

The Gospel Unashamed

"From the cowardice that shrinks from new truth, from the laziness that is content with half-truths, from the arrogance that thinks it knows all truth, O, God of Truth, deliver us."

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~ All articles are written by Terry Carter unless otherwise stated ~

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Kenya Trip Report



In August of this year, I was able to return with Scott Sheridan and A.C.R.E. to teach at the Bible college in Chwele, Kenya. I had previously gone there in 2019 to teach the book of **I Corinthians**. Chwele is a small village near the border with Uganda.



In my previous trip to Kenya, there were sixty-five students in the class, most of whom were preachers.

While I was there, I met men who had left denominationalism and started Churches of Christ. I also met men who had been baptizing dozens into Christ each year.

Along with that, I met people who were running a school for about sixty children, most of whom are orphans.



In short, it was very exciting to see such hunger for the Word of God and passion for the Lord's work.

When I left Kenya in 2019, I wanted to go back again. It took a while before such international travel was possible, but it finally happened this year. I was excited to return and get reacquainted with some of the people that I had met on my last trip. I was also excited to meet new people. Mostly, I was excited to share God's Word with people who have such a hunger for it.

This trip to Kenya was interesting. My bag never arrived in Nairobi, Kenya. That night, we waited in line three hours just to inform the airline that my bag was missing. It had all my clothes except for what I was wearing, as well as all the food that I had packed for the trip.

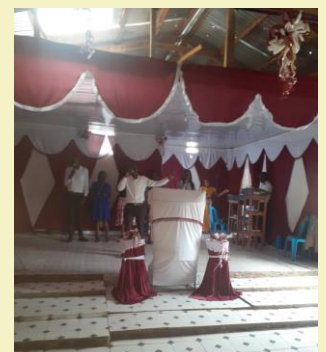
The bag never arrived, and I doubt that I will ever see it again. Over the next couple of days, I was able to get a few items of clothing and food from a store in Kenya.

In short, I was able to make it through the week although things were less than ideal.

On Friday, we went to the school that is connected with the Church there in Chwele. It is run by Benard Lusweti who preaches at the church and takes care of things for A.C.R.E. there in Kenya. The children there were celebrating and preparing to go to Nairobi for a national singing competition. They performed for everyone, and it was wonderful to be part of it. As the children were singing "Count your Blessings", I was quite moved. I understand that they came in 4th in the competition.

I was able to go to a couple of the churches in the area that Saturday and meet some of the people there. The first congregation was not far from Chwele. The second one was about an hour drive away near Kitale. This was a new congregation that was meeting in what used to be a small hair salon.

On Sunday, I was able to preach at the Church in Chwele. They were meeting in a different building than when I was there last. It is much nicer and holds more people.



The place was nearly full, and it was wonderful to finally preach after such a long trip. I preached for about an hour, but nobody seemed to be a bit impatient, bored, or tired. It was very encouraging to speak to such an audience.

While many of the people in Kenya speak English, many of them do not speak it well. There was an interpreter there to translate my English into Swahili. We all got a laugh when I used a Latin phrase in my sermon which confused my translator. I had to translate the phrase into English so that he could then translate it into Swahili for the people.



That week, I taught the book of Hebrews at the Bible college. I taught for six hours each day except for Friday since we had to head to the airport about noon. I had sixty-one students who took the class for credit and others who audited the class.

We were in a new classroom that was not there on my previous trip. It was larger but also had open windows. The open windows were great for keeping it cooler, but they also allowed in a lot of noise from outside.

After a couple of hours, I learned that the students were having a difficult time understanding me. It seems the combination of the larger room, outside noise, and my "accent" had created this problem.

Fortunately, we were able to get a microphone and some speakers from the local congregation to amplify my voice for them. This seemed to make a big difference, and we had a wonderful class from that point on.

I was happy to meet some new students from various parts of Kenya. One student in particular, Daniel Anyango, has started several congregations in the Mombasa area as well as some underground congregations near the Somalian border. When he converts Muslims, they sometimes need to drive them in a vehicle with blackened windows



to where they can be baptized. Afterwards, they might need to relocate to avoid being killed for leaving Islam. Since I have returned, he has emailed me that they had baptized sixteen people just in the month of August.

Both previous and new students expressed their gratitude for the instruction in the book of **Hebrews**. Of course, I was also able to have conversations about various Biblical topics with both individuals and small groups.

It was all very encouraging. The teaching and preaching are why I went, and it was wonderful to accomplish that despite the difficulties along the way. The bottom line is that the Lord continues to work among the people of Kenya. I am very blessed to be a part of it.