



FROM SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER TO MISSIONARY



Libby Burris's experience when taking a missionary trip to the School in her words....

My Name is Libby Burris. This is my story about how God allowed me to serve him. An Adventure in Africa is something I Never Dreamed of. I had often thought about going on a mission trip but I wasn't sure when or where, just knew I wanted to go.

One day at the YMCA, Clyde Jackson approached me and said, "Lib, we're going to Africa this summer on a mission trip, and I think you would be great to have on our team." I immediately said I'd love to go.

The adventure began...Each team member was assigned a particular story from the Bible to tell. I had taught 4 year olds in Sunday School for over 15 years, and I was thinking "Loaves and Fishes" or "Noah's Ark". I was given the Crucifixion of Jesus."

I could feel and hear my heart pounding like it was about to burst when I thought about what it cost my Lord to save me so that I can have the hope of eternal life. Being trained in Child Evangelism Fellowship, I knew how to present the gospel message to a child...but in Kenya, I'd be teaching adults.

Full of anxiety, I prayed for the Lord to show me how He wanted me to teach His story. One day, I was near Snider Plaza, and was lead to go to Logo's...there I would find my answer. Susan said, "Lib, I see colors". Colors? Of course, the African people love bright colors. So, I

bought large pieces of Gold, Black, Red, White, and Green fabric and planned to tell of Jesus' sacrifice in living color...just like the little bracelets the children make in Sunday School. As I would cover each of the children with these fabrics I was able to show them that Black demonstrated our sinful heart; then I would cover the black with the Red, the blood of Christ. Then I would explain that because of Jesus' sacrifice for us, we are then viewed by God as forgiven, pure and White; then I would drape the white fabric over the Red. After that I would explain that God has a plan for each of us to grow in Him; I covered them in Green! Then I would explain that for His children He has a place in eternity that is wonderful beyond our imagination-pure gold and I then cover them with the Gold fabric!

On our first day out to remote villages in Southern Kenya,

We came to a tiny church with only about 30 members coming to hear the American missionaries. When it was my turn to share a story from the bible, I engaged our team on "stage" to be draped in one of the colors, and the drama began.

Even during the "performance" I could see the tears running down the faces of the tall, strong Maasai women. On that morning, more than 15 came forward to accept Jesus as their Savior. The next day, the team had a crusade in a village with several hundred Maasai warriors and their families travelling long distances for a weekly market. It was here I was asked to stand atop a crude platform, and present the gospel to the hundreds who had gathered. I knew the Holy Spirit's power alone enabled me to tell the Lord's story...as I left the "stage", I was literally shaking in exhaustion as if all my strength was gone..."His power TRULY perfected in our weakness."