



La Luz de Cristo para Perú

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The faith of a ten-year-old boy

"What is your reason for coming to the clinic today?", Billy asked. He had already asked this same question at least a hundred other times this morning as he greeted patients and filled out a brief chart of their vitals and their health complaints before deciding which doctor they should see. Paul, the ten year old boy sitting before him, began to tell Billy his concerns. "My grandmother is very sick. She hurts all over." Billy answered, "Okay, but we are filling out this information on **your** health concerns. Why do **you** want to see the doctor today?" Paul continued, "My grandmother is really not well. She doesn't feel good." "Is she here with you?", responded Billy. "No. She is at home," Paul replied as he sadly looked down. Billy and the triage team continued to take vital signs and fill out forms for patients and Paul quietly stated that he wanted to see a doctor for parasite medication for himself.

Later, after Paul had waited to see a doctor and had received his parasite medicines and an educational lesson on how to prevent future contraction of intestinal parasites, he returned to see Billy. "Sir? My grandmother really needs help. She doesn't feel well. Can't you help her?" Amazed at the perseverance of a ten-year-old boy, Billy asked where Paul lived. "Up the mountain," he pointed as Billy looked high up into the jungle. "Can we get there in my truck?", Billy asked. "Yes. There is a road. I can take you there," smiled Paul, finally feeling that someone was listening.

Billy grabbed a Peruvian nurse (Lorena) and the team leader (Dan) and they loaded into our 4-wheel drive truck. Paul and another 10-year-old friend jumped in the back and off they went to find Paul's grandmother's house. Driving over what proved to be the absolute worst roads that we have seen in Peru to date, the truck climbed and climbed deeper and deeper into the Peruvian jungle and up the mountain into dense jungle forest. Every time Billy asked how much further, Paul responded with "just a little more—keep going up". So the truck and the little entourage of missionaries, medical personnel, and little boys continued to climb over boulders, through mud pits, hacking through jungle brush, and clinging to the side of a jungle mountain.

After what seemed like an endless trek (and lots of questions about whether or not these kids knew where they were going), they arrived at Paul's grandmother's house. Entering into the tiny jungle home, they found a tiny little grandmother covered in bed sores and suffering from the effects of being in her late 80s, living in the middle of the jungle, and not having proper nutrition or medical care at her age. Paul had neglected to tell anyone that his

grandmother only speaks Quechua! Now what? With no translator, how can we help this tiny woman? Paul had the answer to this, too. "My uncle speaks Quechua! We can go find him and he can translate for you!" So off they went on the second adventure of the day...

Upon finding the house of the uncle (also at the top of this jungle mountain), he was able to translate and they were able to work with Grandmother and the family and treat her issues. Paul and other family members refused to allow the group to leave without showing proper Peruvian hospitality - some sort of refreshment or food **MUST** be served! The family had a couple of hens and announced that the hens had just laid their very first eggs ever, and this was the perfect occasion to share. So the first fruits of these hens were fried up and served to Billy and Lorena and Dan, along with some freshly made chicha morada (sweet drink made from purple corn).

When the group eventually returned (HOURS later!) to the temporary medical clinic that we had set up, Billy pulled me aside to tell me about the adventure to Paul's grandmother's house. Through tear-filled eyes he said, "Laurie, I was questioning whether or not we should be doing this - following this kid up the mountain to an unknown place, leaving the clinic, etc. And then it hit me... this little boy was doing the equivalent of the friends who carried the paralytic to Jesus. He knew his grandmother needed help. He had faith that we could help her. Us... strangers that he didn't know and had never seen, who set up a clinic in the middle of the jungle. He couldn't carry her to us, so he carried us to her. He walked an hour and a half through the jungle to find us. And we were able to serve her, talk to her, laugh with her, pray with her, and share about Christ with the family."

The faith and perseverance of a ten-year-old boy who walked through the jungle to find help, the obedience of a medical team from the USA and Peru who agreed to go deep into the jungle to serve, and the power of Christ to unite them all in relationship and love for one another... another beautiful expression of Christ's love being shared here in Peru.

REAL Southern Living... Our life in rural Peru

Life with these crazy goats!

Lately, life on our little mission farm has been a little crazy. Okay, it has been A LOT crazy. Along with the everyday ministry responsibilities of running two education centers, feeding the abandoned elderly in our village, discipling and empowering our Peruvian team, and other daily life duties, we have had a few added issues in the past weeks. Short-term mission teams have been visiting and serving alongside us and The Mission Society has been in Peru hosting their annual 3-week missionary training event. But the thing that has really caused my life to go completely out of whack has been these crazy goats that we are raising!

This month has brought the birth of 3 new kids. I can't tell you how cute and sweet baby goats are! They have been such a joy. And with babies comes increased milk production, which means increased work load on us each day to milk goats and make cheese. However, life with this small herd of twelve has now become more than stressful. For example:

We came home one day to find one of our adolescent goats with her head stuck in a hole in the fence. We sprang into crisis mode to free her head as several of her goat friends eagerly and curiously watched the commotion. The very next morning, we were awakened to a very pained cry from one of the babies. He had gotten his leg caught in a feeding stand and in his panic, he snapped his own leg. So we became emergency vets and fashioned a splint from a wooden fruit crate and duct tape. The next day, one of the mama goats decided to give birth to her baby directly on top on a rock hill, which resulted in the tiny newborn immediately rolling down the hill and into a ditch full of water (our mornings have been 28 degrees). Her first breaths were under freezing water. Luckily, we were coming into the barnyard as this occurred and we were able to rescue her and dry and warm her and restore her breathing. We have another goat that is so paralyzed by fear and is so timid that she crawls on her knees and lives under the feeding manger, only eating what she can catch as it spills out and falls to the ground. Our male "billy" goat can't decide if he is going to be a full grown male or if he is still a kid... If he is near his mother, he wants to nurse; if he is around

the other females, he is more than interested in making baby goats; if he is near the babies, he wants to play, but he plays too rough. So poor "Elmer" spends most of his time separated from the general population and playing with the chickens in the hen yard. "Sunny" thinks that she is a human and is constantly glued to your leg when you are working in the goat yard. If she isn't given the proper amount of attention, she butts you, pushes you, paws you... She has even been known to chew a six inch chunk of hair off of the back of my daughter's head when she wanted attention! Two days ago, we woke up to find our full grown pig in the goat pen. She is in heat and she decided to tear down her pig house and her fence, break open the gate to the goats, and spend her evening wreaking havoc on the goat herd. Most recently, yesterday brought the early death of one of our new babies. Only four days old, she never would nurse from her mother. We milked out the mom and tried to bottle feed the baby, but she never accepted the bottle either. We watched for days as her mother worked and worked to care for her, to clean her, to coax her to nurse, and cooed to her continually, but she finally became too weak and stopped breathing.

The above is just a sample of what our last *two weeks* has looked like with the goats. As I was feeding and tending to the animals today, I was thinking about how we feel about them - how we love them, how we care about their well being, how we lament when they do crazy things and hurt themselves in the process, and how we worry for them and mourn them when things don't work out like we wish they would have. It made me laugh a little to think about how God probably looks at us in the same manner... We don't generally get our heads stuck in the fence or chew off our friend's hair when they don't pay attention to us, but we have our own issues. Some of us seek attention from others in less than appropriate or annoying ways. Some of us panic and do further harm to ourselves, when staying calm and trusting others would have been a better plan. Some of us haven't decided to fully grow up yet. Some of us navigate our lives with such timidity and fear that we are not really living life at all. Some of us have been less-than-perfect parents. And some of us have been the best parent we possibly can be and things still haven't worked out like we had wished. I know that sometimes He has laughed at our antics and situations, sometimes He shakes his head at our decisions, and sometimes He cries with us. Above all, He is the Good Shepherd and He wants what is best for us.

Oh, the lessons I have learned from being a first-time shepherd... Now if I could just figure out what to do with the 20 chickens and the crazy pig...



You might be a missionary in Peru if...

- If you have ever fashioned a splint for a goat with a broken leg from a fruit crate and duct tape... this is after you tried to use an ACE wrist/thumb splint to no avail.
- If you wake up each day in July to thick frost, your liquid soap has turned to slush, and your hands turn blue when you try to hang up the laundry.
- If you have become obsessed with saving food scraps and dividing them out according to which farm animals will benefit the most—the pig, the goats, or the chickens?
- If it seems normal that your neighbor just set fire to the field between your homes.
- If on any given day you could be handed a monkey or a coati or any other animal to hold for someone while they take care of their child. PS—monkeys bite HARD and they are known to smear whatever they wish into your hair, and coatis give no warning when they decide to make poo poo (all this from experience).
- If a neighbor knocks on your door and insists that you receive the gift of two new guinea pigs ‘because all good Peruvians raise guinea pigs’.
- If your best friend shows up in a panic because your pig is in heat and is just beside herself because you aren’t combing the mountainside looking for an appropriate beau for breeding. And if you return with a male pig on a leash and introduce him to your female and all kinds of noise and raucous ensues... all this happens in front of a dozen North American children who are visiting your home to see how ‘real missionaries’ live on a ‘real mission farm’. Maybe not the education you had expected to give them that day....
- If your childhood in Dallas, Texas did not in any way prepare you to raise farm animals, milk goats, make cheese, breed pigs, or deal with week-long stretches of no water.
- If your days begin before the sun peeks over the mountain. If you happily meet with a roomful of abandoned elderly for breakfast, then return home to feed farm animals and do chores, then eat with your own family before heading to the schools and community for ministry. If you almost never eat lunch in your own home because your neighbors feed you from their own tables. If you fall into bed exhausted each night with a smile on your face and a happy heart, you are probably a missionary in Patarcocha, Peru! :))



Praises! The chickens have been giving us over a dozen eggs each day. That’s a lot of eggs that are going to the elderly for breakfast!

Praises for baby goats and LOTS of goat milk! We are getting almost 2 liters of milk a day, which means lots of goat cheese for the breakfast program!

Praises and Prayers for our Kuyay Talpuy team (Johana, Rosio, Tania, Milagros, and Luz) and for the communities of Iscos, Patarcocha and Tinyari. **Pray** for our team as they make some difficult decisions and plans for the future (2013). **Praises** that Milagros and Tania completed the Mission Society missionary training in July. Now four of our five Kuyay staff are trained via The Mission Society as cross-cultural workers!

Pray for our Mission Society Peru team (the Ivey family, the McEuen family, the Drum family, the Reeves family and Louise Reimer) as we work to minister to the people of Peru. Pray for an upcoming team retreat and team building.

Pray for our boys—Ryan and Miles. Ryan is graduating from Texas A&M Kingsville (Biology) on August 10th!!!! Miles is working in College Station, Texas. We are so excited to get to see them both when we travel to Texas for the graduation in August!!!

Pray for meetings that Billy and Laurie will be having with The Mission Society office (Georgia) in August. Pray for some important decisions that will be made and plans for the future.

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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 \$ _____

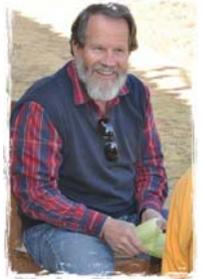


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The Mission Society training event in Peru



Each year, The Mission Society hosts a three-week training event for new missionaries. This is not the only training that TMS missionaries receive, but it is the cornerstone of the training process. For the past several years, TMS has held this event in a cross-cultural setting in an effort to place new missionaries in an unfamiliar international setting and not only learn about cross-cultural work, but to actually experience it and put their skills to use immediately. When we (The Drums) received the training, it was being hosted in Brazil. For the past two years, TMS and our team of missionaries in Peru have hosted the training here in Huancayo. From July 1-20th, missionaries from the USA, Kenya, Haiti, India, Germany, Ecuador, Brazil, and Peru trained with TMS staff and missionaries. Hosting a team of 100 missionaries, staff, trainers and support personnel is no easy feat, but thank goodness we have a good team of missionaries and Peruvian workers who pulled together to cook 3 meals a day, take care of lots of away-from-home folks and families, coordinate transportation, translate for speakers, and many, many other things that go into making a huge training event a success.



Along with the hosting responsibilities, Billy and I were asked to participate in actually teaching some of the training modules this year. Last year, we taught the Spanish-speakers in the training on topics of "Leadership", "Servant Leadership", "Multiplication Principles", and "Teaching in the Style of Jesus". We also led a discussion and panel about spiritual conflict. This year, we led the Spiritual Warfare and Conflict training module again, as well as leading the training module on Coaching. Training TMS missionaries in Coaching is one of our new responsibilities with The Mission Society - we are now certified and licensed trainers and will be training others around the globe in Coaching and peer leadership skills.



One of our favorite parts of the TMS training event is the community visits that we use as a way to learn how to observe and go into a community with your 'cultural eyes' open in a different way. On two different occasions, new missionaries are sent out into communities "blind" - groups of 8-10 are taken to communities, given a translator, and certain cultural questions to help guide them in finding out about these communities... what are the perceived needs? How does the community function? What is the community make up? Where is God already working in the community? What is the general feel of the community and the people there? Etc. For the past two years, Billy and I have been the coordinators for this event. Finding 10 communities that are suitable for sending out "newbies" is a trick! As is making sure that they stay safe, have good translators, and can handle dealing with local public transportation and basic getting-around skills in an unfamiliar country! High stress days for Billy and I, but the results are well-worth it!



We were especially blessed this year to be able to bring the entire training up the mountain to Patarcocha for a cultural outing day. With the help of our friends and neighbors, we hosted a Pachamanca feast for 100+! At many times during the preparation, I admit, I had serious doubts that we were going to be able to pull this off! On Sunday afternoon, we had 8 TMS folks at our house to help us shuck corn, wash potatoes, and take the kernels off the cob to get ready for the feast on Monday. My best friends Elva and Magna came over to check out the progress. After a few minutes of watching, they huddled around me and said, "If your gringos can't finish, don't worry. We'll come over and get it done with you tonight." Then they looked again and said, "Yeah, we'll see you tonight." I looked at the two giant burlap bags of corn and shook my head. I knew we were in trouble! About an hour later, my eyes filled with tears as I saw all of the members of our small church walking across the field toward my house. "Hermana, we're here to help your gringos get this done." My little 80-year-old buddies just plopped down on the ground in a circle around my 'gringo friends' and started chattering and laughing and getting the work done. In no time, all the corn was finished and the potatoes were washed. As the sun began to set, my sweet little neighbors hugged and kissed us all goodbye and headed back across the field to go to church. That was possibly the best afternoon of my time here in Peru... watching 'the church' come over and BE 'the church'! Awesome!!!



Back to school!

The Drums pursue degrees in Christian Counseling

As former teachers in the North American school system, we are accustomed to August meaning “Back to School” time. This is the time of year when we usually go back into our classrooms and begin getting ready for a new crop of students, begin writing lessons, and begin planning for a new season in education. This year is a little different for us... this year WE are the new students! This summer, we began a new season in our lives as we started on new degree programs. Yes, The Drums are back in school. We are both pursuing degrees in Christian Counseling. Obviously, we are not in The States right now, so we are currently doing our coursework online. The course load can be likened to intensive summer school-type terms... each course is 5 weeks in length with several hours of online work and homework each week. At this rate, we look to finish our basic degree program and certification before the end of this year.

Being students again has it's own set of challenges. If you hadn't noticed, we aren't exactly young college students anymore! It is taking some diligent exercise to get our brains back into the kind of shape required of sitting through lectures, writing several essays each week, and putting the work into practice. And since the majority of the work is being done late in the evening, we are realizing that we are NOT the young crazy kids that used to study and do homework AFTER a trip to The Chicken! ;)

“Why are you back in school?”, you ask. More and more, we find ourselves in situations in which we are being called on to act as coaches and counselors for others... for team members, for other missionaries, for national workers, and even for some of YOU back home in The States. We happily take this step to serve others and answer a new call that God seems to be placing before us. We love others because **He** loves us!



GRADUATION!!!!!!!

Ryan Drum (our oldest son) is graduating from Texas A&M University—Kingsville on August 10th!!!!!! Ryan's college career includes a year of Spanish language study in Costa Rica, research and study in Panama, research and study in Mexico, work with the Natural Toxins Research Labs, work with various professors and teaching assistant jobs, and a LOT of crazy fun! Congratulations, Ryan!!!



Above: Kuyay Talpuy ministry team
 Above center: Roswell UMC medical team
 Above right: Halltown Baptist medical team
 Center left: Alexis and Sarah dress up for "India"
 Center middle: Gary Grant, Billy & Laurie
 Center right: Teodora & Billy



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