



Greg & Michelle  
**WINDELL**  
Missionaries in Kenya



**The saddest thing:** Years ago, a missionary attended a funeral for a Muslim and told me it was the saddest funeral he ever witnessed. As you would expect, the dead was eulogized. People talked about how he was good to his family, friends and the people with whom he worked. Religiously, he tried to keep the five pillars of Islam: 1) Recite with faith the Witness, "There is only one God, Allah, and Mohammed is His Prophet!"; 2) Pay alms to the poor; 3) Pray five times daily at the proper times and attend worship at the Mosque on Fridays; 4) Observe the Ramadhan fast from moon to moon; 5) If possible, attend the worship in Mecca at least once in a lifetime.

It is clear to a Christian that Islam is a religion of man's works and not God's grace, and the funeral was true to their faith. While there was much testimony of the dead's good work, there was no expressed hope or confidence of his being in Paradise. How could they? Working one's way to Paradise doesn't produce confidence nor real, solid hope. His family and friends are left with a terrifying unknown.

I have been working with Pastor Jared Kidali and his church teaching Sunday School and preaching the worship service once a month. This guy is serious about teaching his people the Bible and I love him. This past year he was bringing his wife Joyce to my place so we could go through a study of Daniel and Revelation. The studies continued beyond that, until Joyce was having too much difficulty traveling, because she was pregnant and near the due date.

Sunday morning, Michelle and I were talking to Joyce about the delivery and new baby with great anticipation. A few days later we got the awful news. The umbilical cord was tangled around the baby's neck and he died in delivery.



We took the Kidalis from the mortuary to the burial site out in the country. It was a joy to see a number of my Bible school students ministering that day. After the little coffin was lowered, Pastor Nyalala gave an excellent message from John 9. A man brought a shovel full of dirt to Mrs. Kidali. She scooped as much as she could in her two hands cupped together. She paused looking at the dirt in her hand and the coffin below as if gravity became heavier, and then, with loving care, poured the dirt. I remembered that Jesus wept. **Please pray for the Kidalis.** They are friends to us. We love them.

**Thank you very much for lifting us up in prayer and continuing your faithful support in these challenging times.**

Greg & Michelle Windell