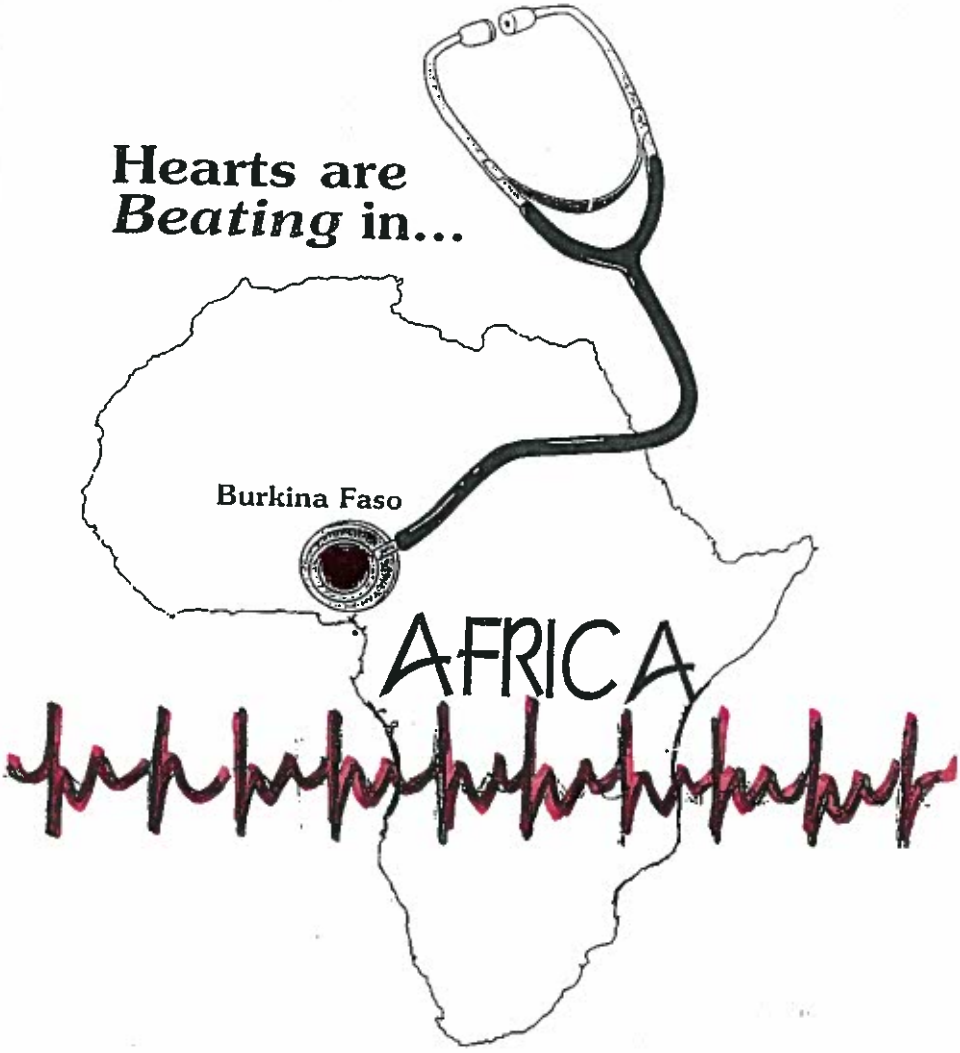

Gloria Lie 1997

Introduction

> The harvest is truly plentiful, but the laborers are few...
>
> Mathew 9:35

This trip to Burkina Faso marks our third time, and to the country of Mali for the first time. The Lord willing it will not be the last time. Each time you leave more and more of your heart in Africa. The care for people who are sick and hurting has multiplied in every village. The team effectively demonstrated the heart of the Christian gospel.

> But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control
>
> Gelatins 5:22

But the greatest of these is love, that was shared more then words, as we treated the staggering numbers of over 5000 people. The Lord has given us every breath and every day. How much have you given back to Him in service?

March 8, 1997 - Saturday

Today we are finally getting excited. Last night Beverly Gallant and Joyce Huffer drove from Ohio and spent the night with us. What fun meeting and getting acquainted. Up at 5:30 AM, breakfast at 6 AM, meet Mike Hickey at the office at 7 AM to load up the 8 duffle bags of medicine, then on to Port Huron. Meeting the rest of the group at the Youth for Christ (YFC) office. We all load up the vans at 9 AM, leave Port Huron, then clear Canada customs by 9:20 Am. On the way now for Toronto.

Arrive in Toronto around 12:30 PM, unload all 16 bags, plus 8 carry-on bags. Lunch is at the airport. At 2:30 PM we all check in our bags at Air France. Around 4:30 PM we board the plain and finally collapse in our seats. Dinner is served around 7:30 PM. Now we can all sleep. By 9:30 it is very quiet. Thank you Lord, for the help and strength.

March 9, 1997 - Sunday

Lights are on around 4;30 AM with juice served at 5:30 AM. Breakfast is simple, at 6:30 AM we land in Paris, customs are no problem. Now to store the bags while we go into town. Because of all of the bomb threats, we can not leave the bags in a storage room. While we wait with the bags, Mike and Franklin search for a solution. While they are gone and we guard the bags in the main terminal, a huge gun sound goes off. Everyone's heart has stopped, but a very large sign has fallen down. The men return and we have to take the bags to the train station at the other end of the terminal. (Bags mean 16 check ins weighing 70 lbs. each, and 8 carry on bags.) Some of the group got separated from

us. Time is short now and we only have 2 hours to see Paris, and most of that is on the Metro back and forth.

Now for the Bullet Train ride of 3 hours to Southern France. The countryside is picture perfect and so unique. Marilyn, Bev, and I sat in the cafe car, talking and having a good time. When we arrived the bags have to be hand carried or rolled to the other part of the train terminal. The men are so tired from hand carrying the bags. We are met by 2 French Youth For Christ men from the YFC Farm and we are so glad to see them. It is an hour ride by car and the villages are so quaint. The farm is rustic and beautiful, and to think that it was 3 barns. Franklin and his family lived there and various teams from the states came and helped clean the grounds. Slowly, the barns were cleaned out, scraped, rebuilt, painted and the second floor was added. Today it is a beautiful campground. The men had dinner ready for us and we had vegetables and rice with chicken curry. Then cheese is served, about 4 different types. They also serve wine like water, and you have to be polite. Dessert is fresh pineapple. All the dorm rooms are on the second floor. By the time we ate and talked we were all dead tired. We were in bed by 9:30 PM. The Farm was first started 30 years ago.

March 10, 1997 - Monday

We had a historians tour of Southern France. Franklin is a walking history book. The Farm is located at the foot of the Swiss Alps. This is also the area of the French Huguenot. Much of the reformation was in this area. We rented a small bus and start out around 10 AM. On the grounds, which is 15 acres, is the small cemetery of the original owners. The grandmother had dreamed that some day her house would be used to spread the gospel.

There are a lot of mid-evil pre-reformation buildings and fortresses still standing. Many houses were used to hide believers during the war. Huguenot means people who move at night. One family that would be of interest to people of Michigan is the Vernier family. A main street in Grosse Pointe is named Vernier. This Christian family escaped the French Revolution. There are still dungeons standing where believers were burned. Protestant also means pro-testifier of your faith. Then we visited the French ancient town of Montelimer. This is where the Nugent cream hard candy was first made, and now is world famous Nugent Candy. Also this city is known as the perfume capital of the world, also famous for olives and honey.

With each city, we received a history lesson. The town of Orange has the last remaining, still standing Roman Amphitheater. It was built in the year 529. There are three tiers of cement seats for the 3 classes of people, with the poor at the very top. At the top of the stage wall is a statue of Julius Cesar. This is also where Christians were sacrificed. Next to the theater is the ancient temple of Diane, that is mentioned in the bible. But the most spectacular and breath taking is the original, ancient, 2000 year old Arch of Triumph.

Upon arrival back at the farm, Sam the new YFC director in France has a beautiful dinner with flowers and china dishes and crystal. He told us all about his work and projections for the next 5 years. Any European country is hard to reach for Christ, both adults and youth. Bed is at 10 PM because we are leaving early.

NOTE: The name for the local grocery store is Casino, like our Farmer Jacks.

March 11, 1997 - Tuesday

Up at 2 AM, and have a two hour bus ride to

Lyon, then the one and a half hour train ride into Paris for the next flight. When we stepped off the train, all the security guards were running towards us. The security guards wanted us to run to safety, due to several bomb threats that the station had received. We were hiding by the stair well, when the bomb squad blew up a small box and a teddy bear that were left on the bench. After that incident, the security assigned some extra guards to help escort the Americans to the next adjoining building of Air France. We then found out that the rest of the train schedule was delayed for two hours due to the bomb scare. This meant that we would have missed our flight, but the Lord was really watching over us. By 12:30 PM, we were finally on our way to Bamako, Mali. No matter how crazy the day became, Mike was right there to make us laugh. The plane ride lasted five hours, in which every one slept.

As soon we stepped off the plane in Mali, you could feel the heat. After taking over a hour going through custom, we found out that six medicine bags had to be left behind at the airport because they had to be cleared by the department of pharmacy. We all piled into two cars and made our way to Bill and Carol Trinadad, the American missionaries. Upon arriving at their residence, Carol had a big American dinner waiting for us. It felt so good to just relax. Carol talked a lot with the ladies, informing them of the Country and the people. It was so special of them to share with us.

The native tongue is Baum and the largest city in Mali is Bamako. The areas main agricultures are rice, peanuts, grain, mullet, corn, mango and oranges. After spending time with the Trinadads, we went over to the Baptist Compound where we were staying. The living quarters were so nice and clean with a cooling breeze blowing though all the rooms. Pastor Michel came over

from Ouagadougou, Burkina Faso to join us.

March 12, 1997 - Wednesday

We thought that we could get the medicine bags today, but the government was not familiar with the English names. We wanted to hold clinic today and stick to the schedule, but the one local transportation was slow. There is mainly only one vehicle in town for us to use and that is a sixteen year old open back pick-up with a broken speedometer and odometer. This truck belongs to Pastor John Pierre. Every thing is done to African time, slowly.

Wednesday was a day of hurry and wait, because we didn't have the medicine bags. We went to the bank and waited for four hours because everything had to be hand written, approved by the bank president and then call to check on each of the travelers check numbers with the names and photos on the passports. We found out that all medicines had to be approved by the State Department of Pharmacy, another delay. The medicine approval was supposed to be done by 2:00 PM. The approval was not finished, so we were told to come back tomorrow. The Lord is really trying our patients. Another day of rest. Dinner was Dinty Moores, together with french bread, mangos and pineapple.

March 13, 1997 - Thursday

Pastor john Pierre went for the clearance papers, but was told that the medicine bags had to be opened. But of course John Pierre had no keys. So back home to get Robert and Mike with the keys. Four hours had pasted and they finally returned laughing. When they the officers saw chicken Dinty Moore dinners, Mike and Robert gave each man one. The officers were so excited, they passed the medicine bags. By this time it was 3:00

PM.

The next question was "Do we still have clinic ?". "Yes, the villagers have been waiting since this morning", said Franklin. So we piled everything into the truck and went to ATN's village. When we first arrived, there were only a few people waiting, then Joseph the interpreter told the children to let everyone know that we had finally arrived. With-in fifteen minutes the people had started coming in loads. We held clinic from 5:00 PM until it got to dark to see, which was approximately 8:00 PM. Michael and Franklin worked with the medical team today as patrol men. This was the first time that they worked with us.

The clinic was held in front of the village hospital, which is very primitive. The one and only doctor does know how to speak some English. We have working with us, Beverly Gallant an R.N. and Joyce Huffer from Ohio and Angie, their translator, while Joseph translated for Dr. Robert Lie. Joseph teaches English in the public school. Mike Hickey does eye washes and cleans infections. The village women have five to nine children. Marilyn Mitchell and Diane Delaney are the Pharmacist. The village doctor was very fascinated by all our medicine and our ability to handle so many patients. The village chief came out to meet us and watch. We stopped around 8:30 PM. We always see twice as many children as adults. Everyone was very tired. Mali always has a red dust in the air which make you drink twice as much water. We treated 106 adults, 75 children and preformed eye washes for 30 kids.

March 14, 1997 - Friday

Because we were originally scheduled to work two full days in ATN's village, we went back the next day. The medical complex in the village has two