

Since I got home about a week and half ago, I have been asked the question “How was Africa?” more times than I can count. Every time, I think about how I can bring 3 months of work into just a few sentences without using the words “amazing” or “life changing.” And yet those two words describe my time in Senegal. I learned and experienced so many things that I will use the rest of my life.

1. Being at a church for its very first service: I did not realize when I first decided to come that there was not an established church. I remember going with the Sullys to look for a church building so that we could start having services rather than just devotions. Then, listening when they discussed each option. I remember the first service and being excited because there was five adults and two children. Then, my last service, where there were only two of fifteen chairs empty.

2. Putting together all of the books: I remember that the first books that I bound together were in Arabic. Those were hard to do, because there were not page numbers and I could not read it. When I got done putting them together, I said a quick prayer they were bound in the right order, because only the people receiving them would know if they weren't. I remember putting the Actes books together. While the Sullys were gone in Poland, I spent hours walking around their table putting them together. I thought about how each one would be read by countless people.

3. Teaching Sunday School: Even though we only had two children for Sunday school, I loved being able to help teach them. I looked forward every week to see their smiling faces and listening to the young girl say the memory verse. I remember when Sis. Sully showed her how to highlight the scriptures in her new Bible.

These are all memories that I cherish so deeply in my heart. When asked about Africa or Senegal, I think back to these moments and more. I also think about driving down the road and seeing all the buildings. I remember Bro. Sully saying “This is a new adventure for you, Bekah” as we turned onto a road I had never been on. I think of the children begging outside of the car window. I remember walking down the street and all the kids running to shake my hand. But yet I somehow have to bring all of that and so much more down into just a few simple sentences.



**Upper Left:** Praying for a mom in our church during a dedication service.

**Upper right:** Me with the mom and her beautiful baby after the dedication.

**Middle:** The young girl in our Sunday school highlighting in her Bible for the first time.

