

April 2015

Dear Friends and Family,

I sat in the plastic chair, nervously grasping the Spanish/English Bible in my lap, and glanced around the room. There were the kitchen staff ladies, already dressed in their striped aprons, the gardeners, shyly smiling back, my North American team members, soaking it all in, Sandra and Vico, the camp administrators, giving me encouraging smiles, the program staff, chatting and laughing loudly, the farm and maintenance people, the cleaning ladies, every staff member, gathered for the weekly devotional.



Vico had asked me two days previously if I would lead the devotions, and my first instinct was to say no, my Spanish wasn't good enough. I debated passing the task on to my husband, Brian, telling him I would simply translate for him. I considered asking a different team member to do it. I even thought about feigning a headache, anything to get out of sitting in front of everyone, leading a devotional in Spanish. And God whispered in my ear... "I have given you a tongue. I have given you the Spanish you DO have. You have asked your team members to be brave and step out in faith, now it is your turn. Open your mouth, I will speak."

So I did it. **I led the devotions that day.** I am not sure exactly what I said, as words just poured out (along with some tears), but I saw heads nodding in agreement and understanding. I talked about being the body of Christ. Each of us connected, each of us with jobs to do, each of us working together, in unison, to fulfill His work, so that we could stand before Him one day, hearing Him say "Well done, my good and faithful servant". While I'm hopeful that the words I spoke were ones that others needed to hear, I am thinking that perhaps that entire experience was for me. God's way of telling me that He will take over when my weaknesses appear.

I often feel like Moses, trembling before the burning bush, telling the Lord of the Universe that He has it wrong, He picked the wrong guy. "I lack the experience", I tell my Lord. "I don't have the words", I say to Him. "I'm not ready," I say to the One who brought me to this point in time, for just the task ahead of me. And He keeps telling me to just move forward, stepping out in faith.

A month ago our prayer cards arrived. Our smiling faces, Monte Blanco camp in the background, the mission's address on the back. Real, official, honest-to-goodness prayer cards. For years my heart has cried out to be involved in the ministry going on in Bolivia. For years I wondered how God would fulfill the desire of my heart to work for Him on that field. And here, in my hands, was His plan, unfolding before my eyes. Brian never imagined he would be a missionary. I never thought I'd be working side by side with my husband, telling others about God and Bolivia. On the bottom of the front side of the card is the verse both Brian and I have claimed as our promise from God. *"For I know the plans I have for you," declares the Lord, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future." Jeremiah 29:11*

"Brian and Julie Reagle, missionaries representing Bolivia and Latin America with LATCOM" it says on the cards. Us, missionaries. Wow.



We just got back two days ago from leading our first team to Bolivia. We are exhausted, eyes blurry with a lack of sleep, stomachs still adjusting to the changes in diet, trying to catch up with all of the things that have continued on in the office and at home. Mail piled up, a dog who needs to have his hair cut, school notes to reply to, laundry to do, choir concerts to prepare for, church presentations to put together, child's sports equipment needs to attend to, neighbors to thank, and a thousand and one tasks to accomplish at home, never mind the office. Our hearts and heads are still on the ground in Bolivia, wondering how the latest camp went, how many youth went forward to make life-changing decisions, wishing we were there to lend our hands to the kitchen staff, and longing to be working beside the permanent staff, making a difference in the lives of hundreds of kids every week. And our hearts and heads are here in the USA, wanting to tell all of you about the ministry happening in Bolivia, enjoying having our family back together again, and doing our part here to make sure the work there can continue.

We watched as our children, Braden and Emilie (age 12 and almost 13), experienced their first mission trip. My mommy heart burst with pride, knowing how scared they must have been to not know a language or culture, and seeing them jump in feet first, stumbling over their words, but communicating with and forming relationships with the staff and the campers.



What do you think of when you hear the word “renovation”? Tim Ramsey, the director of LATCOM, shared with us in our devotions at the last leadership team meeting that in Spanish, the word “renovación” has a more intense meaning of renewal, or regeneration; not simply making something better, but making it completely new again. This concept is much stronger, meaning more than slapping a fresh coat of paint on, or refinishing the floors. The Bolivian field is going through a period of “renovación”, with changes happening with the Board, field leadership, and major capital improvements being planned for Monte Blanco camp. In the same way that God is regenerating us as a family, giving me the courage to speak out for Him, making us His missionaries, giving our children the opportunity to serve Him in another land and language, He is also regenerating the mission field. We are beyond excited about what He is doing! You will hear more about those plans in the next LATCOM newsletter. We pray that you will open your lives to His “renovación” too.

We thank you for your prayers and financial support. You, too, are a part of this body of Christ, accomplishing the task of telling others about Him, and being a part of changing lives for His glory.

Julie and Brian Reagle