

INDIAN MOBILE MISSION

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November 2007, Slender Winds, (Nitch'its'ōsī)

"Oh God, and now I see through a glass not so darkly. You were there the whole time. You knew, you cared and now I see what your plan was. You told me to visit those homes." I continued my conversation with Jesus as I drove through the dark night heading home. My emotions were stirred to a high pitch. "God, you are so good, so all knowing. Please forgive my lack of vision." I glanced over my shoulder viewing so many years ago. How I hated visiting some of the homes God would tell me to go to over and over. "God," I would try to explain to Him, "they don't like me, they don't want me..." and He would say over and over... "It's not about you."

I drove on through the night, not seeing the road. I was seeing the families of years past. A mom and her children running to hide from the dad that was in a rage. The mom and her kids hiding in the hills for days waiting till it was safe to creep home. Another family, Tom had two wives and it was difficult to keep the children straight, who belonged to which mother. All the kids were named in rhyme. Very confusing. They lived in dirt floored hogons and scratched continually. Another family I hated to visit was a couple who seemed to want me, but the kids were rude and hateful. They would enter the home as I was leaving and would laugh at some joke on me. Recently I was told by one of the "kids", now an adult and a Christian, what they were doing. While I was in the home talking about Jesus, the boys and dogs were outside peeing on my tires. "Do you remember me?" another young man asked.

"My whole family were alcoholics. You visited us many times. You always talked. I don't remember what you said except for one word, Jesus. You used that word a lot. While I was in prison someone came by and used that word. I listened and now I am a new Christian. I got a long ways to go, but at least I'm alive. Most of my family died young. Some killed themselves, my sister was run over by a truck."

Keep these young Navajo men in your prayers. Marvin who works construction, Delbert the carpenter, Harvey with a dog eared Bible in hand who is learning to read, and Rayton, now a Christian, who has two wives (sisters), what to do?

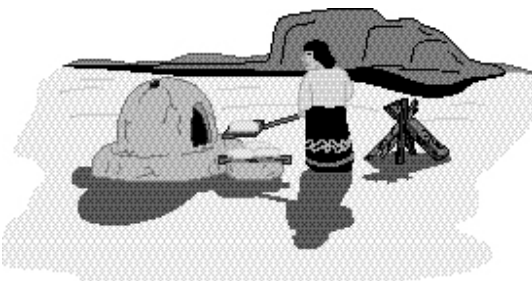
Thirty-nine years and still counting. I am blessed; I have been blessed. Now I see, not everything, but enough to keep me going.



Marvin, Sylvia



Delbert, Valerie (his wife), Sylvia



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