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“And thank you, Lord, that James' “Cadillac” wasn't fractured! Amen.”
—Angel 10, praying at family devotions

It's been a month of close calls with cars and bones! We are so thankful that James' “*cadillac*,” I mean, *scapula*, wasn't fractured during a school football game when his shoulder was dislocated after he was tackled on his kickoff. (Due to James' awesome soccer skills, he's the designated Kicker! And I thought he'd be safe enough, as long as he was just the kicker!) A special praise—my precious Mother fell during the blackout and severely bruised her right leg from the knee to her ankle—but NO broken bones! And speaking of *cadillacs*, we're so thankful that Hurricane Irma somehow missed our faithful vehicles while hurtling tree branches like javelins!

Our landlord boarded up our windows, and the children and I bagged over 40 sandbags to stack around the house. The kids helped others fill sandbags as well. Ken's tenacity won out after hours of waiting in a long line to buy a generator. We lost electricity during the howling night, and the children lit candles, spending the night playing UNO and camping out in the living room, while I prayed the roof would stay on and our street wouldn't flood! We've survived war in Burundi and now we can say we've survived a hurricane! Thank you for your prayers for Florida and our family. We join you with prayers for Houston, Mexico, Dominican Republic, the Caribbean, Cuba, and especially Puerto Rico—which has been hit twice. We also lift up Las Vegas, in the aftermath of that tragic horror. Andy (9) prayed tonight for the people who were hurt but also prayed, “Dear Jesus, help that man who shot a bunch of people, to have said 'sorry' to YOU.”

My cousin, Darla, a missionary in Dominican Republic with her husband, Charlie Finocchiaro, wrote, “*I feel all prayed out. I, too, am in 'waiting mode.' I feel like my strategy is to just sit and breathe and 'be still and know that He is God.' It sounds so holy... just to sit and wait on the Lord. But I was more nervous than I had realized. Not nervous for me—we live in a more protected area, and 3 hours from the north coast. We were entirely safe. I was (am) nervous because I don't know how much more human suffering I can handle. To live protected, comfortable and safe, in the midst of so much need and death and suffering (worldwide, I mean) I have been wearied.*” Her words express just how I felt and still feel.



The hand of God is more powerful than IRMA.

Some positive things happened in September, too. Andy was awarded Student of the Month at his school! Sammy's report card boasted straight A's! James got his driver's permit, and Cindy got her driver's license! We're so proud of our kids! Sam has a new teacher, who besides being terrific with the deaf and handicapped kids, found a barely-breathing newborn squirrel beside a fallen tree. The teacher's cat had just produced kittens, so she put the baby squirrel in with the litter and the mother cat accepted it, no problem. An amazing and beautiful case of fostering.

Thank you for your prayers for Ken as he travels back to Bujumbura, Burundi, for two months (Oct 14—Dec 18).

Through all that is happening on this great earth that God created, I'm so glad that He's got the whole world in His Hands!

Praise God from Whom ALL blessings flow,

Ken and Melli and kids

P.S.



Monthly newsletters sent to your email upon request to:

macmanbob@gmail.com

"You can be sure that God will take care of everything you need, his generosity exceeding even yours in the glory that pours from Jesus."

*Philippians 4:19
The Message*

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simon.guillebaud



Hippo on parade in Bujumbura, Burundi, near Lake Tanganyika. Sent from our missionary friend, Simon Guillebaud. Ken joked, "I think he's yawning!" But I don't think so....