



## A hello from the Loewen's



loewen33

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We are back to share with all of you how Paraguay is different from America! We are honored to share with you about ALL the good, the bad, the hysterical, the outrageous, the memorable, the heart-filled, the life changing moments that happened and are still happening in Paraguay. What we share is never intended to paint a negative light on a culture, place, or people group. It's simply to communicate our experiences with you so you have a better understanding to our new life in Paraguay. We are forever changed and we want you to be apart of our journey.

**DRIVING**

Driving here is well.... there is no comparison to help you understand. Just think of driving **a** go cart but with **a** million cars at once 🤔😓

When I first arrived in Paraguay, I told Sam I would never drive here.... like NEVER. After watching him for five months, I felt more bold and gave it **a** try. Its actually really fun and dangerous at the same time. Who would of thought! The rule is as long as you go slow, you can do anything. haha Kid you not, **a** local friend told us to just put our emergency lights on and do what we need to do. No one will ask questions.

We took this friend's advise and went down **a** highway (the wrong way) for about one block to avoid **a** twenty minute drive.

## Keep an eye on your... garbage bags?

**A** few times recently we have gone outside to find someone had emptied our garbage on the sidewalk so they could steal the garbage bags. You read that right.. it is not uncommon for some to walk the streets at night looking for garbage bags they can easily untie and take. This obviously leaves **a** huge mess for the homeowner to clean up. So Sam's solution was to melt the plastic knot to make it harder for the garbage-bag-theives (see below). It's worked so far!

Although inconvenient, it's hard for us to become upset at something like this. We see everyday the hard work that so many Paraguayans put in to simply make **a** few dollars in order to support their family (the minimum wage is currently about \$350/month).



## The Game That Never Ends!

Everyday, All day, and even in the middle of the night we get to play this game called, "Kill the mosquito!" We purchased this racket-looking-mosquito-killer that electrifies those blood suckers (God makes all things, but its challenging to be thankful for mosquitos). Maybe I'm thankful for mosquitos because I get to play this game and the most satisfying part is when you hear and see the electrocution sparks. This might sound really sick..... but it's true!



**If you forget something at the grocery store...don't worry...wait for the next street light!**



When traveling through the city you can expect many things at your next streetlight...

- People selling fruits, veggies, water, candy, scratch-its, newspapers, etc
- Offer to wash your windshield (however many coins you want to give)
- Firefighters asking for donations
- Clowns performing an act for **a** tip
- Children or young mothers holding babies staring at you with their faces against your window wanting money

In some cases, it can be very convenient!

But in the other cases it can be very overwhelming to see so many needs without the ability to help every single person we come into contact with. The fact is, poverty will always be around and our job as believers is not to necessarily take it away, but to open our lives up and simply be with others when given the opportunity.

We can't be their savior, but we can go to God and talk to Him about everyone in our lives.

And when we do have **a** few coins to give, we can give them with **a** warm smile.

My friend would always says, all we can do is the next **G**racious **R**ight **O**bedient **W**ise **L**oving thing.

## Life changing moment...

We traveled around 2.5 hours to **a** very remote village that was at least **a** day or two walk to **a** store. It was so deep in the middle of nowhere. Once we got there, right away I noticed that the kids were not wearing any shoes.

The team put **a** tarp down and all the children sat on it and all the adults stood near and afar from all of us. It was clear some people didn't want to get close and hear what we had to say but only was there to follow the chief's command. we sang some songs in their language and gave out candy while **a** person led **a** children's activity. Once all the kids left, I noticed the bugs did too. Apparently, these bugs are attracted to poor hygiene.

The chief's daughter seemed warm and friendly. She was trying to converse with me and she was asking for her daughter to be prayed for. Later I found out, she used to be drunk every day and would become possessed by **a** demon in the evening. Once she received the gospel, she says it doesn't happen anymore.

There was **a** little boy who was three and played with Amelia. I noticed his foot was rotting away and bugs were living in it. Once everyone left, he was still there. One of the teammates was carrying him down to the stream where we were going to fix their water pump for the village. He started to cry and call out "Mama". So we brought him back to the village and the chief said

***"he doesn't have **a** mama or dada. She abandoned him three months ago and I am already taking care of three other orphans."***


He started to cry once we left. My heart broke for him.

Worst yet, the mothers don't name their babies until they are one because the chances of them surviving until then is very slim and they don't want to waste a forest name. There are only so many names to give.

These people don't know how to survive in this setting. They have no livestock, no electricity, no running water, they sleep on the ground in a little hut, and there is no more forest where they used to thrive in. They don't see worth in themselves so they live a pitiful life waiting to die. Now they heard the gospel, the recent witch doctor only proclaims there is one God and welcomes us. Half of the community used to be drunk all the time and only two were when we showed up. When they were taught about the holy spirit, multiple people ran away. There is a lot of warfare going on and still is. We need to pray for these people. They may have been forgotten in the world sense, but God has always and will always remember them.



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