

# kidz 4 him

## newsletter



### To all the friends and supporters of KIDz4Him,

A huge thank you first of all for all your wonderful donations and prayers, and emails. I love to hear from you, and I am blessed to know that we are in your prayers. We have had another exciting month here in Zambia, and things are starting to take on a momentum. The devil has been trying to place a dampner on our efforts but we are greatful that HE who is within us is greater than He that is in the world. The rains have fallen and Zambia is beautiful now. Everything is green and there is plenty of water for the crops. Its been a good year for the rains, accross Zambia. In some areas there is a little too much rain and some are struggling with flooding but not like last year. At Itezhi Tezhi the dam gates have been opened up fully and the water has been released to prevent a repeat of last year where the Kafue plains were flooded extensively.

## MARCH 09



We received the approval from the Itezhi Tezhi council giving us the go ahead for the plots of land that we had previously sat for an interview. But we also found that the plots are right in the middle of an area that has now been designated for tourist chalets and lodges. I felt uneasy about placing an orphanage in the middle of a tourist area, and after praying about this and talking it over with Rob we decided that we needed to find some traditional land for the orphanage. Another trip to Itezhi was in order so we set off with great expectancy. Rob Jordan myself and Anvar (a local man) set out from Lusaka early on Monday morning.

By late that afternoon we had safely arrived at Itezhi Tezhi. We dropped Anvar at his home in Itezhi and went to the local lodge. I felt a bit off colour, and went to bed. By the next morning I was really ill, shivering and sweating and tummy upset... but I was holding down water, so Rob and Jordan went off looking for land. They picked up Anvar, and went off to find the chief. God had been preparing the way before us, and the chief, who had been sick had just returned after a number of weeks away. Let me back up just a little.

On the way out to find the chief (its a dirt track off a dirt road) Rob was stopped by a young man carrying his three year old daughter. He introduced himself as Pilot, and told Rob that he worked for Chief Kaingu. Rob told him what he was looking for and Pilot suggested that he show Rob some land that would be just what Rob was looking for. But first they had to go and get the village headman. So off they went, they travelled for about an hour, and Rob said he was praying for God to reveal His will, over this land. When they got to the village, Gibson (headman) got in the vehicle and took them to the riverfront. Rob saw it and felt he was looking at the Promised Land. It is beautiful and it is perfect for our projects. Please see the photos in the photo area of the website to see it.

Apparently some years ago some people had come to the area and said that they wanted to build a clinic/hospital on this site, and the local people had come together and baked about 10,000 bricks for the building to commence. The NGO returned a couple more times, and then disappeared and have not been heard of for two years.

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Rob heard God say "This is your land". So off they went to see His Royal Highness Chief Kaingu. Rob

told the chief our plans to construct an orphanage, a church a school and a clinic on the plot, and the chief was ecstatic. The headmen from the local villages would come together to discuss the situation and then negotiations would continue. By Wednesday I was so sick I could hardly stand up, so off we went to the local hospital. They did malaria tests which came back negative but they put me on medication and I felt much better almost immediately. They needed to carry out more tests so I was told to come back the next morning. Because I was much better, we decided to introduce ourselves to the hospital directors and the head doctors. (I have been given the nickname malaria) They were most interested in our project and what we propose to do in the community. And we were inundated with offers of assistance. God has laid on our hearts to offer a medical clinic run by boat around the Itezhi Tezhi lake shore and up the Kafue River.



This would open the way for the Gospel, to be taken to people, and provide assistance to those anglers and villagers who need urgent medical care. So we see the land on the lake shore as our access to town and the hospital and the traditional land as the safe base for the ministry. A couple of weeks later we received word to go and see the council and the chief about the traditional land. Our negotiations went well and we have had the blessings of the chief. He is a deeply spiritual man and said we are the answer to his prayers. They have been praying for someone to come and build a clinic in their kingdom for years. The following is our experience after four solid days of rain.



We went and sat for the interviews and then we had to go and visit the traditional land plot with the council. It takes an hour on a good day to get there, and it was already 3.30 pm when they decided to go. We thought it was madness but we didn't have much choice. So off we went with two of the councillors in our vehicle and 11 in a troop carrier. (hard top) Well they sped off at a great speed, and we stayed back as the road is all dirt and full of pot holes They went and drove down the dirt track, and got through to the chiefs palace.

We on the other hand have a much wider vehicle and our wheels sank down into the mud and water, right up to the bottom of the doors. Which meant that the car was resting on the chassis not the tyres. Please look at the photos on our webpage. We had no winch no ropes, and no shovels as we were not planning to go off the main roads on this trip. There was not a stone or anything to be seen and we were out in the middle of nowhere with no phone reception. Rob and I got out of the car and prayed for help. One of the councillors (all had come out in their suits and good shoes) went off to find a village, and get some help. He returned with two young men who brought some bush tools, and began to dig. the car just got deeper and deeper. The others were waiting for us, and didn't even think we might be stuck. Finally the chief sent one of his retainers to find us and Mr Choomba (councillor) got on the retainers bike and rode it out to the chiefs palace. The other councillors came back and the process was begun. We only had two car jacks and nothing flat to rest them on. So we cut tree branches and trunks and placed them under the mud. (water was flowing, and the mud was behaving like quick sand with no bottom), They managed to jack the car up enough to put some sticks and leaves under the wheel in the front and then they lifted up the rear of the car to place the jack under it.

It was about 6pm by this time and a storm was coming in. There was lightning and thunder but no rain Praise the Lord! It was getting dark and the mossies decided I would make a great dinner. Rob tried once to drive the car out, but it wouldn't budge so they jacked up the front again and put more tree branches under it. He finally managed to drive it out and then we discovered that this was the only way back. (You have to drive on the track because its a dambo all around.) So he turned the vehicle around and the other guy drove his troopie through the bog, and managed to get it through. (its a lighter vehicle) but he got bogged about 20 metres down the road.



Rob got into our car and drove through the bog and almost got out the other side and the back wheel sank down to the axle again. So this time they jacked up the vehicle and the jack collapsed. This happened a number of times, and eventually they managed to place enough branches under the tyre to get it out. We had a community prayer session and it was a wonderful experience when all faiths came together for a common purpose. We asked for God to send His angels to give us the extra push out and we got the vehicle out. We stayed behind the troopie with our lights on and managed to get the troopie out of the bog by about 9.30pm. He drove off at a great speed again after we had told him to go left at the river crossing, so he took off and left us for dead. We found them, down the track a bit and the troopie was resting almost on its side.

He had taken the wrong side of the river crossing, and was bogged up to his axle. So the battle began again. We made the river crossing easily on the other side and then we waited for them to get out. We finally got out of the boggy ground at 2 am, and got back to the lodge at 3am. We were just so grateful that God rescued us. I am overwhelmed with God's grace and provisions. I love Him all the more for the whole experience. Being out in the middle of the African bush in the middle of the night, being totally dependent on God's strength does something to your soul. I can't explain it but this experience brought a real peace into my heart. I have seen God's providence and I am truly at peace now about living in the bush with none of the modern conveniences most of us take for granted. We got to know all the councillors well as we worked together, which Rob and I believe is going to be a blessing. Most of these men are Christians and they will be vital to the success of God's mission.

Please continue to pray for us, our shipping container is still in town, the truck capable of lifting it and taking it to Itezhi is broken and is getting repaired in South Africa. (over 1000 k's away) So we are still waiting for a miracle. I believe that Jesus is about to return and we need to work quickly to bring people into His kingdom will you please join us with your prayers and support.

Thank you.

Blessings  
Sheree

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