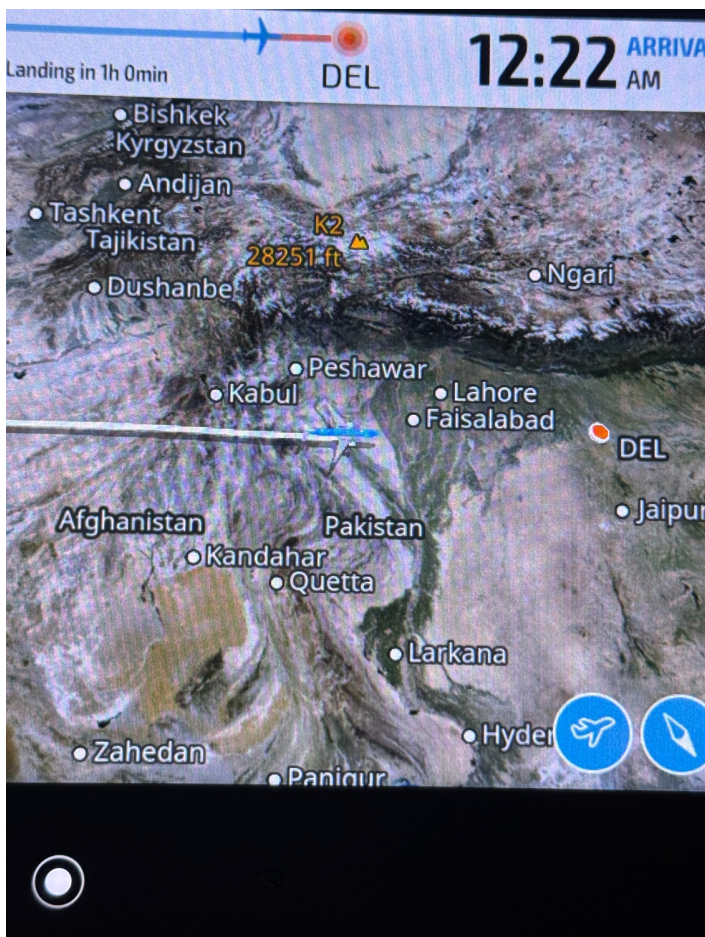


### Days 1-3 Travel, Visakhapatnam, 2/23/26

Our team of 9 people, Jeremy & Leslie Cotton, Will Torns, Martin Riley, Grayson Davis, John Paul Kruger, Don Herrington, Sarah Frerking and I, met at Hill Country Fellowship at 1:30pm to start our journey to India. We rode together in the church van to the airport and boarded our first flight to Amsterdam on KLM airlines which left around 6:00pm. This flight was pretty empty, so we were all able to spread out some and take advantage of the extra space, which I don't think I realized how much I needed on this long journey. I really struggled to find a comfortable position, so I think I only slept for maybe 1 hour before we landed in Amsterdam. At this point, it was 10:00am in Amsterdam and 3:00am back in Texas. We did have 2 meals on the flight, so we were ready for some coffee during our 2-hour layover.

After showing our passports again at the gate, we boarded the next very full flight to New Delhi. Sarah, Will and I were seated in the middle group of 4 seats with Will and I in the middle two seats and Sarah and another larger man on the ends. Sarah generously offered up her aisle seat to Will, who I know appreciated the little bit of extra breathing room on this long 7+ hour flight. The other man next to me on the end of our row couldn't really help but sort of lean into me due to his size and the size of the seats, so I took the opportunity to lean back to make it slightly more comfortable during this flight. I think I only got about 1 more hour of sleep, though, and I was starting to feel a little nauseous at this point. It could have been the antibiotic I took on an empty stomach, the lack of sleep, nerves about being so far from home for so long, or a combination of all of it.



Delhi airport was very chaotic for being 12:30am. My first culture shock happened in the restroom as soon as we got off the plane when I walked into one of the stalls to find a big hole in the ground with a shower wand next to it. I quickly learned that there are bidets in every bathroom in India because toilet paper is scarcely used, but they do also have regular stalls with toilets I'm used to. Needless to say, I waited for a different one.

Then we went to customs. We were a little nervous there because this is where India officials can get a little aggressive with their questions. We were prepared to tell them we were part of a tour group going to the Taj Mahal, Jaipur, etc. because this is what we had to put on our visa paperwork to be here. However, they didn't ask me any questions. They did question Leslie some about the stamps on her passport, but they ultimately let her through without any issues. Then we moved to baggage claim. I had spent quite a bit of time during both flights praying for smooth flights with no turbulence because I don't particularly love flying, and God provided easy flights for us on both legs of this trip. Once we got to Delhi, however, my prayers changed to "Please let my bag be there!" It finally came through, and we took our bags outside to catch a bus to go from Terminal 3 to Terminal 1, which took about 20 minutes or so to get there. That bus was crammed full of travelers and luggage which does make you worry a little about someone grabbing your bag, but we made it with no issues.

Once in Terminal 1, we had to go through the process of checking bags and security lines once again. Indian TSA has a lot to learn about efficiency. Checking bags was painfully slow, and the security process was even slower. When we finally got to the front of the security line, we found out we were in a men only line. Women all had to go through a different line. We hustled down to the women's line, went through the metal detectors, and then one by one went into a curtained booth to be checked with the wand and pat down. This is the point when she asked about the money belt I was wearing. We all were carrying several thousand dollars cash on us to be delivered to the ministry in India since the government put restrictions on sending money electronically. We opted not to declare it because that's typically when things get confiscated. Most of the time, they pass over it. This is what they did with everyone on our team except for me. The woman checking me opened my money belt and looked inside. She asked me what was in there, and I told her it was my money for my trip. Then she zipped it up and let me through. It's possible this was an attempt to get me to bribe her, but then I was able to go on my way without any more incidents.

By this time, it was about 3:30am in Delhi on Wednesday morning, which was about 4:00pm on Tuesday afternoon back in Texas. Terminal 1 in the Delhi airport was the recently renovated terminal, so it was much nicer with plenty of food options. We found something to eat and then boarded our final flight of the journey from Delhi to Visakhapatnam (Visag). The boarding process was a new one for me, though. They scanned our boarding passes at the gate and then loaded us onto a bus to drive us out to the tarmac where we went up a ramp to get on the plane. This flight was only 2 hours. When we landed in Visag, we were greeted by several very nice men who took care of our luggage from that point forward.

## Day 3, Wednesday, 2/25/26

As soon as we walked out of the airport, we were greeted by KR Singh and Kelly & Lenora Brake along with about 12 or so young girls. The girls latched onto each of us and gave us each beautiful marigold garlands which were so long and heavy. They held our hands and peppered us with questions. Some of the questions I was asked were: Do you like flowers? Do you like trees? What's your favorite fruit? Do you have a mother?



They escorted us to a brand new van that had only recently been purchased by KR, and then they all got

in a different bus with all of our luggage. KR welcomed us and began giving us history of his ministry and explaining a little about Visag on our drive. His method of communication was to stand at the front of the van with a microphone and a speaker so that we could all hear and see him as he spoke.



I can't put into words all that I saw. There were huts and shambles of buildings mixed with new building...dirt piles next to food carts...stray dogs running around. The streets were chaos with people driving everywhere all at once, motorcycles with men (wearing helmets) and women and children hanging on the back (without helmets) and some women just holding babies as they rode along. Also, the horn is required to be used. People use it to signal they're there, passing, changing lanes, don't go that way, or turning a corner and not staying on their side of the road. It's constant noise and chaos.





India has about 1.8 billion people, and this city has about 2 million. It's the fastest growing city in India, but there is only 1 major highway that's only been built in the last 10 or so years. The rest of the roads are all much smaller, much much more congested, and quite primitive compared to what we're used to in America.

The drive from the airport to KR's compound took us about 1.5 hours. Once we arrived, we were greeted by so many people. They all threw flower petals at us as we walked to the main entrance of KR's house where there were chairs lined up for us to sit. There was also a big banner behind us with all of our names on it. The girls from the airport all piled in behind us as we watched a welcome show of dancing and music. I was so tired and emotional that I couldn't help crying at this point. After the show, everyone came and shook our hands. It was still morning, but it was already in the upper 80's outside and close to 1 billion percent humidity. We were all already sweating, and one girl came up to me and grabbed my hand and said "Welcome! You are very sweaty!"







Once inside we were escorted upstairs where we would all be sleeping. This house had an apartment downstairs for KR's daughter and her family, two additional bedrooms, KR's office, a dining room and a kitchen downstairs. The second floor had a nice living room area, large terrace with stairs to the 3rd floor, and 8 individual rooms each with their own bathroom. I never made it to the 3rd level, but I understand there was a home gym there.

Sarah and I were put into a room we shared with two twin beds. Each room had a mini split AC unit and a fan with what I can only describe as warp speed when on high. This served as our hair dryer while we were there since the converter didn't actually work with the hair dryer.

We changed and went down for lunch. I have to admit that I was a little nervous about the food. I had never tried Indian food before, so I wasn't sure how these next two weeks were going to go for me. Then we were informed the main dish was mutton curry and eggplant curry, so I was extra nervous. The food was absolutely delicious, though. One of KR's daughters, Prianka, and her husband Sumair and daughter Iliana just moved from Australia to India to work with KR. So, they joined us for lunch along with KR. What I didn't know is that KR's chef Ramanan would continue to make sure everything we ate for the entirety of our trip was going to be just as wonderful.

We were given a couple of hours to freshen up and take a nap, which I graciously jumped at the chance to do, and then we returned downstairs for tea and coffee at 4:00pm, which was 4:30am back home. By this point, I had slept about 4 hours total in 46 hours time. I struggled staying awake for coffee, but we all talked some and then were served dinner at 6 along with ice cream dessert. Then I was finally able to shower and crash on my bed around 8:00pm.

## Day 4, Thursday, 2/26/26

After a great night's sleep, I woke up around 5am. Little did I know that this was going to be the norm of waking up between 4-5 each morning. Our team had made plans to meet before breakfast for about 30 minutes or so each morning for devotional and prayer time. Then we went down to breakfast where we had pancakes, potato curry, and the hottest boiled eggs I've ever touched.



After breakfast, KR took us on a tour of the compound. Our tour started on the girls' side where the school aged girls and widows live. We were we were greeted again with flower petals & dancing, which we all got to join in on. Some of the women in this home have been there for 30 years. We went

through the dorms for the girls and then into the widow's home where I prayed for the widows there.





In India, females are seen as a minus 1. So if you ask someone how many kids they have, they may say minus 3, plus 2 meaning 3 girls and 2 boys. Additionally, if a woman is handicapped in any way, that's another minus. If a woman becomes a widow, she is seen as cursed because she lost her husband. Widows aren't allowed to participate in wedding celebrations or even hold babies because their curse may rub off on the child or newlyweds. KR's heart is for these women to see their identity in Christ and not in how the Indian government and their culture has labeled them. His desire is for these women to be seen as a blessing and not a minus.





The living conditions are probably really good by India standards. They each have a bunkbed with a plywood board as a mattress and a thin little mat. Many of these children are pastor's kids who cannot receive this type of education or even foot elsewhere. The government requires all citizens to have an ID card that shows their religion and caste and if they are a widow. The government does help with food and schooling for tribal people and poor people as long as their ID card states they are Hindu. Once they convert to Christianity, however, there isn't any help for them. For example, Hindus can get 5 pounds of rice for only 2 rupees while Christians will pay hundreds of rupees for the same amount of rice.



After touring the girls' side, we walked over to the Bible College. One of my favorite rooms here was the prayer room. KR has a television ministry where he preaches and broadcasts to other people and pastors all throughout the country. People are provided an address where they can send their handwritten prayers that are all collected and then each one prayed over and sent a handwritten response. He told a story of one woman who asked for prayer for her wayward husband to come back to her and her boys. KR's team prayed for 12 years for her, and he did finally come back to her. I loved how each prayer request is treated with such care and love, and they never give up on believing God will answer their prayers.



Our next stop in the Bible College was a classroom with upcoming graduates where Grayson and Kelly spoke. This was the first of many times when I felt the Lord so gently and lovingly speak to me through someone on this team. I was starting to feel some doubt about what I brought to this team and wondering why I was so lucky to be here while remembering all my own faults and shortcomings. Grayson talked about how David had a slingshot and 5 stones and did the work he was called to do but that nobody else would've been able to do David's work like David. Then Kelly spoke on loving who God made you to be because you can't love others well without loving yourself. Both of these men spoke words that I really needed to hear in that moment. I felt encouragement from the Lord that I was in the place He asked me to be doing the work He asked me to do because He created me and called me here. After Grayson & Kelly finished, the Bible College men sang us a song in English. One of the lines repeated over and over was "Do the work of Jesus" which just really solidified that I needed to quiet that voice of the enemy and focus on what I'm doing in this place.

We stopped in the recording studio where we met John Bob and got to hear an original song he wrote for the pastor's conference. Then we were off to the boys' dorms. The young boys greeted us like the girls did by grabbing our hands and showing us all around. We had the privilege of serving them lunch in the dining hall. They each grabbed their plates they kept in their rooms and prepared to be served.





Once we finished the tour, we headed back to the house for a delicious lunch, a quick nap, and then over to the kindergarten area of the compound which was in the basement area of the church. There are about 120-150 kindergarten students enrolled. On this day, they were all dressed up and welcomed us with roses, paper flowers made by the girls, more flower petals, and many more handshakes. The older girls and boys put on a dance presentation about the birth of Christ, and then we got to see the little ones holding their fruits for Fruits Day. They were so cute! When you walked up to one, they would say the name of the fruit they were holding. I was amazed at how they just sat there for nearly an hour holding their fruits and waiting for you to come ask about them.



There were many others playing in sandboxes, slides, doing crafts, and just the fun things that kindergarten classes do. We walked around and played with them for a little bit before making our way to the administration building.





There we learned more about the school. The government requires students to take exams each year. This sounds to me much like the standardized tests that public school kids take in the US. The student exams scores at this school last year were some of the highest. KR's school is accredited, highly rated, and they now bring in kids up to 25km (15.5 miles) away for school. KR takes children from all religions and castes and then uses his school to show what Jesus' love looks like to the kids. Many of the children then take that back to their parents which opens a door for more conversations about Jesus.



We went back to the house for coffee (something we did every day in India) and then headed out to the

first night of the pastor's conference which began at 7:00pm. We rode in the van just a little ways down to the old compound where KR's old house and school were located. There were so many people gathered under tents and singing. They brought us up front for the message, and then we were given another flower garland and the women were brought onstage along with KR's other daughter Lesa who also just moved to India from Germany with her husband. We were asked to light a candle to kick off the conference.





Once back in our seats, we watched an amazing show put on by the older kids displaying the different cultures of the Indian states. One thing KR spoke a lot about was how he never asks the people who come to him to change their culture. Instead, he meets them where they are and embraces their culture while showing them what following Jesus looks like. Sometimes Christianity is seen as a Western thing, but it's definitely not. When you bring Jesus into your culture, you have a much better opportunity to reach more people like you.

We left around 9:00pm praying for people as we left while the music was still ringing in our ears. One thing I know is that they love some loud music there. We were greeted at the house with a full dinner before heading off to bed.

## Day 5, Friday, 2/27/26

Grayson found a guitar in the house and started our Friday morning team meeting with worship song. During this time, I was reminded of a question I was asked by a family member when I first accepted the invitation to come here. I was asked if I had lost a bet. It's only been a few days, but I can honestly say that I won the bet. I know there is a lot of sadness and poverty, but there's so much beauty in this place. I already have a heart for this country and these people, and I've only really been here two full days.

We had another amazing breakfast & then went on our way to the morning worship service of the conference. It's amazing to me that worship even in another language with a different style of music is still worship. Praise is still praise. It just struck something in my heart to hear them sing even though I couldn't understand the words. I knew they were still singing to Jesus.

Sarah gave the greeting this morning and shared part of her testimony about loss through miscarriage and loss of a child shortly after giving birth to him. Later, Lenora told us there was a woman in the crowd who had lost a young child to leukemia. It took her years to find joy again, but Lenora believed Sarah's words spoke to this woman and gave her comfort. Again, the Holy Spirit was speaking through our team to someone.





This time, we were sitting on stage for service. The chairs were incredibly uncomfortable and a little too tall because my feet didn't fully touch the ground. It wasn't long before I felt the discomfort in my tailbone and watched my feet swell to a much bigger size than normal. All the women had trouble getting shoes on after that.

KR's team did a great job making sure we were staying hydrated, but it was just so hot. We made it back to the house and were just puddles by that point. Lunch was served, and we ate quickly so we went over to the church to meet the widows.



In India, women can marry at "maturity" which is sometimes 13 or 14 years old. Hindu women who become widows also cannot remarry or they face the risk of being stoned to death. In many tribal areas, widows are forced to have their hair cut off and are basically excommunicated from the village. KR's team works to love on the widows and show them Jesus' love.





Widowed women have to carry an identity card that shows their widow designation. They are told to only wear white saris, but KR provides colorful saris to them and gives them food and provisions since there is no one else to do so. This afternoon, we met many widows and heard their stories.



There were stories of remarriage within the Christian church, children being brought up in KR's youth hostels, children going through the Bible college, and women becoming Sunday School teachers. These stories just pierced your heart. One woman and her grown daughter came up to Lenora and told how they remember Lenora praying over them years ago and now the daughter is studying to be a nurse. It was so moving.



There was another man who had suffered from leprosy and had lost his leg. He spent time begging on the streets. One day he saw a woman being forced into prostitution and offered to pay to free her. The price was everything he had from begging, but he freed her and now they are married with their own

children.



Leslie prayed a blessing over them with a reminder that God sees them and loves them. Then KR let us all handout the new saris to the women in the crowd.



We were able to catch a quick nap after that, but then we headed back to the old compound for the

evening service. This was the healing service, and Leslie was asked to give the greeting for this service. Leslie had been worrying and praying over her sick father, whose health was so severe so quickly that she feared she may not see him again. There was concern about a possible diagnosis of multiple myeloma, but his kidneys started failing so quickly that they had to find an emergency flight from South Dakota to MD Anderson in Houston to be seen by the best. The prognosis wasn't great. It was a hard greeting to give, but she spoke about her father and her belief in his healing. Jeremy gave the message, and we were asked to pray for those in the congregation who came up needing prayer. There were a lot of young people who wanted prayer for exams, various aches and pains, and some who couldn't tell me what they needed prayer for. I prayed anyway because the Lord knew. While we prayed for the congregation and prayed for Leslie's father, he was being miraculously healed from his kidney failure back in the US. Her brother messaged her that he didn't know how, but their dad was making a huge turnaround. Here's what I do know...God is good.



## Day 6, Saturday, 2/28/26

This morning Grayson played 2 worship songs during our devotion meeting. You could really sense the Holy Spirit. I can't remember the songs, but I do know I couldn't help but cry through all of it.

During breakfast, Kelly asked if I would speak at the Sunday morning service. This is my worst fear! I don't mind speaking, but I like to know what I'm speaking about. He only asked me to give a 3-5 minute greeting, but it felt like he asked me to preach a sermon. This is going to take some serious prayer and divine intervention to be able to do this.

After breakfast, we made our way back to the old compound where the Bible College was having their graduation that morning. Before graduation, KR took us to the "kitchen" where the food was being prepared for the meals provided at the pastor's conference. KR fed all of the attendees who came for the conference, and there was a large field with huge pots over fire being stirred where all the food was being cooked. There was another area where all the vegetables were being prepped. It was a huge undertaking and quite a lot of food to be able to feed everyone there. It was also incredibly hot in this area with all the fires to cook the pots of food.





Then we went into his old home to cool down some and give Kelly & Jeremy time to put on the robes they would wear during the ceremony. We walked in after the graduates and sat on stage for the ceremony. It was long, but the message was great and I loved seeing these graduates so excited and so full of joy. Some of us were asked to hand out the certificates and gifts to students and staff, which was really a great honor.



After the ceremony, we went to the meal tents and helped serve food. My job was serving rice. There were so many people in the food lines, and it felt like the lines just kept getting longer. I think we all really enjoyed serving the people there, and I know the people at the conference enjoyed getting to be served by us.





While driving between KR's home and the old compound, we noticed a large cross at the top of a hill that we passed each time. When we asked him about it, he told us that the father of his driver Matthew was radically saved years ago and walked the cross up the hill in response to what Jesus did in his life. It was a beautiful picture of gratitude and glory to God.



The rest of the afternoon & evening seemed to go by quickly. We went back for lunch, had our afternoon coffee, and returned to the conference for the evening service. I don't remember specifically what the evening service was about because I was thinking a lot about what I was going to share the next morning at the conference. What kept coming to mind was the verse in Isaiah 43:19, "Behold I am doing a new thing. Do you not perceive it?" This verse is a huge part of my story over the past few years, and I was feeling like this was what I needed to share. When we were watching how all the food was prepared for the conference, KR shared that he's praying and believing in a new dream for the old compound to fill it with more children. He had thought about selling it, but doing so would put it back into the hands of a Hindu instead of being used for the Lord's work. This felt like confirmation to me about what I was feeling I should talk about, but I continued to pray the Lord would give me 100% assurance of the words to speak.



## Day 7, Sunday, 3/1/26

I woke up feeling restless this morning after a rough night of sleep. It's the morning I've been asked to give a greeting. While I'm not necessarily nervous to speak, I'm feeling a little intimidated about speaking in front of this amazing team of people who do this much more than I do. It feels a bit like imposter syndrome – like a feeling of “who do I think I am?” and “what could I possibly have to share with these people?” KR said he uses us as a key to reach people. So many of the people in his congregation are from a lower caste and see Americans as higher than some of their highest castes. While we know that's not true nor do we feel we should be elevated in any way, these people feel that us being here with them is so amazing. They can't believe that we would come all this way just to spend time and speak to and love on them. KR uses our greetings and how we love and serve them as a key to open the door to more of Jesus in their lives. He uses our words to emphasize his messages to the people. So, I know it's not about my words but instead about the Holy Spirit through me.

During our team meeting and prayer time before breakfast, Jeremy shared with me that he felt the Lord was working through some things in me and rewiring some things and that I needed to share at the service with confidence. Again, I saw how the Lord provided the assurance I was asking him for and the confirmation to speak what I felt had been placed in my heart. Grayson shared that Charles Spurgeon always had a team of people praying for him when he preached. He called them the boiler room. Grayson said that this team here would be my boiler room praying for me this morning.

We then had an amazing time of worship, another amazing breakfast, and headed off to church. When it was my time to speak, I felt the peace from the Holy Spirit that He had given me exactly what words to say. As I spoke, John Bob translated and I could see how the words I spoke resonated with some of the people. I talked about Isaiah 43:19 and how the Lord showed me this verse when He was doing a new work in my life. I also confessed that I was not too happy about it and didn't want it, but God is gentle and persistent and lovingly kept nudging me to trust Him completely. When I eventually said yes to Him, He provided everything I needed to quit working, homeschool my kids, watch my husband be miraculously healed from leukemia, help Sarah with the dream God put on her heart for Sarah's House, and travel to the other side of the world to have my life completely changed by my time in India. I shared that I believe He's still doing work in me, the people there, the graduates from Saturday's celebration, and even with plans for the old compound. Afterwards, Kelly shared with me that this is the same verse KR believed the Lord gave him for his ministry for this year, and my greeting this morning was confirmation for him as well. God is so good!



Kelly told us a story about being at the pastor's conference 20-30 years ago. It was during a time when India was very dry and hadn't had much rain. There were over 1,000 people in attendance, and they received word that the well had run dry and there was no water for the people. Kelly and KR led the congregation in an intense prayer for water. As they prayed together, the children all looked up at the sky and started shouting and pointing at something behind Kelly & KR on the stage. The adults couldn't see anything the children were pointing at, but there suddenly came a huge rainstorm. It rained so much they were all standing in inches deep rain and all praising God for this miracle. There was enough rain to fill the well and provide water for the people during the conference.

As this year's pastor's conference was coming to a close, Kelly reminded the congregation of this amazing miracle. After the service, there was an adult who approached Kelly and told him that he was one of these children who witnessed this miracle so many years ago. He recounted this event again and reminded Kelly that what the children were all pointing at was Jesus in the sky that day. Only the children saw Him, but they all agreed He was there. There were also news articles about this strange rainstorm that only happened in one area of the city that day.

At the end of the service, we were honored on stage and gifted a Pashtush (shawl) and decorative peacock (the national bird). This was a surprise to all of us as we felt like we had already been honored so much on this trip, but the generosity of KR and his team just continued to flow and to move us all. We then got to participate in their first Sunday of the month Holy Communion where we passed out the wafers and juice. Many of the congregation had their eyes closed in prayer and their hands out to accept the wafers that we pressed into their hands. It was really a wonderful thing to participate in.





After service and praying for people, we went back to the house for a late lunch. Then we got to go out to one of the highest points of the city in one of their parks to look down over the Bay of Bengal. It was pretty foggy and hard to see, but we did get asked to be in quite a few pictures with other people there. That's probably the closest any of us will ever come to feeling famous. There were Hindu statues and Hindu chanting everywhere, which was a little unsettling. After looking

around, we drove out to the beach to look out over the Bay. I don't know how sand can get dirty, but it definitely looked dirty to me. There were quite a few people out on the beach and at the park today, but it was nice to have a little bit of free time to see a few things while we were here. Then we headed back home for dinner and an early bedtime.



## Day 8, Monday, 3/2/26

This morning was my morning for devotional time during our team meeting. I had been trying to think of what to talk about, but I kept getting distracted in my mind with lots of other thoughts about how this was the longest I'd been away from my family, I hadn't slept well the last couple nights, etc. That's when I was reminded of a Christmas program we did at church when I was a little girl. The main character, Charity Churchmouse, was busy with all the things that needed to be done and finally came to the end of herself and sang a song with the lyrics "I cast all my cares upon you. I lay all of my burdens down at your feet..." This song played in my head, and I had a vision of a cup which was me pouring out to the people. However, all these thoughts and distractions were putting pinholes in my cup where I was leaking out what I was meant to pour out instead. I asked God to patch the holes, and I felt like He told me to instead move closer to the faucet. This is what I shared this morning in devotional time because I felt like I needed to reiterate that not only does God care about all the distractions and thoughts, but He also sometimes allows us to keep them because He wants us to come closer to Him to continually fill us up.

That's when it was Grayson's turn to play our morning worship song. He told us that the Lord put a song in his heart this morning about how all of me should pour out so that we can be filled with Him. This was another amazing moment to me how God works in and through all of us to not only bring unity but also show His amazing power and love for us.

After devotional and breakfast time, we made a trip to the slums. It's hard to put into words the poverty we saw. There were little 1 room huts that sleep sometimes multiple people. We saw many cats and dogs everywhere, and sewage and waste was running through the trenches in the streets. In this city of 2 million people, there are about 500,000 people who live in the slums. The buildings here were built by the mafia, and they charge \$10/mth rent for tenants to live. Many of the women who live in the slums have to sell themselves to prostitution to be able to pay their rent. Many others beg on the streets and sometimes rent babies from other women in hopes it will bring more income from their begging with a baby. Some have even gone so far as crippling the babies on purpose to hopefully get even more money.





This slum neighborhood was called Coconut Garden. It's a place of evil, prostitution, gangs, and begging. There's trash and filth everywhere, but KR and his team have been working hard to share the love of Jesus to the people who live here. They can't always stop and preach because the mafia doesn't like that, but they can walk through, share love, invite people to the church around the corner, and provide food and money to those who live there.



One of the places we stopped was a little house that KR has established as a daycare center in the evenings, so the children have a safe place to be while the mothers are working in the streets at night. His team has been able to share Jesus with the children and mothers, and they have reached many people through this one service there. Another woman whose name is Blessing was cooking rice in her home. KR told us she always cooks enough rice for two because she never knows who will be passing by and needs food that day. She is one they have been able to share Jesus with who now does her best to share Jesus with others in her slum neighborhood.



We walked along the train tracks on the back side of the slums where we saw what appeared to be miles and miles of trash along the tracks. Many of the people there will beg or prostitute along these tracks as trains come through.



Around the corner from the slum area is a little building being renovated on the bottom floor but has a church upstairs. KR told us a story of how one of the gangsters in that area used to heckle and throw food at KR as he preached in the area. One day he was radically saved and gave KR the land that this building now sits on. The bottom floor being renovated will be a shop to support the people in this neighborhood. There will be medicine and food available to them once it is completed.





He walked us up to the church upstairs. This room was so tiny but also packed full of people. Many of the women here have been diagnosed with aids. They must get hospital paperwork with this diagnosis, and then they are able to get medicine from the government for treatment. The social worker from KR's team has a book with copies of all the hospital papers for these women, and she helps keep up with all the lab work papers for them. While we were in this church room, we handed out large bags of rice as well as saris for each of the women here. KR said that he used to give them money, but they would go home and be beaten by their husbands for the money. The best way to help them is to give them the actual food and clothing. We sang with them and prayed for them and the church leaders before we left.



After lunch back at the house, KR's daughters Prianka and Lesa as well as their friend Shuba took Sarah, Leslie and I shopping. We bought some beautiful Punjabi dresses and a few souvenirs for home. The shopping district was mass chaos with cars and people and honking everywhere. I was thankful we had both a driver and escorts with us to navigate this! I'm also super thankful for the traffic laws we have in the US!

## Day 9, Tuesday, 3/3/26

This morning was early. We had our team meeting at 6:30am, breakfast at 7, and then out the door by 7:30 for a 3ish hour drive to a tribal village. On the way, we passed a 167-foot Hindu statue of Hanuman, which is apparently a monkey-like humanoid known as a symbol of courage and devotion in the Hindu religion. We actually saw lots of idols of this particular Hindu god everywhere we went.



We were able to take the main highway for most of the drive. The towns we passed through, however, had very narrow roads with lots of rundown buildings and trash everywhere. There was one point when we had to wait for a herd of goats to pass across the road before we could continue, and there

were lots of cows walking through the streets.



We stopped in a village called Meliaputti where we were greeted by villagers and given another marigold garland. Then the elder women washed and kissed our feet. This tribe, the Savara tribe, speaks their own language. They wash feet as a sign of acceptance into their home, so we are now seen as family to them. We were told ahead of time not to join in the dances in the tribal areas as some of the dances still have pagan aspects to them, but we always enjoy watching the people in their culture.



We went up to a beautiful new church for a church dedication. The churches are actually called Community Service Centers. The Indian government has vast rules and regulations, and KR has found he is able to establish buildings called community service centers that are used as churches to be easier than trying to build a building called a church. The tent outside was decorated so beautifully with streamers and flowers. They unveiled the new Nethanya Church, which is the name of the churches in KR's ministry. Nethanya means God sends as scripture says in John 3:16. There was of course a banner with our names on it, but there was also a plaque on the wall. The unveiling of the plaque on the wall of the new church had all of our names on it. My name will be on this church in India for as long as it stands! This was such a surprise and incredible honor.

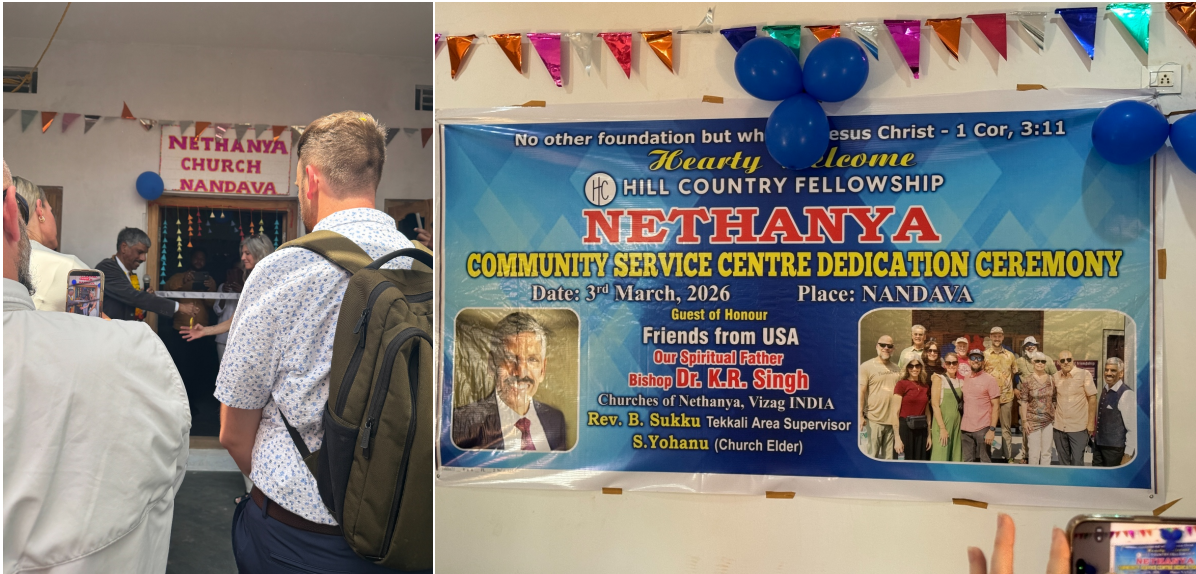




It was at this point the ladies had to use the bathroom. We were escorted to a building behind the school which was actually a hole in the ground. There was a water faucet on the wall that poured water into a big bucket that overflowed on the floor to wash all the waste down the hole. This was definitely a new experience for me.



The children performed a welcome dance in the church and then under the tent. Grayson preached for the church dedication, and a church elder and pastor both spoke. The elder who spoke was so moved for his new church. He had sold his rice field to help pay for the church he had been praying for. Then the women presented saris to the women on our team as a token of gratitude, and the men received beautiful scarves. It was so beautiful to be there with them. The entire time with them was such an honor to us all.



After the service, they led us out to a mango grove where KR's team had been busy preparing lunch for us. Matthew and Kishor always made sure we were taken care of each step of the way, and Ramana and Ramu had come from KR's home with containers of hot food to keep us from going hungry. It was a beautiful setting for our picnic under the mango trees.



After lunch, we headed back to the house where Ramana and Ramu were waiting for us with a hot, delicious dinner. I don't know how, but they are always everywhere we are ready to serve us each day.

## Day 10, Wednesday, 3/4/26

This was another early morning, but I got to see the beautiful red Indian sunrise this morning. We had a 6-hour drive today into the jungle. We drove through many towns along the way, and it was a little scary with the narrow roads and crazy traffic. There were lots of signs that said, “accident prone area” and “use horn”. Matthew, our driver, did put on some praise and worship music for us so that the drive wasn’t so quiet.





We drove for about 2 ½ hours and then stopped for a bathroom break on the side of the road. The men took advantage of this stop, but the ladies decided we could wait a little longer. It was another 1 ½ hours to a girl's orphanage where we had our next stop.



We stopped at the orphanage and were welcomed with marigold garlands and dancing. Kelly spoke a

greeting over them, and we prayed for the girls and teachers there. They were so happy to have us come visit them, and we loved seeing all the smiling faces. Then we were escorted into one of their classrooms where Ramana had set up another wonderful lunch for us.



After lunch & coffee, we made the treacherous 50 km drive into the jungle. The roads were so bad that it took us 2 hours to get there. I did put my seatbelt on for the first time this trip because it helped hold me in my chair as we drove on the terrible roads. I also learned how important car horns are. These are mostly single car roads, so you must honk before taking any turn or switchback so that cars coming from the opposite direction will know you're there.

We finally made it to Sileru, a village in the jungle where KR's ministry began. Our stay was in his house that he and his wife and baby moved to in 1982. As his family was moving there, their car broke down and they had to stay the night in their car on the side of the road. After getting help and finally making it to the village the next day, one of the villagers asked how he knew not to come the day before when he was supposed to arrive. He told them he didn't know but that they were upset their car broke down. The villagers told him that there were people there ready to kill him upon his arrival the day before and that his life had been spared by the car trouble they had. He knew that it was only by the Lord's hand that he was spared that day.



He told us several stories about this time, including their house being snake infested when they moved in. He traveled most of the time doing ministry work, and his wife and daughter were left at home alone in a village where they didn't speak the language. One morning, they awoke to a tiger in the yard. This is what prompted them to build a little wall around their yard so the baby would have a place to play.

KR's wife helped care for the people in the village including those who KR called terrorists. These are Hindu nationalists who didn't like others coming into their villages and teaching about Christianity or any different way of life. However, if one was hurt in their village, his wife would treat them. He told us of a time when he was kidnapped by the terrorists and taken deep into the jungle to be killed or possibly tortured. However, when he got to the main camp, the terrorists realized it was his wife who helped them. So, they released him back to his home.

This time in the jungle was very hard on his family. He shared with us that it became too much for his wife and their young children. It's hard to imagine being in her shoes and continuing to live there and be in ministry. They did make the decision several years later to move to Germany to raise their 5 children, but KR never stopped his ministry in India.

His home in Sileru was very lovely. We did sleep several in a room, but it felt very safe. Sarah, Leslie and I slept in what was originally the living room. When we arrived, Ramana was waiting for us with coffee and treats under a large tent with tables in the backyard of the house. KR explained to us that the indigenous tribal people in India are called the Adivasis each with distinct languages, religions & traditions. In the jungle tribes, the ownership of land falls to the tribe who cultivates it. Those outside of the tribe cannot purchase land in the jungle. However, what they cultivate then belongs to the government.





After our coffee, we drove a few miles down to the Sileru river. On our way there, KR told us a story about the first time he visited this tribe. He came across a man who was sitting on the side of the road looking sad and hopeless. He tried starting a conversation, and after some time was finally able to talk to this man and shared the gospel with him. This poor man cried harder and asked KR why it had taken so long for him to come and tell them because he had just sacrificed his son. Many of these tribal areas still practice human sacrifice and still use witch doctors within their tribes. KR's prayer at that moment was that he never be too late again. Sometime later he was approached by a new believer who praised him saying he was right on time because he was preparing to sacrifice his son when he heard about Jesus.

Once we arrived at the river, we walked .6 miles down through eucalyptus fields to the riverbank where a hand carved boat was waiting for us. We all got in the boat and were pulled across the river using a rope tied on either side. The view was spectacular with the sun setting behind the mountains. On the other side of the river were people waiting with torches to guide our way up to the village where we could hear the drums being played.





We were greeted with more marigold garlands, and the ladies placed rice on our foreheads. There was music and dancing, and we were taken on a tour through the village to see how they crushed grains and made flour. We also saw what they called their ambulance, which was actually just a basket that they carried to take sick people to a town to be treated. They even took women in labor in that basket.



We then walked back down to the river by torch light and went back across in the boat. The moon was red and beautiful, and I felt like we were on an adventure you only see in movies. We made it back to the home in Sileru where dinner was waiting for us, and then we all made our way to our rooms for the night.



## Day 11, Thursday, 3/5/26

This morning, after a difficult night of sleep because of a squeaky fan that had to be on high to keep mosquitos away, we had breakfast in the garden area. We were quickly joined by a large group of monkeys trying to steal our breakfast from us. We all enjoyed watching them catch the bananas Jeremy was throwing at them.



When we were finished with breakfast, we all went out front where the van was parked to meet with some of the boys from the boys' home there in Sileru that KR started. He was the leader of this boy's home at one time while he lived in Sileru. The boys were all holding bows and arrows from the Bonda tribe we were hoping to get to meet there. Unfortunately, the tribe couldn't make their way to us. It is illegal for them to be transported without a "valid" reason, and they didn't feel safe hiding under blankets to drive to us. So, they sent us each a bow and arrow set they use for hunting as a gift. Then we loaded the van and traveled about 2 hours farther into the jungle down a road that KR has never been on to a village in Odisha, the next state over, that KR has never been to before.



A few years ago, KR was diagnosed with cancer and did not have a great prognosis. The preacher in this village came to him and prayed over him prophesying that one day KR would come to his village with a host of angels. KR thanked him for the prayer, but he wasn't thinking this was something that would happen since there were no roads into this village at that time. However, a road has been built over the last couple of years. Today is the day KR will finally visit this village and that preacher who prayed over him, and we get to accompany him for this amazing visit.





What is even more exciting is that there were 20 people waiting to be baptized in the river. So we witnessed KR and 2 other pastors baptize these believers in the river. It struck me that these are now our brothers and sisters. I have always known that other believers are brothers and sisters in Christ, but watching the baptisms on this day and the emotions of these believers gave me a new perspective on this new family of mine.

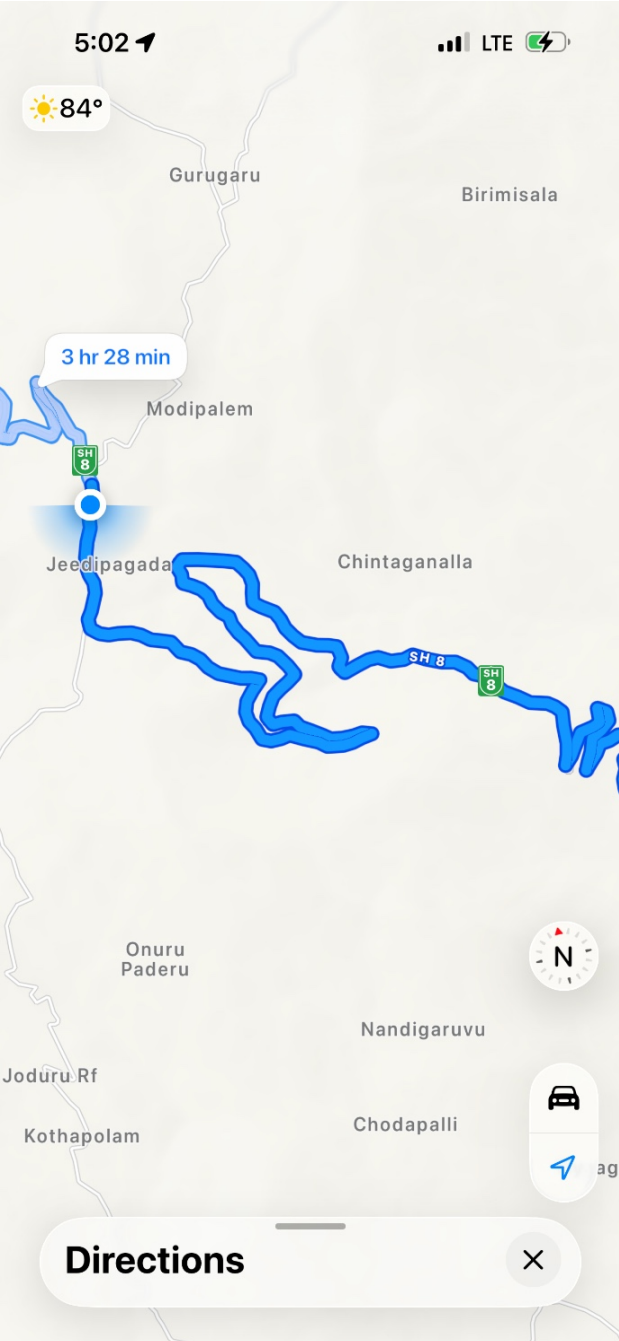


We then went up to the village where we were greeted with another flower garland symbolizing, we are now part of their family. They also washed our feet, which was nice because I had stepped in a huge mud hole on my way to the baptism and had mud all over my feet. Then we were escorted over to the new church in the village where again a plaque was revealed that had our names on it. Sarah got to do the ribbon cutting for the church, and we were led inside to what was probably the most spirit-filled ceremony I've ever been to. These people all had such generous hearts, and you could feel the presence of the Holy Spirit in this small room.



After the ceremony, we drove a little while to find an acceptable place for us to have a quick bathroom break. By acceptable place, I mean a clearing that seemed private enough for us not to be seen by the entire countryside. We were smart this time, and we used a large shawl that we had been gifted at the church dedication as a screen for us to be hidden from the road. Then we drove a little farther down the road to find another area for a picnic. Of course, Ramana had packed up a lunch for us to eat along the way.

The drive home was long, but we did stop at a roadside coffee shop owned by one of KR's associate pastors. The men all had coffee and a treat while the ladies ran across the street to a gas station for a quick bathroom break in a "nice" restroom instead of the side of the road. We finally arrived back at the house around 8:00pm where Ramana was waiting with another hot, delicious dinner for us.



## Day 12, Friday, 3/6/26

This morning after breakfast, we were greeted by the Bonda tribe from Odisha. This tribe made the decision yesterday to claim to be joining us at the zoo in Visag so they could legally come to us, and they drove all day and night to Visag to be able to greet us. This tribe is still a very primitive tribe who, up until the 1940's, would actually eat their dead. They drove almost twice as far as we did the day before, so it likely took them around 16 hours to meet us. Their pastor Amos was with them. He spent his life ministering to these people and learning their language. He moved his wife and 2 children to their tribe to begin his ministry, and he's built an amazing church there preaching the gospel and loving on these people. He lost his daughter to malaria when she was 7 and living with the tribe. He is now 54 and still living among them and loving them.



He explained to us that the Hindu radicals in the area have signed a petition with the government to close his church for breach of peace. They are worried about what that might do in the village, and he's asked for continued prayers for him and his people.



What's interesting is that this tribe is not Hindu. The Bonda are one of the first forest settlers in India and are animists who worship nature, spirits, sun god, etc. There are between 7,000-12,000 Bonda in India with a literacy rate of only 6%. Their meanings of words are also backwards, so dark is light, black is white, etc. It's a very difficult language to learn. The men and women both wore cloths around their waists, and the women wore layers of long beautiful, beaded necklaces instead of shirts with heavy aluminum neck bands. The women will use a sharp rock to cut their hair and then wear beaded headbands around their heads.



After meeting this amazing group of people, they left on their journey back home and we headed off to

the Indira Gandhi Zoo in Visag where we met children from KR's school for a day at the zoo. We were all given baseball caps with the words Holy Bells and Hill Country Fellowship to show the partnership of the school (Holy Bells) and our church in Texas. From that moment until we stopped for lunch, none of us had a free hand. The children grabbed each of us and we walked through the zoo looking at the animals and talking with the children. It was sweltering hot and we were all puddles by the end, but it was so much fun to be there with the kids and see them just acting like kids. Some of the kids would point at the animals and call out friends' names, I noticed a couple of girls hiding candy in their hats and secretly sharing with their friends, some of them complained of being hot and bored. All of these things are things I could picture my own kids doing if they had been with us at the zoo.





About halfway through the zoo tour, we stopped for a picnic lunch where we got to serve all the kids. Then we saw Ramana arrive, of course, with lunch for our team. We had our own picnic lunch and then finished our zoo tour with the school children. After the zoo, we headed back to the house where coffee and treats were waiting.



Later in the evening, we loaded back up on the van and headed out to a leper colony in Visag. Leprosy is now a curable disease, and there wasn't anyone there with active leprosy. However, you could still see those who had previously suffered who were missing fingers or legs.



The Indian government provides the medicine for anyone with leprosy, but these individuals are forever marked by this diagnosis and considered an outcast, or untouchable. Business won't allow lepers in for fear it will drive down business. No one will hire them, so they are forced to beg to get money and food. Sometimes they will hide a healthy person under blankets where they are begging so that the healthy person can go into shops and buy food and supplies for them with the money they earn.

This diagnosis actually stays within their family for 7 generations. When someone is to be married, the government looks back 7 generations into the engaged couple. If leprosy is found, most often these two will not get married. So the families of lepers typically only marry within other leper families.

There are 3 leper communities, and we attended the Friday prayer meeting of one of these communities. We were greeted again with loud music and singing. We noticed there were more instruments in this congregation that in others we had been to. KR told us that these instruments are what they use when they are begging to help bring in more money. He also invited Grayson to play a

song on the guitar and sing for the congregation. We were a little nervous about that because beautiful voices in India sound much different than beautiful voices in America. In India, the men sing as loud as they can while the women typically have a much higher pitch voice without much regard to staying in a particular key. There were a few blank stares as we sang, but I believe it was received well overall.

After the service, we passed out little treat bags to everyone in the congregation. There were so many smiles, and the people there seemed genuinely happy to have us join them on this night.

After we got back in the van, Kelly told us a story of that exact leper colony from his first visit to them 28 years ago. He said there were about 40 people in the congregation all dressed in rags and so dejected and low. At this time, there weren't any houses in the neighborhood. The city provided the space for the people to live, but they lived in huts that resembled some of the slum areas. Kelly felt the Lord telling him to ask for an offering, which he was really nervous about doing because these people had nothing to give. He told KR what he was feeling and that he felt the Lord wanted to bless these people by asking for the offering. KR thought about it and ultimately told him to go ahead because how can we say no to the Lord.

Kelly proceeded to tell the congregation about a family from his church in Long Island where the husband had become heavily involved in drugs leaving the mom and children in a bad financial situation. He asked the congregation if they would be willing to give to help this family. He said the response was so overwhelming. People began opening their rags to empty all the coins they had and put it in the offering. The spirit of giving came over everyone there, and they gave all they had. This total offering came to about \$40, which Kelly carefully took with him back to New York and presented to the family. KR told him that the people in that colony were so moved just by being asked to help because no one had ever given them the dignity of asking them to help with anything before.

Some time later, the city came to the colony in an attempt to take back the land. The laws required them to give the community the opportunity to buy the land first, so the city put a price of about \$100,000 on this land knowing this was an amount these people would never be able to pay. At this same time, there was a prayerful man in Germany who was a big support of KR's ministry. He woke up in the middle of the night with a word from the Lord that he was to help a leper colony. He called KR knowing that he was involved in ministry to lepers, and KR told him what was happening in this community. This man wired the \$100,000 immediately. KR and the community leaders went to the city and purchased their land outright to establish their community, and KR's ministry helped them build homes and a church there.

## Day 13, Saturday, 3/7/26

This morning was a nice, relaxing morning. We had a little bit of a later start, but we still enjoyed a wonderful breakfast together and then headed out as a group to shop for souvenirs. Shuba, who had been with us shopping earlier in the week, as well as Jessica, KR's house manager, both accompanied us on our shopping trip. As always, Matthew drove and Keshor made sure we were all taken care of while we were out in town without KR.

Jessica sat next to me as we drove today, and she told me some of her story. Her mother was born deaf and blind. In India, not only was she a minus for being a female, but she was also another minus for being handicapped. She was very beautiful, though, and Jessica's father met and married her. However, they had two daughters. This meant there were two more minuses against her. Since she had so many minuses, there were people within their Hindu religion who deemed her unworthy of being alive and killed her. Jessica, whose name was Leela at that time, was sent along with her sister to be cared for by her grandmother. The father would send money to the grandmother to purchase food and necessities for the girls, but they wouldn't get food if there wasn't money sent. The grandmother eventually sent them back to their father and told him he should remarry and have his new wife care for the girls.

He did remarry, but after about 6 months or so into his new marriage, a widow from KR's widow ministry approached Jessica's father and told him of KR's girls' home. She explained that he wouldn't have to take care of the girls anymore if he sent them there. So, when Jessica was 5 and old enough to attend school, he sent both girls to live in KR's girls' hostel and attend his school. It was there that Jessica was introduced to Jesus Christ. She gave her life to Christ and changed her name from Leela, her given Hindu name, to Jessica. She said she did this because she wanted to leave the Hindu life completely.

She grew up in the girls' home and eventually was able to lead her dad and stepmom to Christ as well. In India, even in the Christian community, it is very common to have arranged marriages. She asked KR, who she and many others under his care call Daddy, to find her a husband. He found a good Christian man to marry, walked her down the aisle, and officiated the ceremony. She joyfully showed me a video of their wedding ceremony as well as pictures of her 3-year-old son. KR has been a huge part of her life for over 20 years.

Our shopping trip was very successful. We all found souvenirs for our family, and we were able to make a stop at Shuba's little store and purchase from someone we actually knew. She had a lot of great little gifts for us to choose from, and we got to meet her daughters and mother while we were there.



After shopping and lunch, we spent the early part of the afternoon preparing to leave the next day. Then KR had one more special outing planned for us for the remainder of the evening. He took us to a fishing village where one of the girls from his school was from. This young girl Meghana began school and came to know Jesus and shared with her family. This particular village is a Hindu village, but we KR was able to establish a presence there because he was invited by her and her family. The men in this village are fishermen, and the women are unemployed. What KR saw, as happens so often in these villages, was that there was a large population of widows in this village. Many of these were because of the tsunami years earlier, but others were from various fishing accidents. Some of these women were very young.





KR had a vision of how he could provide dignified work for these women. So KR built a home there with a classroom on the bottom floor and a 2-bedroom apartment on the second floor. The classroom was to be used as a sewing school, and he hired Meghana's mother to teach the women how to sew in this school. The school can currently take 12 students each year, and the program is 10 months long. At the end of the program, these women leave with a certificate of completion and a brand new sewing machine that they can use to provide for their family.

The only source of clean water was a long walk outside the town, and the women would make that walk multiple times a day to have water for their family. So KR also ran a water line from outside the city into the middle of town as a way to help them. The village elders do not allow Christian preaching in their village, but they won't stop someone from blessing their people. This is how KR shows the love of Jesus to these Hindu people.

We had the privilege of being part of their graduation ceremony. We were able to each hand the certificates to the women who completed their sewing school. There were two women from a small island village off the coast who announced they would love for us to come back and come to their village. This is exactly how KR explained to us that he is able to spread the gospel to these small villages.





After the ceremony, we went to the roof of this building where KR had coffee and cookies waiting for us. We were able to see out over the bay as well as see the beautiful sky as the sun was close to setting. Then the children who were there took us on a tour along the beach and through the village. We saw all kinds of Hindu markings on every doorstep. We also saw quite a bit of poverty as well as many small round homes with thatch roofs. There was a boy from KR's school who invited us to his home in this village. His parents seemed honored to have us come, but there were villagers who did not share the same sentiment. We decided not to stay to keep from causing a scene, but it was really the first and only time we felt unwelcome in any of the areas we visited.





I couldn't have imagined a better way to spend our last evening in India. Each place KR took us to was so meaningful and left such a mark on my heart.

## Day 14, Sunday, 3/8/26

On our final morning, KR brought some of the girls to the house to say goodbye. They brought us each a picture collage of our time in India as well as 2 coffee mugs with KR's picture and list of all the ministries he oversees. It was a teary goodbye for sure. We had our final breakfast and then headed to another fishing village, Yarada, near the naval yard. This is the village of Suresh and his wife Shanti who both were a big part of the pastor's conference we attended.





The story of Suresh's village is that years ago this was originally a Hindu village. A Christian family moved there to begin establishing a church base in the village, but the villagers didn't want them there preaching. They came together and burned down the hut of the Christian family. However, since most of the homes are the round huts with thatch roofs, the fire quickly spread to many of the other homes in the village. KR sent students from the Bible College to help the entire village clean up and rebuild, He also provided food for the village for a month as another way to help with the great loss. Because of his love for the people in that village and his desire to be the hands and feet of Jesus even in an area where he isn't wanted, the villagers were greatly moved and allowed that family to stay and to have a church built there.



Suresh and Shanti are now leading this church. Suresh has been with KR for over 20 years, and they were so excited to have us come to their Sunday church service. They greeted us much like the other churches we went to. Upon our arrival, we received the marigold garlands and had people lined up each holding posters of all of us. There was also a large banner with our pictures on it outside of the church building. It was a wonderful service, and we were all gifted silver platters with the date of our visit engraved on it.

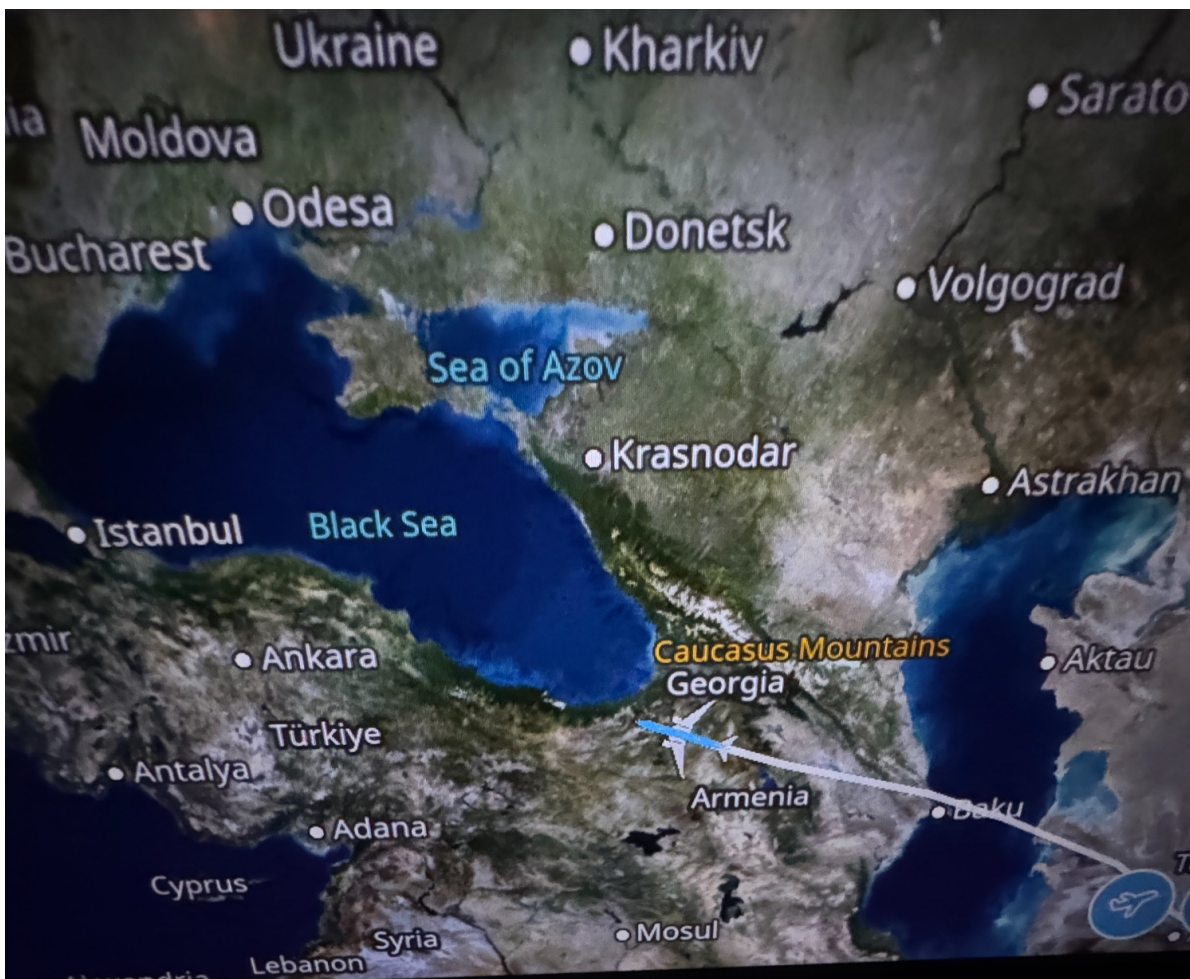


After the service, we were escorted upstairs for one more lunch and a last “hearty welcome” by KR. We were able to say our goodbyes to his team, and we took our last few pictures before changing and heading to the airport. It was such a bittersweet goodbye. I found myself longing for home to see my family but also so very sad to leave the country and people I had grown to love in such a short time.

## Day 14-15 Travel, Sunday, 3/8/26, - Monday 3/9/26

The latter part of Sunday was the beginning of 36 hours of travel home. Our first flight from Visag to Delhi was only about 2 ½ hours, and we arrived in Delhi around 7:20pm. We retrieved our luggage, but we weren't able to check in and check our bags for the next flight until 11:20pm since that next flight didn't leave until 3:20am. So we all sat together in the lobby of the Delhi airport watching the crowds of people.

When it was finally time to check our bags for the flight to Amsterdam, there was quite a bit of chaos trying to check the oversize luggage that had all of our bows and arrows gifted to us from the Banda tribe. We then had to go through immigration once more and security again. This process was a little easier than the first time we came through on our way here, but we still didn't feel at ease until we were all through and sitting at our gate.



This was a very full 8 ½ hour flight, and I got very little sleep. Once in Amsterdam, we had a 4-hour layover before the final flight to Austin. This gave us time for breakfast and coffee before we left. Our last flight from Amsterdam to Austin wasn't too full, so we got a little extra space for the 10-hour flight. I still didn't get much sleep, but knowing we were so close to home made it much easier to get through. We sailed through customs in Austin and were greeted out front where we loaded the van and made our way home.

This was a remarkable trip and will have an impact on my life forever. There's a quote by William Carey

that KR told us and that became a big part of our trip, and it feels like the best way to leave the trip and step back into our everyday lives back in Texas. He said "Expect great things from God; Attempt great things for God." My prayer upon returning is that I can continue living out that quote and that doing so will put my children in the position to do the same. I want to live boldly for the Lord and trust in him in all that I do.

I also want to go back to India...