

Raquel, Tim and I are presently near our JAARS center in North Carolina, part of the Wycliffe family which focuses on five main types of practical support: aviation land transportation, water transportation, information technology and media. It is the first time we've been here and it's been great seeing a number of our old friends whom we worked with in the Philippines and seeing the activity at the center. This morning, after I send this off, we'll begin our trip back to our home on the farm in central Minnesota, hopefully seeing lots of friends on the way, namely in Kentucky, the Chicago area, and Iowa.

After the wedding in the Philadelphia area, Raquel and I spent a day as tourists taking the 40 minute train ride to the downtown area. At the train station Richard picked us up and gave us a tour in his Lincoln. I got to know Richard when we were helping Raquel's family buy a house in Milwaukie, Oregon. He was the loan officer. We kind of bonded over the phone, and finally a decade later, we got to meet each other. Recently he discovered he came down with cancer similar to Leukemia (or a kind of Leukemia) – can't remember the exact name. We had a great time checking up on the historical sites of Philadelphia, and even had for lunch the famous Philadelphia cheese-steak at the famous Gino's Steaks. The cheese-steak was actually very good, better than my expectation. There at Gino's we took the opportunity to pray over Richard. I'm sure he'd also appreciate your prayers. He is a man of faith. Lord, touch our brother.

Among the sites we saw in Philadelphia was Betsy Ross's home (worth the tour just to listen to the story of the one impersonating Betsy Ross who made the first American flag), the Liberty Bell, the place where the Declaration of Independence and the constitution was signed, the burial place of Benjamin Franklin, and the cool market place inside what was the old train station. As we were walking back to the train station to catch our train, we saw two young women get into a fist fight on the street corner. Philadelphia means city of love, but I guess it is not always such. Lord, my observation in many parts in America is that we need your Holy Spirit to sweep through this land. Hinaot pa! May it happen!

From Philadelphia we traveled to Baltimore and stayed with an old friend we knew in the Philippines. The next morning, Raquel and I took the train to Washington D.C. and walked the mall, from the capital building to the Lincoln memorial to the White House and back to the mall, checking up on most of the museums along the way. Boy, were we puckered out. (Raquel thought all malls were enclosed and was surprised why they called this two mile (3.2 kilometers) open area from the capital building to the Lincoln memorial a "mall".) My Filipino friends think the Megamall is huge – they have not been to the Washington D.C. "mall". Over and over again I told Raquel, "This is much greater/grandeur than I could have ever imagined."

Thanks again Lord for giving us health and safety on the road and thanks so much for the family you have given us in you – it's been great seeing and visiting with many of your children as we travel from state to state.

Yours, _Kermit, Raquel and Tim