

Life with LaMoin

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Author of: • *Oh Lord, What Have I Gotten Myself Into?* • *Glad I Didn't Know!*

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My Dear Friends:

Eny called me two days after we left Singaraja. She was so excited! She made her pies and they sold 90 on the first day to a little café. The next day they sold 100 and then had an order for 150 of them on the following day. She laughed and said, "I didn't expect that order, so I was up until 5:00 in the morning making the pies. They really like my pies. I already have people in two other towns who will sell them for me. I have a vision that my pies and cakes will be sold all over Bali."

She is just getting started in her business, but it is already flourishing. They are making 100% profit! I am so happy, and I believe that her business will be very successful. They are smart and willing to work hard. This is a business that she can operate from their home while she is still there to be with their small son, Noah. I have taught them how to fish! This will make them financially self-supporting in the future. However, I do have a dream to supply another need for her business. A large, professional mixer would greatly reduce her work and time involved in the baking, plus she could increase her production. A nice mixer in Bali costs about \$650.00. I know that this is a lot of money. I contemplated trying to buy one here for around \$400.00, but it would cost me another \$100 or more to get it to Bali. We would have to buy a transformer to convert the electricity, and that would probably cost at least \$100.00. Therefore, I wouldn't save any money, plus a local mixer would be better in the event of problems with it. Would you who are reading this letter give even \$10 or \$20 to help to buy this mixer? You would never miss that much money. This is a part of the Lord's work to strengthen them in the ministry there. Please pray about it, and if the Lord burdens your heart to give, please send your gift to us at: Baptist International Outreach, P.O. Box 587, Jefferson City, TN 37760. Be sure to designate it for "Eny's Mixer."

We had an uneventful and safe trip home from Bali. We awoke at 6:00 in the morning on the day of our departure. We paid for a late check-out at 6:00 in the evening, stored our luggage at the hotel, went to have dinner, then back to the hotel about 7:30 and waited in the lounge until 9:30 when our driver picked us up and took us to the airport. We checked in, went through immigration, and went back near our boarding gate. There are very few seats in the airport, and they were all taken. People were sitting on the floor, but that didn't appeal to me. We were standing near a full group of 8 seats. We stood for about 10 minutes when a teenaged Korean boy who was sitting next to his grandmother stood, and she motioned to me to sit next to her. I was so grateful even though the metal seat had no back like hers. I sat there for about 15 minutes trying to keep my back straight, but it was starting to be very tired. Then the dear old lady, who couldn't speak English, moved over to the edge of her seat and motioned for me to share her seat so I could rest my back. I thanked her in Korean, but I so wished that I could talk to her. I really have a grudge against those guys who were building that Tower of Babel! Bill finally got a seat next to me, and we waited until 12:30 a.m. to board the plane - which then took off around 1:00 a.m.

You can imagine how tired we already were by the time we got into the air. We had already been awake for about 19 hours. We then flew 7 hours to Seoul, Korea where we had one and a half hours to change planes and then flew 14 hours to Atlanta. We waited in Atlanta about three and a half hours before getting the plane home. By the time I collapsed into bed that night, I had been AWAKE about 52 hours. I DO NOT SLEEP ON A PLANE! I hate people who go to sleep before the plane is in the air and don't wake up until it's back on the ground! I even took a sleeping pill and I still couldn't sleep. I sure start to covet when I board those long flights and walk through the first and business class sections. Those seats are like beds! Then we find our seats at the back of the "cattle car." The only comfort that I have is in knowing that we are paying about four times less money for our tickets - which are expensive enough!

We returned home in time for me to keep my appointments at Mayo Clinic for another MRI of my brain tumor and another scan of my lungs. Good reports from both! The disease in my lungs has not spread, and the tumor has not grown. I still have to have yearly check-ups. The brain doctor again told me that those tumors could be dormant for a few years and then start to grow. I want to be wise and have it monitored, but I don't think it will ever cause a problem.

God has been so good to us. I am so grateful that He is still using us, and we can still bring forth fruit in old age as He said that we could. Of course, you know.....it's Bill who is in that old category - not me! 😊

From My Heart,
LaMoin

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