

Annual MBA Fall Fest!

Saturday, October 16

11:00 a.m.

The Italiano home

We'll see you there!



Sister Bonnie Metzler with children in Colombia.

By Brother Dan McNamara

The Brothers and Sisters from Colombia send YOU their love! Recently, I had the opportunity and privilege from the Lord to travel to the land of Colombia in South America. This was my first trip to that part of the world. It was incredible! Before I had arrived, Bro. Alan and Sis. Bonnie Metzler and Bro. Bob Nicklow Sr. had been in La Mesa for a week. La Mesa is a small country town in Colombia that is about two hours away from Bogota, the capital city. When I arrived late Saturday night, Bro. Alan met me at the airport to pick me up and bring me to Hotel Bacata. The city of Bogota is located at 8,355 ft above sea; it was a chore just to breathe! We met with the brothers and sisters the next day for church and what a blessed occasion! We were able to have preaching and we also were blessed to ordain a new deaconess in that work! Later that week, Sister Bonnie put together a VBS for the children! It was so fun playing with them and seeing how many different ways we could shape play dough! We had a final meeting on Friday night where we had several visitors and much prayer. The spirit of God was with us and kept us safe the entire time we were there. Colombia is such a beautiful place, but I can say for sure that the people make it amazing. Pray for the work in Colombia! It is growing as God has called a teacher, Brother Pedro in La Mesa. It is our prayer that the work will continue to grow and the people will come to Jesus Christ!

The Cincinnati-Morrow Branch Annual Fall Fest

Saturday, October 30 at 6:00 p.m.

115 Pamela Drive, Morrow
937-898-4240 for more info!

The Midwest Message

October, 2010



Brother Josh Gehly spending time with young people in Malawi.

Missionaries from the Midwest Area

By Brother Josh Gehly

It wasn't the day long journey from Malawi into Mozambique. It wasn't the burnt field mice being sold on the side of the road for snacks. It wasn't the cultures, languages, or red earth of sub-Saharan Africa. It wasn't the border patrol, dilapidated town, or bicycle path through the savannah that shouted, 'You are far away from home!'

The first night Brothers Lyle Criscuolo, Christopher Gehly, Julius Ncoma, and Wilson Mgomozulu set up our tents in Mozambique - I looked up...and found myself in awe. With no electricity and miles of farmland surrounding the countryside, the night sky poured out an incredible display unrecognizable to me - an American incumbent used to streetlights and the northern hemisphere. The Milky Way looked like a cloud amidst a clear sky while shooting stars fired at random. The glory of God showed off as our little group stood in the palm of His Hand.

Droves of saints gathered to meet us and worship together that night. Lyle, Chris and I unpacked our African pianos and came ready to play. After hours of clapping, singing, preaching and praising God, our not-so-little group could not have felt closer at home. We were with the saints. From that moment onward, it felt like we were living the book of Acts. We visited at least three branches a day, in a countryside packed with saints. Healings, tongues, and the gifts of God followed our missionary effort.

The Spirit of God came into a meeting during anointing with great tenderness when a blind man and crippled child were anointed. During the prayer the blind man had the gift of tongues with the interpretation, 'I'm free! I'm free! I'm free!' One of our elders has a speech impediment except when preaching or praying. He even translated a sermon and began to preach that exact sermon in unison with the preacher. The last Sunday we spent in

this area of Mozambique the region had fifteen teachers and two elders ordained. One of the elders had a dream earlier this year that he was baptizing and preaching in open water. I felt to ordain this brother, named Pedro Mission. During the prayer, many in the congregation and all of my English brothers heard me speaking Portuguese, the national language of Mozambique. I do not know Portuguese! The Spirit of God transcended geography, culture, and even language that day.

I've never felt more at home than when doing the Lord's work whether in Africa or the Erie Branch. If you wait for an experience to do the Lord's work, you might stay put for awhile. Christ commanded us to go two thousand years ago. We are all debtors who must shout like our blind brother, 'I AM FREE!' Then, we will be welcomed home to a mighty God sitting on his throne beyond the night sky.