

"Hey Kids, Let's Talk!"

Do you have a comment or question about something you read in this issue or about missions in general?

Email me, GCK at
GCKids@worldteam.org

Or you can send a letter to:
GC Kids - Let's Talk
1431 Stuckert Rd
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By Linda Dingeldein

Gc KIDS

is for the Christian child who has been taught missions and who displays an interest in worldwide evangelization. We aim to encourage this child to keep a mission vision alive through childhood, and to consider missions as a career. Target age is 9-13, but with adult help **Gc Kids** may also be useful for a younger child. Older readers are welcome too.

This quarterly publication is mailed free to individual children or adult leaders of children.

For **suggestions, ideas or submissions**, send postal mail via the address below or email elinor.young@worldteam.org.

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Issue 5: MK Life in the Philippines

About Being An MK

"MK" is short for Missionary's Kid, sometimes also called TCK or Third Culture Kid.

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to live most of your life in another country where everyone speaks a different language, eats different food and does things in different ways from what you are used to?

It isn't always excitement and adventure. Missionary parents sometimes have difficult decisions to make regarding their children. Choices about school can mean hard things like separation from family for months at a time.

But being an MK also means having wonderful experiences not possible anywhere else. This issue of GC Kids will help you to be able to pray better for MKs and their parents.

Suggested further reading:
Additional writings by MKs at www.mknet.org/writers_edge.htm



Heather, Joel and Kristi Douglas in a guava tree in the Philippines

Dorm Life By Heather Douglas

I love being an MK. I think that there is no better way to grow up than overseas while your parents are missionaries. You get such a bigger view of the world and have so many unique experiences. But even though I love being an MK, there are some things about it I do not like.

One is sometimes leaving the Philippines to go to North America where basically all I do is meet new people and new schools where I'm the 'new kid.' I hate trying to fit into North American culture.

But most of all, here in the Philippines, I don't like going to boarding school. Last year, my freshman year at Faith Academy in

Manila, for the first time I left my home and family to live with a bunch of other girls I didn't even know. I had to try to fit in to the new culture, for though the kids at Faith were also MKs, they were far different from the ones I was used to. Also I was hit hard with a full load of homework. Not having my parents to help me with it made it even more difficult.

I had an easier time fitting into the dorm. I quickly began to feel comfortable there and make some friends. There were 15 girls in the dorm, plus two of the dorm parents' kids.

For the first little bit I wasn't very homesick. I was experiencing new things and meeting new people. I was very busy with piano and school work.

But eventually I felt an ever present longing to go home. During the first quarter my Mom and sister came to visit, but soon they had to leave, and returning to the dorm was so hard. Not long

after that I had my 15th birthday without my family. That night, for the first time, I cried myself to sleep.

You might think, from the sound of this, that living in a dorm is absolutely miserable. It isn't. It's just that being home is so much better. I'm OK with living in the dorm. I've learned to study without my parents and have made friends at school. But I always wait excitedly for my once a week call from my parents.

People keep telling me that later I'll look back at my dorm years and remember how good they were. Well, maybe I will. But I know that I'll remember my breaks at home with my family as some of the best times in my life. ■



Heather in her dorm room

I Survived Batad

By Kristy Douglas

We went on a vacation trip to the village of Batad where my dad used to be a missionary when he was single. It is famous for its rice terraces, the eighth man-made wonder of the world. On the mountain the Ifugaos, a native tribe, cut

out giant-like steps, terraces, and planted rice on them. It is very beautiful. There are so many terraces that if you strung them end to end, they would encircle the globe—20,000 miles' worth!

To get there, we had to take a long hike into Batad

The Great Commission

When the apostle Paul became a Christian, God told Paul that he would preach the Gospel to many kinds of people and should expect some hard times doing it. (See Acts 9:3-22.) Paul became the greatest missionary of the New Testament church. He planted churches in Turkey, Greece and other places that had not heard about Jesus. One of those new churches was in Corinth, Greece. One day Paul wrote them a letter. He said,

“But we have this treasure in jars of clay to show that this all-surpassing power is from God and not from us,” 2 Corinthians 4:7

What is the “treasure” Paul was talking about? For the answer, read 2 Cor. 4:6

What did Paul mean by “jars of clay?” For the answer, read 2 Cor. 4:7-10 and especially notice a word he uses twice in verse ten.

The work in Thessalonica had been hard, too, but after some people there became Christians, Paul wrote to that new church, “You are our glory and joy.” (1 Thess. 2:20)

True or False:

- Paul found that all the hardships of being a missionary are worth it because of the joy — the joy of seeing people who haven't heard of Jesus before become His children. _____



Think About It

Think about Heather and Kristy's stories. What are some of the hard and some of the

fun things about being missionaries' children?

Hard: _____

Fun: _____

What can you pray, for missionary children and their parents?

Philippines



The Philippines is a nation of more than 7,000 islands, located 500 miles from mainland Asia.

The flag of the Philippines was first designed in 1897. The sun stands for liberty.



Capital city: Manila
Main languages: Filipino, English
Main religion: Roman Catholic

Did you know?

One type of orchid in the Philippines, the waling-waling of Davao, blooms only one time a year.



Farmers in the Philippines grow corn, bananas, coconuts and rice. Abaca is a banana-like plant whose trunks are ripped lengthwise to make rope.



Philippine wildlife includes: water buffalo, wild pig, leopard cat, monkey, mouse deer, squirrel, porcupine and skunk.

TO DO:

Island hop - put the island words in the correct order to read this verse from Psalms 97:1.

earth⁵ be⁶ reigns³ let the⁸
 Lord² glad⁷ shores¹⁰
 distant⁹ rejoice¹¹
 let the⁴ The¹

Answer (hold up like a mirror): "The Lord reigns; let the earth praise Him." "The Lord is glad; let the shores rejoice." "Let the earth praise the Lord; let the waters praise His name."

P Pray the churches in the Philippines can reach out to those who need to hear about Jesus.

r

a

y

f **Philippines**

O Pray that missionary kids will adjust to all the cultures they live in, whether in the Philippines or in their "home" countries.

r

This "Fun Facts" page was prepared in cooperation with Free Methodist World Missions, www.fmw.org. The original was obtained from www.fmw.org/resources/index/children_resources.php#fun Check there for similar pages about other countries.

You Know You're An Mk When...

- You can't answer the question, "Where are you from?"
- You speak two languages, but can't spell in either.
- You watch National Geographic specials and recognize someone.
- The majority of your friends never spoke English.
- You speak with authority on the quality of airline travel.

By Andrew and Deborah Kerr. See more at <http://members.kconline.com/kerr/mk.htm>

carrying our heavy backpacks. We hiked up the mountain and then had to hike all the way down again. After about two hours we finally made it! We were exhausted.

The place where we were staying had no electricity except solar panels used at night. Each bedroom had a window, two beds, a table and chair, and a candle. The bathrooms were outside with the showers. At night it was so freezing cold that we all had to put on a jacket. And you know that if you put on a jacket in the Philippines it is cold! That night Dad went to prayer meeting at the church – the first church built for the Ifugaos. This is where the New Testament was translated into the Ifugao language and now my dad is helping translate the Old Testament.

In the morning we borrowed some walking sticks and hired a guide to take us to the waterfall. We had to walk on the skinny walls of the rice terraces. The last bit of the hike was the most frightening. Some other tourists fell and died there, and I can see why. There was no railing and the very steep steps went straight down. If you trip...never mind...I won't go into that. Just believe me, it was scary. But we made it through alive. We arrived at the waterfall and it was a pretty sight! As soon as we got there we went swimming. It felt good. There was a rock we swam to and

jumped off into the deep, inky-black, ice cold water. There were humongous rocks and half the fun was climbing all over them.

We hiked back in our wet clothes and made it back to our "house" exhausted.

The next morning we left. We hiked all the way uphill to the top of the mountain. It was so much harder than it was coming down. We waited there for a jeep ride. It was so scary



going down the mountain I wish we had walked instead. The road had ditches so the jeep was tilting to one side. If we were tilted any more we would be rolling down the side of the mountain. My hands got sore holding on so tight to the side of the jeep. I kept praying. My dad told me a story about some of his Ifugao friends who were in a jeep and it rolled off that road. That was not helpful!!! It fell down the mountainside and got stuck in some trees, but thankfully all survived.

We did make it and I am thankful to be alive to tell my story. Although it was a very dangerous trip, I am so glad I went. The Lord helped me get through it. I hope He will let me live through another trip there sometime. I am proud to say that I survived Batad! ■