

LEE SHORT
MINISTRIES INTERNATIONAL



P.O. Box 3069
Humble, TX 77347

Telephone
(281)300-4932

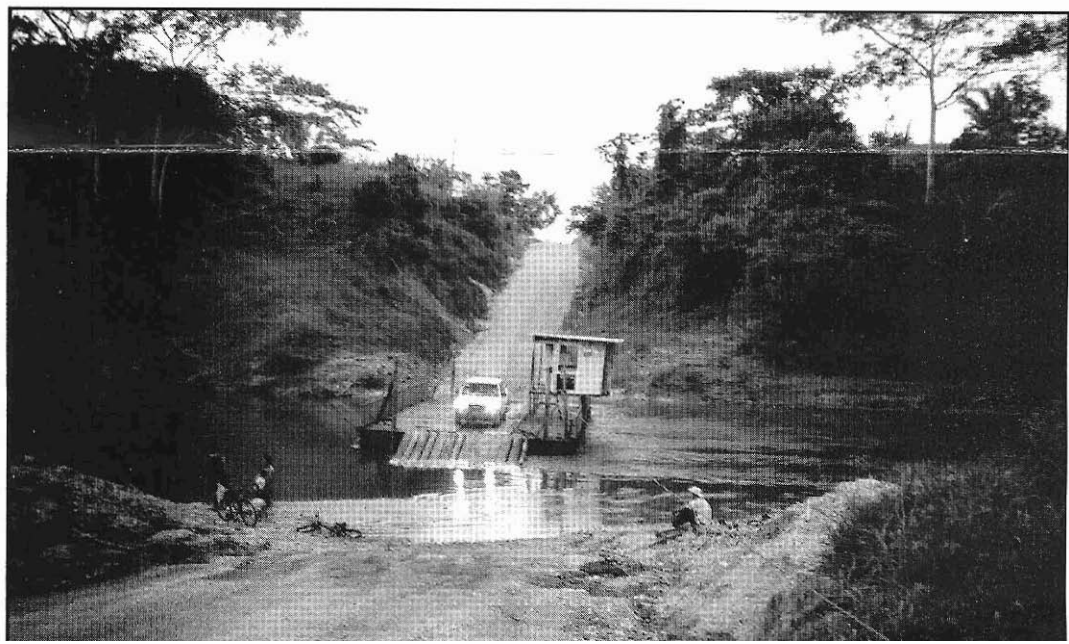
Fax
(281)852-6161

Email
Lee@flc4u.org

Valley of Peace - Throughout the country of Belize there are whole villages of foreigners who are refugees from other Central American countries. War, economic up-evil and political unrest have caused tens of thousands to flee their homelands. I was on my way to minister in such a village. The nine hundred inhabitants of the community, Valley of Peace, are predominately El Salvadorians. They are agricultural workers growing, beans, corn, hot peppers, tomatoes, cucumbers, and cabbage. We traveled many miles on dirt roads to reach their village. As we traveled through a lightly forested area I saw a big beautiful black tarantula running across the road. It brought back memories of the time I caught one and it ran across my hand, I had a flash back of that adrenalin rush.

There are very few bridges in this impoverish country. So how do you cross over rivers? They have ferries that are ratcheted by hand along thick cables. We pulled onto the ferry and I got out to witness to the elderly man who was cranking us across the river. His name is Morgan. He is sixty-nine years old and works twelve hours a day seven days a week. He makes between \$13.00 to \$15.00 a day. I gave him a tip which at first he refused. I insisted, telling him how much I appreciated his service. We talked and I told him that God loved him, tears streamed down his face. I popped the question, "Morgan have you invited Jesus into your heart?" His response was "My wife is a Christian."

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That evening, the worship service went well, we had a good turn out in that seventy-five member church. After the service the worship leader invited us to a cup of coffee in his newly constructed tiny clap board cabin. I did not want to be rude and I also did not know that the ferry shut down at 10 pm. To make a long story short, we got back to the ferry at 10:20 pm. All along the way I was preparing myself to strip down and swim across the river in order to crank the ferry across. When we pulled down to the river I could see across the river: Toward the top of a steep hill, there was the silhouette of a man pushing his bike up the hill. I cried out, "Could you help us? I am sorry, I know it's late." He turned around, stepped into the river,



climbed up onto the ferry and cranked the ferry to us. It was Morgan! I gave him a ten dollar tip which he again refused but finally accepted. Please pray for his soul. How many people in this life, like Morgan, work for wages that will never satisfy (Isaiah 55).

Together we touch the world!

Jim & Carol

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 Make checks payable to L.S.M.I.
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Ferry or Freedom?

Valley of Peace, Belize

