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No Weapon Formed Against Thee Shall Prosper! or Africa: The Living Nightmare!

The first title is my choice; the second is borrowed from my 9-year-old son Jonathan. It is the title of his latest literary classic on his "memoirs." As missionary parents, we are devastated to think that despite all our efforts to reinforce the positive aspects of missionary life, our son would choose such a title. How quickly in one paragraph (its entire length) he recounts the dog bite, falling out of the tree, going over the handle bars of his bike, and being stung by a mon-o-war jelly fish at the beach. But it was this next incident that drove him to pen and ink.

On June 29 Jonathan was severely injured. From inside its cage, a chimpanzee reached out and pulled Jonathan's arm in, biting it, and nearly severing one finger, dislocating it at the main knuckle. The animal was not vaccinated. X-rays further revealed a broken arm and bruises reaching to his shoulder. A fourth surgery in October is needed to graft and replace the extension tendon.

On her way to the hospital three days after the mishap, Julie was in a three-car collision. Her visiting mom and sister, as well as our little Emily, were all in the car. It was nothing short of a miracle that no one was hurt in any of the near-totaled cars. (Ours is now repaired.)

From a hospital 250 miles from our home, no car, the threat of rabies, and worries over proper medical care, word of our trial and a call to prayer went out. We soon came to realize that we were being surrounded by a blanket of prayer, Christian support, and God's armor of light.

Jonathan began to write his story when we returned to our home one month later. I hope it will eventually include that grandfather was there to drive him to the hospital, the gentle doctor and his favorite nurses, how caring missionaries met all our needs, the visits from national pastors, the pain . . . surprisingly minimal, prayers from around the world, and how God was "an ever present help in the time of our need."

He just may keep the title despite all the many blessings he's reminded of or any explanations that bad things can sometimes happen no matter where you live. He is now smiling and happy to begin slowly moving his hand and to see God's tender loving mercies touch and bring healing. Please continue to pray with us.

You'll be hearing from us soon,

The Krauses

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