

Hello!

Happy New Year, Happy Christmas!

Thank you for all your emails letting me know what you are up to.

Sunday today, spent the morning at Kampuchea Assembly of the First Born Church. Long name. Were expecting to leave at 8am but this changed to 9am, and then our lift arrived early to collect us...this is a frequent occurrence. Time keeping varies from early, to late, to on time keeping us on our toes. The church is full of wonderful people, the pastors are complete heroes (how apt that the main one chose to wear a superman shirt to meet us) and although with most it is hard to get beyond a few lines of conversation a smile and a hug speaks volumes.

One slightly unusual thing we have noticed....when hugging a Cambodian, gradually, their arms slide down until they are holding your backside. It's good to talk because until last night I wasn't sure if this was normal? Fortunately hugs are definitely same sex only!!!

The pastor here works for a company who train young women to go to Malaysia as maids. 25 of them live with him and his wife where they have had the opportunity to see how they live. Two of the team, Dorothy and Hannel, have had an opportunity to lead bible studies with them. On New Years Eve we met in the church to pray and most of these women were there. When we broke into small groups to pray it was obvious how much they were sacrificing to provide for their families, some leaving small children and husbands behind. One girl is 17 but looks about 13. As we began praying in my group for them to be placed with a good boss one girl began to wipe tears away. I just ended up hugging her, then another began to cry too. In the mean time another team member who had been stuck without translation realised they weren't actually saved yet! Looking over I saw 7 young women kneeling down in prayer. I then asked if the three I was praying with were saved. They weren't either. By the end of 2009 19 had said they wanted to follow Jesus! Sokun the pastor was crying, everybody was hugging (Cambodian style-they grab for the waist and try to lift you too) And we ate white bread dipped in coffee. The next day 17 were baptised in a local lake. Danielle and I decided to join them fully dressed for a swim. Unfortunately Danielle was still wearing her money belt...one very soggy passport.

I am so grateful to God and to all of you for your prayers, support etc. Haven't been ill, don't want to scare my Mum by describing transportation too much!! Really have to learn spiritual warfare as it is constant here.

Have to close for now but much love to all of you.

xxxxxAnnaxxxx

Sokun has taken to introducing me as Banana...something art the same in any culture.