



## La Luz de Cristo para Perú

Volume 6 Issue 10  
October 2011

### New Culture, New Culture-Shock

We have only moved 45 minutes away from the street we have lived on for the past three years, but we have moved to an entirely different culture, a different way of life. Yes, we have been working in this area for years, but working in a community for a few hours every day is VERY different from living there 24/7.

The other evening, during a meeting and prayer time with our mentors (Arthur and Mary Alice Ivey), it dawned on us that we have entered into a new period of adjustment and cultural learning, and with that comes a new time of culture shock. For example, we have been working in this area for a couple of years now... but we were here from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. or so each day. What goes on in this community before 9 a.m.? What happens after 5? What do people do at night? How does news travel in the community? So much that we just didn't know... All day, every day is a new learning experience right now. Our brains are on overdrive trying to pack in all of the new information. At night, we are so tired and so "spent" from so much learning.

A little of what we are going through / learning:

- The normal wake up time here is 5 a.m. Most people are up and working... starting cooking fires, tending to animals, etc. They aren't exactly quiet about it, either! ☺
- It is "normal" for someone to be knocking on your door at 6 a.m. "Can I borrow a shovel?" "Can you help me carry fertilizer to my potato field?" "Can Sarah play?"
- If your gate is open, it is an open invitation to come in. If you aren't inviting visitors, you better have the gate shut. They will still knock, but they won't walk in without permission (usually).
- At 4ish every afternoon, you had better batten down the hatches because a hurricane force wind kicks up and will carry you and everything else away! Good idea to have the laundry off the lines before this occurs!
- Speaking of laundry... it must be watched during the rainy season! The second that it is dry, snatch it off the line! If not, the rains will come and you will have laundry on the

lines for days! (learned from experience!)

- Community is very important here... it is obligatory to come together as a community if something needs to be done. For example, there is a new water line being installed this week. It must be hand-dug and it will take three days. If you intend to have water pumped to your house, you need to show up and help dig water lines on one of these days. This is a community effort that will benefit the entire community. We will be working Wednesday to put in our community service time.
- Community news is broadcast via bullhorn loud speaker at 6:30 a.m. from the community square... better be listening for important news (like when to come work on the water lines or in the cemetery).
- Deaths are announced via the ringing of the town bell.
- Everything takes ten times longer to do here... need to run to the store for milk? Count on spending a couple of hours doing that. Need to do some plumbing work? That will be an all-day affair. Need to go to a program at the school... trust me—this is another all-day affair.
- The owl that intrigues me each night as he sits on my roof and "hoots"... the belief here is that he is a caller of bad news - usually of death. So when I was so enchanted by him and shared that I have an owl that sits on my roof each night, the entire neighborhood was scared!
- There is a black rabbit that occasionally appears in our yard. The kids caught him one day, but he kicked and wiggled and ran away. This brought about an excitement in the community, because a "strange animal" in your yard means that the Incas buried gold somewhere near. Everyone is waiting for the next appearance of the mysterious black rabbit so they will know where the gold is.

We'll keep you posted on our "new culture". Pray for us as we work to adapt and "fit in" and learn new things while trying to minister to the people on the mountain.

# **REAL** Southern Living... Our fixer-upper house project

Well, we are officially “moved in” to the house in Patarcocha. It has been a roller coaster of a month! We were working on getting things ready for us to move, but we were thinking that we would be able to fix things and move slowly... maybe being moved in by November 15th. BUT, our landlord in Huancayo gave us a little “push” and we were suddenly scrambling to get out of the HYO house by October 6th—in time to go pick up the team coming from Alabama! So, here we are... moved in and living out of boxes, but moved in nonetheless.

Living with an authentic clay tile roof has been a challenge. The tiles are put in place with mud, which meant that we needed to dig TONS of dirt (a special kind of dirt) and bring it to our courtyard, then wet it and stomp in it to make a sticky yellow mud, then lift it to the roof and “cement” the roof tiles in place. Now, our question since Day 1 has been, “When it rains, won’t the dried mud just become wet mud again and wash away?” But everyone just smiled at us and said that this is how it is done here - and we know that is true because we have been watching all of the neighbors do the same thing. So, the roof was patched and repaired with new mud. And guess what!? At the first huge rain storm, yellow mud poured off of our roof and we had a million leaks in the house - shocking! So, we went after fixing the roof again. And this time, we did a little “gringo engineering” and also mixed some light concrete in for good measure. No leaks this time. But just in case, we stapled clear plastic sheeting on the “ceiling” in each room so we can watch for leaks without having all of our stuff ruined in the process. I asked a neighbor, “What do Peruvians do when the roof leaks like this?” He smiled and said, “We live with buckets in each room! This is normal.”

The fact that the rainy season has begun makes life “fun”. During the first week, we slipped and slid and clomped through mud. Then it dawned on us that the only non-muddy place in the path was a spot where someone had inadvertently dumped some small river stones. Ah ha! So we asked Elva and Alfonso where we could buy river stones. They said, “Well, you could go to the bridge and contract a truck to load some and bring them up the mountain... but why would you do that when they are just around the corner? Let’s go down to Mama Feli’s and ask if we can get some from her pile?” So off we walked, down the road and around the corner. And sure enough, there was a giant pile (house-sized) of river stones! And Mama Feli said we could have whatever we wanted! So Elva and Alfonso helped us shovel stones into “costales” (think burlap bags/sacks) and we hauled them to the house. Now, we have a beautiful stone path through the entire courtyard and we no longer fight the mud every day. It is really beautiful! Can’t wait for Billy to plant the gardens.



There is no sewer or waste water removal here on the mountain, so we have had to become creative. We have designed a very low-tech gray water system so that we can use the water from the sinks and washing machine in the gardens. During the rainy season, the gray water is diverted to a small canal and just becomes runoff. During the dry times, it is funneled through tubes and hoses to garden areas. As for actual sewage and waste, we have a composting toilet. It is really low tech and works for the environment... much better than squatting outside (like most folks here) or dumping straight sewage and waste into the rivers (what others do here). Before you panic about our drinking water... we get our drinking water directly from a spring on the mountain (brought to our house via actual water pipes) and we filter all of it through a three-stage water filter.

All is going well. This is definitely a big adjustment for us. We have literally stepped into an other culture and another time period, it seems. I feel like I am living in an episode of Little House on the Prairie. I’m pretty sure that several nights, the only thing standing between me and death from hypothermia has been my life-saving alpaca socks! I say all of the above with a smile... really, we are so happy to have made this move!!! It has been a wonderful thing for us and for the ministry!

# YOU MIGHT LIVE IN PATARCOCHA IF...

We haven't had an update of "You Might be a Missionary" if a long time, but I felt that it was more appropriate to have a new version... **You Might Live in Patarcocha if:**

- If you have ever woken up to the sound of a Peruvian huaylash singer being broadcast on a loud speaker from the town square at 6:30 a.m.
- If you have ever involuntarily hosted a "gringo cooking show" in your kitchen so that people who do not have an oven can watch you bake a cake. If you spend your afternoons translating recipes from Southern Living for little Quechua ladies because "the pictures look so yummy".
- If your neighbor has ever come over in the middle of the night to see if you want to go to the spring to fill your bucket since the water has been turned off.
- If your cat has ever gotten himself caught in a GIANT sticky trap that you put out for rats.
- If you have to take a flashlight to the bathroom with you (no electricity in the bathroom).
- If you have ever chased a pig around and around and around your house.
- If people frequently try to give you guinea pigs, pigs, cats, dogs, or chickens so you can start your collection of livestock and necessary animals.
- If people ask you daily when you are going to plow the field and plant your potatoes.
- If random sheep walk into your courtyard.
- If you can tell from the clouds and their positioning whether or not it is actually going to rain.
- If you have to go outside, stand on the "hill" next door, face the glacier, and stand perfectly still to make a cell phone call.
- If community parents automatically come looking for their children at your house, because the "gringo house" is the place to hang out!
- If your 360° view from your yard includes pre-Inca ruins, 12 Andean springs, the Huaytapallana glacier range, the Mantaro river valley, farmland, sheep herds, and all three of the communities in which you minister—you MUST be living in Patarcocha! My new home! ☺

## The Drums | HOW TO CONTACT US: NEW!

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**Praises** for the completion on our move to Patarcocha! **Pray** for our adjustment to a new culture and new way of living! It is very different for us and all day every day is a very steep learning curve!

**Praises** for Sarah's easy adjustment to school life in Tinyari! She is really working hard and has done a great job of fitting in and tackling a very different school curriculum.

**Pray** for our sons (Ryan and Miles) in Texas. Miles is currently working in Bryan/College Station and Ryan is in his final year of studies at Texas A&M Kingsville.

**Pray** for the team from Covenant UMC—Dothan, Alabama. They will arrive this weekend to work with the school and community of Tinyari.

**Pray** for the family of Camila (one of our students). Camila died of pneumonia on Saturday. She had been in a coma for two days.

**Pray** for our Kuyay Talpuy team (Johana, Rosio, Tania, Milagros), for the Kuyay mission projects, and for the communities of Iscos, Patarcocha and Tinyari.

**Pray** for our Mission Society Peru team (the Ivey family, the McEuen family, the Drum family, the Reeves family and the new arrival - Louise Reimer) as we work to minister to the people of Peru. **Pray** for the Goshorn family, Theresa Anderson, and The Weigert family as they train and prepare to become a part of the Mission Society Peru team.



## NEW LIFE FOR SARAH...

Sarah has really reaped huge benefits from our move to Patarcocha! She has so many friends now (sometimes too many and she needs to escape to the quiet of the courtyard). We live directly across from the park that CUMC College Station built in August, so she spends many hours there. And she has started attending school in Tinyari Grande, the public school that we have been working with for the past 2 years. She has adjusted beautifully to school! We couldn't be more pleased with her teacher and the patience that they are showing to her as she works to fit into a new curriculum and new system. Because Sarah was being homeschooled and we were following the Texas system for curriculum requirements, there are several gaps and differences for her. In Peru, children do not learn to print... they learn to write in cursive from the beginning. So Sarah is playing "catch up" on trying to learn to write in cursive. Also, in the second grade, she is expected to be adding and subtracting (with carrying and borrowing) three and four digit numbers, and **multiplying** three digit numbers. Her learning curve is pretty big right now! But she is doing GREAT!

SHARE THE LOVE OF CHRIST WITH THE PEOPLE OF PERU.

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