

25th April, 2010

Dear Friends

This week, two men greet at breakfast: "Good morning, how are you?" "Yes, No, I can't complain", came the response!

Has life become so passé that satisfaction and pleasantries derive from the neutrality of circumstance?

St Paul, despite the travail of his travel, insists that we "Rejoice always, Pray constantly, Give thanks in everything, for this is God's will".

The eruption of the earth's surface has affected us all in one way or another. I hoped against hope that I would avoid the disruption, but alas, here I am 5,000 miles from home enjoying the hospitality of friends. Volcanoes and earthquakes remind us that the earth's form continues to be shaped with energy that dwarfs every human enterprise. We are frail and vulnerable species!



Barotse flood plain on the Zambezi River. Water, lush growth, with seasonal potential alongside vulnerability.



Collision Damage

Whilst travelling through the Kafue nature reserve, I was enthralled by the abundant generosity of God's creation over miles of undisturbed Eden. The tranquility relaxed every sinew until we collided with an indecisive, but innocent Impala. My instinct was to capture the drama on camera but on somber reflection decided that even animals have a right to dignity in death. That last spasm reminded me of the poignancy of the sacrificial lamb.

Arriving at our destination we visited a variety of villages where people continue to live with the constraints of their forefathers. Quite why they lack abundance is hard to fathom? Where many live in structured villages, there are those whose lives are further impoverished through isolation and the threat of losing the little they have. We can encourage people to adopt new skills, we can contribute to economic deficit, but overcoming the communal stigmas that impoverish social capital, through the grace of Christ, is the task we do best.



Amputee farmer alienated to less fertile ground



Burst tyre en route to preach

My itinerary included the opportunity to retrace the steps of my youth. Big nostalgia and all that! On the road to Rusangu a burst tyre reminded me of the fragility of life, hours later when I crossed the stream where 40 years ago I rolled my Dad's car at irresponsible speed. I was reminded that my survival was for a purpose.



Crash site - 1970

Life is not always so adventurous, never-the-less we have every reason to rejoice, to pray and to give thanks whatever the tempo. May the abundant Adventurer continue to inspire you and those you serve in anticipation of the Advent when abundance will know no bounds, and our travelling days begin for real.

Best regards – from a victor

Victor.



Lusaka Central Church - a place formative in my becoming