshift, temporary solution and wondered what to do next. The last day of camp revealed God's plan: a Bolivian water engineer who happened to be the plant manager of the largest bottled water supplier for the country. This man had attended camp and noticed the water problem. On that last day, he offered his expertise to get Monte Blanco up to international potable water standards. His company builds water treatment plants for corporations and villages throughout Bolivia. He has offered to build us a water purification plant that will process 8,000 gallons of crystal, clear water per hour throughout the entire camp at his cost! Phase one of this plan is to rebuild the main water tank and construct the building needed to house the treatment plant. This phase will cost \$10,000 and our mission in Bolivia is providing the funding for this. The cost of the water treatment plant installed in Monte Blanco and with three days of training in operation is \$72,940.

In the Monte Blanco water fund in the USA we currently have \$7,000.00. We need to raise the remaining \$65,940 as quickly as possible.

Won't you help with this much needed improvement? So that LATCOM can continue to safely provide living water to thirsty souls at Monte Blanco? Thank you!



Gather 'Round the Table continued

I look forward to holding up more plates of food, supporting more elbows of tired, yet excited youth, listening to more prayers, watching as more lives are changed, and feeling happy feet bounce off my wooden legs. I don't mind being scarred. I don't mind the gum lodged on my undersides. I don't mind the dings of age or the cracking of my varnish. Because I am being used for what I was created to be.

I am a table. The Lord's table. Come, gather 'round me as we share food and relationship and speak of Jesus, the carpenter's Son. There is always room for one more. We welcome you; your place is set. Here in this valley that once ran with tears and now rings with laughter. "Venid, amigo. Te esperamos!" (Come, friend. We are waiting for you!)



Connect with us:



Accountability:



Our Mission:

That Latin Americans and their nations be transformed with the Gospel and a Biblical worldview through training, equipping, and motivating current and future leaders.

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