

The Lobos Family in the Plaza.
P.O. Box 3069 Humble, TX 77347

Telephone
(832)724-1151

Web Site
www.vida.cc

Email
LSMI@houston.rr.com

## C U A T E M A

 L ADuring my eight week stay in Guatemala I was confronted everyday with poverty and human suffering. I wanted to help everyone I saw in need, but that is not humanly possible. So, I helped those for whom God placed a special burden to bless in someway. Need was every where, from the blind, the lame, the maimed, the feeble, the homeless, the malnourished children, and the elderly.

The Lord led me to "adopt" a family. This was more a process that unfolded through my routine encounters with a Quiche Indian family with the last names Lobos Tzampop. Many times during the week, I would go to the town square and study as I listened to the sound of the fountain. Three tiny children would ask me to buy post cards. They each wanted to make a sale, so I would buy one from each of them. They would tell me they were hungry; that they ate only once a day. I asked them what they would like to eat. "Coffee and sweet bread", they replied. Juanita, age six, is the size of a four year old. Pedro, age nine, looks like a seven year old. Chico (small) is four. There is good reason for his nickname. Before long, they went from sweet bread to fried beans spread on tostadas, to fried chicken. Fried chicken became their standby request. I would give them the money and they would bring me the change and receipt. I was trying to teach them accountability.

Their father, Antonio is only twenty six years old and eeks out a living as a street vender. He pushes his festively painted wooden cart to the town square to sell hand dipped ice cream cones. Their mother Eva only speaks a few words in Spanish, everyone addresses her in Quiche. Clinging to Eva is her baby of $1 \frac{1}{2}$ years old; Maria. I loved being a part of their lives. They were in the town plaza from sun up to sun down, playing in the



Your support bought Pedro shoes to go to school．

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streets with nowhere to go the bathroom．Many times，they stank and wanted to sit on my lap with a load in their drawers．It wasn＇t always pleasant．

I would answer the family＇s questions about geography，history，poli－ tics，and of course，the Bible．Antonio wanted to know if jets could fly over water or only over land．I answered their questions as best I could．They taught me also，teaching me the Quiche language．I even spoke a few words in their native tongue while speaking at a leader－ ship conference！When I saw that the children were not in school，I went to fellow missionary Andrew Loveall who has a school to help poor children．Thanks to the Lovealls，Pedro was able to enroll in a special program to catch up to his grade level．He is doing well．I have seen his father Antonio standing in the Plaza next to his cart， copying Pedro’s school work，trying to learn to read and write．

Just before I left，I passed by the square to say goodbye to my Quiche family．Everyone was there but Pedro．We ate chicken and sliced mangos．When I said good bye to Antonio，he wept profusely．Sev－ eral hours later，I returned to say goodbye to Pedro．He wanted chicken so，chicken it was．When it was time to say goodbye once again，we hugged and kissed and said our farewells．The last one I embraced was Antonio，and once again he broke．The bonds of love he expressed were strong and deep．Jesus said that as we minister to the poor we minister to him．Thank you for allowing me to minister to them．Thank you for being a blessing．Together We make a differ－ ence．

Together We Touch the World！
Suc：Carol

## A Little Good



