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Dear brothers and sisters in Jesus,

It is hard to believe that the month has gone by so quickly. We arrived in Johannesburg on Friday, February 5th. Our dear friends, Kev and Sue Wood picked us up at the airport and put us up at their home for the night. The next day they packed all of our stuff that we had stored with them at the end of last year and they drove us all the way up to White River to the Africa School of Missions where we had a room waiting. It was about a 6 hour drive, as on the way we stopped for groceries, etc.

Monday morning we got a lift up to the headquarters of Masoyi Home Based Care. It is called K2 by the locals. We were overwhelmed by the crowd of workers coming from each of the office buildings, led by Ma Flo, the head of the organization. You could feel the love coming from these precious people. They were both thrilled and very surprised to have us "home." They had thought that we would be coming back in April. That is how things work in Africa. Communication often has a way of breaking down, regardless of good intentions. Flexibility is a must. Plans, if there are any, need to be written in pencil since they are bound to be erased and replaced.

Anyway, we had brought a carton of 60 eggs with us. That is a treat for many of the workers. Everyone got to eat eggs for lunch that day. The usual fare is something called pap but pronounced pop. It is like a corn meal beaten to a flour consistency and cooked with water. It looks like mashed potatoes but it has little taste. When you eat it with some soup or a gravy, it takes on the taste of whatever is with it. The workers have to supply their own lunch, if they can afford to bring one. So, needless to say, eggs are a big hit. We bring them every Monday morning. We also bring tea bags, brown sugar, brown rice, cooking oil and milk or cremora. This is all done with some of the money that is contributed to us. There are around 20 people that work there.

Depending on what type of work they do, they are paid little or very

little by the organization sponsoring what they are doing. There are after school programs sponsored by USAID. There are other learning programs for orphans sponsored by PEPFAR, which is another US contributor. Other churches and organizations support them as well. Calvary Tabernacle, our home church helping to support us, also sends a monthly contribution to help support a couple of workers. The problem is that supporters come and go. Someone could be depending on a monthly check (no matter how small) and suddenly be told that the sponsor pulled out. That happened to the Young Mom's program. That is a support group for single mom's from about 12 to 20 years old.

Last year Ruthie was involved with the Young Mom's so she felt that we should pick up the slack and contribute \$100 per month since we get supported by some of you on a monthly basis. That is a testimony to both the faithfulness of the Lord and the obedience of you, His children. When the Lord first let me know that He wanted us to retire and spend extended periods of time in Africa, I did the math and quickly saw that we could not afford to do that. So, we simply told Him that we would, but we needed Him to supply the funds. We have not asked anyone for money. We have relied completely on the Lord and He has supplied us for 2 years now. Praise His Wonderful Name!

Along those lines, the first day we were visiting the sick I got a phone call from Sue Wood in Johannesburg. She started the conversation by saying "Now don't fight me on this...but Kev (her husband) had been praying that morning and the Lord told him that they were to lend us one of their cars for the duration of our stay this year." That was an answer to prayer. We had asked the Lord before we came over this year for a car to get around. Last year at least we had friends from Canada to take us out once a month. We also had a dear sister from Australia, who drove us to church and grocery shopping every Sunday. This year we have no one. We were facing months of taxis.

I must tell you that Sue and Kev have very little. They get by day to day but they had medical problems a few years ago that took every penny they had. Still, they never stop trusting the Lord. They are such an encouragement to us and such a blessing. They give out of lack, not out of excess. These are the kind of people the Lord has put in our path. He really does know our every need and takes care of the big and the little things. There are so many things you learn about God only after you decide to take Him at His word. Sue and Kev are filled with testimonies to His faithfulness. Amen.

Once we got the car, we were able to go to Emmanuel Press and order Holy Bibles for the workers at K2, the Young Mom's and many people in the

community. They no longer had the Zulu New Testaments that we bought for the orphans last year. Instead they have a new full Holy Bible in Zulu for \$4 each. We ordered 250 of them. We will pay for them when they arrive in a couple of weeks. We are finding that most people do not have them. It is the most important thing we can leave in any home. They need to meet the Jesus we tell them about for themselves. The Holy Bible is the best way to do that. We have a running list of people we have met in the community so far, who will receive one of the Bibles.

We were also able to buy a grill for K2. There are a couple of times each year where they have celebrations outside on the grass. They have a small stove in the kitchen, but they try to cook chicken or meat outside by lighting a small fire between 2 cinder blocks with a makeshift piece of metal as the cooking surface. It works fine for a couple of people, but not for 20 or more. Coming from the US we had no idea how little most of these people have. We can buy about \$20 worth of meat from a nearby butcher and get a couple of cabbages, mayo, and carrots for making cole slaw and feed all of them. Some have honestly told me it was like Christmas for them.

Yesterday we were walking with a local pastor and we stopped in a little community grocery shop. They are one room places with a take-out window. I asked Pastor Hovy what he would like. He thought for a moment and said milk and bread. The lady got him those items. Then I asked him what he would get if money was not a problem. He said a cabbage and butternut squash. So, we got him those as well. The total bill was around \$6.50, but to him it was priceless. He said that he only gets those items after his monthly pension check arrives. We take so much for granted here in the US.

A very humbling thing happened while we were walking with Hovy. He looked at us in all seriousness and said that he lies in bed at night and asks himself why Frank and Ruthie leave everything they have in the United States of America and come to Masoyi and walk the dusty, dirty streets on the way to praying for the sick and dying. Then he said he knew why – because they are “slaves to Jesus”. That is so heart wrenching. It is exactly what we want people to see. It is Jesus behind us directing us. It is not about us, it is about Him. Hovy got it. Hallelujah!

I will tell you a couple of the stories. In the first week we visited Sophie. She is the widow of a man named Never. He was a good friend of mine for the past 7 years. He had no legs but he was the most joyful, Jesus loving man. Years before he had witnessed a crime. To keep him from telling

the police, the criminals put a tire around his waist, doused it with gasoline and lit it on fire. He lost his legs but not his spirit. The Lord took him home this past January. His wife, Sophie was so excited to see us. She lives in a broken down one room house. Her one set of clothes is filthy; her hair is matted; she hasn't seen a bar of soap in ages, but the smile that comes through those few teeth would melt ice. She just hugged us for a long time. I think that most times we never know what effect we have on people. In some rare cases, the Lord lets us see the effect the love of Jesus has on them.

Another day we visited the 3 orphan homes our church team built a few years ago. We found out that the woman who takes care of the orphans had been raped and all the food stolen just a few days before. Rape is one of the most common crimes here. There are no age limits either. There are some powerful evil spirits at work among the men in South Africa. We pray over every girl and woman we come in contact with. We ask the Lord to put angels around them and keep them from the evil.

One of our friends is a local volunteer. She takes care of 6 children in a 3 room corrugated tin structure. She is on fire for the Lord and has so much faith in Him, as she has to lean on him every day just for food for her family. She finds the people in need in her community, visits the sick with us and shares the gospel with them. She earns 600 rand per month (about \$80) and it has to stretch to feed, clothe, etc. A couple of months ago her teenage son stole a car and got in an accident and killed someone. He was put in jail, but is now home and cries continuously. The family of the victim asked for 7000 Rand for the funeral. Ria, the mother I am talking about, borrowed the money from her employer and agreed to pay back 300 rand per month till it was fully paid. This leaves her with only 300 rand (\$40) per month to raise 6 children. We see her once a week and give her 100+ rand each time.

I visited a house on a rainy day. A man in his 40's was sitting under a tree on a sponge mattress. He was skin and bones like those photos of the men in the concentration camps. He was suffering from TB (very common among the AIDS patients). He was very depressed. We helped him to his one room house. He lived alone. On his bed was a well-used Holy Bible. I opened to Exodus 15:26 and one of the nurses read it for him in Zulu. His eyes opened wide and I sat with him and told him that Jesus sent me to tell him that His Lord knows what he is going through. I prayed for him and he asked me for 4 rand to buy a piece of fruit. That is about 50 cents. The Lord moved me to give him a 20 rand note, then a 50 rand note and finally a 100 rand note. Then I was urged to tell him that the Lord gives exceedingly, abundantly above what we could

ever hope for. He started to cry. He put his face in his hands and cried. That is the last image I had of him that day. Last week we stopped at one of the local clinics to pick up a patient and who should come slowly walking out of the door – the very man, Victor. He was smiling from ear to ear, as he came up to the car to greet me. He said he would never forget me. I assured him it was Jesus he was never to forget. He said, “I know, but you... and his words trailed off. He has new hope. He knows beyond the shadow of a doubt that Jesus cares for him. He asked to see us again. I assured him we would be back.

One day, we took a middle aged mother, who is also a grandmother, to the clinic. She was so weak, she needed help getting in the van. Her daughter accompanied her. We left the patient’s grandmother behind to care for her great, great granddaughter. This poor grandmother had watched her daughter die and now was possibly watching her granddaughter die and would be left helping to care for her great granddaughter and great, great granddaughter. It is so common an occurrence here in South Africa – old women taking care of little orphans.

Another day we were stopped three times by people not on our list for the day. They all wanted prayer. The Bible speaks of this in Isaiah 60:3. We are so privileged to be here.

The last case I want to relate is a difficult one. The first week Ruthie visited a young man, named Opa, in his 20’s who had the beginning of elephantitis. His entire right foot was enlarged with huge bumps and dark grey and had the texture of an elephant. The disease was spreading up his leg. Apparently there is no cure. It comes from a parasite. The fellow was very sad at first and his mother was crying as Unathi, the nurse, spoke to him about his disease. Ruthie called me in from the car and I spoke with him. I asked him if there were anyone he had not forgiven – anytime in his life. He said “No.” I asked him if he had any secret sin that he needed to repent of. He said, “No.” In the name of Jesus I then broke any curse that may have been placed on his life. I held that foot in my hands and Ruthie his leg and we prayed for his deliverance. We gave him a Jesus necklace and left him with a song about following Jesus. He and his mama had renewed hope. Ruthie saw his leg completely healed in her spirit.

The following week Ruthie visited him and prayed for him. He was very positive and trusting for a healing. She promised to bring him music the next week.

The third week, this past Thursday, Ruthie gave me her CD player and a Christian Hillsong CD, as Pastor Hovy took me this time. Opa showed us that he could now move his toes. I took this as a sign that he was recovering. Once again he was very upbeat. I prayed for him and one of the things the Lord prompted me to pray was for him to have a vision of the Lord's open gates and give him a glimpse of His courts. I gave Opa the CD player and showed him how to work it. When we left, he was happily listening to the music.

The next morning Pastor Hovy came up to Ruthie and I and said that Opa had died in his sleep the night before. He had gone to bed listening to the CD. He had been carried to the gates and the Lord loved him so much that He kept him. It was a shock to his mama and all of us. There was nothing life threatening going on with him. The Lord healed him, not the way expected, but he is now in heaven with Jesus. Isaiah 57:1 says, "The righteous perish, and no man layeth it to heart: and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come."

May we be kept humble,

Frank and Ruthie Wey