

Greetings to my sponsoring churches! As I write this, I am still in Malaysia, but in a different city. I'm in Kota Kinabalu which is on the Island of Borneo.



I have been teaching and doing workshops for medical, clergy, and lay groups. My first week in Kuala Lumpur, I mostly just got acquainted with the area. The Bishop drove me up into the hills to stay at a bungalow used as a retreat by the American missionaries to Malaysia. It was the last place the missionaries handed over to the Malaysian Church and it is in a beautiful spot. The Bishop is a wonderful man and we had a great chat during the three plus hour drive. In the morning, we attended a cultural event for the original people of the area - the Orang Asli. They now have their first Orang Asli pastor who also happens to be a woman.

The next Sunday, I preached at two Lutheran churches in the morning and an Anglican church in the evening. I love to preach, so that was no problem, but I was a little tired after being kept awake the night before by the guard dog named Grumpy and his barking. I did get a nap in the afternoon, so that helped. After that, I had a week of teaching five out of six days. Four of those days were eight hours straight. And it was just me doing all the talking, so no time to sit back and gather my thoughts. The one day I didn't teach was spent traveling by train to Penang - a trip that took little over seven hours - to teach a class at a training center there. While I was there, I went to the massage school there on the campus and had a sixty minute foot massage. Mostly it felt good, but the bottom of the foot is pretty sensitive. We took the bus back to Kuala Lumpur which turned out to be faster and more convenient than the train, but there was no bathroom and no food!

That next Sunday I only preached at one church, but I needed to be rescued before I could go there. Grumpy the guard dog was on a chain that was just a little too long and I didn't want to lose a chunk of me when I walked by him!

I also visited Assunta Hospital to meet with the palliative care team there. It's a small team but they are very eager to learn more. I hope to be able to arrange an ELNEC course for them - that stands for End of Life Nursing Education Consortium. The course is an intensive three days of learning about palliative care and learning how to teach this to others. I hope this can happen in Malaysia.

Then I flew to Kota Kinabalu. It's a two and a half hour flight, and I was lucky and got to sit in the emergency row with no one beside me and no one in front of me, so no one could recline into my lap. I always feel like I ought to be giving the reclining person a head massage or a shampoo! The airline had free newspapers at the door of the plane and so I took one. It turned out to be in Bahasa, the language of Malaysia. The Muslim woman sitting across from me asked, "Do you read Bahasa?" She then offered to trade papers with me - hers was in English.

My workshop/seminars were held first at the Anglican Cathedral and then in a nice, new building at the seminary. Since the workshop runs all day and into the evening, there are two long breaks and they gave me a "rest room" to use complete with a big basket of fruit. There were dragon fruit, star fruit, mangoes, apples, pears, grapes, bananas, and some oranges and I was told I should finish all of it before the workshop was over! There were about 50 clergy and full time church workers in the group and it went well even though that is really

too large a group to have sufficient participation. But I was glad so many were being exposed to the concepts. I used a movie called "Wit" as part of the process. My next two groups, at the seminary, were a lot smaller - just seven people each - but the 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. schedule was very long even with breaks to work relax and get off my feet.

Once my week of classes was over, I spent a lot of time with the palliative care team, seeing patients with them. I met the Bishop of the Basel Church there and had tea with him. It turned out that he had spent many years in Minnesota where I come from and had even driven through my hometown of Milaca!

I'll be in Kota Kinabalu until October 20th, working with the palliative care team and doing some informal teaching. Keep me in your prayers along with all the patients who are receiving palliative care here. Thanks you for your support! Peace, John