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# missions *focus*

## Summer Short-term Mission Teams

This summer we had seven straight weeks of U.S. teams coming for a week each. There are so many stories to tell. My biggest struggle when I sit to write the newsletter is this, "which stories do I tell?" I could fill pages with stories and pictures, but I know you don't have the time for that much information.

We also had three interns join us at La Esperanza for the summer to help us with the teams. Dani, Gabe and Shelbe are all college age youth who gave up their summer to come pour their hearts out in Mexico, each with their own set of giftings. I am so grateful for this wonderful team I was allowed to serve with.



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*Ps 46:10 Be still and know that I am God.*

## Outreaches

This summer we traveled to more than nine locations to host VBS or Health Fairs. I am going to share about Camp Vergel. This is the largest migrant camp in the San Quintin Valley. There are approximately 400 dwellings in this camp hosting 2000+ people.

We spent a week in this camp. The first four days we had Vacation Bible School. On those days we started by spending time playing with the kids. Then, we brought them together to sing songs. Next, there was story time, a puppet show and a memory verse game. After this, the kids did a craft. Each night we returned to show a bible film in the camp. Sometimes the film is geared for the kids and sometimes it is geared for the adults in camp. After film we invite people forward for prayer.

On the final day of the week we hosted a Health Fair. There were 10 stations. One of which was an evangelism station where kids heard the gospel in small groups through the wordless bracelet. After the kids visited each station they received a ditty bag filled with items to help maintain good health.

I taught the lesson at the Exercise Station. This was such a rich time to look into the faces of each of the kids to express God's love for them. It was amazing to make this connection with them. We served close to 600 kids that day.

We were also able to join Mexican Medical missionary Allan Lee to help diagnose indigenous dialects of people living in Camp Vergel. We were able to distribute 300 CD's of God's Word to individual/families and 120 DVD's of the Jesus film. After knocking on every door in camp, we uncovered 60 different dialects/languages spoken. It took four separate visits to cover the whole camp, but it was so special for me to be able to spend this kind of time inside the camp alongside those who live there. I held kids in my arms, prayed for people, and felt so humbled to see how hard daily life there is.



*Two elderly women walking by a VBS outreach asked us for prayer.*



*Exercise Station*



*Working Mom*

## Short-term Future Plans

- Continuing on at La Esperanza for another year.
- Returning to Spanish Language School in Oaxaca for the Jan/Feb 2015 Level 4 Session
- I continue to seek direction and wait on the Lord for what follows .

## Daily Life

Many of you have asked me to share something about daily life on the field in Mexico....

We've been having lots of hurricane weather, hot and muggy. This weather brings out many large insects. This morning in the clinic kitchen I looked down to see some creature at my feet about 6 inches long. I could see lots of legs. I quickly grabbed my glasses to get a closer look. It was a vinegaroon (spider) about 4 inches long with a scorpion in its mouth. Apparently the vinegaroon has just killed the scorpion.

Earlier this summer I shook a 3 inch vinegaroon from my bed covers as I made my bed in the morning. As I attempted to kill it, it went into attack mode and grabbed my sandal with its scorpion-like claws.

Another time as I entered my room a large spider came in with me. I stepped on it by the door and went to get a tissue to pick up the mess. (These large spiders are so messy when crushed.) Upon my return I saw little creatures (what I thought were ants) running all about. I cleaned up the mess and smashed all the 'ants'. Only to later find another group of 'ants' running on the floor of my room. As I killed these I realized that the large spider that had entered my room was carrying it's offspring on its back. I hope I got all of them because I sure don't want these young growing into large spiders in my room.

This is the sort of hyper-alert state I maintain and these confrontations can certainly cause stress to rise in my body. Yet, again and again I turn to the Lord and say "I trust you even in this."



## Camp Life

One of the sights I see each time we go into a migrant camp is kids taking care of kids. This is one of the hardest things for me to witness. And even harder to leave at the end of each outreach. I remember at the end of a film one evening a three year old girl pulling her 1 1/2 year old sister close under her arm of protection while she guided her through alleys, dotted with groups of men, to reach their dwelling in the back of the camp. Of course, this time we were able to follow, but often these kids make this journey by themselves.

The older ones just want to be kids themselves and enjoy all we come to offer. This, at times, leaves the little ones crying for their sibling's care. Child care is often left to the kids because their parents are working in the fields. It is a part of the reality of life in the migrant camps.



### Daniel's Story

I met Daniel last year when he was seven. I prayed for his cousin who was healed of a leg injury. She wasn't walking before prayer and was able to walk after. Another time he witnessed me praying and joined me. His faith is amazing.

The next time I saw him he was very sick. There was some kind of fluid running from his ears. I returned the next day with a nurse and some medicine. We visited him at his home. When he saw me he jumped up from his sick bed and wrapped his arms around my waist and just held on. Our team laid hands on him and prayed for his healing. We left the medicine for his mom to administer. Several days later I returned and he was completely healed.

God is so amazing. He not only healed this boy but put on this boy's heart the power of prayer. Now when I visit San Francisco Daniel will let me know who is sick and needs prayer and he will lay hands on the sick and pray with me. He loves to sing songs about Jesus. He is the only male who lives with 5 females, his grandmother, mother, aunt, cousin and 2 sisters.

This family is one of the families that is constantly on my heart. They live in San Francisco where there is still no electricity or running water. I am praying the Lord captures the heart of each family member. As I build relationship through visiting them, I see them open up more and more. I long to show them Jesus.

***May His blessings of peace and love be ours in full measure.***