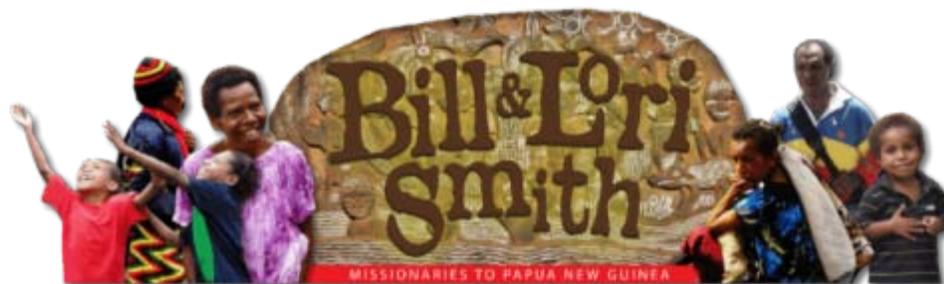


"when times get tough...the tough start crying".



April 28, 2013 <http://billandlorismithpng.com>

This has been a week of cries for help (and a few tears thrown in for good measure as well). It was a hard week.

I am sure that being physically tired (well, exhausted) from the week of camp did not help when coping with our normally very stressful lifestyle here in PNG. Our enemy truly knows when we are weak...he is that ever present Lion lurking about seeking to devour us...waiting for the moments of weakness to ease the effort of his strikes.



Monday started fast and furious. In the midst of a crazy morning getting Bill ready to leave for a few days taking a trip into the bush to visit our coworkers and assist with some ministry matters there in Simbai, a wrench was thrown into day. A [very tiny little man in great need came](#). His mom, a 14 year old adopted daughter of one of our national coworkers, was unable to keep her little one warm and safe in his little weaving room of her womb. He was abruptly expelled at just 7 months of her pregnancy. Not ready yet to face this world, he struggled. I kept him under close watch and care as he needed the heating light of our infant warmer. His little lungs struggling and his little life hung in a very delicate balance. A whole "WORLD" of sick people were also waiting for care after our clinic was closed during camp the previous week...Bill reluctantly leaving... stress redefined.

Tears of concern for this tiny little one...tears of exhaustion in dealing with MANY others that had extreme needs...[cries of prayer for GOD to intervene in all the needs impossible for us to "fix" as usual. How can we do all of this, Lord?](#)

The hospital is full to overflowing with teen moms' tiny preemies....it was a scary thought to send the "grand son" of my dear friend into that environment ( a hospital overflowing

with disease and germs from sick and dying people and not enough incubator beds or warmers or nursery space to help all the preemies. Memories of our sweet preemie Aaron...laying cold and alone in only a simple diaper and tee-shirt... unheld or tended to...). What to do...I called out in cries of concern ;"but GOD you know I am leaving next week to be there at Ruthie's graduation. I mean, why NOW to add to our baby collection?? " His loving response came to me through His Word: **"For it is GOD which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure. Do all things without murmurings and disputings that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of GOD, without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world "**.

OK...so here was this tiny little one in need of love and care we could give. Our chance to see GOD use his little life as a light of HIS POWER. OK God, you can do this!

OK...here we go. Speeding on the rollercoaster of ministry!

Up with him through the entire night, Little **"Peanut"** struggled to hold on to his precious life. Working with him, suctioning, giving injections of needed medicine into his tiny, boney, little frame, we endured together. And then came the ray of hope! Tuesday, there was improvement. The irritable struggling "peanut" relaxed...and stabilized, and I started to breathe again as his breaths became effortless and even. Thank you God...crisis over. Now he needs to just grow.



THEN came Wednesday. Knowing mommy was really working hard, and daddy was gone, sweet **Amotowe** wanted to "help". Up at 3 to 4 am then again at 4:30am it was a bit of a shock for me to find that in between those hours, all the lights were turned on, the breakfast table was set ,the dogs fed...and the two doors were OPEN. The problem was that Amo's bed was made and empty and he was NOWHERE to be found in or outside of the house. Every "under" and "inside" of everything was looked at....calling desperately for AMO everywhere...no response. After searching all over campus near our home..panic struck. Recently a little area girl, an innocent four years of age, niece of our friends, was going outside to use the outhouse at 5am when she was abducted, murdered, and her cut apart body thrown in pieces around the garden near the house. That was on all our minds. I desperately called out for help from the area village men and went to the home of our only male co-worker on campus and got him up as well....our entire college body searching for our AMO. The uncles tearfully looking through the gardens afraid of finding his body.

Tears of concern for my precious son ...tears of exhaustion after searching everywhere for him for what seemed and eternity though the clock said it was just an hour or so...cries and pleas of help from our GOD Who alone knew where my son was...and GOD heard. He guided me to the ONLY place I had not checked. Inside the covers of sleeping (believe it or not through all of that!) Aaron's bed. A hard head felt in the midst of the thick comforter rolled up at the end of the bed revealed the joyful

relief...AMO!!! He had gotten up, "helped" mom but the cold morning drove him back to the covers of his brother's bed so he would not have to make his own again. He was totally rolled up inside the blanket...hidden to all but the eyes of our all seeing GOD. [A few grey hairs and shouts of relief later...Wednesday began.](#)

More very sick people as the "[Tiger Flu](#)"....should be called "lion flu" as it is King of deadliness with it's raging fevers, swollen joints and relentless aches struck down so many of our neighbors. Out of the 100 people we treated only ten or so were not raging with fever! NOT pleasant. Praise GOD for the boxes of reinforcements our loving GOD brought this week. The gift of Ibuprofen relieving the burning temps and the swollen bodies has been truly unspeakable!

[Wednesday](#) brought some very sad news of the death of the dear young girl with Aids. I had just shared her story the week before with our campers. She left the teaching of her church, the advice of her parents and ran off with an unsaved man. He left her with a two year old, a six month old and the death sentence of AIDS I had to give her a few weeks back. Her struggle has ended now but her two little ones will never have a mommy. Her baby, still nonreactive, may also face an early death if HIV is detected in him the next time we test. TEARS.

All of this and getting ready to "leave" next week. The life of a missionary...torn between two worlds. Loving with all my heart my precious kids, grandbabies and parents I am EAGER to be with ,yet pulled also by the many here in great need of my help. Precious Lilian struggles each day with relentless pain. She is wanting SO MUCH to give birth to her little one in the loving and supportive environment of our clinic. My precious Sister Seni, whose teen daughter also is due to have her baby in the next weeks, wanting so much for her grandbaby to be born in the safe environment of our clinic as well. The many sick and hurting in our area that go to the hospital only to wait without care all day and be sent home with nothing even after buying the fee for their care. TWO worlds....TWO tugs. Tears of longing to be with both sides of the ocean of my heart.

[WHEN TIMES GET TOUGH THE TOUGH GET CRYING....](#) GOD please, give your peace. I am fearful of being the sole responsibility of caring for, entertaining and protecting the two precious baby boys that hold my heart on the long journey literally across the entire world, yet I know this is the time we NEED to get Aaron's citizenship settled and I NEED to be with my children and my hurting mommy right now. GOD give peace.

PLEASE PRAY:

1) Another challenging week awaits us. Pray for [Lori's physical and emotional strength](#) as her heart is being torn in two....separation from her human source of strength and emotional stability,Bill, for a month, while being blessed by seeing all our kids and Lori's parents and many friends in the USA. Lori is departing PNG on Thursday morning our time. (your Wednesday night). The planes have departed late almost every day this week from Goroka. PRAY for our flights to go well and to stay on schedule and

for the boys to be quiet and settled on the LONG journey and for strength and health for all three of us along the way. PRAY for God's peace as Lori leaves Bill, Able and little Peanut behind. Life for a missionary is one of being torn between the love of two places/people until eternity brings them all together! Being sick today with fever, a burning throat and congested head is NOT good preparing for the endless flights...much prayer needed for restored and remaining health.

2) PRAY for GOD to help both Lilian and Francisca's babies to wait for Lori's return before they make their grand entrances. We will take Lilian's baby once born so she can regain the strength lost to fight again the cancer raging within her. It would be so much less complicated if Lori was HERE when that happened to care for Lilian...but GOD knows all of that and HIS way , we know, is perfect. Just pray. WE have not because we ask not...so ASK with me! 

3) Pray for GOD to continue to give us [daily strength](#) as we seek to reach out with love to help the endless needs as Christ, our amazing example, did. .."look not every man on his own things but every man also on the things of others. Let this mind also be in you which was in Christ Jesus". So many have sent boxes of medicine that is just a relief that you can not imagine. Many of you support and sacrifice to help us HELP OTHERS...you will never know the impact we see in the eyes of those we help. TOGETHER we can make a difference...TOGETHER we can see GOD reach a nation of hurting people. Together we can shine as lights in the midst of the crooked and perverse nations of our world.

4) PRAY for [Bill left here in PNG with so much responsibility](#) and work. So few are left here to carry the many loads.

5) Pray for our GBBC 3-4 year students leaving now to go out to various churches around the country for their Practical assignments. PRAY for our students Nicodemus and Jumda and their sweet son, Pata, who seems to be showing evidence of Ewings Sarcoma.. cancer. PRAY for GOD to open doors for the help Pata will need.

6) Pray for rain needed to replace the "drain" of camp on our water supply.

We are so honored to be your hands and feet, knowing that as you pray and sacrifice in so many ways for us to be here helping, you have our "back" in emotional and spiritual support.

**IT was a tough week. We did cry out...and we were HEARD and ANSWERED!!**

No reserves, no retreats...NO REGRETS!

Bill, Lori and the boys

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