



### Belcer is coming!!!!

Belcezar Gonzales will be in the USA this fall! Belcer's plan is to be Indiana from Sept. 18th through Sept. 27. If you would like to visit with Belcer during his trip, contact Sarah Mitchell for Belcer's schedule:

(317)-414-5575  
or email  
chicancia7@hotmail.com

## Please pray for Elizabeth Esperanza Soza Picado

NICARAGUA - Elizabeth is a beautiful 5 year old with sparkling brown eyes and a vibrant smile. She is in Preschool at Rey Salomon School.

In 2003, at the age of 2, Elizabeth was diagnosed with Acute Lymphocytic Leukemia (ALL), the most common form of childhood cancer. While the cure rate for ALL is 80% in high-income countries, the



rate in low-income countries like Nicaragua is only 35%. Elizabeth was treated with chemotherapy for two years at the Hospital Infantil "Manuel de Jesus Rivera" in Managua. In October 2005, Elizabeth's treatment was stopped and her Leukemia was determined to be in remission. She continues to be monitored every month for any sign of recurrence.

Remission is the period of time when the cancer is under control. Remissions can last anywhere from several weeks too many years. Elizabeth has been in remission for 10 months. She won't be considered cured until she has been in remission for several years.

Please pray that God continues to bless Elizabeth with good health and that through His healing touch, Elizabeth is cured of her Leukemia.



### Your Neighborhood

For those of you that have visited Nicaragua, you probably have memories of a special child or family that you came to know during the week or over several visits.

I remember kids and faces, but neighborhoods, and places within the neighborhoods stick in my mind.

This picture was taken in Poneloya, after a very long day in the concrete and rebar. God blessed our day with this great reward, and many others...

If you have a favorite place, you can shoot us an email, and we will post it along with a short story to go along with the picture.

## Winter Missions Trips

'06/ '07 winter mission trips will be filling up fast. Talk with your mission team and get on board!

### Remember the friends you made?



I'll bet you do...

We hope to send a monthly email covering upcoming NRN events, church missions, and future NRN mission trips. Your input is needed. If you have content to contribute (perhaps a short story or a picture), or if you change your email address, please send it to: NRN\_News@nrnweb.com. We look forward to your input and responses.

# Does it matter if we sponsor a child in Nicaragua?

The cab pulled up in front of the giant metal door. Not much distinguished this building from the rest of the street. But to me, it seemed perfectly obvious. It's brightly colored paint suggested it was well cared for. There was a large emblem painted on the front wall. "This is the school?" asked our driver. "This is where you want me to stop?"

My friends scrambled out of the back seat while I stayed behind to pay the fare. I kept the bills down low by the seat, careful not to flash what must seem like a windfall of cash. The taxi driver's eyes grew large. "Ma'am...." he started to say earnestly...but my focus drifted away from him and out the window of the taxi.

Rey Salomon is a thriving school located in the heart of Managua, Nicaragua in an area once destroyed by an earthquake in 1972. In addition to primary and secondary education, it offers a preschool, a special needs program, and even hot lunches. Academically, it's one of the best schools in the city. There is an explosion of art around the school. Salvador, an exceptional artist, is now on staff full time and his impact is immediately noticeable. Inside the school office, there's a stack of chess games against the wall. Learning to play chess is part of the curriculum--for fourth graders.

Special needs student's race up to me with smiles so broad I wonder if my heart will be able to keep from exploding. Just having them there is a giant step forward on so many levels and I'm especially excited for those that are now mainstreamed into regular classes. Out on the streets, it's around noon and traffic is picking up. Foot traffic, that is. Primary school-aged students are emptying out of the building to make room for the older students who will be attending secondary school in the afternoon. My friends are everywhere. I'm struck by their smiles. Their beautiful smiles. Their faces remind me it's all about Jesus. All for Jesus.

"Ma'am," he starts in again, "you must be very careful here! This is a dangerous neighborhood. Do not show your money here like that!" What?! I'm startled back into the conversation in the taxi cab. I can't believe I'm hearing what he is trying to tell me. Suddenly, everything is surreal. "Ma'am, you must know how dangerous this neighborhood is," he continues. "It's one of the worst in Managua. Please be very, very careful. Are you SURE this is where you want to be let off?"

It's surreal because he's right. It is a dangerous neighborhood. The poverty is beyond belief. To say that

life is difficult here is an understatement. I struggle constantly to understand what it must be like to live here. To wonder where my next meal is coming from. To wonder if my children will be able to sleep safely through the night. In many cases, to wonder where I'll put my own head each night. And yet he's wrong. So very, very wrong. This same neighborhood is also my home away from home. It's where my friends live. It's where they go to church. It's where they go to school. It's where I come to learn about poverty and God's heart for the poor. It's where I come to learn about art, and about singing, and to how to speak Spanish. It's where I laugh, it's where I play, and it's where I love.

And in that moment, I see Jesus. I see Christians who have come together and have stepped forward in faith as the body of Christ, and have been his hands and his feet. Christians from different places who have answered God's call and have implemented His dreams and visions here in this school, in this community. And other Christians as well--those who may never have the opportunity to travel here, but who are faithful to God's calling and make their own impact through NRN student sponsorships. I see a neighborhood transformed, and the impact these graduating students are having on their country. On their world.

As I get ready to leave the taxi, I thank the driver for his care. He's right and I know it. But I have to tell him there's another side to this story. That these children in the streets are my friends. And with that, he says good bye. I pause in the street for a moment. There's someone else I want to thank....Yea God!

-- Diane Risk

