

NewsBrief

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WANT TO GET AWAY?

How about a **TWO-DAY** adventure aboard an *African bus*?

Not a high-end tour bus mind you...just 2 days traveling with the locals trying to get from point "A" to point "B". And you thought your last roller coaster ride was exciting!

Read on as GSSM begins its thrust into Southern Africa by sending a pair of pastors from Malawi, both graduates of Global School of Sports Ministry, into Tanzania, a two day bus ride from Malawi.

These two men have requested prayer cover as they travel on some dangerous roads in order to initiate GSSM's programs in this strategic East African country.

WHY PRAY?

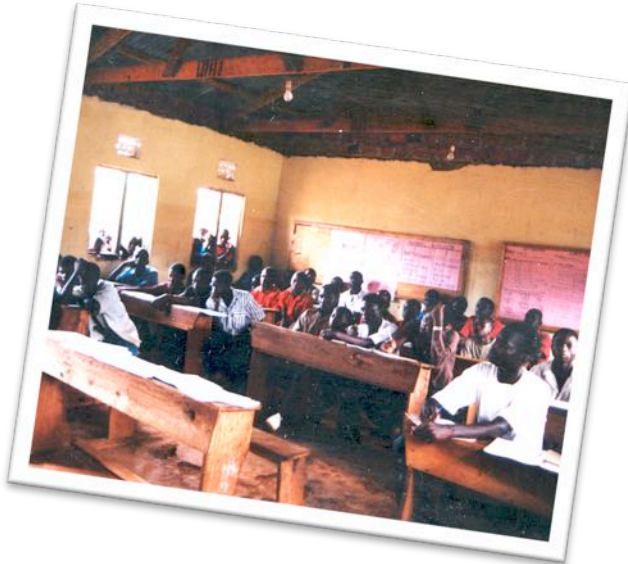
Get an insiders view of riding African buses as Russ Carr shares one of his many experiences aboard African buses during his 30 years of working in Africa...and lived to tell about it! You can





TANZANIA: FIRST STOP ON GSSM'S MARCH INTO SOUTHERN AFRICA

- Two Malawian pastors, GSSM graduates, head for Tanzania to hold seminars, recruit key students (mostly pastors, youth leaders) who are anxious to be trained in sports ministry.
- Pastors in Tanzania want to get started quickly as they are concerned about their country being slowly besieged by Islamic propaganda. They believe that the presence of our 2 GSSM representatives will inspire many to re-focus on evangelism and discipleship.
- Working committees in Tanzania will identify and recruit additional dedicated students in order to initiate more and more programs throughout this vast country. They will also correspond on relevant issues.
- GSSM funds were also sent to Malawi to immediately print 100 additional training manuals/textbooks (500+ pages each) critical to our training program.





IN OTHER NEWS

- ✓ **Students in Baja, Mexico** are wrapping up their studies with GSSM. Plans to plant churches in the region are progressing. **Final exams will take place in February, 2017 and outreach programs will be evaluated.** *Each of the students have been outstanding.*
- ✓ **Doves F.C.**, GSSM's official soccer team comprised mostly of GSSM graduates in Uganda, hosted a pair of outreach programs in Entebbe and Gayaza this past month. **Four players gave their lives to Christ.**
- ✓ **Jill Goughnour**, Russ & Sue's eldest daughter, **rallied a small group of friends and two of her grandchildren to make Wordless Books and bracelets.** These, along with instructions, will be included in the sports ministry kit's given to each GSSM graduate to be used in their work with small children.

On a side note, These two very young grandchildren of Jill's (great grandchildren of Russ & Sue), while making these little "books" they also learned how to present the salvation story as well. As a result of all of this, one of them, Nathan, invited Christ into his life and couldn't wait to share his new found faith with his family.

- ✓ **Ebenezer Group** comprised of GSSM graduates in Uganda conducted several outreach programs during the past month. Their video ministry has been very effective. Numerous pastors have been inviting them to come and share in their churches. The videos include the "Jesus" film produced by Campus Crusade.

One problem, however. There is a *need to upgrade some of our equipment.* As Barnabas Mwesiga, our African coordinator puts it, **"The loud speakers have become almost whisper speakers!"**

✓ Kampala Slum Programs

Another key graduate, Jimmy Kalyango, continues his extraordinary programs in two large slums located in the shadows of Kampala's high rise buildings. Shacks of every description line the slums where the inhabitants are drowning in poverty. Filth and disease is everywhere. **Yet there is a bright light that is now piercing the darkness that once hovered over this forsaken place.**

Songs of joy ring out as a parade of young children march through the muck of a pathway that connects neighbor to neighbor. Angelic voices proclaim the great love of Jesus that somehow penetrates even the most hardened hearts of those smothered in despair. Slum people pause and smiles break out on their weathered faces as these tiny followers of Christ move through the slums singing about God's mercy, love and redemption. **Jimmy's children's choir at work!**

The once dominant Muslim communities are changing. **No "in your face evangelism", just a steady stream of love expressed in feeding programs, sports teams, children's choirs and numerous uplifting activities.** The dark curtain of mistrust has crumbled and has been replaced by wide open doors that say welcome...all because an ordinary young man surrendered his life to Jesus. **Please pray for Jimmy as he continues to touch dozens of lives each day.**



✓ Finally, THANK YOU

for your prayers and support of GSSM as God leads and enables you. Your much-needed help is greatly appreciated and is helping us to expand into the harvest fields of a world greatly in need of our Saviour.

BLESSINGS!

RUSS CARR



Reflections from one who has “been there and done that”

By Russ Carr

As two of GSSM’s representatives leave Malawi for Tanzania by bus I thought our readers might appreciate what these men will encounter as they travel 2 days one way to accomplish their mission...and 2 days on a return voyage.

During my 30 years of working in Africa I have experienced an array of unusual conveyances including an assortment of buses.

Prior to my time in Africa I drove a school bus, traveled on numerous team buses, jumped aboard *Trailways* and *Greyhound* buses, boarded double-decker buses in Britain and tour buses in numerous other countries. However, Africa was a whole new ball game. One of my many experiences follows.

When Rwanda fell prey to their terrible genocide in the 1990’s, Barnabas Mwesiga and I were asked to come to assist in the recovery of this devastated country. Over 800,000 people were slaughtered in a matter of weeks. Children became orphans overnight and were left homeless. Traumatized people were everywhere.

Barnabas and I left Kampala’s bus park early in the morning heading for Kigali, Rwanda’s capital. Our scheduled arrival time was 4:00PM.

To get a good seat we boarded our bus as soon as the driver opened the doors. Immediately we headed for seats towards the rear of the bus since that location was considered the safest place to be in case of an accident.

Before long the bus was packed, every seat occupied. In addition to the human cargo, an assortment of goods and animals filled what empty space there was. Large sacks of vegetables, rice and beans, baskets of fruit, large stalks of bananas, used clothing wrapped in rags and a parade of animals including chickens, turkeys, fish and even a goat squeezed aboard. The aroma in the bus began to dance around every nook and cranny as the perspiring people who could not afford or chose not to use deodorant added to this strange mixture that penetrated the hot interior of the bus. Windows that worked were soon opened as high as they could go, especially important as there was no air conditioning.

Finally, we were off in a cloud of dust...

(literally) as we roared down a narrow road lined with pot holes and crowded with people, motorcycles, bicycles, cattle and other obstacles. The bus driver added to the clamor as he leaned on the horn to warn people to get out of the way knowing full well that the biggest vehicle always has the right of way.

Barnabas and I did our best to lean back in our seats and close our eyes. However the two chickens and a large turkey that were tied to the seats in front of us insisted that the space allocated to our feet was theirs. The turkey decided his space was worth fighting for and began attacking me by pecking at my legs. I countered by pushing him aside with my shoes. This only made him angrier and he attacked more fiercely. Finally a truce of sorts was reached and the turkey allowed me to have a small space for my feet...as long as I did not move them.

After about 20-30 miles the bus pulled off the road for its first stop. A handful of passengers left the bus as vendors swarmed around the open windows thrusting a variety of cooked meat on sticks through the windows while others offered an assortment of food, trinkets and sodas.

Meanwhile additional passengers boarded and soon the aisles were filled until there wasn't room for any more. I had an aisle seat which I shared with my turkey "friend" but when I spotted a very pregnant woman being squeezed in the crowded aisle, I offered her my seat, attacking turkey and all. She gladly accepted but was surprised that a white man should do such a thing. Barnabas followed suit offering his seat to an elderly woman.

For the next 6 hours this scene was repeated several times. To try and keep on schedule the bus driver accelerated at breakneck speed passing vehicle after vehicle including large semi-trucks around curves as well as on straightaways. As we climbed into the mountains that made up much of Southwest Uganda, fresh air was now circulating throughout and one could breathe freely once again. It seemed that the further away from Kampala we were, the better the conditions on the bus. It was less crowded, seats were available for everyone, the distinct aroma had subsided and you could even take a deep breath without inhaling the diesel fumes that seemed to filter through each of the open windows. Best of all my turkey "friend" left the bus earlier accompanied by his two chicken pals. Barnabas and I could now stretch our legs into our reclaimed space without fear of reprisal.

By now you get the picture. To finish the story let me briefly conclude my round trip adventure.

Barnabas and I did not arrive in Kigali at the scheduled time of 4:00PM. Due to an altercation at the boarder, it was more like past midnight. Very few lights flickered in the Rwandan darkness except for a hotel a mile away that operated on a generator. After a mile walk with only my small pen-light to help us avoid the pot holes and other obstacles, we arrived at the hotel where we had hoped to spend the night. The only problem was that it was overbooked...no room in the inn. People were sleeping in the lobby and anywhere else they could find. On our return trip...

...everything was much the same with one exception.

As we splashed through a heavy downpour speeding down a hill about 30 miles from Kampala, a Volkswagen van pulled out in the blinding rain and stalled in the middle of the road. The road was narrow and the bus driver pressed hard on his horn hoping the van would move. It didn't and people from the van ran for their lives. The bus driver hit his brakes and swerved to avoid what appeared to be an inevitable collision. As our bus hit the flooded area by the van, the bus hydroplaned and went into a 180° spin and miraculously missed the van by an inch or two. Barnabas and I had braced for the collision but the Lord had other ideas and somehow we came out of the spin without rolling over and then continued our voyage to Kampala. The driver did an incredible job of maintaining control but Barnabas and I both knew that his help came from our Lord.

And that was just one of my bus rides in Uganda. Some day I may tell you more as some of the others were very "interesting"!



**I trust that you will pray for
our two Malawian pastors
representing GSSM**

**as they travel to Tanzania and return
by bus...two days to Tanzania and two
days on their return to Malawi.**

*Their trip is all about sharing the Good News with
people who desperately need the Lord and to train
more of God's people to "GO and MAKE DISCIPLES".*

Blessings!

Russ Carr



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