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as Cuba Awakens

VULTURES & ROCKING CHAIRS



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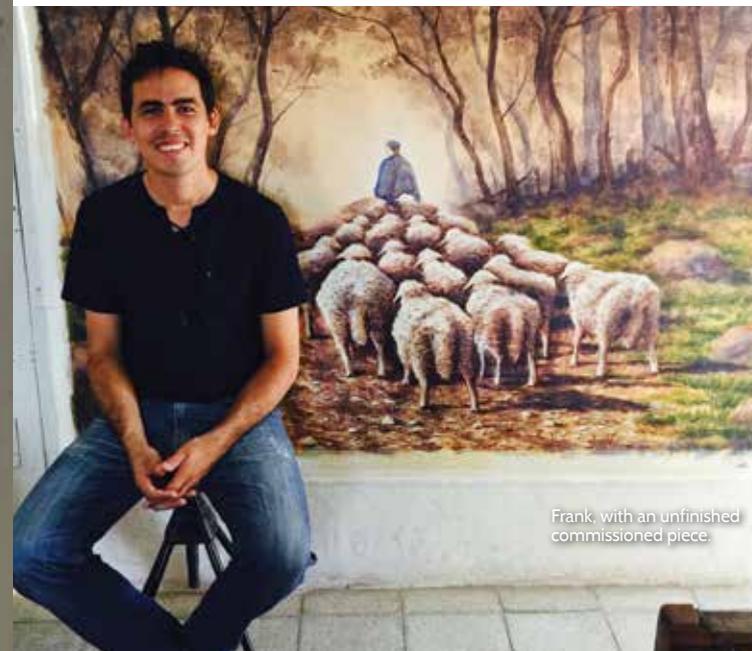
This past Sunday morning my face, all fidgety, was glued to my iPad in Perth, Australia, as I waited for Frank and Ariadna (who are 12 hours behind me) to call in. Then finally a ring sounded and there they were, sharing head phones, on a borrowed tablet, in the center square of town, under a flickering street lamp together with 200+ other people struggling to connect to an irascible Internet ... →

BY: BERENICE RARIG

Founder of The MAKE Collective*



There are numerous ways to immerse in a new culture. Some say it is best to enter through your belly and when you think of Cuba, this seems obvious perhaps ... think of Hemingway marinating in the green freshness of bruised mint leaves getting all friendly-like with the drowsy sweetness of rum in a lanky iced glass while birthing *The Old Man and the Sea* on a cranky typewriter. And who wouldn't be more than willing to venture forth with forkfuls of slow roasted pork, crunchy crackling still spitting from a spritzing of *limón*? Or to explore with a spoon the soft hills of ruby, amethyst, and anthracite beans and fields of rice and sticky swamps of mango and papaya?



Frank, with an unfinished commissioned piece.

But for fellow artist Becky Young and me, it is the patterns and rhythms of a culture that draw us in. We need to wrap our hands around its pulsing heart and be bloodied and loved. We need to be vulnerable participants. But even if you are not an artist, thinking of Cuba will conjure repetitive images and thrums. There are the predictable recurrences such as plump, party-coloured 1959 Ford Fairlanes, with loud swearing gears, proudly rumbling down streets and swinging widely around corners. In room-size humidors there are rows and rows of fat Latin cigars and stacks of candy boxes with pasted pictures of pretty, red-lipped women on the lids. And there are velvety clubs and lurid dives with neon signs and peeling paint serving sweaty rumbas and spicy jazz. →

Eduardo, trusty chauffeur.

THE BEAUTIFUL GOSPEL IN CUBA

Ariadna and Frank are established artists and budding theologians in Holguín, Cuba, a city in the eastern part of the island nation. As members of Iglesia La Colina de la Cruz (Hill of the Cross Church), they are at the epicenter of a church-planting explosion in Cuba; as leaders of a “Gospel and the Arts” movement in Holguín, they are passionate about making new disciples within their creative community. Thanks to a summer visit from two MTW missionaries, they are more excited than ever about the connection between art and the gospel.

BY: PHIL MOBLEY

The PCA's roots in Cuba go back to 1928 with the establishment of a Reformed theological seminary and denomination called Los Pinos Nuevos (The New Pines). In 2010, Allen Thompson, who had led the seminary decades earlier, returned to begin a strategic, church-focused discipleship program.

Among the first participants was Alfredo Forhans from Holguín, now the pastor at Iglesia La Colina de la Cruz. Through Forhans, parishioners like Ariadna and Frank, both now in their third year at Los Pinos Nuevos' seminary, began to learn more about Reformed theology. Materials from thinkers like Francis Schaeffer and Tim Keller helped them see beyond the false “sacred vs. secular” divide, thrilling them with the idea that their love of the arts could be intrinsically honoring to God, not to mention useful for the kingdom.

A DIVINE PARTNERSHIP

Ariadna, a professor of contemporary art at Holguín's School of Visual Arts, and Frank, also a visual artist, had already been evangelizing among their group of local artists. Armed with a broader perspective, they now began to envision a network of believing artists throughout Cuba, a land full of people starving for both the beauty and truth of the gospel. “We, the artists, can do a lot with beauty and truth!” they reasoned. Sensing a match, Gary Watanabe, MTW missionary in partnership with Redeemer NYC's City to City church-planting organization, put them in touch with Berenice Rarig, an MTW missionary in Perth, Australia.

Berenice is the founder of The Make Collective, an initiative among MTW creatives that helps them become part of international church-planting →

Close to the center of the city of Holguín, Cuba, is a small church plant. The church meets in an unobtrusive, faded stucco building hidden behind a large metal graffitied gate and across the street from the cement block bones of a hotel, too late to accommodate the Pope as intended. But there is something exceptional, precious, and rare about this church and it was enough to get

slumbering embassies. And Cuba watches the sky. Torn shrouds or rain clouds?

The rhythms of our experiences with the Cuban artists were not reckoned by things as prosaic as clocks or suns and moons but by the frequency of kisses and the pressing of cheeks and the regularity of fine Cuban coffee, aromatic obsidian served in a jewelry-box-sized *tacita* (tiny porcelain coffee cup). And as we crawled into each other's hearts and art: the sounds of rolling and unrolling charcoaled paper, the scraping of closer moving chairs, the air conditioning continually catching its breath, the indulgent clicks of selfies, strings of accented words ending in question marks, bubbles of generous laughter, and the salted hum of trembling prayers filled the space. As did the smell of shy paint, an acrid overheating projector bulb, and the sulfur of other unrepentant computer technology, hamburgers not fit for tourists, the orange zing of the only local brand of soft drink, and the magnificent ozone of love with its hope and ideas and a way forward.



Hennier, an artist involved with the Gospel and the Arts movement, looks out onto the balcony.



L to R: Artists Sandra, Berenice, and Rosa

THE RHYTHMS OF OUR EXPERIENCES WITH THE CUBAN ARTISTS WERE NOT RECKONED BY THINGS AS PROSAIC AS CLOCKS OR SUNS AND MOONS BUT BY THE FREQUENCY OF KISSES...

me on seven planes (one way) and more than sufficient to convince Becky to leave her work in Texas and Mexico to come with me.

Within this church there are two handfuls of artists who, together with their pastor, Alfredo, have responded to a heart call from God to bless their country with the gospel through their grace-crafted art practices. But presently, their country resides in a crumbling red cardboard box where even short supply is in short supply. And overhead, black vultures swoop and circle ad nauseam. They herald death or rain, we are told. Torn shrouds or rains clouds? Meanwhile, sealed words on important paper are exchanging palaces and rusty locks are being removed from

Cuban balconies are stitched with rebar and wrought iron to each and every building and hang like bulging pockets on a threadbare overcoat. They are reached by implausible tornado-shaped iron staircases. (Imagine here a combination of birdcage and shark cage but add nice furniture, potted plants, and incandescent lizards.) The balcony on the second floor of Rosabel's Villa, our government-sanctioned boarding house, allowed Becky and me to both swing on high and swim in the ebb and flow of our street while we watched for Frank, our artist host, to arrive on his mostly pink, mostly duct-taped, mostly coat-hangered-together bicycle. From here we saw the regular arrival of yellow-bellied drinking water tanks hauled by anorexic →



Frank and Ariadna's studio

movements through cultural engagement, creative thinking, and artistic excellence. When she heard about Ariadna, Frank, and the arts movement at Iglesia La Colina de la Cruz, she made the journey halfway around the world to meet them.

Joined by Rebecca Young, now serving with MTW in Monterrey, Mexico, Berenice helped Ariadna and Frank shape a plan for and give language to their overall vision. The group, which also included five other Cuban believers active in the arts movement, discussed a long-term arts ministry strategy, with Berenice and Becky sharing from their experience about pitfalls to avoid.

A SHARED VISION

But as valuable as this planning was, far greater was the benefit of encouragement. For Ariadna and Frank, The Make Collective represented everything they hope to do in their own country. They were overjoyed to encounter someone who had already been where they wanted to go, and they are grateful that God made a way for them to experience it directly. Even months later, they continue to communicate with Berenice almost daily, despite the planetary distance between them.

"We started with a dream," wrote Ariadna to MTW in thanks for sponsoring the trip, "and now we see how our Father is materializing it." From the glory of the gospel that regenerates everything, to their introduction to Gary Watanabe, and the visit from Berenice and Becky, they see His providence at work. They are blessed to feel connected to it.

Ariadna and Frank have some specific short-term goals for their Gospel and the Arts movement. In August, the group put on an arts festival, an opportunity for several Christian artists to exhibit redeemed beauty and truth to their local contemporaries. Beyond the festival, they hope to inspire



Hennier sharing the pieces he's created about his recently deceased grandfather.

believing artists in their community to create works with broader cultural scope, focusing on subjects beyond what they experience within the church itself. In this way, they seek to contribute to the planting of even more churches throughout Cuba and become culture creators. Having now been equipped with advice and encouragement, they are overflowing with enthusiasm.

"Now we do not feel so disoriented!" Ariadna exclaimed.

"We know we have support from people who have blessed us with their time and dedication. It is comforting to know that Berenice has so much experience using the arts for the growth of the kingdom, and she is now next to us, guiding and cheering us." And that is a beautiful thing, indeed. [n](#)

"WE STARTED WITH A DREAM... AND NOW WE SEE HOW OUR FATHER IS MATERIALIZING IT."



Madonna and child watching over Berenice's room.

horses, the banana and mango man with his wooden handcart and exhausted vocal cords, and his twin, the tamale man—the bicycle taxi with one raw wheel pedaled by a 67-year-old man with bulging calves who has an 18-month-old baby. We counted



Becky Young rocking on Isabella's balcony.

the undulating umbrellas; some beautiful, some lewd, and watched the old widow across the street hold court on her front stoop, her fine purple hair feathering in the hot breeze. She raises her voice and her hands higher to be heard over her neighbor's small leathery dog stupidly trying to dig a hole in the pavement.

There were two on our small balcony and at least eight in the rest of the boarding house. Our clandestine glances through wood-slatted windows into dark-tiled rooms while walking down roads, and tippy-toed stares into second, third, and fourth floor balconies revealed many, many more. There were some at the church, too, and at all the homes I visited. Even cafés and restaurants had

them. Herds, I'm talking herds, of rocking chairs. And yes, herd is the right word, for truly, rocking chairs are like chocolate-eyed cows, chewing and re-chewing cud and hesitant to swallow. It is the mellow furniture of indecision. And Cuba rocks back and forth on its balconies and asks, are we here or there? Are we in or out?

Artists, all artists, even artists of faith, are always looking for and sometimes caricatured as the circling vultures, the death or rain, and are unkindly conjured as rocking chairs. Are you here or there? Are you in or out? Many have thought the same of Jesus.



Cuban artists Frank and Ariadna

... and before the screen freezes Frank says, "We are here, Queen Bee ... and it is raining." n

Please pray for Frank, Ariadna, Hennier, Laritza, Yuneisi, Yamil, Rosa, and their pastor, Alfredo, as they love and ministering to their expanding, changing world through the arts.



*MAKE

is immersed in the center of global culture. From a position of humility and transparency it reflects grace, builds intentional relationships through the making and exposition of marks of beauty, truth, and transcendence, toward the creation and facilitation of a worshipping community.

You can participate in the work in Cuba and many other countries in several ways:

Praying consistently for our artists and their pastors, dropping a note of encouragement to make@mtw.org, requesting a visit from one of the MAKE catalysts, subscribing to our newsletter, and/or donating online at donations.mtw.org. Select project #96232.

(NOTE: We have currently been offered a \$10,000 matching grant so your donation will be doubled until the end of the year.)

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FROM THE COORDINATOR



Dr. Lloyd Kim

Making Disciples

Knock, knock, knock. There stood a woman with her four young children. This was a family that Emilio, our long-time Peruvian national partner, had been reaching out to over several months. There in the middle of the night, the woman began to tell a common story. Her husband was drunk and had begun beating her and her four children. He was so angry he threatened to kill her. She did not know what to do or where to go, but she took her four kids and left the house. She came to Emilio's family hoping to find a place to stay.

Now in the Cusco culture, it is very rare that someone would allow another non-family member to stay at their house. But Emilio's family was different. They had met Jesus. They brought the woman and her children into their house and gave them a place of refuge for the night. That evening Emilio told this woman that he was once just like her husband. He had been a drunkard and a violent man. He confessed that he used to beat his wife and kids. Emilio's son, Raul, was also there. He shared that he and his mother would often run away from his father. Raul remembered the many times he would cry on the side of the road, looking for sanctuary, looking for a safe place for the night. He told them, "We were just like your family."

But then his parents met a neighbor, a foreigner, who invited them into his house and talked to them about Jesus. Over time and after many meetings Raul saw the power of the gospel change his father, Emilio. His anger went away. He stopped drinking. He was a different person because of Jesus. The gospel not only changed Emilio's life, but also Raul's.

Who were those foreigners who reached out to Emilio and his family? They were MTW missionaries serving in Peru. What were they doing? They were making disciples—followers of Jesus who were committed to making more followers of Jesus. What is our vision? It is to see the gospel of the kingdom advance throughout the world. We see this advance in Cusco.

The following morning, after taking in the woman and her four children, Emilio went to talk to the husband. He shared how Christ had changed his life—that he once beat his family as well, until he met Jesus.

MTW's mission is to make disciples among all the nations. Would you pray for this family and for the pattern of kingdom discipleship to continue throughout all our mission fields? n

Lloyd Kim

THE PRODIGAL BROTHER

“No. NO, Lord! Make him turn around. Bring him back! PLEASE. No, *not* Alfredo.”

About two months ago, I contacted my dad, who has been Alfredo's sponsor for three years, to let him know that Alfredo was officially no longer part of the Peter Project, the drop-in center for street boys in La Ceiba, Honduras, which I help run. →

I had done all I could do—prayed, begged, cried, and bribed for months, but we had finally lost him. He made his final decision and walked away from our talk and didn't even look back. With tears streaming down my face, I took a deep breath, and my prayer continued. “Lord, thank you that Alfredo's salvation has everything to do with You and nothing to do with me or him.” God has taught me this during the few years I've lived here. I've seen it: the hardest hearts have been softened and wooed by Jesus—not because of them or because I'm really good at “being a missionary” (whatever that means)—but because of who Jesus is and the continuous way He redeems broken things.

A PRODIGAL RETURNS

This week, I held hands with my “little brother” Alfredo as we worshipped the King of Kings together—tears of joy and gratitude streaming down our faces.

I didn't realize the weight of his decision when he came back shortly after that day he walked away. Alfredo shared with me that he had been involved in some pretty serious things—drugs, crime—but the Lord continued to pursue his heart. I told him, “Thank you so much for coming back. We missed you.” He sat up, confused, and said, “Manda, me coming back had nothing to do with me. God brought me back here and saved me from everything I thought I wanted.”

Wow.

Later, Alfredo confessed some things from his past. He noticed that it was hard for me to hear, and this bothered him. He grabbed my hands and told me to look at him. “Manda. All of this was before I knew Him. He's changed me,” he said. A reminder from this precious redeemed child that our sins—past, present, and future—are nailed to the cross. How can it be that I should share in the Savior's work in this most intimate way? How is it

“MANDA, ME COMING BACK HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH ME. GOD BROUGHT ME BACK HERE AND SAVED ME FROM EVERYTHING I THOUGHT I WANTED.”

that He brought me to a mission field to minister to my heart through redeeming lives of street boys?

But then again, isn't this the story of every child of God? He uses us—the sinful, broken, messed-up, crazy—to proclaim His glory, His goodness, His beauty to a broken world.

Sometimes I get so busy “doing ministry” that I somehow fail to be amazed by this.

TRUE WORSHIP

Recently during devotions, we studied the story of the Prodigal Son. I hadn't planned to, but the Lord put Alfredo's story on my heart, and I just couldn't help but share the joy that was flowing out of my heart for this child's story. As I shared it, Amy, an MTW intern helping out at the center, noted how emotional Alfredo became. Afterward, we had a time of silent prayer. Alfredo grabbed my hand and we spent time with one another, individually praising our Savior and being amazed that He would “save a wretch like me.”

This is the real stuff in life. Call me radical or whatever other name you want to give me, but take fashion and technology and comfort, and just give me Jesus. This is real. This is the Good News! A little boy was destined for hell just like me, and now we join hands and shed tears of joy and gratitude together imagining the face of our blessed Savior who paid the punishment and died the death we deserve, all in the name of the most selfless love that ever existed, all for His own precious glory. If you don't know Him, His grace is sufficient for you, too. [n](#)

If you'd like to support the Peter Project go to donations.mtw.org and give to project# 92414

THIS JUST IN!

As we were about to go to press, Mandy (now back in the U.S.) shared with us that her parents are trying to adopt Alfredo. If the Lord brings this about, Alfredo's long-time sponsor will become his dad and Mandy will become his sister. Please pray for a smooth adoption process, and for Alfredo's continued spiritual growth.



Mandy's father Dan Marcone with Alfredo

BY: MANDY MARCONE

Alfredo shows off a constrictor snake native to Honduras.



MEDICINE FOR THE HEART

KENYA WOMEN'S SYMPOSIUM

How do you encourage women of faith in a culture that typically relegates them to the sidelines?

That was the question before MTW missionaries Dr. Sharon Kuhn and Cheryl Crocker, R.N., as they provided medical care in Kenya in recent years and saw many women treated as second-class citizens, even within the church.

“Women in these areas are marginalized on many fronts, even in the body of Christ,” said Cheryl. “We know that it will take a mighty work of the Holy Spirit to change things, but we want to come alongside those women and show them how much our Savior values them.”



The MTW missionaries and staff who served as leaders and volunteers for the symposium

With this in mind, MTW and national leaders began planning a new kind of event—part health clinic and part women’s conference. And in July 2015, more than 140 women from all over Kenya attended the first Women’s Health Symposium in Nairobi.

“I wanted to feed these women with truth,” said MTW’s Sue Harris, who served as the main speaker at the symposium. She taught from the book of Ruth during the four-day conference, offering a redemptive historical perspective of God’s view on women as co-heirs with Christ, made in His image.

OUT OF DEATH ... LIFE

When the idea for a women’s symposium in Kenya first gained traction, no one was more supportive than local pastor Daniel Muthuva and his wife, Priscilla. They both valued women’s contributions in ministry, and he called her his “true ministry partner.”

Tragically, a few months after planning began, Priscilla got sick and died. But Daniel continued to support the idea. When the symposium finally came together two years later he was there to cheer them on and offer an encouraging closing sermon.

Despite the devastation of losing his wife, Daniel wanted to help challenge cultural barriers and honor her, according to Sue, as a “ministry partner who poured into women’s lives.”

BY MOTORBIKE, BUS, AND FOOT

The symposium attracted women from all “four corners” of the country traveling by motorbike, taxi, bus, and foot. One woman named Josephine carried her 13-month-old twins by motorcycle for two hours, then on a bus for four hours, then another bus for six more hours.

When the final busload of women pulled up to the symposium site the atmosphere was electric, said Sue. “People began piling out, shouting greetings to one another, hugging, kissing, rejoicing.”

Attendees were attracted by the medical clinic, seeking help for everything from pregnancy issues to malaria, but also by the teaching of the conference. They struggle with many of the same



Sue Harris, the event's main speaker, greets women in attendance.

issues as women in the U.S., said Cheryl: “How to fit in. How to deal with social media and their children. How to encourage one another as women. How to take care of their bodies and also take care of the prenatal needs of their babies.”

During the conference, women slept on the floor of the church building, used bucket showers, and washed their clothes by hand.

“I am humbled by the faith of the Kenyan women we thought we were coming to serve,” said Dr. Karen Greenfield, one of 16 medical professionals from the U.S. who had traveled 8,000 miles to volunteer at the symposium. “We brought things like medicines, gift bags, and Bible teaching—the best we had to offer. The Kenyans provided us with true examples of faith. When their babies die, they look to God. When family members die of AIDS, they look to God. When they are sick and have no doctor or medicine they look to God.”

Each morning of the symposium, some women received medical care while others attended breakout seminars. Afternoons featured plenary meetings on topics like parenting, dealing with drug and alcohol abuse in the family, and child and spousal abuse. Evenings were reserved for worship and teaching from the book of Ruth.

“Our impact was short—just four days,” said Sue. “That’s why we reached out to leaders.” Many women expressed a desire to travel home and share both practical and spiritual teaching with their home community.



Women who attended the symposium also received medical treatment.

HUMBLED BY GRATITUDE

One volunteer was struck by the gratitude of the women she served. “I work with poor and needy people in the U.S., and they are entitled. Here, I hand out Tylenol and people look at me with tears in their eyes and thank me.”

Sue agreed. “People here are used to living with pain. If their eyes go bad, they give up on reading. So when you give them something as simple as eyeglasses they are ecstatic.”

At the end of the conference, the women performed a cultural ceremony, dancing down the church aisle toward the team from the U.S., handing each member a package. Sue unwrapped hers to find a hand-knit prayer shawl. Amina, a small, stout Kenyan woman, placed it on Sue’s shoulders and whispered, “I will pray for you every day for the next year.” And she sang, “The Lord will put a jewel in your crown for the gifts you’ve given us.”



A group shot of attendees and leadership illustrates the reach of the symposium.

“There’s something about feeding hungry people that is humbling,” said Sue. [▶](#)



Five Reasons Why You Should Take Your Kids on a Mission Trip

The Arizona desert in mid-July is not exactly the place you'd pick for a family vacation.

BY: DAVID CAMPBELL

But it's exactly the spot where I had one of the most meaningful experiences of my life.

This summer I took my 13-year-old son and 11-year-old daughter on a mission trip to Tucson, Ariz., to work with two Hispanic churches, doing construction on one church and running a sports camp outreach at the other. It was a deeply spiritual time for all three of us. As a father I would exhort any Christian parent to consider taking their children on a short-term mission trip. Here are five reasons why:

1. My kids experienced a new and completely different culture and saw the gospel at work. They were able to see a side of life that they did not know existed. We worked with underprivileged Hispanic kids, yet these kids were joyful and loving. My kids saw that a person can lack material things, but still have a joyful heart.
2. A week with no cell phones, TV, or video games—just pure, raw communication with humanity. I don't like for my kids to spend much time on these things, but let's be honest, kids love media. For one week, this was just not an option for them—and boy did we communicate!



David's kids, Coen (13) and Rainey (11) take a break for a photo. Notice the absence of electronic devices.

3. We had a tremendous amount of quality time together as a family. I taught my daughter how to mud and sand a wall. I taught my son how to use a miter saw to cut wood for framing windows. I taught both about being thorough in your work. What great skills and life lessons!

4. My kids spent valuable time with other believers their own age, engaged in the same mission. Our team was on a mission together to serve the community for

God's glory. This mission drew my kids close to the kids on the team. They saw that kids from totally different backgrounds believed the same gospel that we believe.

5. Most importantly, my kids saw the meaning of sacrifice. We gave six days in total service to the Lord. At times the kids wanted to just give up—it was extremely hot, we were sun-burned, dehydrated, and tired, but at the end, the church we worked on looked amazing!

The believers there were overjoyed and thankful for our work. My kids saw the gospel preached repeatedly to kids at the sports camp and my son was able to share his testimony.

A few years from now, when my kids leave home, I will look back on this trip as one of the highlights of my time with them. Next year I plan on taking all of us, my wife and younger son too, to work with the Lummi Native Americans in Washington State. Join us, or go on one of the other family friendly projects that MTW offers! You won't regret it.



Sweetness in the Challenge: My Summer in Cambodia

Looking back on my entire experience last summer in Cambodia, where I had the privilege to serve as an MTW medical intern, it was the relationships I formed and the mentors who poured into me that blessed me the most.

The pediatrician I worked with liked to say, "You get what you get and you don't complain." It was a good reminder that we choose how we face difficult and disappointing circumstances. I faced the challenges of meeting new people, trying new foods, and traveling to a different place every few days; yet, there was a sweetness in how close we grew to each other during such a short time. I can be slow to open up with people, so I was surprised at how quickly I grew fond of my teammates and the people I met.

In America, where many things are measured quantitatively, it was a blessing to measure things qualitatively. I could report all the things that we did, but those are not the main reasons I enjoyed the internship. It was the intangibles—friendship, smiles, words of encouragement, lessons learned, reaffirmations—that cannot be measured. They are valuable and rewarding because they bring so much joy.

But looking beyond last summer, I'm thankful for how God is working through His people in Cambodia. In Song of Songs 2:2, the author writes, "Like a lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters." I saw that so much in Cambodia was "thorny": a history of genocide, broken marriages, poor healthcare and education, immense poverty, corrupt government. But there were so many "lilies": students with a heart for service, children being disciplined on biblical truth, marriages being restored, and missionaries who were sacrificing to share God's love.

It was beautiful to see the good that is being done here. Re-building will take time, but I met so many who were eager to take on this task. Please pray with me for the Cambodia team, that God will continue to build His kingdom through them. [n](#)

BY: BRITTANY MILLINER



Brittany, (at left) a Cambodian friend, and fellow intern, Morgan.



Missionaries Corey and Jessica Young and son Noah with Brittany.



Brittany with a Cambodian friend.

... SO MUCH IN CAMBODIA WAS "THORNY"... BUT THERE WERE SO MANY "LILIES"...



Take your kids on a mission trip next summer! Visit mtw.org/missiontrips and search by "Family Friendly."



Join us on a Summer Internship! Visit mtw.org/internships

Missionaries Help in Refugee Crisis

Unrest in Syria has created an unprecedented wave of Syrian refugees and other people groups flooding into Europe where MTW has missionaries already aiding in the crisis. Hundreds of thousands of refugees are risking their lives to start anew.

According to the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR), over 3 million have fled to Syria's immediate neighbors and most recently, they have risked their lives to cross the Mediterranean into Greece and farther countries—with an estimated 800,000 heading to Germany to start a new life.

MTW missionaries in Slovakia have partnered with contacts in Budapest to minister to refugees on the Hungarian-Serbian border where a temporary refugee camp has been set up. The Slovakia team has traveled to the border repeatedly to distribute food and water, warm clothes, diapers, and other supplies. They've also helped to clean up the camp, answer refugees' questions, and be the hands and feet of Christ.

The Slovakia team's efforts are just one example of how MTW is serving refugees. MTW has workers throughout Europe and the Middle East who've already poured their own resources into meeting the tremendous needs of displaced people. Pre-teen Syrian boys are being sent by their families alone into Greece, where MTW missionaries have partnered with other organizations to give them food, a place to stay, and a glimpse into the gospel

of the One who cares deeply for their every need. Other MTW teams are designing a way for refugees to start new lives by providing translation, outreach, and training in the local language. In the U.S. MTW missionaries are gearing up for a smaller influx of refugees.

We need your help to continue this good work. As you can imagine, there are many teams involved, and solutions are not simple. Will you give of your resources to help Syrian refugees and those from other people groups hear the good news—and build truly "new lives"—at such a critical juncture?

You can donate online at donations.mtw.org. Select project #93942.



Welcome New Missionaries

Join us in welcoming the following new missionaries!

Short Term (Two-Year):

- Julie Costas, Greece
- Mark & Susan Walters, Taiwan
- Eric & Melissa Clay, Costa Rica
- Rachael Sloan, Bulgaria

Long Term:

- Adam & Michelle Cain, Honduras
- Ryan & Karen Culbertson, Mexico
- Jarett & Mary Carole Hall, Mexico
- Derek & Catalina Kreider, Romania
- Ryan & Joy Reiter, Australia
- Julian & Christiana Russell, Bahamas
- Charles & Rikki Scarborough, Peru
- John & Karen Stodghill, Bahamas
- Brian & Mandy,* South Asia
- David & Aliece,* East Asia

*Last name is not listed due to sensitive country placement.

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Correction: In the last issue we incorrectly identified the man in the center of the photo on page 3 as Don McNeill.

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