



Swahili – Week 4

As we delve deeper into Swahili it's getting harder to keep processing so many new things. It has been very helpful having to speak in Swahili regularly, but also frustrating as there is so much we do not yet understand. Harry started his Swahili classes this week and is enjoying them.

Unexpected Blessings

We are so thankful for: Harry's gumboots, ziplock bags, Miri's love of hand-washing, the cool air after rain, shortening (a dairy free cooking option), soda, the Turner's can opener (you can buy tins but not openers!), our milk thermometer (for yoghurt), the photos we brought, the Hill's coffee plunger, Sunday night 'hymn sing', the Archer's Australia Day party, Skype and Grandma's calendar.

A Reflection from Katie

Getting into the swing of running a household in Makoko has proved taxing. I stand at the village butcher early one Saturday morning – a small open shed hanging a carcass – the butcher hacks off a section of meat and slams it down on his old rusty scales. The chuckles spread as I ask for 'bila mafuta' (no fat). The meat is tossed into a plastic bag ready for the mincing ordeal back at home... I've learnt to bake in an electric frypan (that was a happy day) and I have even made pizza and my favourite choc dairy free slice thanks to Mariamu's work grating the coconuts. We're really getting back to basics.

Recently, we have been sick (probably from the water) and I wonder what we are doing to ourselves, living with so many amoebas, bacterias, diseases... We keep looking forward to the work we will be part of in Munguishi, but it feels such a long way away. At this time I was reading through Matthew 10 and as I read verse 39 it resonated with me in a new way. I feel like I have lost my life: starting again to learn the basics of how to keep my family healthy and safe, to communicate with those around me, wanting to see and hug those so precious to me back in Aust; my children's immediate future with family, friends and school in Australia is lost. I just haven't found how life is supposed to be over here. Life is lost and out of control. But it is lost for Jesus, and it is lost in Jesus. And so despite my desire to be in control, I have precious life, guarded and protected in the hands of my Lord.

Prayer

- thank God that our lives are found in Jesus.
- thank God for answered prayer with reduced numbers of mozzie bites on the kids.
- thank God for getting us through a rough week of sickness, and for antibiotics.
- pray for strength (and sleep) in our exhaustion.
- pray for our language learning as the work gets harder.

"Anyone finding his life will lose it, and anyone losing his life because of Me will find it." (Matt. 10:39)



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