



July 2009

Volume 4, Issue 7

A Glimpse into a Medical Mission

We have just returned from a medical mission to Panao, Peru. After traveling for 8 hours by bus from Huancayo to Huanuco, we met the team from the USA (Asbury UMC—Kentucky... a congregation of 400 sent a team of 20+) and loaded another bus for the 3 hour trip (on dirt roads) to the pueblo of Panao. It has just been within the last 20-ish years that Panao has had a functional road into the community, so “outsiders” are very new to the people here. Most people in Peru have no idea where Panao is because of it’s difficult road and remote location. When Billy traveled to Panao in May to do the preliminary ground work for this trip, several people hid from him or called him “pishtaco” (an Andean legend about a gringo monster who steals human organs). The following are excerpts from my journal during the week—I’m typing as they appear in my journal... sometimes not even in complete sentences, but only thoughts and comments as the days progressed:

Day 1 (pre-clinic opening) - Really hoping that this week goes well. A little concerned about the pishtaco legend and the views of the people here towards outsiders. However, the community held a praise and prayer service last night in the town square and it seems that maybe we will be accepted. At least right now, we are a novelty and everyone is coming out to see the gringos—feels kind of like being on display at the circus. (end of Day 1) - Really excited that God gave me the right words to use and I was able to translate through this day. I was pretty concerned that I couldn’t do this. Pretty concerned that my Spanish wasn’t sufficient. Pretty worried about the unknown and how taxing emotionally this was going to be. So far, so good. Lots of patients (400+ today) with an incredible variety of issues. One lady said, “Thank you for coming. Your attention to us is so good. You listen to us and take time to talk to us. It is very nice. Our doctors don’t talk to us or listen, they just tell us that we aren’t sick or they send us away. Thank you for coming and for praying for us.”

Day 2 - Pretty tired, but hanging in there. It never stops... at 7 a.m. I couldn’t believe that there were already 250+ people in line waiting to see a doctor IN THE RAIN! It’s wet and cold and patients keep coming. The only real “break” was my 30 minute lunch. Billy didn’t sleep well all night — high fever, chills, cough. He’s hanging tough, trying to keep the computer and fingerprint scanner system flowing. Just need to keep his fever down so he can keep working. Each patient brings with them an element of anticipation / stress... can I translate this ailment and treatment? Will this one be emotionally difficult? Can I adequately convey both sides of the conversation? How can we pray for this patient



Be strong in
the Lord with
his energy and
strength...

Ephesians
6:10

and help them spiritually as well as physically?

Wish I had dry feet. Wish I had a cup of coffee. Wish I could stretch or exercise or run... my body is tired. A really big hug would be awesome right about now... Saw 800+ patients by the end of this day.

Day 3 - Teresa gave the devotional this morning about the Armor of God (Ephesians) and she read from a modern translation... the part that got me today was “putting on the shoes that allow us to proclaim the word”. We change shoes daily according to the job or activity that we are going to do... which shoes will fit this day? Today, my shoes are those of a nurse and a translator and a missionary who is carrying the Word to the sick and the weary of Panao... pretty big shoes to fill today...

Patients today... a burn victim—his burns are infected, occurred 8 months ago, fireworks accident; helped to lance a baby’s face to drain a large pus pocket that was backed up into the eye—worst part was the anguish on the mother’s face; lots of arthritis-type pains today, stomach issues, parasites, vitamin deficiencies, etc.; one man has been drinking his own urine to get rid of gastritis. Lots of Quechua speakers today... as [\(see pg 2 for continued story\)](#)

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the word gets out, people are coming from further and further away and they speak more Quechua than Spanish. Just had to tell a 31 year old man that he is in the last stages of liver failure from HepB. His liver is almost non-existent and his spleen is HUGE. He accepted Christ after prayer from our team and visiting with the Spiritual team. Sent a 5 year old girl to the hospital (3 hours away) with severe bone infections in her legs—sleeping pus. We have sent several to the local medical post for TB, but all of them have been refused and turned away. Treated a man with a cracked rib from a fall he had 8 days ago. Saw a woman in the beginning stages of labor—but she wouldn't allow us to help her or examine her because we might "spoil the baby" and it would be born with defects. Met a woman in distress because "the cuy died"??? Turns out that there is a local belief that if you have an illness and you rub a cuy on your body, the cuy will be able to sense where the illness is, but if the cuy dies in the process, you are in deep trouble—you have something fatal. So this happened to her and she is here to see what we think because the cuy died and so she is going to die, too, right?



I'm tired, tired, tired. My brain is so tired of going back and forth between English and Spanish, and sometimes Quechua. And praying for each patient is emotionally draining. End count today—1178 patients. 300+ still in line when we closed... have to try again tomorrow.

We are recognized everywhere that we go in town. Swarmed in the town square trying to walk to lunch. People begging for consultations because they know they won't make the cut in the line today. Not sure how to handle being called "doctora" all the time. I really take this job seriously and I feel an incredible responsibility to do it well. The people trust us so completely and already have such little respect and trust for their own medical system, which in this town is almost non-existent / isn't available or has failed them to this point.

People have walked from far away to stand in line at the clinic. An 84 year old woman walked 2 hours through the mountains with an immobile hip to get treatment today. A man was so grateful today to hear the news that he doesn't have cancerous tumors on his behind... he has hemorrhoids. Just treated a woman who walked 6 hours from the other side of the mountain (midnight to 6 a.m.) to stand in line. Tonight, she will stay with extended family before walking home tomorrow.

Treating 400 patients per day... How does number 401 feel? I can't even stand to think about it. It's too overwhelming for me...

Day 4 - 7 a.m. and the line is down the street and around the corner. People stopped me on my way to the clinic to ask for consults because they knew they wouldn't make the cutoff today. Billy is still feeling terrible. He sometimes has to take a break and sleep in the corner on a mattress the police guard uses. The line is getting restless outside. The computer is down at 11:45... too many patients in the database and the computer doesn't have sufficient RAM to handle it. We need to upgrade the RAM before the next medical mission or get a better/faster computer. Have to switch over to manual data collection and triage.



After lunch—100+ waiting inside the clinic for doctors to return from lunch. Very restless and anxious—time is running short. Only a few more hours of attention. The "eye tent" ran out of glasses on Day 2 and hasn't seen patients in two days. Three patients in a row are vomiting tapeworms. A man and his 9 year old son walked 6 hours to get parasite meds and vitamins and something for a headache. An 89 year old man has walked to the clinic and is now my patient. His spine is so terrible—he is permanently bent at a 90 degree angle from his waist and the spine protrudes from his back by literally 2-3 inches. He can barely walk... just shuffles. He tells me, "I walk very slow, Nena (sweetheart / baby)." He kisses my hands and cries.

At the end of 4 days, we saw 1600+ patients. More than 260 heard the gospel for the first time and accepted Christ. Many others rededicated their faith, and many others prayed for us as we prayed over them. And so now we begin again... getting ready for the next medical mission team that comes in August. Please pray for us as we recuperate and revamp and prepare to see patients in the jungle this time.

Contact information for The Drums

You can email us at: Billy@drumsforchrist.org or Laurie@drumsforchrist.org

Our physical address is:

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Urb. San Carlos
Huancayo, Peru

Regular mail takes 7 days from USA to our door! Awesome!!!

We have a USA phone number! You can call us at 979-985-5268 and it will ring our phone in our home office in Peru!

Please check the blog for updates at www.drumsforchrist.blogspot.com

To see the newsletter in color, get the pdf edition online. Go to the website and click "Newsletters" to download the newsletter in color!
www.drumsforchrist.org



Prayers & Praises

Prayers: & Praises:

- ◆ Pray for the new Kid's Club that our team is starting in the orphanage in Huancayo. Pray for the directors of the orphanage to value this time for the children.
- ◆ Pray for sponsors of the street children's school (Iscos).
- ◆ Pray for Miles as he attends new student conferences for the beginning of his college career at Texas A&M Corpus Christi.
- ◆ Pray for Ryan as he works through his college courses during the second summer session at Texas A&M Kingsville.
- ◆ Pray for Laurie and her students at Colegio Cristiano El Camino. Pray for wisdom and guidance as we make difficult decisions regarding Sarah's education in Peru.
- ◆ Pray for God to continue to open doors for us to minister to the people of Huancayo.
- ◆ Pray for the opening of the Kuyay Talpuy project (Iscos street children) August 10th. We are working against the clock to try to make our opening date.
- ◆ Pray for us as we recover from the medical mission in Panao

DEAR BILLY AND LAURIE,

- I will pray for you. Please send me your newsletter by e-mail: _____
- As God provides, I plan to partner with you by giving \$ _____ Per month / quarter / year for _____ years.
- I would like to donate a one-time gift of \$ _____
- I would like to sponsor a child's education for \$25/mo. (\$300/year). (Iscos Project) **!!! NEW OPPORTUNITY !!!**



Name (PLEASE PRINT) _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Phone _____ Home Church _____

TAX DEDUCTIBLE GIFTS MAY BE SENT TO:

The Mission Society
PO Box 922637
Norcross, GA 30010-2637 USA
DESIGNATE GIFTS: "DRUM SUPPORT 5/321"

and plan for the medical mission to Puerto Bermudez in August.

- ◆ Pray for Billy's health to improve. Upper respiratory yuk is really making him miserable.
- ◆ We will be moving to a different house on July 15th. Pray for this to be a great move for us. This house will allow us to host teams without putting them in local hotels / hostels and will allow us to better serve our ministry initiatives. Take note of the new address above...
- ◆ Praise God for his daily provision in our lives. Pray for all of the people who support us in this mission.
- ◆ Pray for the new North American Language Institute. Pray for interns and volunteers to come forth and support us with short-term service in Peru. Without volunteers from the USA, this project will be placed on hold and we will not be able to open in October as planned...
- ◆ Pray for the children in Kid's Club ministries and for the street children of Peru who don't have Christ in their lives yet.
- ◆ Pray for God's Word and His Light to shine in the darkness in countries all around the world. Pray for missionaries around the world. Praise God for calling and sending people to share His love in every nation.



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Kuyay Talpuy - The Iscos Project School

We continue to press forward on the street children's education initiative in Iscos. The school now has a name... Kuyay Talpuy. *Kuyay Talpuy* means "sowing seeds with the love of God" in Quechua Wanca. The school will be sowing the seeds of education as well as the seeds of the gospel in the children to whom we will minister.

So, now we are on the one month countdown to opening day. We have SO much left to do and so little time to do it! We finally have the final blessings from the "city fathers" to proceed and we have the contract in hand that gives us the rights to a classroom in the municipal building and the right to teach the children of Iscos who cannot afford an education. We have a cook contracted to feed the children a hot lunch each day. We have a teacher contracted to work with the children, and we have a director contracted to oversee the entire project. But it's the little things that are left undone... there are construction issues on the classroom, painting, supplies to purchase, and home visits to be made. There are forms to be finalized and printed and uniforms to be sewn. So much...

And we are still short on funding. We would like to offer education and lunch to 30 students each day. We would like to open the center to handle tutoring after school for kids who are struggling and need that extra support and encouragement. And we would like to start a Kid's Club on Fridays for the entire community to attend and hear the gospel each week. But none of this can occur without sponsors and funding from outside. We are working with locals to get donated food for lunches, but they cannot financially take on the burden of educating 30 children. Can you help???

For \$25/month (\$300/year) we can put one more child in the Kuyay Talpuy school, feed them lunch, take care of their uniform and school supplies, and pay their teacher / cook / and director. Please consider making this commitment to a child in the community of San Juan de Iscos and partnering with the townspeople in trying to get their children off the streets and into an educational setting. You can help us "sow seeds with the love of God".

Use the form on the top of page 3 to send funds to us via the Mission Society - check the Iscos Project box.

If you have already committed to sponsoring this effort, please except our thanks and expect more information to come to you soon regarding your commitment and the progress of the Kuyay Talpuy school.