

Road Trip... by Deanna Bergen

Spending 9 of your 26.5 hours on the TransAmazon Highway waiting for your bus to get through a massive mud bog is a great reality check. How do I handle adversity? Discomfort? How do I treat my fellow travelers when I am dehydrated, dirty and tired? What's your reaction when you fall into mud up to your thighs?

Well our youth came through with flying character. They handled the extremely exhausting adventure like seasoned veterans in the race of life. My love and admiration of them grew as I saw them encourage one another, laugh and sing while sitting in the dark beside a roadside bar in the middle of nowhere. We desire to see these young leaders grow into oak trees that will reach out and provide shade and care for others who are hurting. This grueling road trip illuminated just a bit of what Jesus can do with our lives if we let Him.

<http://rickbergen.blogspot.com/2011/10/hear-deanna-speak-in-chilliwack.html>
<http://rickbergen.blogspot.com/2011/06/road-trip-to-altamira.html>



Xingu Mission

Field Report



Xtreme Mercy
Planting Churches and
Training Leaders

Training Leaders...Max

The Marabá leadership team prayed over Max, asking God to anoint him to be the new worship leader. Chelsea has been a great help, taking over the leadership from Annika. Now the team is passing the leadership baton to Max. The worship team here in Marabá have all come to the Lord, learned to worship and learned to play instruments in this church. Homegrown. With God's grace they are overcoming many hurdles such as anger, insecurity, inner wounds, unhealthy ways to resolve conflict and pride. I remember a big explosion on the soccer field a year and a half ago. Words were yelled that I did not understand. (I have not taken the time to learn the definitions of all the swear words). Suddenly a chair was flying across the area where

we watch the soccer games and it looked like a fight was breaking out between two men. Max was one of these men. Then he took off running, up the hill, out the gate, down the narrow streets to his house. He sat down on his steps. We had been learning how to listen for the still, small voice of the Councillor. As Max sat on the steps he was surprised to hear this persistent thought, "Go back, and ask the pastor what you should do." Ivanildo led him in a prayer of forgiveness and repentance. That night Max was back in church, a little sheepish, but we were all glad to see him gain the victory over this inner battle. Max continues to gain victories and now leads the worship team. The team loves him.



Praying for Max

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Finding our way

The Rae family moves from Canada to Marabá

Our first night struggling to fall asleep with the not so background hum of a fan hovering nearby both to cool us off and prevent mosquitos from their nightly feast. We're gradually getting used to this necessary 'friend'.

Our first meal of carne, arroz and feijao (meat, rice & beans) in Ivanildo and Monica's home, the pastors of the Vineyard church here. Art readily volunteered to give thanks for our meal, in Portuguese; he was overcome with emotion as he gave thanks for the church here. Art's tears broke the dam of my own emotions, and it was some minutes later that I could eventually meet the gaze of our Brazilian hosts.



David and Daniel Rae



Art and Cyndi Rae

Our first gaze across the chacara: fourteen acres of land the Xingu mission purchased here on the outskirts of this burgeoning city on a river. It is a beautiful parcel of land, viewed by the neighbourhood for many years as their park. It's features have been greatly improved since purchased, with the development of two soccer pitches, a volleyball court, and a well that provides clean water for the neighbourhood. Four new buildings provide living accommodations, classroom space, and a facility for worship gatherings. One of the neighbours daily pastures his horse on the property.

Our first walk through the neighbourhood. As we walked, I had peace in my heart. All I could do was smile and say 'bon dia'. The scattered garbage and broken vehicles sitting on their bare axles in the dirt didn't tweak me. I knew that there was something very beautiful here – a neighbourhood of people and they are the ones I'm to notice as I walk through the streets.

To continue this story go to...

<http://www.theraesinbrazil.info>

Third Culture Kids

Our (Bergens) girls belong to the group of people who did not choose to move to a foreign country, or to travel around excessively with their parents, or to move to another foreign country (Canada) to go to University. Along with all the good memories comes the necessity of saying good-bye and starting over. The better your life was, the harder this is.

<http://rickbergen.blogspot.com/2011/06/difficult-good-bye.html>

Anni and Via went to a twelve day retreat that is focused on helping these young people understand what they are going through. Twenty-three young adults from around the world met in Seattle for 12 days with some mentors and trained councillors at the Seattle Pacific University. The days were filled with small group discussions about everything, learning to put language to their feelings, eating all the good food they wanted, and splitting into small groups and doing photo



Deanna, Via, Anni, Emma and Bella Bergen



Navigating the adjustments

scavenger hunts in down-town Seattle. Both girls unhesitating summary of this event: "Those were the funnest days of my life." You can learn more at <http://barnabas.org/mk.php>.

All four Bergen girls are attending a "brick and mortar" school for the first time. Three of the girls are in Chilliwack, grades 8, 10 and 12, where they received a scholarship at a private school. Anni is going to the University of the Fraser Valley. They all feel like they are studying in a foreign land. It is a great adventure, with everything slightly out of focus. We are very glad we have a longer furlough this year and are able to help our girls process this transition. We consider this a gift from God to us and feel very blessed in the journey. Today Emma told me, on the way to school, "I just cannot imagine a better way to grow up."