

# Far Trekkin'



*News from Rob and Eshinee Veith*

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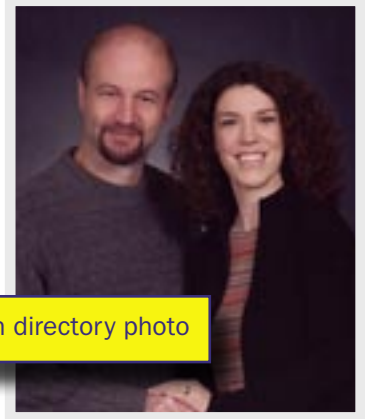
December, 2007

## Still shots and tattered wool

by Eshinee

I've always been a dreamer, in the literal sense. Nine mornings out of ten, I awake with most of my night's dream activity fresh in my mind and have often found that my dreams provide insight into what's actually happening in the deepest corners of my mind. Talking about my dreams or writing them down, particularly in recalling the feelings associated with the events in my dreams, helps me to see the patterns that show me what I'm struggling with and/or give insight into solutions. For example, I recently dreamed that I was in a filmed version of a Passion play. I was playing Mary Magdalene but, like all the other actors, I had no script and couldn't figure out who the director was. To add to the confusion, it appeared that each actor was engaged in some sort of abstract interpretation of the events; pagan deities performing a concert of violins in a carpenter's workshop, a Eucharistine buffet with orange "shooters" during the procession to Golgotha and all the disciples wearing fake beards with bandit masks. I remember feeling, understandably, some anxiety about how to play my part in the midst of such an interpretive jumble. In the end, I decided to hold a ball of green and blue wool. As the procession in which Jesus carried the cross passed, I followed along while the wool slipped thoughtlessly through my fingers, leaving an increasingly tattered trail in my wake. Frankly, I didn't know what I was trying to convey but I had a strong desire to play the part effectively and display the essence of Mary Magdalene with my ball of wool. Still, I had a nagging sense that I had no idea what I was doing. When that scene was finished shooting, one of the cameramen approached me and asked what I had been trying to convey. I fumbled around,

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Our first church directory photo



Our commissioning service at Cross of Christ Lutheran Church, February 4th.



Visiting the Khoekhoegowab Bible translation team in Namibia, May

basically rambling in a way that, hopefully, would conceal that I had no idea. He then told me that, whatever I was doing, keep it up. He didn't follow the whole wool thing but had gotten some intense still shots of my face that went great with the story. He then showed the stills and he was right; they were great! I was surprised and relieved, in a way that made the rest of the filming easier.

I'm hesitant to dig into most of the imagery too much, for fear of what I might find. My main takeaway, though, is fairly straightforward and relates to this past year in our lives: *Ministry happens by Divine Appointment*, not by human appointment. While this is something that I've long believed, this has definitely been a year of crying out, "Lord, help my unbelief." On numerous occasions this past year, we found our "best laid plans" seemingly coming to naught... at least they seemed to be doing so at the time. Between digital communication breakdowns, weather that prohibited travel, health issues and immigration complications, we found ourselves wondering if we were, to borrow my dream imagery, artfully trailing our path with increasingly tattered wool. But, when the times have been right during this past year, we have been allowed still shots that have shown us how we fit into the bigger picture. Our departure delay allowed us to be available to help various family members in times of physical crisis. Our immigration difficulty in Namibia opened up the possibility of short-term ministry in neighboring Botswana, something which hadn't been on our radar up to this point. In the few months since we've been here in Botswana, we have been able to engage in support ministry to the local churches and translation teams, unencumbered by long-term commitments. Rob has recorded local Kalanga worship and other cultural materials. I find myself creating digital versions of indigenous language materials that will help local LBT missionaries with their language study, a time-consuming process that would detract from their translation efforts. Recently, we were invited to be a part of the music committee at a Lutheran church here in Francistown. They received a grant for the purchase of musical instruments and are in the process of examining the impact of said purchase on the musical part of their worship life. Rob describes it as "navigating microcultural change".

Still shots or more tattered wool? Who can say? Script or no script, we play on. Like a shepherd trying to keep track of sheep at night, an anxious husband trying to book a hotel room for his pregnant wife or a donkey sticking his nose in a manger in expectance of hay, we hit our marks and improvise our lines until God shouts "Cut!" This Christmas is an opportunity to go over our still shots and see those Divine Appointments through which God comes to humanity, through humanity, once again.

Grace & Peace,  
*Eshinee & ROB*



Domboshaba festival, September



Bible Society of Botswana, Kalanga project, September



Worship & sermon recording at Rev. Mothetho's church, October

