

James
Sandra
David
Tom
Katlyn

Normal and special [May-2010]



Chinnery

Normally we sleep now without a blanket and, when there is electricity, with a fan. We all sleep under mosquito nets as the house is once again alive! Monsoon is like living in a 24 hour sauna. The energy is sapped accordingly...

Several times a day you can find our boys somewhere in the house with their arms and legs all in tied in a knot. Paper aeroplanes are flying through the house and marbles are rolling over the floor. It's also normal that Katie does everything so not to let a hairbrush get near her and that she takes about 20



minutes to put her shoes on HERSELF, because she doesn't want to be helped. It's also normal that our three children are coved in dirt every day, as the dust and the sweat mixes and runs down their faces. At the moment we all eat 1 or 2 mangos a day and we are enjoying the lychees from our neighbour's garden or sometimes a huge watermelon. Normal is unfortunately also, that James is at least 1 or 2 weeks per months travelling which isn't always so easy.



Road blockades, also for several days, are part of daily life again. There should have been a new national constitution written by the 28th of May and a new government formed. It hasn't happened and the frustration about the government is increasing.



A special wedding!

Dipima and Ratna, two good friends of ours, invited us to their wedding in a village about 2 hours drive from Surkhet. We were able to hire the INF jeep and travelled together with the groom and his relatives, and our friend Sarah, out to their to the village. We also had the flowers and 8 wedding cakes in our car. When we arrived in the village we first put the wedding cake into *the* village fridge. We were warmly welcomed and then sat down with all the other guests in the mudded court yard of the house. By candlelight the engagement of the couple was celebrated - on that evening before the wedding. The couple's families exchanged presents and the pastor shared an encouraging word from the bible.



We ate Dal Bhat [rice and lentils] before we went to our guesthouse - a little mud hut. This "guesthouse" was really special for us. It had 2 wooden beds [without any mattresses] for our family and our friend. We tried to arrange ourselves on the beds - James sleeping diagonally as the bed was so short. Well, we slept a little bit and the next day was the wedding. We tied the flowers into a bouquet, the goat was slaughtered, the stones were taken out from the rice, leaves were made into plates, the church and our jeep were decorated, water was brought from the river, the bride's hair was made up and in between, the goat's intestines were served on a leaf plate. Finally the bride was wrapped in a sari before we all went off to church.

The church was already jammed full when we arrived with the bride [three hours late] so we just joined all the other visitors who stood around the church in the baking hot sun. When James was called to preach he just squeezed himself into the church which was very colourfully and joyfully decorated.

After the wedding ceremony the feast was served on the field next to the church. The wedding cake was cut with a grass cutting sickle as nobody could find a knife. It was really special for us to be part at this wedding. A very normal village wedding but quite unique for us.



Special weeks...

Once again it was time for Sandra to go on a medical camp. It was almost normal that another strike had been announced exactly at the time of the camp. Shirley, our gynaecologist from Surkhet, the Nepali team and Sandra managed the long 20 hour journey to Arughat, in Gorkha district, just before the strike. Unfortunately



the rest of the team from Australia and England had to be flown in from Kathmandu by an expensive helicopter. The roads were then closed for 6 days. Sandra wondered if patients would be able to come, but they came, lots of them! At last over 1,000 patients were treated and about 110 had had an operation. The camp was held in a small health post on top of a hill, so the recently operated patients had to be accommodated in a tent. The women lay on thin mattresses, the I.V. fluids hanging from strings tied to the ceiling, the relatives who were looking after the patients were sleeping between the patients on the floor. Ants and mosquitoes were also a large part of the ward. During the day some of the patients emigrated to the shade of nearby trees. In the tent it had easily up to 40° C during lunch time. The relatives made I.V. stands from twigs. They were a very varied team from Nepal to the UK and Austria to Australia, but everyone had an important part to play. 2 emergencies during the camp made us realise afresh how dependent we are on God's grace and blessing in all what we do. If He doesn't built the house... our work is fruitless. I

[S] also realized again how much we need your prayers - alone it is impossible for us to carry the responsibility for all those dear people. THANK YOU for praying and for carrying the burden with us for these wonderful people of Nepal.

A special day for me [J] was, when I was invited to help the Board of INF to develop a vision for integral mission - to share God's word and love in practical ways in parallel. It was great to see the spiritual maturity of our Nepali leaders, as they were struggling to fit the shape of a big organisation with where we feel, God is leading us. Of course this special day was followed by another day of very normal meetings, but it's important to see the extra ordinary in the midst of the ordinary.

Sangita, Gyanu, Dhanu, Gita, Nila, Puna are six of the many women who had a hysterectomy. Why? Because of difficult birthing and carrying heavy loads over long distances the uterus wasn't anymore in the place where it should be but was instead between the legs. This is grim, but also quite *normal* in Nepal. "I can't wear underpants", said a thirty year old lady. "When I sit, walk or fetch water from the well I am always in pain. We are very thankful that you came and that you are helping us." Gita had heavy post-operative bleeding. As there is no local blood bank, blood was given from one of our staff "a walking blood bank". Gita could be operated on a second time and survived. Her husband has already taken a second wife and therefore Gita is alone with her four children. We are thankful for God's help for Gita!



My [J] last exam towards my masters in international management is now behind me! We are all very relieved and happy. Thank you for praying with me. I still have to do my thesis but I don't find that as



We also had special visitors from Austria and the UK. It was great to have our mission link people from Austria here and you Mum, Kirsty and Hannah [our nieces and youngest visitors yet!] We had a great time together and enjoyed several adventures too! THANK YOU for your coming and for sharing our lives.

Now we say goodbye again as the *normal* daily jobs are calling: Cooking dinner, bringing the dry washing in, catching up on emails, doing homework with the kids... and trying to convince Katie to use a potty!

May God bless you on your special and normal days. With lots of love from a very hot Nepal,

James & Sandra + David + Tom + Katie



stressful as the exams. After the exam I led a cross-cultural workshop with our INF staff there. I really enjoyed that.

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