



**Rejoice with those who rejoice;
mourn with those who mourn.
-Romans 12:15**

Hello all,

Let me start this out by informing all of you of a most useful tool for keeping up to snuff on what is going on here in Goa. I have a website that I update quite frequently, Greetingsfromgoa.blogspot.com. It is picture-loaded and you will find it to be very user-friendly. I tend to struggle with the monthly update format (too big and cumbersome) and my website works much better with my writing style, I feel. All of this to say, check out my neat-o website!

This past month has been almost too many things. I don't know how else to describe it. A lot of my friends and connections have headed out of Goa for many months. This has affected numbers in the church (which we were expecting) and it has affected my free time hours. I spent many long hours on most days visiting with friends on the beach or at jewelry shops or in cramped houses. I miss my good tea breaks and even better conversations with these friends. A lot of faces are missing from the church but some interesting new people have come to fill in the gaps a bit. More on that later.

Big News! John, my good friend and co-worker, is now engaged! A couple weeks ago, John had some guests over who were attending a wedding in North Goa. He knew them from his home village in Karnataka. (Ok, I am going to be talking about Karnataka a lot in this update so it is important to understand that it is the state east of Goa. John is from Karnataka. Most of our church has connections with Karnataka. Etc.) This family stayed in the center's extra room for several days. During this time, some magic rubbed up with some fairy dust, and John found his new wife. This is HUGE NEWS for it is an answer to prayer for John and will mean more help at the center. Good stuff. The wedding will be some time after October, when my parents return to Goa. Next page for the picture.



John on the right and Dina in the pink and blue

Now, one of John's special abilities is that he has an unlimited quantity of cousins living in Goa and Karnataka. Seriously, every month I meet a new cousin of Johns! I can't properly explain this phenomenon! It is one of life's mysteries. About three weeks ago this month's cousin showed up. John was helping him to find a job as a cook near our church. Success and the wife and children showed up shortly afterwards. They moved into a place not too far from the center and are now attending on Sunday mornings. Score! John and his cousins.

Five weeks ago we had another interesting visitor at the church. One of John's friends, Hephzibah, moved from Karnataka to Goa for a new job. (There's that Karnataka again. I warned you.) She got in touch with John and was invited to attend our Sunday service. After the service I was chatting with her and learned that she knows her languages. She speaks English, Hindi, Kanada, Telugu and Marathi. And all of them, she speaks solid. This was an interesting bit of information for me because I was still in the middle of trying to find a replacement Hindi teacher. (Refresher Info: I had two months of Hindi classes where I got a bit of vocab, learned to read and write Hindi) So all of this was interesting to me especially because we will be having some visitors from America in October that are interested in picking up some Hindi during their six month stay.

If you follow my updates on my website regularly, you will remember a post from two weeks ago. I wrote about a trip I took to Karnataka. This was quite the trip for me. My first time to Karnataka. I stayed with a wonderful family for two days. And I was invited to give the sermon at the families house church. What I failed to mention (intentionally?) in that post was that I had taken the bus trip to Karnataka with Hephzibah. I was talking with her the day before and she said she needed to go to her parent's place to sign some document that had come in the mail. She asked me if I would like to come for the day. Three hour bus trip, sign the papers and get out. Sounded good and I had nothing else to do

on this given Saturday. A Saturday full of beautiful weather, too much amazing food, and wonderful conversations with the family managed to spilled over into Sunday. No harm done. I called up John to let him know I would be absent and he said all was well. The Sunday service was AMAZING. As is customary in India, I was invited up front to chat. My planned 15 minutes turned into 45 minutes with Hephzibah translating my message into Kanada. This was an interesting moment for me for many reasons. I have spoken in many different situations and contexts, but this one was different. Even under the strangest of circumstances, I felt so collected. I can't explain it completely but during my talking, God had revealed to me the desires of these people. Their dreams, their longings, their needs. That is the only way I can explain how my short talk grew in length. Normally it is the other way around for me. I start with a planned short talk and it ends up even shorter. And if all of this wasn't enough, God was revealing to me that I was in the presence of my newest family members. A new father, mother, brothers and sisters. This family had opened up their home and hearts to me in a way that I have rarely experienced. I cooked lunch with the mother, shared preaching responsibilities with the pastor father, started small fires with the brothers in the back yard and talked life and future with the sisters. This was one of the most emotionally complicated weekends EVER!



Hephzibah, Franky, Esther, Angel

Back to Goa.

I like to disagree with a frequently accepted theory. Many people like to think that the complicated challenges and experiences in our lives are God's way of preparing us for future challenges and experiences. I don't like this and I don't think it is completely healthy. This can too easily lead to our

saying, “Hey, this is just like that thing God had me do last year. I know how to do this. This will be way easy.” I have had my fair share of complicated challenges and experiences, especially in the past year, and not one of them seem to be able to prepare me for the new daily madness that I keep finding myself in. If anything, I think our past triumphs and failures are better used to remind us of how incapable we are of preparing for the future. If nothing else, this should be a daily reminder that we are under qualified, unprepared and at a complete loss. This can only lead us to lean more and more on our faith in God's complete goodness. And isn't that what this is all about anyways? Realizing that we are complete bumbling that can only manage to mess things up further when we rely on our own efforts. All this to say, my past experiences have in no way prepared me for what God is showing me now!

Four months ago, I was talking with one of my jewelery selling friends in the village. God has strange ways. This woman doesn't know the truth, but she has a way with questions. Her questions tend to dig into my heart in strange ways. If God wants to use a Hindu woman to probe into the inner workings of my mind and soul, who am I to say no? I was sitting on an unreliably crafted chair watching the tourists blur past the shop when she asked me, “Cameron will you get married again?” I said, “God knows these things.” Boring answer, no? Ha! She said, “Cameron, tell me what kind of woman you would want to marry. Cameron, what is she like?” (She starts every question with my name. Makes it harder to dodge the question. She is good at this.) Without thinking too much I blurted, “Well, she would have to be a good Christian girl, a leader, know how to laugh, be a good cook, know many languages, have a good family and probably she would be an Indian.” She just kinda waggled her head to my answer and that was that. If you really want to know what the “waggle” is you better book your tickets and come over here.

What exactly am I building up to? Why these two previous paragraphs? Why the cryptic quote from Romans at the top and center? Ok, so the strange Karnataka adventure didn't end with my return to Goa. I started thinking about my over sized 15 minute sermon and Hephzibah translating for me. I started thinking about this Hindu jewelery selling woman and her heart probing questions from God. I started putting things together and started wondering and questioning. I started wondering, “Why am I here in Goa, where is all of this going, and why does God make things so strange?” I realized that all the qualities of my theoretical future wife, that I had shared with my Hindu friend, were sitting right next to me translating my words into Kanada. She was a good Christian girl, a leader, knew how to laugh, was a good cook, knew way too many languages, had a freaking amazing family and was definitely of Indian origin. Like I said, God has strange ways.

The next week, following my return from Karnataka, consisted of the nightly 30 minute to one hour phone conversations. Getting to know you talks. Even with all this adventure, I only had met Hephzibah a few weeks ago. I sorta had grown tired of too many missed opportunities from my past and wanted to test this out to see if it was real and true. Real and true. So, what to do when you are living in India? All that dating and boyfriend/girlfriend stuff is so played out. Well what you do is you go back to Karnataka to talk with the father about what is on your mind and your intentions. Welcome to India, folks! This all wasn't supposed to happen for a couple more weeks, but I ended up going back to the families house this past Tuesday. More beautiful weather, too much amazing food, and wonderful conversations with the family. Wednesday morning, it was all set up perfect. I was sitting in the living room with pastor father and Hephzibah's sister, Angel, was present to translate. Then the mother, another sister and Hephzibah come into the room. What to do. I started. It was quicker than I expected it to be. What was I really expecting? I had never experienced these formalities before. Esther, the mother, said what was most important for her was that her daughters married a godly men. Aaron Krishna, the pastor father, followed with the same. The next day, I headed home, alone, with too

much good food in my stomach and good smelling Karnataka flowers that were tied to my backpack for some reason.

Back in Goa, again.

Again, where is all of this going? To recap, in one month I met a girl, went to visit her family, we worked together to teach people about god, we spent too much time on the phone, I went to talk to the father and everyone else, I am engaged. On May 21st, I wrote on my website, "I Left Goa and nothing will ever be the same again." I feel God has put all these strange elaborate puzzle pieces together and I would be a fool if i missed out on the opportunity to test if all of is real and true. It seems that there will be two weddings awaiting my parents return to Goa.



Hephzibah and Cameron

Thank you for your time and interest,

Cameron Deyhle

Things to be aware of and pray for:

1. My trip to North India and Nepal in Mid-July to August.
2. Difficulty during the now-monsoon season. Rain!!!!!!!!!!!! Fat Chubby Rain!!!!!!!!!! Cancel Your Day Sorta Rain!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
3. All of this craziness that you just read!

Cameron Deyhle ~ Goa, India ~ working with "All Nations Center" BIC Church

Your interest in any aspect of my life or work in India is appreciated. If you would like to follow my ministry and be involved in any way, please fill out and return this section to the **address below:

Name(s) _____

Address: _____

I want to pray for Cameron

Please send email updates to me. My email address is: _____

I want to help Cameron with financial support for his ministry work in India.

I would like to contribute a (monthly, quarterly, annual, or one-time) _____ donation of \$ _____.

Please make any checks payable to EVERYBODY OUGHT TO KNOW, INC. For tax deduction purposes, IRS requirements mandate, in order to get a proper deduction that the personal designation for "Cameron Deyhle" be placed on a separate note or attached paper, not on the check memo.

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