

Life with LaMoin

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My Dear Friends:

I am so excited that November is almost here - even though it's depressing that another birthday is also near. I am excited about November this year, because I am so eager to see the end of negative politics!! Yes, I am conservative. Yes, I voted early for Romney. Yes, I am very concerned for America. But I am so sick of politics! I am really praying that we can settle down and get back to normal - whatever that is. It seems that in November, we are more aware of our blessings. And, after all, November is the time for everyone to choose a turkey!

We see prophecy being fulfilled, and I know that these things must come to pass before the Lord calls us home. But, it's like someone once said, "Everybody wants to go to Heaven, but no one wants to die to get there." I, as I believe most people, don't want to see hard times and the collapse of America before the rapture. Well, whatever happens, and whoever is our next President, I take comfort in knowing that God is still in control of all of it. Psalm 2 restores my calm when I get passionate about what is happening in my beloved America. Take time to read it, and maybe it will comfort you as it does me.

My third book; "TIK - This is Kenya" is finally at the publisher's. I hope it will be ready before Christmas. You know a book is very much like a child. An author gives birth to it, loves it, nurses it, coddles it, mends its wounds, watches it grow, tries to correct its imperfections, prays over it, tries to shape its future, cries over it, endures pain from exhaustion it brings, etc. - but there comes that sad day when the manuscript must leave home. With great anticipation, fear, apprehension, joy, sadness, and prayer - an author must cut the apron strings, realizing that she/he has done all in her/his power to mold it, kiss it goodbye, and let it go - praying that it will make God and her proud. I have put my manuscript in the hands of the publisher with all of its imperfections. I pray that it will make me proud, that you will buy it, and that it will be a blessing to many.

In my book, I have strived to entertain my readers with humor about my challenges of living in Kenya. I think you will keep turning the pages as I tell you about seeing a drunk driver hit the motorcycle on which two of my kids were riding, how Bill was near death from a motor boat running over him, and the anguish in my heart of putting my kids in boarding school and then having to leave them in America. You will feel our fear as you read how we spent three days in our home while listening to the gunfire outside during a coup. I tell you many exciting stories of my personal life in Kenya, and how God again proved to me that His grace is always sufficient.

Recently, Bill and I bought a carry-out lunch, and went and sat on a bench near the ocean where there were many sea gulls and pigeons. We were enjoying throwing bits of food to them and watching

one territorial seagull as he chased the others away. During this entertainment, a British couple came along and noticed the fun we were having. Mary sat on the bench beside me, and we started talking. She told me that she had recently learned that her mother had a past that she didn't know about until after her mother's death. Her mother had been married before and had two small children. Her husband was very abusive. She left her two children with her mother and ran away from her home in Southern England and went to a city in the North of England and established a new life. She married - but not legally - and gave birth to Mary and to another daughter. She never went back to her former town, and she never saw her children or her mother again. Mary and her sister somehow learned about this, and had recently contacted their half brothers and sisters. It was a very interesting and sad story.

I said, "Well, way back then maybe that is the only way she knew that she could escape. We didn't experience what she did, so we can't judge her."

Mary said, "That's right, but I could have thought of other ways to handle it. I would have killed him. You know, people can't taste crushed glass in food."

We both laughed, and I looked at her husband and said, "You'd better watch your back."

"Oh, I do," he said.

"That is my second husband," Mary said.

"Oh, what happened to your first husband?"

"He died."

"Oh, he didn't taste the glass?"

We had a good laugh and conversation. I asked her where she lived in England, and learned that she lived in a town where we had previously visited. Bill had preached in a good Bible believing church there. I happened to have a collection of good tracts in my purse and one was from that church in her home town. I gave it to her and said, "Read this. It will tell you how to be ready to meet God when you die." I encouraged her to go to the church when she returned home. Chance meeting? No, there are no coincidences with God - He arranges divine appointments.

Eny and Wayan are expecting another baby boy around Christmas. I am concerned about her since she had a caesarian delivery with Noah. I really don't feel that I should ask for the money for another operation for her, so I just ask that you pray with me about this birth and her well-being.

I enjoy writing "Life with LaMoin." I always try to be transparent when telling you about the things that are happening in my personal life. I do not wear a halo, and I am not the model of perfection. I hope that you will be encouraged and uplifted by my thoughts, and that you might be able to have a good belly laugh from some of my experiences. God says that a merry heart does good like a medicine. God has a sense of humor - again, read Psalm 2. He created us with the same emotions that He possesses - otherwise we would not have the ability to laugh. But, we must exercise that ability. Don't get so serious about life that you can't have fun. Medical studies have proven that laughter is therapeutic and even healing in some cases. Enjoying good fun and laughter will keep you from spiritual burn-out. Please pray for me if I sometimes appear to be "unspiritual." Try to find something each day to provide a good, deep, out-loud belly laugh. You'll feel better.

From My Heart,

LaMoin