



“ We are each gifted in a unique and important way. It is our privilege and adventure to discover.....”



My adventure begins on Monday mornings with this thought: “What on earth am I going to do for my classes this week?” My mother tells me I should not procrastinate. It is obvious to me, however, that I work best under pressure. Should I admit that?

Perhaps not. Something about being faced with a short 24 hours to develop something interesting that won't bore a bunch of preschoolers, 8 to 12 year olds and teenagers brings out my creative side.

Unfortunately for me it usually ends up turning into a lot of cutting, drawing, coloring or gluing the day before class. All in a days work, I say. Besides, there's no adventure in being totally prepared in advance.

It all pays off in the end though. My favorite part of teaching my kids is when I witness them step out of their comfort zone and just go for it. When I see them take 3 props out of a box and act out a story.

and some heels and act the part he has been given with full commitment to his role. Or when I'm reading through a play with my reading class and one of my students gets into full character and starts shouting and adding extra bits to his lines. I love it!

This week I taught Sunday school. I wasn't too excited about it. I decided on Noah. I asked the kids if they knew who Noah was. Vincent said he was a man who had a really big boat. Clapaton said “No he wasn't. He was a servant of God.” I informed them that they were both right and we proceeded to learn about Noah's big adventure. As I spoke, showed them the pictures and watched their faces I decided that my “annoying” task was not so annoying after all. It was a privilege. When we are given the opportunity to share God with others it should be seen as a privilege, should it not? Lesson learned.

I am learning a lot of lessons these days. What lessons you ask? Hmmmm.....teenagers are quite moody, discipline can be creative, I can't always be the nice guy, always make sure you hear the other side of the story, teenagers pout (a lot), don't let the silent treatment get to you, and I don't think I will ever have 14 children of my own. That is just way too many moods to keep up with.



David



Dennis, Sammy & Timothy watching a football match

So....

October has come. And so have the rains, much needed rain. We are planting gardens, flowers are growing, everything is green, and every few days or so the sun peaks out from behind the clouds. The boys are about half way through the term and anticipating the end of the school year. My mother continues her recovery and is doing very well. Many thanks to you for continuing to lift her up in prayer. I continue to keep myself busy with my classes at Ahadi and Rehema and planning for our next Arts Camp.

PRAY FOR...

1. the boys as they finish out this last term of the school year.
2. Joseph (one of our older boys) who recently graduated from university and is searching for a job. It hasn't been easy and he's getting frustrated.
3. my mother as she continues to recover
4. our staff here at Ahadi
5. me, as I continue with my classes and other activities

the adventure continues...