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Prayer Requests

1. For the food distribution program-that those who need the food will get it and that God's love will be felt.
2. Growth for the church in Mwatuka
3. For understanding, perseverance, & joy as we learn Makua.
4. For health on the team, especially the kids.
5. That God's light would shine in the darkness we see around us
6. Ali, Armando, and Raisi to know God.

MISSION TO THE MAKUA
Cultivating Christian Communities

To see more pictures... go to www.makuateam.org

Food for the Hungry

At the end of last year the Lord put it on our hearts to buy and distribute food to the people around us, since there was such a bad harvest last year and it was even reported to the United Nations that there would be a hunger crisis. As we started dreaming and planning we had no idea how big of a project the Lord was about to entrust to us. It is good to see the Lord working.

In the weeks and months that followed churches and organizations in the U.S. joined with us to raise over \$35,000 to buy food to distribute to the Makua people in this area. With this money we are able to buy almost 100 tons of food.

The food distribution has been done over 4 phases (once a month over 4 months). There is a committee of 5 national men and the guys on the team to make decisions about what kind of food to buy, who to deliver it to, and other details. Our team buys the corn or rice wholesale and sells most of it to churches and mosques for an eight of the price. They distribute the food among their members or in their communities. The rest of the food has been donated to the local hospital, jail, handicap association, and association of the aged. We have also given food to the government to distribute in remote areas for people in need.

After each phase we have evaluated the distribution to determine what the strengths and weaknesses were in order to make necessary changes for the next phase. We have asked for feedback from people in the community and from the government.

All in all we have felt so much joy as we have carried out this food distribution. We have personally seen so many people's lives touched and have been given so many expressions of gratitude. We have seen doors opened and walls come crashing down. May God be glorified in all of this! May people give thanks to Him and not to us.



Handicapped ladies receiving corn.



Roger Pritchett and Dean Wright from our sponsoring church, Pleasant Valley, in Little Rock were able to help us unload 10 sacks of corn (1,100 lbs.) for the association of aged people. We had a great time with them for the few days they were here.

To the Bush...and Beyond!



I had no idea how long and tiring of a day it was going to be when I set out with my teammate, Alan, at 10 am to deliver over 1,000 lbs of corn to an outlying administrative post of our district.

We had heard that the roads to Nairoto were bad so I had suggested to Alan that we take two cars, so as not to burden one car down with the weight of the corn on a bad road. He agreed and we swung by the government office we were working through in Montepuez to pick up their representative. All went fine and we arrived in Nairoto just 62 kilometers from home (38 miles) after a bumpy but un-

eventful 2 1/2 hour drive. We spoke with the head government official of the area and he thanked us and said it would be good for us to get going since the people in a village called Xissane were waiting for the food. The Montepuez official, in the car with me, had never been there so we chatted a bit and frequently commented about how sparse the population is in this area of Mozambique. We stopped at another village and let the Nairoto official talk to some people and then set off again, this time with several boxes of school materials that were also headed to Xissane. After about an hour we turned off the "main" road onto dirt tracks which were much bumpier. It was immediately evident that no cars had been down this road for some time, because soon after crossing a few creek beds with no bridge we came upon a huge tree that had fallen across the dirt tracks. After inspection, and reflecting on the fact that a dull machete would not do the job and that there was no way around, we decided to pull the end of the tree toward us with the car so as to make some room. We were on our way again and soon came upon a tree with a thick branch hanging really low over the tracks. The Nairoto official got out and held the limb up for us as we drove under it. Our journey was cut short again when we encountered another huge tree across the road. At this both Alan and I started wondering, "Where in the world are we driving to?" Well, we found a way to drive around this tree and continued on. Two hours after leaving Nairoto we were still driving along, but hadn't seen any people for the last hour. The official in my car started making comments about how we should have gotten there by now. I kept marveling at the vastness of this country, and with the occasional sightings of elephant droppings on the tracks I kept my eyes peeled for a glimpse of the huge animals.



Are these trees aiming for the road?

Then it started to rain and the driving got really fun. The thick clay soil was an "off-roading" experience not soon to be forgotten (Can you "off-road" on a road?). At 5:45 pm we arrived in Xissane having travelled another 37 miles in the last three hours. It seemed crazy to us that people lived so far away from other villages. The sun was setting and it was getting dark as we spoke briefly to the people about how God had blessed them with the corn through donations from the churches in the States. We off-loaded the corn and school materials— realizing how hard it would have been for all of these goods to get to Xissane if we would not have come. We drove away only 30 minutes after our arrival because it was getting dark and I mentally calculated our arrival time at home at 11:00 pm. The thick clay was not as fun driving through in the dark. We came to a ravine we had driven through earlier, just that now it was thoroughly soaked. Alan tried to cross first but couldn't make it up the slippery slope. Mud was flying and tires were spinning— but nothing came of it. He was stuck. There was no way for me to go



Xissane villagers waiting for food.

around and we tried everything we could to help him drive up the other side. It was pitch black now and the thought of elephants around wasn't much comfort. Since Alan's car doesn't have a winch, we used mine to pull his car back up our side so he could get enough momentum to get up the other side. We said a quick prayer as Alan gunned his engine all the way across. One car down, one to go! I also said a quick prayer and stepped on the gas. Picture a car on a slip and slide where a wrong move could slam it into the embankment. It was a fun ride that I don't care to repeat, but I made it up the other side with a lot of swerving and splattered mud. There were no incidents after that adventure, and we arrived in Montepuez at midnight (I had told Martha I would be home no later than 3 pm!). All this to deliver some food to a far away people, in a village I had only heard of that day. As difficult as the trip was, the people of Xissane were grateful for sure, and I was glad to have set foot in their village. We were even asked by the local official to come back and work there! We hope to one day bring the bread of life to them— because we have seen their lostness with our own eyes and we know how very hungry they are.



Two officials and a muddy car