

Dear Praying Friends,

I want to thank you from the very bottom of my heart for helping to send me and Kala to Africa. Now that we are home and have had a little time to sort through our emotions, I can still say it was probably the best and worst two week period in all of my 46 years of life. I cannot explain to you the blessing of being with those people in Shinyanga, Tanzania (look it up on a globe -it's East Africa, right on the equator, a little South of Lake Victoria). What you need to know is this: We were part of a "team" of 32 people from Washington, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia. Eight of the team served in two medical clinics, while the rest of us went house to house (literally hut to hut) telling them "God's Story." If I wasn't there and if I didn't get to live it, I wouldn't believe what took place. I understand what Jesus meant now when He said "the harvest truly is great." (Luke 10:2) We saw 3,964 saved while we were there! It was absolutely, incredibly, amazing. One day while walking down the road with my interpreter, who was also our African pastor, I asked him, "Why is this so easy?" I will never forget his answer. "They have never heard." Millions and millions of people have never heard God's gospel, the way to heaven, the story of redemption. It just breaks my heart every time I think of it and I cannot quit thinking about it. I simply cannot just push it out of my mind and jump back into the hurry up, rat race of life back at home as a blessed beyond measure and spoiled American Christian. I, personally, only saw about 5 people reject the gospel of Jesus while there and every time they were Moslem. John 14:6, where Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life" presented them big problems. You can't face Jesus Christ and Mohammed at the same time. Jesus is not the American way or the Baptist way or the white man's way. He is the only way to God the Father and heaven. But for that 3,964 that turned away from all other gods to follow Jesus, we saw lots of great big smiles, we got many, many hugs, and even some "high fives!" It truly was the experience of a lifetime. Without a doubt, the biggest blessing in all of this for me was that I got to share the whole experience with my 17 year old daughter, Kala.

I don't know if you know this or not. I will be brief. In December of 2006, we moved my mother over here from Georgia. On April 23 (my wife's 40th birthday) at 5:20 p.m., my mother went home to be with the Lord Jesus after a long, hard struggle. I am so proud of her and for her. Now she is healed and whole. At 7 a.m., April 25th, we left for Africa. We flew all night for two nights, with a 10 hour layover in London in between. You would not believe the whirlwind of sightseeing we did during that layover! We even saw two young men saved on the subway riding in from the airport. We arrived in Mwanza, Tanzania Friday afternoon, rode a bus 2 ½ hours to Shinyanga, walked straight into a welcome rally, and stayed busy until we got home Sunday night, May 6th. We have seen thousands saved, learned to love the laughter of African children, danced (yes, even me) in the worship at church (most of my dancing memories came from before I was saved and they usually had to do with being lost and drunk). I can honestly say it was fun and they didn't even laugh because they were too busy worshiping. I wish I could sit down face to face with you and tell you "everything" but since that probably won't happen, I hope you will accept my thanks for your help in sending us to Africa. There is no way we could have went without the help of friends. I really do pray the Lord will bless you for blessing us. I hope these pictures bring a smile to your face and I really want you to pray about going with us next year. I promise you it will be worth every penny of money and you won't miss anything at home when you get to see God work in a way that really does change eternity. Bwana Sifewe - Praise the Lord.

Jesus is Lord -Yesu ne Kristo
Turk Holt