

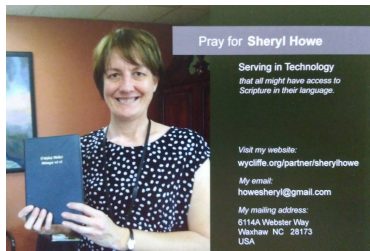
Hello! Trust all is well!

This month I made a short trip “home” to Arizona for my sending church’s International Weekend. Alas, I did not get to visit all of the people I wanted to visit (next time). Arizona (a) is stunning and (b) feels like “home” even without family living there. North Carolina is home too, but I get to see it all the time.



I heard the sermon for International Weekend twice (two services) and loved it even more the second time! Both times were flashbacks to the first time, same sanctuary, different pew, when I first entertained the thought of full time kingdom work. Eighteen years later, I want to sign up again! I am so grateful to my home church and to all of the people who participate in this work with me through financial gifts and faithful prayer. Thank YOU!

In other news, I printed new prayer cards because apparently I have changed slightly since 2004.



Five ways living in the South has changed me

1. I can call a shopping cart a “buggy” without snickering.
2. I have incorporated “y’all, all y’all, and the possessives of those: y’all’s” into my speech such that if someone says “you guys”, I cringe.
3. Greeting every person I meet has become second nature. When my neighbor I’ve never met drove by in her car without waving, I shook my head at how anyone could be that rude.
4. I strike up conversations with random people in waiting rooms where I learn things like this gentleman has three sons who’ve never had cavities (dentist office) and he learns I grew up in Tempe (where there is fluoride in the city water but now I have well water so the dentist recommended fluoride). We also determine I went to the University of Arizona, so did his neighbor across the street, but not at the same time. You can exchange a surprising amount of information in a very brief period of time.
5. I’m “from Waxhaw”. At the car wash,, an older gentlemen struck up a conversation with me (did I play basketball in high school was the opening line). He asked where I was from and I said “Waxhaw”. Mind you, we’ve been talking a minute or so and I definitely do not have the right accent for Waxhaw, North Carolina. But when he learns I’m from Waxhaw, he begins a diatribe about the foreigners (foreigners would be Yankees) keep coming here wanting to change us. They’re so rude, etc. (my neighbor who doesn’t wave might be a Yankee).

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