

## **GOD'S SMILE**

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The mission trip in Kenya and Tanzania has been fabulous. Despite the exposure to a few heart wrenching sights like the poverty and disease; there were more heart warming incidents like the amazing generosity of the poorest people. When the Kenyan who wears torn clothes and no shoes to protect his feet offers you a meal and searches throughout the entire village for an extra stool to sit on, you cannot help but feel the Lord's love to you. Ironically, I thought I was going to show God's love to the Africans, but instead I saw God's love shine brighter than ever before.

Also, quiet time has been an invaluable experience. I felt as though the Lord wished me good morning every day by wrapping His arms around me and His trees surrounded me, and He spoke through the chirping of the birds, and most of all He breathed on me as the light breeze blew by.

My favorite thing about this mission trip is that I learned that God truly has His own plan. No matter how organized I tried to be, Anba Boules would come and remind me of how foolish I am and to allow the Holy Spirit to do His work.

I am not a mozungu (foreigner) because of my skin color, but rather because I do not smile as hard as the Kenyans. My one advice to anyone's first mission trip is to smile so hard until your face hurts, but even then God's smile on the Kenyans' faces is much wider and brighter and full of peace.