



Bill & LaMoin Cunningham

Missionaries to Bali, Indonesia

Missionaries since 1963



Dear Christian Friends:

July 2010

We have enough money to tear down the old half of the remaining building on our property, and to build the foundation for the living quarters for the pastor and for the beginning of the orphanage. Good workers are hard to find, so Wayan said, "Puji Tuhan (Praise the Lord), I have found the workers." We praise the Lord for the money to get started on the foundation. However, we must wait for more money before building upon this foundation. We need at least \$8,000 to complete this building, so we can start the children's home, and so Wayan and Eny can live on the property to protect it.

Pray for Indra who has now graduated from the Bible College in Jakarta, and has returned to Singaraja, fired up, and ready to start to work. He has a vision for our area like Wayan and I have. He is getting married in December 2010. His wife will be a real asset to the work because she is a school teacher and speaks good English.

As the church grows sufficiently, we will slowly back away as it becomes self-supporting, self-propagating, and self-governed. We cannot win the Hindus quickly, so God will have to bless in this area due to the difficulty in bringing them to Christ, and because of the economic condition of the people. But this is our plan, because it is the Biblical way.

Our church property joins the base housing for the Indonesian Army, and because of military needs, the government has put in a new road in front of our property - and that is a great blessing.

Thank you for your faithful support so that we can do this ministry in Bali where it is so spiritually dark. We pray for our supporting churches daily because we know that the economic condition has affected you also. God is faithful in supplying our needs even though it is difficult to get new support. Puji Tuhan!

In His Service,

Bill and LaMoin

Life with LaMoin

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Dear Christian Friends:

June 2010

People who have not traveled on long international flights, really do not understand what we mean when we say that we are recuperating from jet lag. A definition from the Internet is: "Becoming tired and disoriented for days after arriving. Lack of concentration and motivation for any activity that requires some effort or skill, even simple activities can become harder. Your built-in circadian rhythms have been disturbed and it can take many days to readjust to the new time zone. NASA estimates that you'll need one day for every one-hour time zone crossed to get back to your normal rhythm and energy levels."

I would like to brief a typical trip from Bali, Indonesia, and hopefully it will help you to understand why it takes us two weeks to recuperate from a trip.

We get up at 6:00 a.m. and have a full day of activities in the 100 degree temperature with equal humidity. About 6:00 p.m. we drag ourselves back to the hotel, pack, check out, have dinner, and then sit in the lobby until 10:00 p.m. when our driver arrives to transport us to the airport. Of course we are already tired, but the trip is just beginning. We get our luggage into the airport and immediately go through a security check. Then we "re-dress" and drag our luggage to the check-in counter where we pray for good seats and no problem with overweight. After check-in, we go upstairs to a counter where we pay \$15.00 each to the government for exit tax, then we go stand in line to be cleared through immigration. After all of this, we walk into the departure area and look around in some of the shops where the prices are ten times higher than outside the airport. We find some uncomfortable seats and wait another hour and a half until they open the door for us to go back to the room where we wait until we board the plane.

After going through another security check, we try to get a seat in the front of the holding area so we can be one of the first economy passengers to board so we will have room to stow our carry-on luggage in the overhead bin. I scan the faces of all the other passengers to see if there are any possible terrorists in our midst. If so, they'd better take me out first, because by now my patience is definitely fragile. Finally, at 1:00 a.m., we board the plane.

We walk through the coveted first class area, and then back to the cattle car. As I squeeze into the middle of three seats, I am praying that no one will sit next to me, but some prayers are just not answered the way I wish. I try to get comfortable in a seat that is about 18 inches wide, with seat cushions already flattened by the previous million plus passengers. I don't want to get too friendly with the person next to me, so I keep my arm off the arm rest to which he has quickly laid claim.

By the time the plane finally clears the runway and is air borne it is almost 2:30 a.m. and we have already been up for 21 hours. I try to get comfortable enough to sleep, but sleep won't come (sounds like a country song, huh?). Because of boredom, I wait for the less than tasty meal to be served.

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I have never understood why they serve dinner at 3:00 in the morning. Being in the middle seat makes it very difficult to eat. I have to keep my elbows at my sides and try to get the food in my mouth - not on my body.

After seven hours and no sleep, our plane lands in Seoul, Korea, and we have about an hour to change planes. We have to be quick, so as soon as the plane stops, we jump up in the aisle, reach into the overhead bin, grab the flight bags, and try to get the bags and our arms down without knocking someone's head off. We put our cases in the aisle behind us, pull the handle up, keep our hand on it, and try to keep our balance against the mass of humanity around us who are also eager to get out. It is like a bull rider at a rodeo waiting for the chute to open. We rush quickly through the chute and into the terminal. Forget feminine movements - this is a battle! We quickly check to find our boarding gate. Of course it is at the end of the very long terminal in a very large airport. We start our forced march. Well, at least it gets my body moving, and hopefully breaks up the blood clots that could have formed in my legs from the flight. We finally reach the boarding gate, collapse into another uncomfortable chair, and wait ten minutes until we think it is almost time to line up for boarding. We again rush to be first in line, so we can go through the same procedure again.

During the next 15 hour flight, my feet and ankles swell. I try to obey the travel advice (and instructions from my daughter) to drink water, and to walk around every hour to prevent blood clots. Does anyone out there know how difficult this is? Drinking is not a real problem, because I can't sleep anyway. But after I drink, I have to disturb Bill so I can go to the restroom. If I wasn't so nice, I would take the aisle seat. Just as I start the high energy maneuvering to get out of my seat and into the aisle, the plane hits turbulence, and the seat belt sign comes on. Now I could ignore the "fasten seat belts" light, but the plane is lurching around so much that I fear that I can't keep my balance in the aisle, and if I do, some flight attendant will order me back to my seat about the time I get to the restroom door. I decide it is just too much trouble to drink the water and walk, so I will take my chances with the blood clots. During the 15 hour flight, we cross several time zones, and the time changes 12 hours - and you thought the one hour time change in the States messed up your body clock!

The plane finally lands in Atlanta. My tail bone and the surrounding area is paralyzed, my eye balls feel, and look, like they have been lying in the desert sand, and my feet and ankles are so swollen that they feel like they are going to pop like a balloon. But I must find the courage and energy to spring into the action required for disembarking. We have two hours before our next flight leaves. We have to get through immigrations and prove that we belong in America. Then we go to the baggage claim area, praying that our luggage will be on the conveyor and hasn't been sent to Russia. Bill has to go to the restroom, so I wait for the luggage. Wow! There it is! It arrived, and quickly (which is unusual). I almost dislocate my shoulder trying to jerk all of the bags off the conveyor. I mumble to myself, "He will be in the restroom when the rapture comes."

We head toward customs and pray that we won't have to open everything, and fortunately they wave us through. Then we take the luggage to another area where it is checked in for our final destination. Since we are in the International Terminal, we have to get to the Domestic Terminal to catch our plane that is leaving in one hour. We go up a flight of stairs, and look for the signs to guide us to the train that will take us to the other side of the airport. We can't see the signs, so we ask an airport employee who tells us to go down the terminal, turn right, go up the stairs, turn left, and we will see the signs that will guide us to the train.

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We drag our tired bodies along the directions route, but we never see the signs directing us to the train. We talk to three other people who are looking for the train, and they have been given bogus directions also. We ask someone else, and finally we find the place to board the train. We wait, and when the train stops for a few seconds, we all push in, and grab a pole or an overhead strap as the train whizzes away.

It stops four times before it is finally time for us to get off, and then we walk into the Domestic Terminal and look for our boarding gate. Just as I thought, it is the last one at the end of the long terminal. We get on a people moving conveyor so we can rest for a few minutes, but find that it goes so slowly that we are afraid that we will miss our next flight. We get off the conveyor and force march the rest of the way.

After we get into the area of the boarding gate, we find that we have enough time to grab a hamburger before we board the plane. We are hungry, and know that we certainly won't be fed on this domestic flight, so we dash off and grab a sandwich, wolf it down, and get back to the boarding gate so we can be the first in line to board.

When the plane lands at our final destination, we have been awake most of the 48 hours from when we last felt a bed, our bodies have been battered, and our body clocks are messed up because of the 12 hour time change. It is 2:00 in the afternoon and we are determined to stay awake until normal bedtime, but my body is screaming, "I want to sleep." My eyes are so heavy, but I must stay awake. By sheer determination, I fall into bed at 9:00 at night, go to sleep, and awake at 2:00 in the morning. My body is not co-operating with my desire. I stay awake until 8:00 a.m. and then I fall asleep and sleep most of the day. My body clock doesn't know what time it is in America. My brain feels numb and I have no energy and no desire to do anything. After about two weeks, I begin to feel normal (whatever that is). And folks - that is my simple explanation for jet lag!

From My Heart,

LaMoin Cunningham