

Christmas 2017

Dear family at Cannon Beach,

First of all wishing you a **Merry Christmas** full of blessings from above. May we take time out now and then and reflect on the significance of our God visiting us on this planet in the form of a little infant. Amazing that God would do that, to begin His journey as one of us so He could fully identify with us, becoming our older brother showing us (demonstrating to us) what a holy life is all about, and then sacrificing His body in order to wipe away our sins, washing them out with His blood, and gaining the victory over death with His resurrected body, giving us that assurance that our life too will continue after death in a victorious fashion. Hodu ladonay ci tov! - Praise/Give thanks to our Lord for He is good!

And now for a little update on the lives of Kermit and Raquel in the Philippines:

Around a month ago I met with the Hanunuu leaders to help check over our Hanunuu translation, making sure we were using words and constructions that all (or at least the vast majority) of Hanunuu speakers would understand.

Below: me enjoying the show and giving exegetical insights now and then of the meaning of a particular word or verse with regard to the Hebrew or Greek text.



Beth (our main Hanunuu translator) guiding the discussions.



Our humble kitchen next to the church. Buen with the big smile is helping us oversee the Taubuid translation and came to help with the cooking for this Hanunuu gathering.



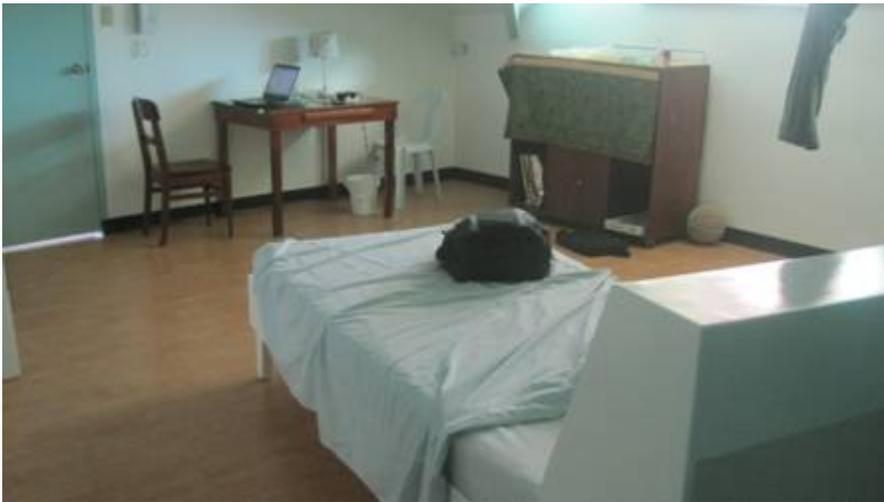
Then I went on to Tacloban, Leyte to work with our Waray translators.



We met in one of the rooms of a large Christian private elementary and high school. Paul Varberg, the big American Scandinavian at the end of the table, is the founder of the school and my co-director for this project. I also stayed there on the school compound in the attic of the mission home seen below. [Picture was taken near our translation room. So not much of a commute from home to work - about 30 seconds away on the bike I use when in Tacloban. : ) ]



Below: my room and below that the views from my room.





In the early morning before the sun came up I would walk to the neat little pond of water lilies and enjoy our Lord.

Below: my view looking south.



Below: my view looking east. I thoroughly enjoyed playing soccer at the soccer field you see. Hopefully we will have one similar to it next to our home here in San Jose sometime next year.



Saturday morning (day before I left Tacloban) two of my grandkids were dedicated to the Lord. Their father Topher was one of my soccer guys of our Mindanao days who became a Christian via the Bible studies/youth gatherings we conducted in our home. He is now a pastor and presently works full time for Samaritan's Purse. It was a humble experience thinking that one of those I brought to the Lord has himself brought into the world two more saints.



A couple of Saturdays ago I had the challenging experience of climbing Mount Danglay on the island of Samar. It took us (Paul Varberg, his son and a friend and I) three hours to climb the mountain and two hours going down.

Mount Danglay - view taken from the bridge connecting the islands of Leyte and Samar. It was my first time on Samar, so I have now been on all the 10 largest islands of the Philippines.



Most of the climb was pretty steep and very slippery since most of the time it was also raining.



Finally made it to the top. We had to wait about 30 minutes before the clouds we were engulfed in finally left the mountain. You can see the island of Leyte and the town of Tacloban across the ocean.



Going down was almost as hard as going up. We were grateful for all the trees giving us support from sliding down the steep mountain. We had some tumbles nonetheless and ended up with scratches and some minor wounds. On one occasion my feet did not

get a good grip and I began to slide, and seeing that I was going to hit hard a stump in front of me I decided to vault it. I barely **was able to do** so, otherwise my rear end could have been impaled by the thin stump. In doing so though I kind of tumbled down the hill a little, back pack and all, but was able to get up right away with only some small bloody scratches.



5 hours later **I was** one tuckered out lolo (grandpa), but grateful nonetheless for being able to get out and enjoy *God's* creation, and knowing that the strenuous exercise was good for me. :)



Once again I left Tacloban in the nick of time - since shortly

after I flew back to Manila a bagio/typhoon hit the city, and although not near the damage and destruction of Yulando 4 years ago, flights in and out of the city have been canceled.

I'm now back in San Jose, Mindoro, and was able to be with our Mangyan students/grandkids for at least 4 days before they left for their Christmas break. During those days I was also able to spend time in our bamboo rest hut on our roof top working with Tonio (Taubuid Oriental translator), Matias (Taubuid Occidental translator), and Beth (Hanunuu translators).

Plans: Raquel might go to Caluya for Christmas. I might just rest here in San Jose. Traveling on the seas to Caluya is not all that much fun and I was there just last month.

January - our Mangyan students come back. We have friends from Minnesota (Don and Connie Landecker) who plan to come for two months to help teach these little ones, so I can spend more time to work on the four translations I'm overseeing.

February - We have another one month translation workshop for our Mangyan translations in Calapan, Mindoro. Raquel though once again will stay here in San Jose taking care of our Mangyan grandkids.

We've been blessed so much this last year. Looking forward to another good year with our Lord during 2018. Trust you too will have a great 2018 enjoying our loving Lord. Again, thanks so much for your prayers and support. Much appreciated.

Yours in His service,

Kermit and Raquel Titrud

Headquarters (for gifts - please enclose a note saying "preference for the ministry of Kermit and Raquel Titrud"):

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