

Pray for us, that the Word of the Lord
may have free course in Mexico.

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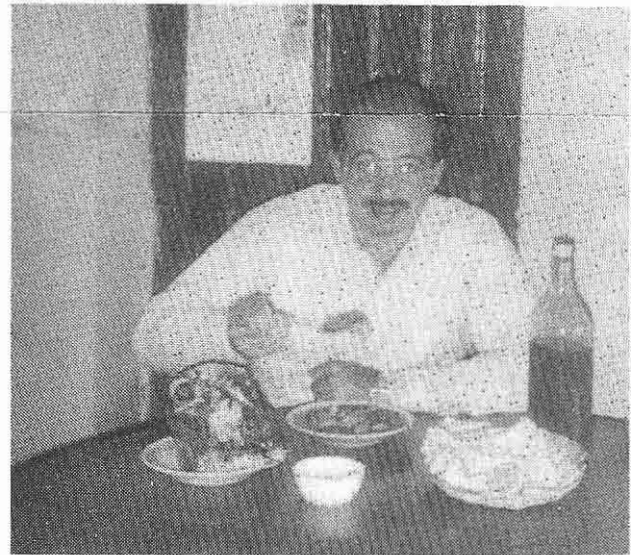
OCTOBER 1992

Dear Friends,

I recently was speaking with a Texan who occasionally makes short term mission trips into Mexico. He said as soon as he returns to the U.S.A. he immediately kisses the ground and heads for Burger King. I can honestly say that Mexican cuisine has forever altered the cravings of my American taste buds. Yes, I still enjoy hot dogs, apple pie, and pizza, but my taste buds engage in some serious mouth watering activity when the smells of Mexican food assault my olfactory senses.

Let's imagine that you have come to Mexico on a short term missions trip and we are traveling across country on an evangelistic campaign. Imagine that we are eating on the run at roadside restaurants & that you are sitting there staring at a menu in Spanish, it's 10:00 AM, breakfast time, you're hungry and want to know what I would recommend.

The three choices are Menudo, Chiquiles and Birria de Chivo. Menudo is a delicious hot breakfast soup made out of tripe that must be quickly eaten while it is still warm or the broth begins to harden into dots of fat. You change the subject before completely loosing your appetite and ask, "What are Chiquiles?" They are a spicy tortilla casserole made with sour cream, dried goat cheese, and fried tortillas flavored with garlic and hot peppers in a tomato base. You decide it sounds safe and order it along with hand-squeezed orange juice. I order the Birria de Chivo, absolutely my favorite breakfast meal. This is braized goat meat in a spicy barbecue broth served with hand made tortillas and a soda.



Lee chowing down on birria
with goat skull decor.

SHORT STUFF



Guaranteed a hoppy day

After 4 hours of bouncing up and down, several close calls and a broken shock or two, we've worked up quite an appetite. It's 3:00, and they're serving lunch. I recommend the carne en su jugo, and the mole. The first entree is a scrumptious beefy soup, literally translated, "meat in it's own juices", served with a platter that contains celanthro, onions, lemon, radishes and shredded cabbage to be sprinkled on top. You are delighted that it almost sounds like normal food, and I order the mole. You were afraid to ask, thinking it is probably a member of the rodent family. To your amazement, when they brought out the dish, you recognize a chicken quarter laying beneath a thick spicy chocolate sauce, and you say to yourself, "have to try some of that."

We drive another three hours and get to the small village and meet with the pastor, set up our equipment, having skipped the evening meal that is usually served between 6 to 8 o'clock. We minister for about 4 hours. At 10:30 we are invited to share in a traditional evening meal at the pastor's hut. We eat sweet bread (from the local bakery) and a hot drink of half coffee and half milk. That night after saying your prayers you dream of Burger King, hot dogs, apple pie and pizza.

NOSE, WHAT'S HAPPENED?

September 18th, in Birmingham, Josh went under corrective surgery for 2 1/2 hours for the reconstruction of his nasal passages and sinuses. Due to the blows to the face by Mexican juveniles in our town 2 years ago. The surgeon wanted to wait until his 16th birthday, but upon reexamination, said that the surgery could not be postponed any longer. We are rejoicing with him that he is no longer suffering and can once again breath through his nose.

Continue to pray for our protection, God's ministry team to run the studio, people being saved, and the planting of Bible Training Centers. We love and appreciate you.

In His Service

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Josh after
surgery

