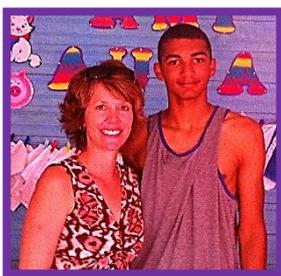


To God be the glory, great things He has done! August, 2014

It's been another busy month filled with God's blessings and purposes. We finished the church that Pam and Marty's team built in March. Now the villagers have a place to worship God and grow in His grace. The minor repairs of the mission boat and caulking of the hull is almost complete. We had a painting party the other day and it looks great! The electrical and water systems are being installed and Wilson is currently working on the documents of the boat. The guys have also been working hard on the hangar. The walls are up and soon they can begin putting up the trusses. We are trusting God for the funds for the eight trusses which will cost \$2,300.00 each.



Jennifer and her son Lucas lived with us for five weeks. They are from New Life Christian Church in Morton, IL (one of our supporting churches). Jennifer came to work with Pra. Corina at her preschool in Islandia, Peru (a 15 min. boat ride away) and research possibilities of providing meals for the children. We praise God that for this year a government program went into effect and they are receiving funds to provide breakfast and lunch. Many of these kids have only one meal a day. Lucas worked hard each day painting the boat and pitching in with odd jobs. He was a tremendous help! They also spent time preparing to receive their mission team from New Life, which arrived the middle of July. **Please read excerpts from Jennifer's journal, at the end of this letter, on life in our little town from her point of view!** ☺



Ella, Jennifer, Lucas, Kayle, Jessica and Lisa

Here's just a glimpse of the amazing times we had working with the children in the little classroom in Pr. Edgard's and Corina's home...



Corina and her class.



The team taught Bible lessons, dental hygiene, crafts and games!



New Life Christian Church raised funds for a cement base for a new, larger church for Pr. Edgard. The original structure is too small, unstable and many of the wooden boards are rotten. The entire city of Islandia is suspended and built on stilts because the river flows beneath it for half the year during rainy season. We are praying that soon, another team will come and partner with us to finish their new church! The team also presented both Corina and I with a fantastic ministry tool...a complete set of large flannel graph figures and backdrops for more than 157 lessons! They also brought down 22 Sawyer water filters, donated by Operation Amazon, to be used by families in this area. We were so excited to receive one of them! There is no pure water in Benjamin Constant. It will not only be a huge help to us but to all those we house throughout the year.



Measuring the cost of serving Christ...



The 3rd Indian showing a Sawyer filter!

Andrew recently received an invitation in the form of an official letter signed by the “cacique” (chief) and several tribal leaders to preach and teach the Bible among them for three months. With the letter in hand, we flew him in. Later we found out this organization did not like his entrance into the tribe. He was denounced with false accusations, pursued and forced to leave. Andrew, the chief and two tribal leaders went directly to the Federal Police and Brasilia to register the truth.

← This is Andrew. He is a single missionary who is serving the Lord in this area for five years. He is discipling a Marubu Christian Indian leader (who also speaks Portuguese). These men are working diligently on Bible translation. For three years, they have sent petitions to the Indian government organization to allow him



They stayed in our home several days and shared what God is doing in their midst. On Andrew’s first day in the tribe, they held a worship service. The spirit of the Lord was so strong among them that no one could speak. They cried and praised the Lord in Spirit and Truth! God never said that serving Him would be easy. Other missionaries and pastors here (including us) have been harassed and falsely accused. So many tribes want to hear God’s Word, trust in Christ and serve Him, but are denied access to the Gospel.



“How then will they call on Him in whom they have not believed? How will they believe in Him whom they have not heard? And how will they hear without a preacher?”

Romans 10:14

Please pray that we will not measure the cost of serving Christ and that God will give us wisdom, open doors and bind the enemy!

God’s richest blessings,
Wilson and Lori

Welcome to our world!

Life in Benjamin Constant... by Jennifer Navas

I remember about three years ago when Wilson and Lori shared with us that they would be moving from Manaus to Benjamin Constant to pioneer another flight ministry program to include building a hangar. Whenever I hear the word "pioneer" for some reason, it always reminds me of the "Little House on the Prairie" series and this case was no exception. After living with Wilson and Lori for five weeks this summer, I can definitely say that life here turns out to be some strange combination of life similar to that famous series with one foot inching passed the threshold of the doorway to the modern era. Every aspect reflecting a touch of days long past and a glimpse into the future.

Each day I rose and strolled down to the dock to take a wooden boat to Islandia, Peru where I was working at a Christian preschool and church. I was greeted by numerous folks as they too walked to their destination, drove their entire family on a small motorcycle or cleaned the street in front of their store with a broom. The mornings started early as every day only yields 12 hours of daylight, leaving little time for the basic needs of the day, especially when the heat of the day and the traditions of the culture require a siesta after the main meal at noon. Nearly every store closes for this much needed rest. So, time is precious to manage to get all of your vegetables to the market to sell, or catch your fish and sell them at the bank of the river, or gather your eggs to take to the stores, or bake the fresh bread that everyone will come to buy for their day's supply. Oh, and for those that may need to do the shopping, it's no easy task. One store may have the knife, chair, or even propane that you need, or they may not. Supplies only come by barge to this small river community, and when they are out, they are out. You either have to buy it when you see it or risk the chance of waiting for a couple of weeks for the next shipment to arrive. Money is no exception. There is one bank in town, and when it runs out of money, it is out too. Many days as I stopped at the ATM on my way back to the house, the terminal revealed that it was unable to complete the request to withdraw money at that time. Even the cashiers understand this dilemma and offer you a small candy in exchange for the change that they may owe you for your purchase. It is just as if Mr. Olson told Laura to pick out a piece of licorice in addition to her purchase of blue ribbon that Maw needed for their Sunday dresses which Paw had earned chopping wood for Doc.

Praise and worship follows that same odd trend of that partnership of past and future. Most Sunday nights at the little church in Islandia, we had no electricity. Modernity did afford us the use of a loud generator to see our brothers and sisters as we listened to the Pastor preach with the use of a microphone, but the past took center stage as the congregation joyfully sang in adoration to our Lord with songs from memory or from a small hymnal. One by one, the lay leader asked each person to stand and recite the Bible verse they were trying to memorize, followed by a special song that signaled it was time to walk around and greet everyone with a hug and a "God bless you!" There was no worship band, Powerpoint presentation, or extravagant presentation of the Sermon series. It was just praise, fellowship and the Word of God, simple yet profound.

This little corner of the world is called "The Three Frontiers" because it is where Brazil, Colombia, and Peru meet. There is a collage of more cultures than that here. Yes, you can be speaking Spanish, using pesos to buy empanadas in one minute, and then Portuguese and reais to buy farofa in the next, but then you may just run into some Marubo Or Ticuna Indians that have their own languages or typical foods (turtle eggs or monkey meat anyone?).

Life is never boring here. So much needs to be done just for the basics of living. Air conditioning in the bedroom is a luxury as is running water. The old cliché of the toilet being a throne makes so much sense here as most people do not have one, or at least one with a seat. There is no humane society (Sorry, Bob Barker, no spaying or neutering here!), barely a sanitation program, and little access to clean drinking water. The hospital looks like what you see as the backdrop of one of those infomercials about needing money for children in foreign lands, the roads are riddled with potholes and barely wide enough for a small car to pass a motorcycle, and the young men play soccer each evening in bare feet on dirt fields cleared by machetes with makeshift goals without nets, but they still have joy. Passers by greet one another, neighbors hang out on their porches and check in on their friends, women attend baby showers to celebrate new life, and people share what little they have to help those in need. They parade around town in celebration of their national team's victory, and they march in review in celebration of their independence. They live, laugh, and love so freely. God, continues to move in this place. Please continue to bless the ministry that you have called Wilson and Lori to here. Thank you for allowing me to share a bit of it with them.

In the name of Jesus, Amen.

Wilson and Lori Kannenberg

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1-800-359-7623 (donor department at MAF)