

Rejoicing in Hope!

Brad Phillips

A dozen or so hard miles from Jach, where Darfur, Southern Sudan and Kordofan meet, is War Lang, a community of nearly 10,000 souls. Families have gathered there over the past five years out of necessity, deciding that they would rather struggle in the wilderness against starvation, dehydration and disease than stay in Darfur to be raped and murdered.

Our December outreach team listened as they described their situation. They had not had a visitor in two years. Not a single non-government organization (ngo) has helped them in any way.

“We need water,” they told us. And medicine and food and education for our children, in that order.

Before leaving, we told the people in War Lang that we would return in two days with a larger team and whatever we could pull together to help them.



The PPF Christmas outreach team.



The residents of War Lang welcomed our team.

When we returned, we met the most unbelievable reception we have ever received in Sudan, second only to traveling with the late Dr. John Garang, President of Southern Sudan. The entire community turned out to greet us, singing and dancing and welcoming us with chickens, goats and bulls—even as they themselves were starving.

We brought with us a McGuire purifier to help them in the short term with their water needs and some medicine to try to meet basic health needs.

But by the end of this month, if we do not succeed in getting them water, these families will begin dying in even larger numbers than they are now. By the end of this month, all the water left in the ground from the last rainy season will have evaporated.

While we were overjoyed by the welcome we received from these people, we also were incredibly burdened by their desperation.

“We cannot save you,” we told the War Lang Christians. “We depend on God just like you. We’re going to go back and pray for you, because you’re part of our family. When

Continued on Page 4

In This Issue: Rejoicing in Hope • President’s Letter — The Heart of the Gospel Revealed • A Very Special Child • One of the Greatest Gifts I’ve Ever Received



The Heart of the Gospel Revealed

My friends, if only you had been there!

I've had some amazing experiences ministering in Africa over the past decade, but last month's Christmas outreaches soared right to the top of the list.

You'll read about some of them in this issue of the *Africa Messenger* and more in February. But I also want you to understand what made them possible, because it's a lesson I learned the hard way and one that is very important for all of us.

Four years ago, we were invited by a Sudanese pastor to come to a wilderness area in Western Sudan where refugees from the Darfur genocide had gathered. At the time, they numbered in the hundreds. By the time we arrived in 2005, there were more than one thousand refugees huddled in Jach.

A major difference between Jach and our work in the Upper Nile region, the Nuba Mountains or elsewhere in Sudan is the overwhelming need for water. At the time, we didn't know anything about drilling for water. But we needed to try.

As with every endeavor in Africa, success requires God's help and the support and cooperation of the local community. One would think that a thirsty man in a desert would gratefully receive a cup of water from a stranger. But we learned that is not always the case.

Inexplicably, for the first two years, every effort we made to mobilize the community to help drill for water was met with opposition from some of the local community leaders. But we pressed on and kept trying.

Finally, I started to realize that a good part of the problem was with me and my team. We didn't understand that the local leadership simply didn't trust us. We were outsiders and aliens. But as we demonstrated our commitment month after month, year after year, the hearts of the leaders and the entire community began to change. Gradually, they recognized that we were their friends. We demonstrated our love for them through service.

I was reminded that this is what Christ did for us. He invested in us and served us to the point of laying down his life.

Today we have a solid relationship with the both the African and Moslem Darfur refugee communities in and around Jach.

Among the Dinka refugees, many, who were enslaved by animism and witchcraft, have publicly burned their charms and now profess faith in Christ. Among the Moslem refugees, former "Murahaleen" terrorists who killed, raped and pillaged their Dinka Christian and animist neighbors now live in peace with their former enemies. The son of the local Moslem Sheik has enrolled in our pastor training class!

All of these have opened their hearts to us and to the Gospel, because of relationship. They want to know the God who teaches His children to love and serve their enemies.

Trust comes only through the bridge of relationship.

But God demonstrates his own love for us in this: While we were still sinners, Christ died for us.

Romans 5:8

Sincerely,

Bradford L. Phillips,
President



A pastor washes the feet and shares the Gospel with the son of Sheik Du Du Mohammed.



Chris Campanelli, worship leader at Evergreen Community Church in Charlottesville, Virginia, leads worship in Jach.



Brad Phillips, Ski Chilton, and Bruce Bodman join the local church in baptizing new believers.

Editor: Bradford L. Phillips; Writer: Ron Brackin; Graphic Designer: Mary Ann Manganello, The Image Worx. *The Africa Messenger*, published by the Persecution Project Foundation as a service to PPF friends and partners, is available upon request. PPF is a nonprofit ministry exempt from federal income tax under IRC section 501(c)(3). Corporate and individual gifts are welcome. Gifts are tax-deductible. Persecution Project Foundation, PO Box 1327, Culpeper, VA, toll free 1.888.201.5245, 540.829.5353, fax 540.829.5357, email: info@persecutionproject.org, website: www.persecutionproject.org.

A Very Special Child...

Malnutrition is a leading killer in Africa. The worst cases are described as “severe wasting,” the process by which a debilitating disease causes muscle and fat tissue to “waste” away. It is all too common among the world’s 20 million HIV/AIDS children, as well as children who simply do not get enough food to sustain life.

World-renowned immunologist Floyd “Ski” Chilton, Ph.D., recently developed a revolutionary food supplement which includes essential fats that actually reverse the symptoms of severe wasting. And we were privileged to have him as a member of our team during our Christmas outreaches.

Ski Chilton is widely recognized for his work on the role of fatty acid metabolism in human diseases. He is a Professor of Physiology and Pharmacology at Wake Forest University Health Sciences and founder of its Program in Molecular Medicine, one of the most successful programs of its kind in the United States.

The day after we arrived in Jach, we met a victim of the deadly condition.

Baby Abuk appeared to be about six months old. We were shocked to learn that she was actually *four years old*—terribly emaciated by malnutrition.

Working via satellite phone with physicians at Wake Forest, Ski immediately began applying his knowledge to save Abuk’s life. And over the next six days, we watched amazed as she moved steadily away from death’s door and began sitting up and becoming attentive and responsive.

The change was so dramatic that Dr. Chilton agreed to help us establish the protocols to add a specialized feeding station to our medical clinic in Jach.

Please join us in thanking our Great Physician for blessing us with Ski Chilton and pray for baby Abuk and countless other children whose lives will be saved by this incredible medical breakthrough.



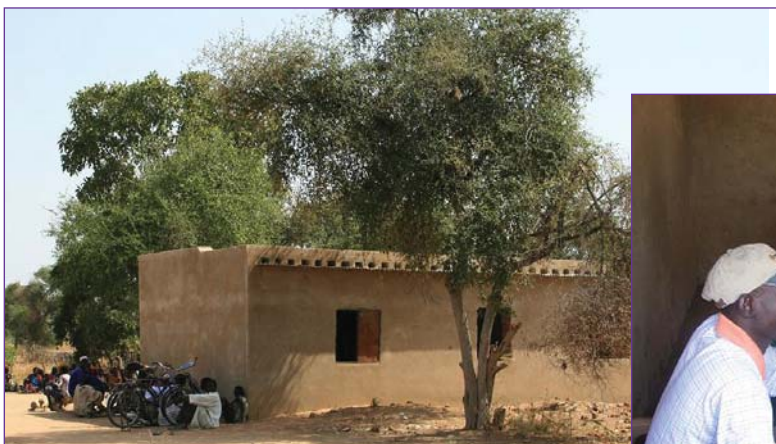
Our team prays for Baby Abuk, one of the many millions of children in Africa who suffer from severe malnutrition.



Even Ski was amazed at the dramatic improvement in Abuk in less than a week.



Dr. Ski visits with a young amputee at the PPF medical clinic in Jach.



Patients arrive early and soon fill the yard outside the clinic. Inside, PPF nurse Majzoub treats everything from colds to malaria in the best medical facility in the region.

Continued from Page 1

you suffer, we suffer. We're going to go to our brothers and sisters in America and share your needs, but we don't know what's going to happen."

We do, however, know that our God is faithful.

In the refugee communities sprawled out over 100 square kilometers of the wilderness in which we minister, God has blessed them with wonderful improvement, hope and opportunity. But countless people remain on the brink of death. Yet it takes very little to tip the balance: a \$75 donkey for a man who is blind and crippled. Less than \$1 a day for a revolutionary treatment to reverse the effects of severe malnourishment. A word of encouragement. A prayer.

Our clinic is just bricks and mortar. The only furniture is a wood table and a few plastic chairs. But I have been told again and again that there is no medical clinic like this in even larger towns a hundred miles away.

Knowing nothing about wells, we have completed 25 boreholes and would need 150 more just to serve the existing community. Yet I was told recently that "There is no other remote area like this where there is such a distribution of wells than what you guys have done."

God did wonders through our Christmas outreaches, which encourages us to continue putting our few loaves and fish into his hands and watch in awe as he feeds the multitudes.



How thirsty would you have to be before you would drink out of this?

One of the Greatest Gifts I've Ever Received

Brad Phillips

While we were in War Lang, a boy led in a donkey carrying a young man.

The man's name is Maqueng Deng Mayang. We previously met him at the end of our August outreaches. He is crippled by polio. River blindness took his eyesight. At that time, we were awaiting our flight back to Nairobi, so we could only pray for him and give him a tent and some food.

When we returned to Jach last month, Maqueng came back to greet us, say thank you, pray for us and ask us to pray for him. We also learned of his urgent need for a donkey. When I found out that one could be purchased for only \$75, I gave him \$100, along with some food and medicine and thought I would not see him again until my next trip.

But there he was again. Riding his new donkey into War Lang.

The trip took almost 2 hours by Land Rover. It took Maqueng at least five or six hours by donkey.

Maqueng had ridden all that way to present me with the most pathetic looking chicken I have ever seen. Even more incredible than his wilderness trek was that he spent the little he had left after buying the donkey on a gift because he was so filled with gratitude to God. He acted as if he was the most blessed man in the world. It was the most humbling thing I ever experienced.



Maqueng's love for God and his trust in him remain firm and strong, even though he has not yet been healed.



PO Box 1327 Culpeper, VA 22701-6327

1-888-201-5245 • 540-829-5353 • Fax 540-829-5357

info@persecutionproject.org

www.persecutionproject.org

