

Special Interest Articles:

- A two-day stay with the pastor's family turns into over a week. (1)
- How many fruit trees does one family need? (1-2)
- Flat tires for Christ? Maybe not, but God can make anything an opportunity. (2)

Prayer Requests:

- Wisdom as we determine our level of involvement in these first few months.
- Continued progress in Spanish as we practice using it daily.
- That we would continue to build strong relationships with Pastor Martín and Principal Guillermo.
- Willingness to reach out to form meaningful friendships with people from the church and school.
- Safety for the visitors coming from near and far for the 50th anniversary celebration of the school, October 15-30.
- Continued protection from dengue-carrying mosquitoes and other dangers

News from the Kauffman family in La Mesa, Colombia



Safe and Sound

"Did you arrive safe and sound?" Pastor Martín asked us in Spanish once we were on the minibus headed to La Mesa. We had just arrived in Bogotá, Colombia, only seven hours after departing from Washington, D.C.



Aaron & Abby in the Miami Airport

The flights had gone smoothly, and despite our uncertainty about how customs would go, we had no problems whatsoever. We could say *sí* to Martín's question with no hesitancy.

"You'll be staying with us for the first two or three days while we finish getting the house ready," he told us. We ended up staying at Martín's home for a whole week while our house was being furnished, but enjoyed getting to know his wife, Elsy, and children, Andrés, Ana María and Stephany.

They showed us the town and introduced us to Colombian food. It was definitely the best way to form meaningful relationships at the onset of our two-year term of ministry.

It was also the best way to begin improving our Spanish. Though we didn't understand everything, nor could we say everything we wanted to, we were able to communicate.

Now, one month after our arrival, we continue to feel safe and sound in Colombia. Thank you for your prayers.

There's No Place Like Home

We couldn't believe our eyes. We had expected to stay in a small apartment of some kind, hoping that there might be a little green space to grow things. This house was not exactly small, and it had quite a bit more than a little green space.

"How many fruit trees are there?" we asked ourselves as we toured the backyard. We saw oranges, mandarins, avocados, mangos, bananas and several fruits we had never heard of. Twenty trees? Thirty? It was a bit overwhelming.

We soon settled in, however, enjoying the extra space after having stayed with Martín's family for a week.



The entrance to our new home

Story continued on page 2.

Aaron & Laura
Kauffman

Calle 5, # 14-32
La Mesa, Colombia
Tel: 011-57-1-847-2553
aaronlaurak@gmail.com

***Trust in the Lord with all
your heart and lean not
on your own
understanding; in all
your ways acknowledge
him, and he will make
your paths straight.***

Proverbs 3:5.6

**Our Support Team
from
Zion Mennonite Church**

Chairperson
Matthew Hunsberger

Prayer Coordinator
Mark Mast

Church Communicator
Sharon Showalter

Finance Manager
Todd Stoltzfus

Encourager
Mandi Stoltzfus

To contact, write to:

Kauffman Support Team
Zion Mennonite Church
2160 Zion Church Road
Broadway, VA

kauffmansincolombia
@gmail.com

We're on the Web!

See us at:

kauffmanhome.net

Flat Tires and Chicken to Share

The back end of the motorcycle began to swerve back and forth, and I knew the tire was flat. It was 9:15 p.m., and we were still several miles from La Mesa. We were in for an adventure.

Martín and I were on our way back from a small group meeting in the nearby town of Anapoima. Meanwhile, Laura was expecting us back any minute.

We knocked on the door of the nearest house, and a young man came out to see what the problem was.

"No, the phone doesn't work. But the lady upstairs has a motorcycle," he said.

Despite Martín's pleas, she would not

lend him the vehicle. So we had to wait for the last bus, which was supposed to come by around ten o'clock.

It had begun to rain. Then the power went out.

"How 'bout some chicken?" Martín offered the young man in the darkness. We were taking some back for our families.

"Sure," he replied. We'd made a friend. His name was Jorge.

Martín left his motorcycle there that night, returning the next morning. He plans to visit Jorge again to invite him to church. God's ways are mysterious.

The Big "B"

Bogotá, the capital of Colombia, is situated in the Andes mountains at an altitude of 8000 feet. We had the privilege of visiting this city of 6 million about a week after arriving in Colombia. Martín graciously accompanied us, helping us navigate the hundreds of criss-crossing streets.

We visited the main office of the Colombian Mennonite Church, meeting Caleb Aranguren, the church administrator, and Peter Stucky, the church president.

Our chief purpose, however, was to go to the immigration office in order to obtain our foreigner ID cards. It turned out to be a bit more complicated than we expected. We needed blood tests to determine our blood types, four passport-size pictures each, and 230,000 pesos (about \$100) to pay for the cards.

We had to stay an extra day to fulfill all of these requirements. Fortunately, we were able to stay the night at Peter's home. We met his family, including his mother, Mary Hope, one of the pioneer Mennonite mission workers in Colombia.

Given the traffic, pollution, and stress we felt at the immigration office, we were quite ready to return to La Mesa the next day. Bogotá certainly has its own advantages, but we are grateful to God for calling us to such a beautiful, safe, affectionate town as La Mesa.

No Place Like Home Continued...



*Enjoying the numerous fruit
trees in our backyard*

One of our goals is to live simply, with a standard of living not much different from our coworkers at the school and church. With four bedrooms, three bathrooms, and a large kitchen, we question whether we are living up to this goal.

But we also realize that this is part of the hospitality our new Colombian friends have offered us. They chose the house after much searching. They wanted us to have a comfortable place to live. And they knew we'd be hosting visitors from time to time. So while our new place exceeds all of our expectations, we are truly grateful for it. It is beginning to feel very much like home.