



South America Mission

Indigenous and Rural Outreach  
Ministry News from Bolivia  
July 2012



***“You are not going to believe this, but this morning at breakfast my wife told me she’d had a dream in which a boat came and gave our daughter a wheelchair...”***



**Top:** A Hope and a Future, Ayoré Girls' Camp 2012; **Middle:** It did not take much to make this little girl happy. We met her in one of the river communities in June. **Bottom:** Sandra and Mirtha (right) with two Ayoré mentors, at the Girls' Camp.

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Dear Friends,

As I sit here sorting my thoughts to put them in writing for you, my heart is flooded with gratitude for how God has worked over the past few months...

There have been many, many activities. Four conferences have been held for the encouragement and growth of the Ayoré Church Association and the church leaders have gotten together on numerous occasions for teaching and mutual encouragement. Bible studies are taught, girls are mentored and the needy come and go. Some receive what they want and need and others, tragically, have problems too great for us to solve.

We've enjoyed some successes (31 abdominal surgeries, 70 eye surgeries, children's ministry, evangelistic campaign, spiritual growth seminars) and suffered through some dramas (confiscation of British eye team's equipment, Placido and company's "disappearance" for a day due to bad roads and car trouble). We've bolstered church buildings and, hopefully, spirits. We've helped build bathrooms and loved on precious little children through special programs, special snacks and face painting.

We tended to nearly 300 medical patients and over 60 dental patients during one week-long river trip. We ate better than ever and were gifted with more fruit than we could use (along with a couple of chickens, a turtle and a cow). The army, the airlines and the bus company (all of which routinely charge us various and sundry fees) refused to charge us because we were doing "a work of love". One particularly humorous incident that illustrates the level of frenzied activity involved a gentleman who, in one visit to our makeshift clinic in a river community, had five teeth pulled, a shot in the posterior and announced he wanted to be reconciled with God. I would, too, if I'd been through all that!

However, the best thing that happened did not really involve activity. In El Carmen, an isolated community on the Itenez River, I noticed a man carrying his daughter to be tended to by another volunteer doctor who was traveling with us. Around 6-years old, the child had had meningitis as a baby and had suffered the consequences of the lack

of medical attention in the form of severe spastic paralysis. My colleague was regretfully explaining to the father that we did not have the anti-seizure medication they needed when some of us remembered—we had a child's wheelchair on board! It's a long story how it got there, but suffice it to say I had not planned to have it on board. It was a last-minute, unsolicited donation. When we told the father we had a wheelchair for his daughter his expression changed. He said, "You are not going to believe this, but this morning at breakfast my wife told me she'd had a dream in which a boat came and gave our daughter a wheelchair. When your boat pulled in, she wondered if this was our wheelchair arriving." He then explained that he and his wife have not felt close to God. Why would God give a woman in El Carmen a dream like that? I think he wanted her to know that He was personally sending this wheelchair to them. This was not a donation from the doctors or the boat. This was a personal gift from God Almighty to a little 6-year old in El Carmen del Itenez, totally off the beaten track and unknown to all but Him. It was also a gift to her sad, "backslidden" parents. That, my brothers and sisters, made my trip and encouraged my own, so-often backslidden heart.

With so much activity and pressing, immediate needs to tend to this summer, we invested more money in ministry than we had on hand. In fact, we currently have about a \$6,000 deficit in our ministry account. But, we act prudently in faith and trust God to provide the resources we need to keep building for His Kingdom. We still have big dreams: funds to buy a ministry boat and vehicles for our ministry team and, for the two patients I mentioned in my last letter who have yet to receive surgery, resources to make it happen. And all the while, God keeps fulfilling our dreams, making them realities—a little girl in El Carmen del Itenez has a wheelchair I didn't even know she needed. I think God has it all under control.

Thank you for your part in making all of this possible.

Love,  
Toni for our ministry group