

Living Matthew 25:35

For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in....Matthew 25:35



As missionaries, we are constantly striving to live this scripture well. We are called to be the tangible demonstration of the love of Jesus in the lives of those around us. We try to do this through several avenues, both physical and spiritual. Sometimes, this is as simple as offering drinking water from our well, taking someone to the hospital or more involved like Alpha. In June we started a free Zumba class two days a

week. We are seeing many women from our community and from further afar come, most are not from our church. We are also offering music classes at a reduced rate bringing in many people from outside our immediate circle of influence and giving us the opportunity to build relationships with people we may not normally cross paths with.

Last weekend, Ivanildo, our pastor, and Phil Snell took a group of men on an overnight fishing trip. It was an opportunity to have fun, make memories and build deeper connections; an opportunity most would not have on their own.

We are able to do this only through the generosity others have shown by supporting the mission. For this we are truly grateful that we are part of a team that spans continents.



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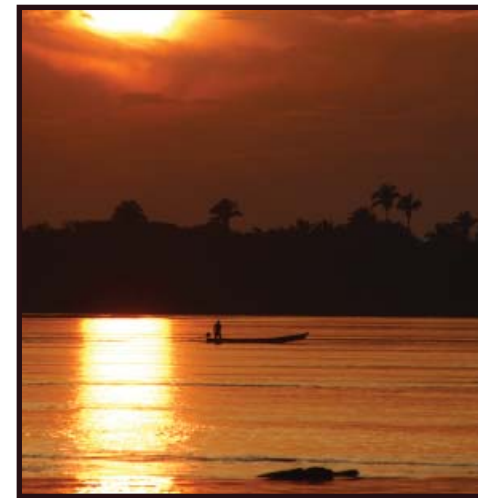
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Xingu Mission Field Report

Xtreme Mercy
 Planting Churches and
 Training Leaders



Light in Darkness

Wafts of the aroma of food fill the Kombi as I pull it out of the chacara for the short drive to our neighbour's houses. I slowly pass and wave at the boys playing soccer in the street. The dust billows up in clouds as they kick the ball, hoping it will pass through the two broken bricks they have set up as a make-shift goal. Heading down the street panting dogs trot along, small children play with rocks, and chickens mingle picking through the garbage and remnants of food that line the roadside. As the sun is setting and the air begins to cool, people sit in plastic chairs outside their houses seeking to escape the heat of their homes. I round the corner and park the bus in front of

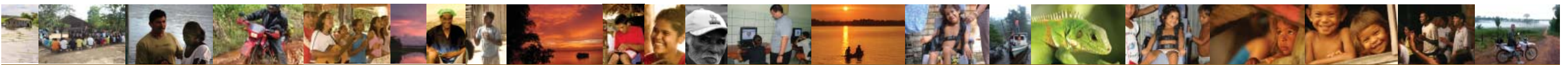
two houses that are hosting our first ever 'Alpha Na Rua' or 'Alpha in the Street'. (Alpha is a twelve week non-denominational introduction to Christianity that provides an open environment to discuss and discover the love of Christ.) The tables have already been set, the projector is ready, we only await the people. This will be our second week. Our aim is to bring Jesus to people who, for many reasons, feel uncomfortable or unworthy to be in a church setting, so we are bringing the church to them. The church, as we see it, is the body of Christ, the people, not the building.



Preparing the meals for Alpha on the Streets



Alpha on the Street participants



Light in the Darkness cont.



Future Leaders

The two families who are hosting this Alpha course are a testimony to Christ's redeeming power. Both have had their lives completely transformed, and their neighbours have watched it happen. Now, they are inviting them to taste and see that the Lord is good.

Crickets begin to chirp and the sun's light has faded, they begin to arrive, to eat together, to



Missionary Phil Snell and his dog drive to Alpha with all the food

hear about what it means to have a saviour, one who is alive and well and only waiting for an invitation into their hearts.

It's our vision to hold several of these throughout our neighbourhood, lights in the darkness, reaching as many of the lost as we can, and there are so many. When the Alpha course has ended, the groups will continue as small groups, supporting each other in their faith as they discover a life transformed through the love of Jesus.

Healing Wounds

Sitting in a room at the local public hospital with our friend Eliete, I watch as drips from an IV make their way down the tube and into the arm of one of our neighbours, Izabel. After thirteen years with an unhealed wound in her leg, she agreed to let someone take her to the hospital, and I'm grateful to have the vehicle to do it in.

I wonder to myself why she would let such a thing go on for so long, it looks extremely painful.

The wound on her leg is enormous, and seriously infected. Izabel lives in a wooden shack with no electricity or money to turn it back on. Any money that she has unfortunately goes to feeding her addictions. I pray as I sit beside her that Jesus would intervene.



Izabel

I break the silence by asking her if she had been invited to Alpha. She tilts her head and looks at me, she doesn't understand me and Eliete kindly 'translates'. I explain what Alpha is and how God changed my life. As I relay my story she looks at me, pensive, and I share my heart. I feel pretty good about being able to say all of that in Portuguese. They say pride comes before the fall.

I ask Izabel if she understood what I said. "Not one word!" she says, and we all laugh. Izabel spent two weeks in hospital, and nearly lost her leg.

Last week at Alpha, Monica called me over to see that Izabel had come, A huge step!

We all have wounds, some are larger than others and sometimes we let them fester for years on end. The only difference is that our wounds are on the inside. Shame and pride stop us from asking for help or forgiving those who inflicted the wounds. Izabel's wound has had the parts that were dead cut away so that healing may come, a painful but necessary process.

Please pray for Izabel, that Jesus has begun the process of 'cutting away' her spiritual wounds, and through her life, He can be glorified.



Izabel's house