

Dear family at Cannon Beach,

I'm now back in the Philippines, arrived in Manila on May 23 and once again thoroughly enjoyed the oasis we have at the SIL guest house in Manila. It was also great seeing some of my old SIL friends who also happened to be passing by – those I've known since 1977 and haven't seen in ages.

Once again the Lord demonstrated His love to us during the past 3 weeks I was in India. As in November He answered all our prayers and then some. I and another couple I had mentored a number of years ago were able to teach future Bible translators from two language groups the principles of Bible translation work. It went very well and the participants over and over again thanked us for all the insights they learned. Pray for these two teams (Oriya and Gujarati) that all will go well as they reach out to the various church leaders putting together translation committees.

A few days ago our son Timothy landed in Manila with his Aunt Marilyn (Inday) and Uncle Henry and their three foster kids. They with Raquel are now on the island of Caluya enjoying family and friends there.

I am presently here in Calapan, Mindoro working with the Mangyan translators. This Saturday I plan to take a public van to the other side of Mindoro (to the town of San Jose) and meet up with Raquel and Tim there.

I could share with you a lot of stories of how He so wonderfully guided our time in India, but I'll just share one of them, my last hour in India.

When I boarded the plane in Bangalore on my way back to the Philippines, they put me on row 30, the last row of seats and the back of the chairs were against the wall, hence not able to recline. We boarded the plane at midnight. I was already dead tired and sleepy. I realized it was going to be a loooong 5 hour flight. I thought to myself, "Why am I doing this, all this traveling and punishing my body?" Of course I answered right away to myself, "It's because you believe he wants you to use the gifts He has given you in ministering to His children, and so, Kermit, you just need to do what He wants you to do and just put up with moments like these." Shortly after these thoughts came to my mind, and right before the plane took off, the flight stewardess tapped me on the shoulder and told me I could transfer to row 5, seats A, B, and C. Approaching row 5 I noticed that all the seats up to row 5 and beyond row 5 were taken. I'm guessing some family of 3 had a no show and left these seats vacant. Was I one happy guy! After the plane was in the skies, I stretched out on the three seats and

went to sleep, after of course spending a few minutes beforehand thanking Him to the max. I imagined our loving Lord (or His angel) telling the stewardess, "See that old bald headed man, he is extremely tired. He needs rest or he'll get sick." I certainly felt blessed being chosen amongst the some 170 passengers.

Thanks for your prayers and your part in blessing this old traveler.

Since I wrote the above, my stomach has been experiencing some discomfort - yesterday a kind of tight, cramping feeling throughout – can't recall every having that kind of stomach pain before. In the evening it subsided, but today (Tuesday) it is like a very uncomfortable side ach on my right side (not appendicitis since I've had my appendix removed some 6 years ago). It is somewhat zapping my energy as I work with the Mangyan translators. Today I had my stools checked for amoeba and/or parasites. The results came back clean, so thanking the Lord for that. Just don't know why I'm experiencing this discomfort. Thanks again for your prayers.

Kermit for also Raquel