

Hi Julie,

This is so late in coming and I'm so sorry. Pictures are on the way.

My 300 words about West Malaysia:

To try and sum up my time in Malaysia, or more aptly, what God did while I was there seems foolish. But then, so was going to Malaysia in my mind. Foolish. Why waste all that money when you could work for uni? I love how God uses our foolishness and makes it into something amazing and glorifying to Him.

My time spend in the Diocese spoke of God powerfully. I was able to push myself out of the ordinary, working for three months in a mission outreach called Ray of Hope working with intellectually disabled children in Ipoh, teaching and researching. I was able to work for a month in a residential home for the blind. I was able to spend time visiting and teaching in the interior of the country with the indigenous 'orang-asli'. I was able to improve myself, working in youth groups and with music teams, leading worship and behind the scenes. I was able to preach (although I wasn't always too happy about it). I was able to learn new things, such as how to hand wash clothes, how to speak a foreign language sedikit sedikit (a little bit) and how to look after myself. I didn't quite manage to do that as well as intended, as I had a brief spell of appendicitis, but even this glorified God, and as I look back on it and on all that God took me to, showed me and taught me, I thank God for his provision and will. My experience has powerfully impacted the very core of me, so much so that its hard to realise what it is, but the time spent there has done something, and that burns in me every day at university, at home, at church and in my relationships.

God bless you and sustain you,

Tim