

Chuck and Bev Truxton, PMB 2009, Jos, Plateau State, Nigeria
December 2009



*She wrapped Him in cloths and placed
Him in a manger, because there was no room
for them in the inn (Luke 2 v 7)*

Dear Praying Friends,

We want to take this opportunity to wish you a very blessed Christmas, with Christ at the center of all your celebrations. We look at the last year and the lives the Lord has touched, the people we have been able to help – and we rejoice. But we can't just forget that there has been a lot of turmoil, hatred and killing in the world; we thank God that there is hope, joy and peace through Christ. May the Lord use you and us to point still more to Him.

We've been busy with programs, projects and planning activities for still more programs and projects! But in the end, it's all about people. God has brought so many people into our lives. We'd like to share just one story with you about a young lady Bev has been privileged to help disciple. It's the story of a mother and a baby born in humble circumstances. It's the story of how God used this baby to bring the mother to himself.

A Mother, Her Baby and New Life

It was the city dump. Rosemary knew it wouldn't be a pretty place. But the smell was worse than she had imagined and there were rats everywhere. Or course there were rats; a collection of all the city's refuse would surely attract rats.

But when Rosemary had gotten in the transit bus and headed out of the city with her newborn son in her arms, she hadn't thought about the rats. Somehow she thought she would find a soft place where she could lay him down gently and cover him over with the cloth that was now wrapped around him. He would look up at her and know that she was only doing what she had to do. In her mind Rosemary had seen herself just walking away quietly, leaving him there. And then everything would be OK again.

But everything was not OK. He was crying now; he needed her. And it was the rats that clinched it. One very big, very hungry looking rat moved close and stood on his back legs, sniffing the air. No, this was not the place for her son. She didn't know how they would survive, or even if they would survive, but this was not where her son's life would end. Not here, not today.

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She was still a teenager, but it seemed like another lifetime when Rosemary had dropped out of the primary school in the village after 5th grade. Her father had died and the uncle who was expected to take responsibility for her education wouldn't. What had Rosemary's father ever done for him? This is how Rosemary passed into her teenage years, with just a fifth grade education and no one really catering to her needs. Her childhood had escaped her and it was time to find her way in the world. She went to the city to look for work.

But the work she found was not what she had in mind. As a commercial sex worker she faced a lot of abuse and was soon facing the reality of a pregnancy with no money for an abortion. Then she thought of a simple solution: deliver and dump. Get rid of the baby right after birth and carry on with her life. This is what brought Rosemary to the city dump. Not once, but twice. Yet she couldn't do it.

The dilapidated hotel where they were living was not a good place; Rosemary was often abused and beaten. But no one touched her baby. When he was just one year old he became violently ill with vomiting and abdominal pain. Some Nigerian missionaries on an outreach to prostitutes brought them to Evangel Hospital. With treatment and surgery, Rosemary's son got better. But more than that, during their prolonged stay at Evangel Hospital, Rosemary experienced love from the hospital staff like she had never known. The care and compassion they showed won a place in her needy heart. She accepted Christ as her savior.

Rosemary spent several years in a transition house, being disciplined, memorizing more than 200 scripture verses and allowing the Word of God to take root in her life. During the past 12 years she is often a visitor in our house and Bev is able to help her as she continues to grow in the Lord. She now has a good job working in a church nursery/day care center.

Today Rosemary's son is 13 years old. Rosemary counts that sickness 12 years ago as a blessing in disguise. Her son's need brought her face to face with her own real need. Isn't this why Jesus came?

There are two inserts in this letter which we hope you will find useful. The first is our annual "Financial Page" to bring you up to date on our needs. We thank the Lord for every gift with special enthusiasm these days. We realize that those who are still able to give have sacrificed in a new way during these hard times. Please join us in praying that God will be honored by how we use the smaller resources available to us. Secondly is our annual Prayer Guide. We continue to be humbled by the number of people who tell us they use our prayer guide every day of the year! We are truly grateful for your prayer support.

Oh yes, and have a great New Year!

Love in Christ,

Chuck & Bev Truxton

Mission HQ: SIM-USA, PO Box 7900, Charlotte, NC 28241-7900