

Larry Hunter Ministries International



*Ministers
Larry & Deborah Hunter*

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NICARAGUAN ADVENTURE

Sunday, our first full day in Nicaragua, we attended an unusually large church (especially considering that it was in a third world country). A North American missionary was pastor of the church. Though the entire service was conducted in Spanish, it still seemed very much like what you or I would be accustomed to stateside. This type of service would certainly prove to be the exception to what we would experience for the remainder of the trip.



The following day, we set out on a grueling 6 1/2 hour journey by a renovated U.S. public school bus into the "high mountainous jungle unknown." A quite amazing discovery is that we only traveled a distance of 150 miles! The countryside view was indeed breathtaking. It seemed, however, that the seats became increasingly harder as we twisted and turned our way through the ever narrowing road towards our destination. The road, which started out as a fairly decent two lane highway, had now narrowed into nothing more than a rocky, well worn path. We had definitely gone far beyond normal civilization. Finally arriving to our village, Villanueva, we gazed around to find



about four old and worn little buildings. Amongst these was the quaint little church (converted from a one room schoolhouse) which we would call home for the next three nights.

The mountainous village was so remote that it existed in absence of any electricity or running water. Our hosts were generous enough to provide lights by way of a generator until we could get our luggage and supplies from the bus. Afterwards they presented us a traditional meal of rice, beans, bread, spiced pork, and chicken. We later realized the great sacrifice they'd made when we discovered that the average Nicaraguan family can only afford to eat meat twice a month. This family had served our crew of 22 such a bountiful "banquet" that cost the pastors the equivalent of a whole month's salary.

As we began to prepare the church for our sleeping arrangements, every inch of the barred and glassless windows contained countless faces peering inside to see us strange Norte Americanos. These people lived in such a remote area that not only had they never seen outsiders, they had not even been exposed to them on television! What a treat it was for them to see blacks and whites in their home! We felt as if we were on display.

Very, very early the next morning, we awakened to the horrific noise of countless



roosters announcing that it was time to get up. Indeed the villagers were starting their day. Due to the lack of electricity in the area, the people start their days around 4:30 a.m. and usually are in bed by 8 p.m.

After dragging ourselves up, we set about the task at hand. Our primary reason for visiting this impoverished area was to avail ourselves to be a blessing to them. In asking how we might do this (other than giving them money), we were told that it would be a blessing to paint their church. What a strange thing it seemed at the time, but we soon understood the magnitude of such an undertaking. A paint job like this would cost a normal church about 3 years of the pastor's salary.

Therefore, most people would only paint the front of a building.



After

The oddity of our complete paint job inside and out drew a rotating crowd of more than 50 who constantly watched us and wondered why we were doing this. Even the adults seemed like children as they occasionally stuck their hands on the walls to test the dryness. This caused us quite a bit of re-work, but we were nonetheless filled with the joy of seeing that we were making a positive difference in these people's lives.

Over the course of three days, we painted from early morning until early afternoon taking breaks to allow time for the coats to dry. In the late afternoon, we had various adventures including playtime with the children and the "Great Monos (Monkey) Hike". About fifteen of the group members,

accompanied by an army of barefoot children, trudged up the mountains into the jungle to see an area inhabited with monkeys.

In the evenings, our team hiked about a mile to attend church services at the local school with more than 200 inquisitive villagers following. To get to the meeting place we crossed a swift river about 30 ft. across on a 14" wide plank with nothing but a cable to hold onto! Benito, a youth pastor who came with our group, ministered the first night with Larry interpreting the message into Spanish. The following night, Larry ministered to the awe inspired and spiritually starved group.

Early Wednesday morning, about half of the team woke up to an earthquake tremor, which shook the whole church and left a design of cracks across the concrete floor. Deborah thought Larry was shaking

the makeshift pew bed next to hers. One of our group members thought the children were shaking the building demanding we give them more playtime.



Before

painting of the church. People came from their homes scattered throughout the mountains to thank us and to see us off. It was touching to see the children crying as we left. We had touched lives in more ways than we could ever have imagined.



If you were blessed by our latest journey and wished that you could have been there, we've got news for you. Even though it is too late to take part in our November activities, prepare yourself for next year's trips. So far, we plan to travel to Brazil and Panama. You may contact us if you are interested in participating in either of these exciting adventures with us.

**Please send your tax-deductible contributions to "LHMP"
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