

April 5, 2007

Nepal and Bhutan

We encourage our partners to develop 1 year plans for the ministry. It helps us plan with them for the coming year and inform supporters. We met a man from Bhutan who not only has a 1 year plan but a 5 year plan and a 50 year plan for his country!



He is 41 years old with 3 beautiful children. His children missed him for 2 years while he was in jail for preaching in this closed Buddhist Kingdom. He is a linguist; (speaks 10 of the 12 Bhutanese languages) he has a team translating scriptures into the remaining languages of Bhutan that do not have a translation; he started a Bible school with no funds, to train multipliers for the Kingdom. His background as a Buddhist priest has given him tremendous insight into reasoning with the leadership of the faith.

His goal in 50 years is to see 500,000 Bhutanese believers! I have rarely met a person of such faith. He someone who has paid the price and has what it takes to see this vision fulfilled.

Jack and I visited a new orphanage begun in Kathmandu by our partner, Good Friends of Nepal. The kids' stories break your heart. Some new young boys arrived in the days we were in Nepal. I sat on the floor among them and took pictures. Like most kids, they love seeing their faces on the digital camera. I noticed they also loved to be hugged, thrown in the air and hung up-side-down. These little guys had been abandoned totally in a country with no social safety net. One young boy had just come in. His parents were killed in front of him. They were caught in the crossfire between police and the Maoists. The twins in the photo were left alone when their parents died. The orphanage only had room for one boy but took them both. It was noted when someone gave one of the twins food, he would not eat it until his brother got the same. Notice their matching outfits.



We discovered that leaving Nepal was much more difficult than arriving. The Kathmandu airport is in constant chaos. In fact, the airport gives chaos a bad name. I imagine the experience as one would feel fleeing a war zone. There are no marked gates; there are no announcements; there are 1000's of people waiting for flights down various rabbit warrens from which there is no return. I finally was able to determine where our plane was boarding by pressing my face and my boarding pass against the glass when I recognized one of the Jet Airways ticket agents. She took mercy and pointed us to the exit.

We will not be burdening you with any more reports on this trip. We have a one day drive to Jaipur, Rajasthan before flying home from Delhi tomorrow. There are dozens more stories of amazing people we met but you will have to get those from us later, maybe over a Tim Horton's ☺

Phil Dempster

Jack Ninaber

