

We bought a cannabis field for Jesus!

One year ago my mother went to her eternal reward. But her reward is still growing, even after her death! You see, when mom died, we kids suggested that in lieu of flowers, people send money to build a Maasai church in Tanzania



Last Sunday morning John and I bounced through the bush in a 4 X 4 vehicle on our way to the Losinoni Maasai Church. We eagerly anticipated our first glimpse of the church that Mother's Memorial monies had helped build. Our expectation was a small stick shack with a tin roof.

After dodging the goats, donkeys, cows, Maasai, children, piki-pikis, boulders, and potholes, we saw a new block building. But the building was much too nice, so we assumed it must be a new government facility. Then our translator told us: "You are looking at the Losinoni Maasai Church!"



It was amazing. It is the only decent building for miles. Certainly the only one with PAINT! Glass windows! Concrete floors! A bright orange steel roof! A tiny pastor's house in back! Adjacent squatty pottys! And best of all, about 100 new converts! We were shocked!



Earlier our family had sent enough to build the usual 'stick and tin' open air structure. But who among us factored in our awesome GOD? To our amazement, the Tanzania AG leadership used the 'seed' money we gave to raise additional funds.

The District Superintendent (Bishop) greeted us warmly, calling John "The American Maasai." We had with us the remaining funds from Mother's memorial. Silently, in our hearts, John and I both wondered what God wanted us to do. How could the funds most effectively be invested in something eternal?

After viewing the facilities with an entourage...and being **totally** humbled by their expressions of thanks ...we went outside to view the property that sits at the base of Mount Meru.

They showed us a field adjacent to the church and shared their dream of buying the land for a Maasai primary school. The Bishop oversees a Christian school in another area and declared with deep conviction, "To make lasting changes in the Maasai culture, teaching the next generation is the only hope."

The Bishop said the village elder who owned the land agreed to sell it and they believed God would provide. Then he mentioned the price. To our surprise, it was the EXACT amount left in the Memorial account. Neither John nor I said a word, but our eyes met.

The Bishop took us out into the field and apologized profusely for the crop growing there – cannabis!



You may remember a story in the Bible about the man “who sowed good seed in his field. But while everyone was sleeping, his enemy came and sowed weeds among the wheat. When the wheat sprouted the weeds also appeared. The man said, ...the harvesters will first collect the weeds to be burned and then gather the wheat into my barn.” (Matthew 13:24+)

Strangely enough, this is exactly the SAME story! The Maasai elder planted corn and beans in the field. A mixed crop, both of which are essential in their diet. When no one was around, someone slipped into the field and sowed it with cannabis. It was only discovered after the rains came.

John and I knew what God wanted us to do ...buy the cannabis field. And we did.

Our family stole the cannabis harvest from the Enemy, and now the field will yield a harvest of souls for Jesus! The flowers that would have been sent to the funeral will now bloom as souls forever. Without a doubt, I know our Mother is rejoicing!

Ruth