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Happy 2025!

The 2025 school year is off to a great start! A new student joined my class this month, so I'm up to 4 sixth graders. It's wonderful having an even number of kids; now I can assign partner work.

Our units for the month of January include note-taking, summary writing, creation science, African social studies, the early church, and probability.

At the end of the month we will have a 2-week JLS (joint learning session), where homeschoolers are welcomed to join the school. My class will become a grade 5-6 split with 7 students. We will study autobiographies, graphs & data, cells & microscopes, map skills, Paul's first missionary journey, and swimming lessons.



In music class this year, I've been teaching the whole school (K-6) about the instruments of the orchestra. Recently, I've befriended the music teacher over at the missionary highschool, and was able to borrow a violin and a trumpet so that the kids can actually touch the instruments we're learning about! We're also learning how to read rhythmic notation, and the kids are improving so much!

Christmas Adventure

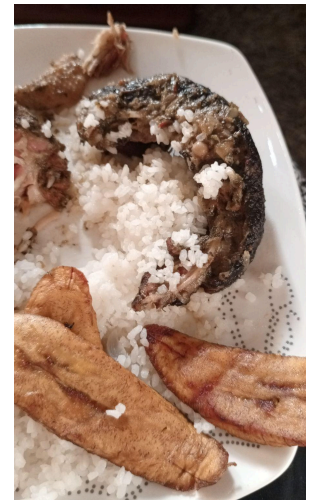


For Christmas break, I travelled back up north to Ngaoundere, where I lived last year. I went to visit Tim and Erin Schule; LBT US missionaries who moved to the country this fall. I had a wonderful time there, full of relaxing, movie nights, swimming, and karaoke, but let me tell you: the journey was an adventure.

The morning I was scheduled to fly out I made it to the airport in plenty of time. When I reached the check-in desk, I was told in broken English that it wasn't time to check in yet, so I should wait until an announcement comes over the loudspeakers. After around four hours of waiting to no avail, I get up to ask when the flight will be. I am told that there is no flight today—it's been moved to tomorrow; surprise! Oh well, this is not uncommon with this particular airline. I confirmed with the ticket office the new time of the next day's flight, then headed back home to decompress.

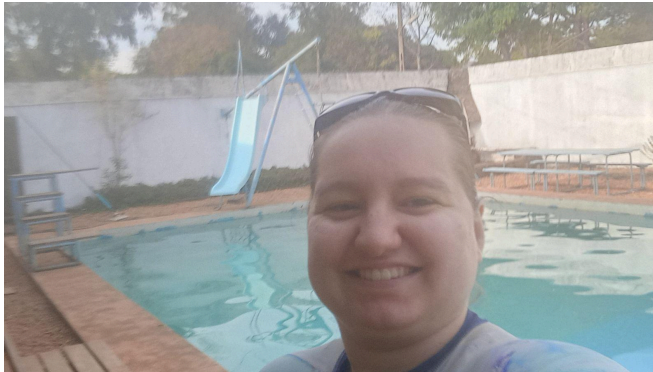
My flight the next day went smoothly. The Schultes picked me up from the airport and we proceeded to have a wonderful Christmas. We went to their church Christmas morning, and during the service there were 17 baptisms and 13 confirmations. The following Sunday we went to my old church, Cross and Crown, where it was exciting to reunite with people I knew.

We were also invited to the homes of 2 different Cameroonian families, where we practiced using our French and ate delicious food. I even ate *boa constrictor* for the first time! I was nervous, but it was actually delicious. Once you pried the meat from between the skin and the bones, it kind of reminded me of chicken.



The day before I was scheduled to fly home I called the airline to confirm my flight, not wanting a repeat of last time. Instead, the person on the phone told me that my flight had been moved—to 30 minutes away! We threw everything in my suitcase, rushed across town, and got me through security just in time... to be told that the flight was delayed from Libreville (Gabon) 3 hours due to weather. *Oh well*, I thought, *I've got a book, and this isn't so unusual*. Once I got on the plane, the flight went smoothly, until they announced that we were about to land, not in Yaounde, but in Douala!

So I spent several hours sitting in the Douala airport. Thankfully, there were a couple of electric plugs where I could charge my phone, toilet seats on the toilets, and soap in the bathroom: fancy by Cameroon standards. No one else on my flight seems to know what is going on either. Eventually I asked the staff if they had any idea when we can get on the plane, and it turns out it hasn't even taken off from Libreville yet! Then the power goes out and we're plunged into darkness. I full-on belly laughed, in the dark, in a room full of strangers. It was one of those if-you-don't-laugh-you'll-cry moments. Shortly afterwards, the airline said they were worried they had overbooked the flight and there might not be space for everyone!



Finally, the plane arrived, and we all made it on with a couple seats to spare. As I sat down, I realized that this was the *exact same plane* I had been on that morning—the armrest was taped together so it was easy to identify. The plane had gone: Libreville → Ngaoundéré → Douala → Libreville → Douala → Yaoundé.

But in the end, I did make it safely home with all my luggage. Next time, though? I'm taking the train.

Prayer Requests

- Thanksgiving that my eyes are finally feeling better
- Pray for my new student and her siblings as they settle in
- Praise God for all the work that my students' parents are doing in various areas of the mission field
- Pray that God will continue to supply me with wisdom, patience, creativity, and energy to shape these young minds entrusted to me
- Thank God for people like you who support me through prayer and finances to complete this work—without you, it would be impossible!

