

Perseverance

Kenya Trip 2015 Part 1

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Scriptures from the KJV

I had a very “interesting”, a very “eventful”, and a very “prosperous” trip to Kenya, and today I want to give a report concerning my recent visit. I have a lot to say, so I am going to give this report in two parts.

We are going to take a trip back in time today, because life in E. Africa hasn't changed much in the past 2,000 years. You will find some motor bikes and cars on the road, and some of the boats on Lake Victoria being powered by outboard motors now days.

But the majority (by far) of the population have never been in a car (rarely used any form of transportation other than the trekking they do daily on foot) and the boats on the lake are more often than not, powered only by the wind blowing on their sail.

Life for our brethren living in Kenya, on one hand is very peaceful & very serene, but at the same time, on the other hand, life is very rough, very difficult, and quite a challenge for our brethren just to survive.

The title of my report today is “Perseverance” because it is the steady persistence in a course of action, a purpose, a goal that needs to be reached, especially in spite of difficulties and obstacles, and sometimes even discouragements, that I want to address today.

And not only the perseverance of our impoverished brethren living in that 3rd world country, who are struggling on a daily basis to survive, but also the perseverance of those brethren here in the States who continue to assist them with both prayers and financial support during these I know for some, are difficult & challenging times in which we are living.

When people read some of the news & updates concerning the every day life of our impoverished brethren, they often comment "Wow, I felt like I was back in New Testament times with the early church."

The early church experienced many of the same conditions that our African Brethren are going through, and I think some of the events we are going to visit today, will echo that feeling...)

Our Creator has a very active church In Kenya, none of the groups we are connected to are stagnant in any way, there all quite busy, some are old established group (still some from “Radio” days) and some are new groups, some of which consist of people coming from Sunday worship to Sabbath, and learning basic biblical truths for the first time.

(And there sincere.)

You might recall the incident from the feast last year, where a pastor from a remote area in Kenya who kept Tabernacles with us, asked if we could visit and address his Sunday keeping congregation after the feast.

Well, it took us a good part of a day to find that congregation, they were so remote, but we did. (Traveling around E. Africa is quite difficult, with its dirt roads, which are full of trenches from the “flash floods” that occur when ever it rains.)

But once we did reach them, and showed them with the Scriptures the importance of keeping the Sabbath, and how the seventh day Sabbath was never changed to Sunday by God, but only by the deception of men, they were quick to change.

(And there still keeping it, and still growing in Truth.)

I often tell the groups that are questioning “Sunday” worship how I visited Rome back in the 70ies and went down into the basement of “Saint Peter’s Basilica” to see the “so called” burial site of the Apostle Peter. (The cathedral was built over the catacombs, over an ancient cemetery.)

The tomb stone (believed by many to be the tomb of the first Pope) “is” marked “Simon” But the person buried there is probably “Simon Magus” Not “Simon Peter”. We live in the information age, and history shows us that Simon Peter never traveled to Rome... But Simon Magus did, and his following in Rome was much larger than it was back in Samaria where he was baptized by Philip.

(I elaborate on that story in the book of Acts to them.) I also read them (word for word) the “canon” that was passed at Laodicea, which forbade worshiping on the Sabbath and forced, changing the day of worship to “Sunday.”

(And by the way, that was at: The council of “Laodicea” (363 – 364 AD) not the council of “Nicaea” (325AD.) This council of “Laodicea” is also the one who forbade “Love Feasts” to be conducted in the church.

Now back to this latest trip, my flight landed in Nairobi, and I was met by Evans Ondazi & Haron Mokoro (there two men I have been working with for years) the two had already been in Nairobi for a few days, staying with the leader of a new group that they had recently raised up “Eric.” (Also a Sunday to Sabbath group.)

(There’s been a lot of them recently.)

(As I mentioned numerous times before, God is busy calling people, [opening Eyes & Ears] to many in E. Africa at this time.) (Like He was doing with the “Anglo Saxons” a few tears back.) But the “work” we are involved in today, is not being funded like it was back in WWC. It’s being funded like it was in NT times, by the blood, sweat & tears of a small flock.

I spent the first couple of days In Nairobi with Ondazi & Haron. It was middle of the week, and we met with the pastors of two of the Nairobi slum groups Jeremiah & Daniel, and also long time cog member Rabbeca Miangi and her son Patrick.

The Miangi’s live in Eastern Kenya toward Somali border. (A very dangerous place because Somalia is home of the “al shabaab” the terrorist group who in the past were well know for their pirating ships in the Indian Ocean, and also for kidnapping Americans off the streets in Nairobi for ransom.)

Now they have been in the business of killing “non Muslims” (especially focusing on and targeting Christians) in numerous incidents around Kenya, like at the “Mall” in Nairobi last year, and most recently at a Kenya University last Month where they killed 147 students, and wounded 79 (one of which by the way was a member of our Trans Mara congregation.)

He survived by crawling under his bunk bed when the attackers entered and began shooting. Two of his classmates crawled under the bed too, but were killed when the gunmen fired under the bed, he survived but was shot through the elbow.

I sent Rabbeca fare to travel to Nairobi so we could spend some time together (she's the host to a small group in east Kenya where they live.)

Patrick was just starting school at a university there in Nairobi (actually near Jeremiah's slum group) so I introduced them, and encouraged Patrick to keep Sabbath with them, so he could help that new group with Scriptural knowledge, being Patrick grew up in the church, and is well versed. (We have so many wanting to learn, just thirsting for biblical truth, but so few available to teach.)

(I spoke to Patrick this week, and he is meeting in that slum on Sabbaths.)

I also had one of the orphans from "Sengera" accompany Ondazi & Haron to Nairobi, this particular orphan "Nehemiah" is a bit exceptional, he's quite fluent in English, sharp, and has a very outgoing and friendly personality, he also has a desire to serve God (He already spends much time assisting other orphans there in Singera.)

So I felt it would be quite beneficial for him to spend time with us, and let him drink in some of the "education" that "traveling" has to offer. (Nehemiah's never been out side walking distance of his village.)

(And talk about persistence, He needed to talk to me this week, so he walked for 5 hours to reach the nearest village that had "Cyber" just to E-mail me. We conversed for about 30 minutes through Email, and then he had a 5 hour walk back. That's 10 hours round trip.)

Nehemiah is also the one who got his leg cut just a few weeks ago and spent three days in the hospital due to the severity of the cut. Here he was shortly after getting his stitches out trekking for 10 hours in order to communicate with me.

(That kind of attitude & perseverance is why I wanted him to join us in Nairobi.)

While in Nairobi, we also visited the "Museum of Natural History." (Ondazi, Haron & Nehemiah were all flabbergasted (to say the least) at the sights the museum had to offer.) The Museum had a lot to see (especially birds) you know Kenya has literally thousands of species of exotic birds, with every one on display in the museum.

That Country is a bird lover's paradise; they say you can see more birds in one day in Kenya, than you can in an entire year in New Jersey.

After a few days in Nairobi, our plan was to travel West across the "Great Rift Valley" (RV) stopping over for one or two nights in Norak (The half way point across the valley.) There's a few Hotels there and we wanted to get together with the overseers from the numerous groups scattered around the Rift Valley.

It's important to meet with these leaders, to make sure there on the right page, preaching the right things. One of which (And I consider this a big one) is to be pointing people to God, and encouraging them to study and be obedient to His Word, and not to be telling them to follow us, like so many "church" leaders do.

All the cog groups are there in Kenya (but I feel that most of them are on the wrong track) For one thing, there is very little interaction between them (same as here) most think their group is exclusive, and the one to be in, the "one" God is working with. And they just cherish "Hierarchy."

They like to make the brethren think that there group is the one to be in. I treat that foolishness like the plague.

All that nonsense can be summed up in one word "Hogwash" and I've been on a mission to combat that "Hogwash" every where I go. (Anyone still "playing" church needs to wake up, before it's too late.)

(I know I'm preaching to the choir about this here, but others will read this report later.)

So we hoped to meet all those R V leaders in Narok. But that plan got washed away by a flash flood that pass threw the town the night before our arrival, flooding much of the town (including water up to the 1st floor ceilings of the Hotel where we were planning to hold our meeting in.)

We did pass through Narok on our buss trip across the Rift valley, but our stop over was only to take lunch in a roadside restaurant, as we watched the town literally pushing mud down its streets. (15 drowned in that flood.)

That flood also altered our next plan, which was to pass through “Trans Mara” to visit another new group that I had never met before (the one where the injured university student was from.) But the muddy dirt roads in that entire area were all impossible to travel on from the heavy rains, so we continued heading West on the freshly paved China asphalt.

(All mane roads through Kenya [especially the ones connecting bordering countries] have been paved by China, in order for them to enhance the moving & selling of their goods.) (And those paved roads have also enhanced the preaching of the gospel.)

We arrived in “Sengera” just outside Kisii Kenya late that night. And spent the next three days there, sleeping & eating with the orphans in the house that KHOH built for them last year.

(We don’t have many donors supporting KHOH, but those who are supporting [many of whom are poor themselves] also continue to persevere in their struggle to help the impoverished brethren, and if it wasn’t for their dedication, KHOH wouldn’t exist.

It was a very enjoyable time with the orphans; we cooked “rice” and made “chapatti” bread on a small charcoal stove every night. I also taught them how to make “pop corn” and I tried to really spoil them by adding roasted peanuts and some melted “butter”. Only problem was the village store not only didn’t carry butter, they never even heard of it (Nor had our brethren.)

During the day we visited a number of the surrounding groups. We reached them by trekking on foot for hours, often times even in the rain. When it would really begin to down pour, we (like all the others walking along the muddy road) would dash under any kind of cover, till the rain slowed down. (it was more of that perseverance to reach these isolated church groups.)

One of which was where we found the majority of the children plagued by Jiggers. The situation is horrible (maybe you saw some of the pictures & videos.)

What these children are enduring is quite amazing, and they don't even complain, I guess to them it's just another “thorn” in their difficult lives. But for me, when I saw their feet up close, I knew we had to do something for them, and probably more than just Iodine. (Some are loosing their toes.)

(If you saw the videos, we had purchased Iodine which was recommended by a pharmacist to combat the Jiggers. But these Jiggers were much too advanced to be treated by Iodine. We’re currently trying to help these suffering children with something better.)

Boaz, the overseer from Mombassa also visited the jigger children; he had traveled to western Kenya to spend some time with us being I wasn’t going to reach the Coast on this trip.

When he saw the pictures we took of the children’s feet, he was so moved with compassion, that he just had to go and see them himself, and try to help. So the next day we trucked back (seven kilometers) for him to have a look and we applied more Iodine.

(By the way, a lady from Trinidad “Alice Agard” (Another one who has been supporting KHOH along with Nicole Aberdeen) after seeing the videos we posted on our church YouTube channel, Alice sent us the recipe for a good solution for treating the children’s sever condition, and killing these Jiggers.) We are currently trying to purchase the ingredients and more shoes.

That need is currently on top of our priority list. O, and by the way, another need of that group was “shade” for congregating under on Sabbath. (let me digress here a bid and talk about “shade” for a moment) I always give a lecture to all the groups on how the building we meet in for Sabbath “Isn’t” the church, that we are the “Ecclesia.” So I always address the building as “Shade” not the “church.”

While I was there I addressed them under a make shift shade, constructed of tree branches and leaves. (I got a pretty good sun burn.)

It's next to impossible to spend much time in the sun in that part of the world (being it's on the Equator) and when it rains; they have to cancel Sabbath services completely. (So they need better shade.)

We were able to assist them just this week with funds from KHOH to purchase materials, and they just completed putting up a building with a metal roof to meet in (rain or shine.)

"KHOH" have funded the building of shade for many congregations in Kenya & Tanzania for our brethren to meet under (Thanks to you donors) and what a blessing this is for them.

O, and that group is also starving... The rains have been plentiful, and their gardens are growing, but there is no harvest yet, and they have no food to eat. While we were there they served us tea and sliced bread. And only to us, the children didn't eat.

There the group that when we left, many (including all the children) walked us all the way back to the village where we were staying. Upon arrival (there was open market that day) we purchased them some oranges & bananas (which they immediately scoffed down.) (We also sent them back home with some vegetables.)

Life for our impoverished African brethren is tough and rough. I just received an E-mail from Michael Mbogo in "Nykatch" informing me that some there are only drinking water, that they have no food at all to eat. (What they were previously rationing has run out.)

Some are now going 4 & 5 days at a time taking nothing but water. We send them another 10,000/- we had available in the account yesterday.

Ok, after visiting Kisii Kenya, we traveled to Masaba Kenya, Masaba is where we (KHOH) have built a school where around 60 children attending. Masaba is one of the main bases we work out of there in Kenya.

The brethren there have a "brick" making operation, making up to 6,000 bricks in a Month. They have used the bricks to build the school, and also a house for the orphans that they are caring for there, and a few other structures used to host the fall feast. (There also selling brick at 10 cents each.)

None of our African Brethren are lazy, and we're not just throwing them fish, we're also teaching them better ways to fish.

While in Masaba, we had those overseers from the "Rift Valley" visit us for a three day meeting. (We had plenty of space for sleeping, with all the brick buildings) so we sent them the fare to travel. Again, I want to stress that meeting with the overseers is very important; spending time together helps us to know where their heads are at.

Let me mention here what the conditions were like when they arrived. It had been raining every day during the entire Month I was in Kenya, including the night when these overseers arrived.

The sun had just set; and the last leg of their journey was 1/2 hour to 45 minute walk from the village to our camp (in the pouring rain.) They arrived soaked from head to toe.

Well, what to do was the big question, how to warm them up and dry them out? It was already getting cold out due to the high altitude in that part of Kenya.

(Here in the States, for us in a situation like that it's easy to address, just go inside, change your clothes, and maybe put the wet ones in the dryer. But those luxuries are not even dreamed of for our Kenyan brethren. For one thing, they had no change of clothes, only the drenched ones they were wearing.)

We did have a large room prepared for them to sleep in, but only had mattresses spread out on the concrete floor, and a blanket for each person.

My suggestion was to build a fire inside one of the small brick buildings, and when I mentioned it, everyone's eyes lit up, so we did just that, we grabbed some kindling and some of the cooking fire wood and started a nice Hot fire. The men all gathered around the fire and began to warm up and dry out their clothes, as the women made them some hot tea & rice to take for supper.

Our three day meeting was very helpful, these leaders had groups that were Sabbath keepers for a long time, but new to keeping the Holy Days, so we spent a lot of time discussing them, and how they picture God's plan for mankind.

We talked about much; our African brethren have plenty of IQ, but never had much learning. They have no books & such to gain knowledge. We discussed many things, and they were all ears and quite amazed to learn so much.

Even about the heavens, you know the night sky is just breathtaking in Africa, void of artificial light pollution, there is an abundance of stars that reach all the way down to the horizon in every direction.

They have seen this magnificent sky on every clear night for their entire lives (and maybe even take it a bit for granted.) But it was easy to bring the night sky to life for them. I asked them: "when you look up into the heavens, do you know the difference between a star and a planet?" (Not one of them had even a clue.)

They were so excited to learn how stars "twinkle" and "planets" don't, and that those small shiny objects that go wising across the heavens, are man made "satellites" and "space stations." (Some even here in our country don't know you can actually see man made objects crossing the night sky with the naked eye.)

(One asked me if the Atlantic Ocean was "salt" water or "fresh" water.)

When the time ended with the Rift valley Overseers, they left Masaba to return home, and we left Masaba headed to Kisumu to visit brethren there. (A one day journey by bus.)

And quite a unique bus journey, because in Kenya they feed you both physically & spiritually along the way. They give you a bottle of water for your physical health, and preachers stand up and give you a full sermon for your spiritual health.

And with that kind of treatment (in what seemed like no time) we arrived in Kisumu the third largest city in Kenya with a population of about half a million. Kisumu is a port city on "Lake Victoria" and it's the main inland terminal of the Uganda Railway. ("Kisumu" literally means the place of "barter trade." It's a thriving City, and can probably be compared to "Corinth")

And prices in that city were the lowest I've seen (by far) in all of Kenya. We spent three days there and Michael Mbogo joined us. Michael is a long time member of God's church (originally a member of WWC.) I met him there in Kenya at a FOT in 2005, when he gave me a study paper he had written back then concerning a late 14th Passover.

Recently he has been working with a new group he raised up there in Kisumu, and he wanted us to spend some time with them, especially with the Elder of the new group.)

So there were four of us in Kisumu for three days, and to give you an idea of how inexpensive the city was, the Hotel we stayed at charged us 1,100 Kenya Schillings per night (That's \$12.) and that was the total for all four of us (that's \$3. each per night.)

The Elder (His name is Peter) had many questions and we discussed much. We also provided him with a bible, and gave booklets to the congregation that was provided by "Warren Zehrung" "Sabbath Church of God." The group were former Sunday keepers, but now meet every Sabbath.

Seems that on this entire trip, I spent more time with new groups, and the majority of which were switching over from Sunday to Sabbath. God is still in the calling phase, still calling at the 11th hour.

When I sat there and listened to Peter's story about his back ground, you could just see God's hand in all of it, how He was opening up Peter's eyes to Truth, and placing him in a leadership position. (But that group needs our help, just like so many of the other impoverished groups there need our help...

Peter's congregation (like many of the 33 cog groups we are connected to) are in need of bibles, and more literature. Now access to literature on basic Truths is easy to obtain, there are many good articles on the Internet (produced by various cog groups that address subjects like "Trinity" "Sabbath" "Holy Days verses holidays" Etc.) But the problem is having the funds to print and distribute the articles, having the funds to provide bibles.

The people we are dealing with are being called by the Almighty God (just like we were) I know this for a fact, because I see that "first love" in them, just like that "first love" was in each and every one of us when we were first called.

But they are "**poor**" they have no "**money**", they have no "**material wealth**", they have no "**social clout**", and they have no "**prestige.**" But they do have "**Faith**", and lots of it. Fact is, they are "**Rich in Faith**" and "**heirs of the kingdom.**"

But as James tells us (And we all need to comprehend this) is that "**the poor of the world are despised**" (there despised by the majority.) The question is (**Are they despised by us?**) (**Are we part of the majority who has turned their backs on them?**)

(**Or are we part of the minority, who is striving to help them?**) If we don't help these brethren, If we have this worlds goods, and turn our backs on these impoverished brethren, then as the Scriptures states "**How dwelleth the Love of God in us?**"

Proverbs 21:13 says, "Whose stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard."

And we know what's coming. If we think that storing up food & money for ourselves is going to suffice our needs in the trouble that is ahead, if that's on our priority list, we're in trouble.

Well after kisumu, we went back to Masaba and prepared to try one more time to journey to "Trans Mara" to meet that new group there. As I mentioned before, on this trip, seems it rained every day, maybe for only a few hours each day, but roads were quite muddy and traveling was quite difficult.

Our plan was to travel by motor bikes to Trans Mara, but found that to be too expensive & too dangerous due to the muddy roads, but we did find a car with a driver who was willing to attempt the trip, so we set off early one morning, following what appeared to be roads on my I Pads GPS.

(There was another way to reach "Trans Mara" but it would have taken two days from where we were at, so we relied on the GPS.)

The "Trans Mara" is in Kenya, and borders the "Serengeti" which is mostly in Tanzania. The Serengeti is well known around the world, it hosts the largest terrestrial mammal migration in the world. Its also renowned for its large lion population.

(When we watch those African Safaris on TV, we're usually in the Serengeti.)

And yes, our Creator has been calling people even from here, where the "Maasai" live. The Maasai are known as fierce warriors and live alongside most wild animals. we've had contacts with Maasai's since around 2009 or 10, when we had one attend one of our open Bible studies.

And we found some attending with the Trans Mara congregation. But before we talk about the Trans Mara congregation, we have to get there first, so lets continue on this safari. Everything was going good for the first 3 or 4 hours, even though the dirt road (in places) seemed totally impossible for a car to travel on due to the massive gulleys & washouts from the heavy rains.

But even with the Hugh gulleys & washouts in the dirt road, the driver just kept right on trucking without even skipping a beat in the conversation, until we reached a river that had overflowed well over its banks and had quite a torrent of water flowing rapidly, well over the top of the bridge.

(So our trip came to a complete dead stop.)

I studied the river for a while, but concluded that there was no way our car could cross without being swept away by the fast current, and figured we were going to be stuck there until the river subsided.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FA05MBzeERk>

Meanwhile, the driver conversed with the 50 or so Maasai's who were all standing around joking (some sharpening their Pongas [machete's] on a piece of steel)

Others were teasing me, after all, a white man in the middle of the bush was something to toy with.

Meanwhile, the drivers conversing paid off, he learned of another bridge (one that was much higher) so we detoured, and only lost one hour, before we found ourselves back on that same dirt road that we had been following on my GPS, but thankfully on the other side of the washed over bridge.

Once again, things were going quite well, but it didn't last long before we found ourselves in the same situation again, with another overflowed bridge, yes, another fast moving torrent of water flowing rapidly over another bridge. So we found ourselves stopped & parked right behind a bright yellow truck that was also stuck in his tracks unable to cross the flooded bridge.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aZx7fGkRF_g

But this time, as our driver conversed and was finding out that there was no alternative route, I was studied the river and concluded that this time, the car could actually make it across this flooded bridge.

The problem I saw was convincing the driver that we could do it, and on top of that, convincing Ondazi & Haron that we could do it, as long as they were in the back seat of the car (I wanted their extra weight to ensure that the car wouldn't get washed off the bridge.)

I thought it was going to be quite a challenge to convince Ondazi & Haron that the car could actually make it across (especially being that neither of them could swim, and both had a fear of water.)

But I had to try, because there was No turning back now, not at that point, not after traveling for so long along that disastrous gulley filled dirt road, and now so deep into the wilderness. No matter how many wild animals inhabited that area, we had to move forward (Persevere.)

So I set off to convince them that we could make it across. But to my surprise, there was no convincing necessary for Ondazi, Haron, or even for the Driver, when I told them we could do it, they were ready to jump right in the car.

Why? What had them convinced that we could do it, that we could safely cross the flooded bridge and be back on our way? "Rice" that's right, thanks to your ordinary every day "white rice" they were hopping in the car soon as I said we could safely drive across!

You see, a few week back, when we were in the orphan house, they were cooking supper "rice" and they were cooking it the same way they had cooked rice their whole life (Brought water to a boil on their Charcoal stove, threw in the rice, and then let the rice continue to boil for about half an hour as they continued to add more charcoal to keep the fire going.

I told them back then that they could remove the pot of rice from the fire as soon as it begins to boil, and cover it. That it would continue cooking even without the fire. Well to them (especially Ondazi) that was impossible, a bit crazy to even think that it could cook with out fire.

But one night we had gotten in quite late from visiting one of the groups, and besides the rice, we had purchased some beef from the village butcher; and everyone was hungry and everyone was quite anxious to eat some meat.

So soon as the rice began to boil, Haron asked me if I was sure that the rice could be removed from the fire, and my reply of course was Yes, as long as you cover it.

Well he did, he removed the rice from the fire, covered it, and began cooking the beef. (Ondazi didn't say anything, but you could see on his face that he thought it was crazy, impossible.) Well, soon as the beef was cooked and ready to serve, Haron walked over to the rice, uncovered it, and began chuckling & smiling in amazement (Ondazi was Totally Astonished.) The rice was completely cooked and ready to eat, they were both completely amazed.

But little did I know at the time, that that little cooking lesson would put two water fearing non swimmers in the back seat, and a driver in his seat behind the wheel of a car that was about to cross a bridge that was totally overflowed with a fast moving torrent of water passing over it. (It was totally amazing.)

Yes, after studying the river, and concluding that we could safely make it across, I first went up to the driver of the yellow truck, telling him that he could drive across, that it was safe.

(He didn't even answer me verbally, but only gave me that same look that Ondazi had given me the week before when I told him you could cook rice without fire, a look that pictured me as being a bit crazy, thinking we could do something that was impossible.

But when I walked up to Ondazi & Haron and told them to get in the car, that it was safe for us to cross, to my total amazement, they didn't even hesitate, they didn't even open their mouth, they just climbed right in the back seat of the car, and I got right in the front seat. The driver didn't open his mouth either, just hesitated for about one second and then got in behind the wheel, started the engine and drove right on to the flooded bridge and began driving across.

I didn't see the bystanders faces because I was filming the entire crossing. But I know they were all watching in amazement with their jaws hanging down low as some were shouting "Poli Poli" "Poli Poli" Kiswahali for "Go Slow" "Go Slow"

Well we safely reached the other side, and guess what, a few minutes later here came the yellow truck, once he saw us make it across to the other side, he followed.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HM2uwfI8MKg>

Now don't get me wrong, I'm not saying that Ondazi & Haron did the right thing by trusting my judgment and following me into that dangerous situation. On the contrary, the Scripture is quite clear, not to put our trust in any man, but only in God.

But that incident got me to thinking about the power of example, the power that ones actions can have on another. And how maybe that kind of power can be used to help others to "persevere" to reach what may be considered the impossible.

It got me to thinking about the time when the Apostle Peter walked on water. Peter said to Christ: "Can I walk on the water? And Christ answered yes. And Peter got out of the boat and walked on the water....

Well I ask you, if Peter didn't begin to doubt, and continued to walk around on the water conversing with Christ, what do you think the other disciples would have done? Don't ya think they would have gotten out of the boat and began walking on water too?

Well, once across that flooded bridge, we continued on our journey for another 4 or 5 hours and we did come across some wild animals before finally reaching the village where we were to meet the Trans Mara group.

But I'm going to end for now and save the conclusion of my recent trip till next time.