

Me? I am sitting here in Suva City (the capital of Fiji and a mere 5 miles from Homes of Hope), at my replacement for Starbucks. Here I sit, enjoying my coffee and music, watching Fiji walk by, speaking with my friends and family, via email. I hope you know my value of you and your time spent with me.

My Home: My home fairs well. Homes of Hope is alive with new financial grants, letting the Staff move forward with our reintegration plans for our mums and their little ones. My ladies, these mums who I celebrate life with are doing well. All are healthy. We enjoy this time of year because it brings visitors from the US and Australia who come to work at Homes of Hope on short-term visits. Almost nightly there are volleyball tournaments and dancing, a mingling of accents and cultures that is unique to Homes of Hope.

Friends: My house is currently brimming with friends. I have two young ladies here as interns from Arizona. It's good to have a taste and feel of home from them...and a new computer! Yes, my visitors have brought me a new computer replacing the one I had that died a very ignoble death. I could not have asked for a better present, Sun Valley Community Church! Thank you for taking such great care of me.

Galore: Galore drama, galore life...in short we have had three new women seeking life with Jesus, humbling themselves to toss aside their small gods, (literally, throwing away their Hindu idols) and welcome in the One True Savior and Husband who loves eternally. We have seen the births of three baby girls in 2 months from our precious mums. One mum has moved back home, another has chosen to stay. A mum has been placed in hiding due to a dangerous husband that routinely comes unwelcome to Homes of Hope.

Me: Each morning I wake up knowing I will have a predictably unpredictable day. I will find myself teaching, dealing with a fight between mums, for what do you expect when you have some 30 women all living and PMSing on a relatively small campus? Perhaps I will work on a court case, call social welfare, or visit the police. Or maybe I will take the chance to head off-campus and visit a mum who has left Homes of Hope, or visit the family of one of our residents. Next I might counsel a mum or simply listen to her while she has a much needed verbal unload. And finally, I can cap the day with a chance to hold one of our precious little babies, have coffee with a friend. Life is good, I must say. Never is it mundane, and each hour brings bright purpose...

And how are you, my friend? I enjoy you; so thank you for this time spent with you over the computer and a cup of coffee. May your day bring you a smile. May you know that I esteem this moment, despite the 8,000 mile-separation.

Blessings on you and yours,

Katherine