

January 2012



LARRY and JUDY SEXTON

Missionaries to Central America

C/O Tiftonia Baptist Church

518 Browns Ferry Road Chattanooga, Tennessee 37419

".... Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." Luke 18:16

Dear Prayer Helpers,

For this prayer letter I have asked my wife to write about our recent experience on a trip to Kraosirpi on the Patuca River in the Honduran rain forest. She and I celebrated 53 years of marriage on the 27th of Dec. 2011 and are grateful to the Lord for a measure of good health which allows us to keep on going.

Judy writes:

Our river trip was VERY good, but VERY hard. The trip itself in the canoe is absolutely beautiful with all the tropical plants and the different rock formations, and mountains. Also there is driftwood formed from former hurricanes in the river. After arriving, the accommodations are crude to say the least. The village has NO water. It had to be haul from a creek quite a ways away. We have a filter in the little house so we added clorox drops and then filtered it. Larry and the Indian man who went with us huffed and puffed hauling the water. Slept in a hammock the first night or attempted to. Somewhat of a bed was built the next day. Bucket baths at night in some of the coldest creek water imaginable. Larry says you have to sing the hallelujah chorus while bathing to be able to stand it. Only candle light at night, but it proves to be O.K. if you THINK it so.

So MANY poor, poor people who are anxious to hear of the OUTSIDE world, just anything you will talk to them about. You just about have to eat in SECRET so as not to have children staring as you eat. If that happens, your food gets caught in your throat and it WILL NOT go down.

I had lots of chances to teach Bible lessons to some of the most beautiful children you ever did see and some of the sweetest. The classes began at 3:00. Around 2:30, I would see the mothers scurrying their children off to the creek to bathe for the class. They would hurry up the hill again with shining faces, scrambling to get to the porch and as close to the flannel graph board as possible. WAITING! WAITING to sing the little choruses with gusto - WAITING to answer review questions from the day before - WAITING to hear something new. I would hear them sing the choruses during the day as they worked. On Thursday, a young man of 26 years was visiting on our little porch and he looked straight at me and asked, "Are you afraid to die?" I am sure a look of surprise was on my face, as I came to realize, "How much wider can a door be opened for a witness?" Santos did not accept the Lord, so we're asking you to help us pray. We carried a Miskito Indian evangelist with us who preached at night and you would not believe how he was received. How grateful we were for him

On Friday, AT DAWN, the children were on our front porch ready to help us down to the river bank which is also a long way. It had been raining and was SO muddy. There was a little boy about 4 who was wanting to take SOMETHING so I handed him my umbrella. You should have seen how proudly he walked away carrying it to the boat. As I entered the canoe for the long trip back and took another look at them waving from the bank, my heart ached. Lord, I know I am 71 years old, but if you will give me the "intestinal fortitude," I'll be back and hopefully before too long.

With grateful hearts for your prayers and support, we are

Larry and Judy Sexton