



# Jensen Missions

Tanzania, East Africa

March 2009



## THE RIGHT TOOL CAN MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

Have you every needed to make a repair, and you reached for something to use as a tool? Maybe there was a loose handle on some pot or drawer, and you tried to use a kitchen knife as a screwdriver! Now be honest! We have all used something in a way it was not intended. But think how much more efficient can you be when you have the right tool for the job.

Here in Africa, the reality is poor to pitiful roads. Just ask a missionary when they last changed a broken shock on their vehicle. I have helped other missionaries change many since I have been here. The vehicles take a severe beating. A vehicle is the missionaries "life-line." We can cope when the

power goes out, we can take a shower in a trickle of water when there is no water pressure, but when a vehicle gives out – we go nowhere!

We were blessed that we were in a Land Cruiser Hard Top when the Greyhound-size bus hit us from behind. The high steel top was crushed down, but we all walked away from the accident. Also, before the accident, the rugged bare bones four wheel drive got us in and out of many difficult places. The three major considerations we have in choosing a replacement are: (1) **Safety**, (2) **Dependability**, and (3) **Ability**. The vehicle must be safe, it must be dependable, and it must have the ability to get us through small streams, over rocks and other obstacles, and through muddy bogs and ruts. Here the right tool for the job can mean the difference in going or not going at all.

Our insurance coverage is going to pay some. But the cost of a vehicle has jumped drastically in the last two years. We have a goal to raise **\$17,000**. We are so thankful to each of you for your ongoing support of our work. We also have heard the news of the economic situation in America – many are feeling the crunch. Therefore, we understand that many of you cannot help beyond what you are already doing. We are thankful to the Samford family for loaning us their vehicle while they are back in the states on furlough.

If you are able to help with our vehicle fund, please include a memo with your donation, indicating it is for our vehicle fund, and send to:

**Jensen Missions**  
**c/o Dyer church of Christ**  
**P.O. Box 41**  
**Dyer, AR 72935**

## Sharpening Our Focus

On the one hand, it hardly seems possible that we have been living in Tanzania for two years! On the other, Africa has truly become home to us, and we are accustomed to life as it is here. These two years have provided many opportunities for us to learn and serve. We have prayerfully and carefully tried to make honest assessment of our fruitfulness.

Training and equipping men to preach the gospel is the Evangelist's "great commission." The "things which thou has heard from me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also" (2 Timothy 2:2). Two points deserve mention about training native men to preach. First, these men will be able to go forth and freely teach their fellows in their native tongue. They also are able to understand the cultural norms which we often have difficulty learning and understanding. Second, each group we train will have a multiplied potential to reach more than I could ever reach by myself alone. We must have wise long-term vision for the growth of the kingdom, and not be shortsighted.

Having lived in Moshi, I have been restricted by distance to teaching fewer classes at the Andrew Connally School of Preaching. I have a passion for teaching, and am convinced, as stated above, of the great good that can be done with the School. Therefore, I want to sharpen my focus, and give more attention to teaching at the School. Therefore, we will be moving to the Arusha area. This move will eliminate the 90 kilometer commute one way, which I have had between Moshi and Kisongo. Our supporters are aware of the vehicle accident we had, and will therefore understand our desire to diminish the required driving where possible.

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Another great need is in the area of literature. There is such a lack of printed materials in the Swahili language, which is written at the appropriate level and with the necessary content. This also requires a forward-looking vision of what can be accomplished. Small bush congregations are just thirsty for lessons which they can use to teach during Bible study sessions and lesson materials for sermons. Many of you are aware of the evangelism booklet we have produced which is a teaching tool for non-Christians. It has been well received by brethren here and back in the states. We would like to prepare a follow up booklet which can help babes in Christ grow toward maturity. Joy also has an interest in writing which will fill a need for Christian sisters. Ladies have proved to be zealous workers here in Tanzania, and equipping them with good material will just accelerate their fruitfulness. Therefore, we want to sharpen our focus in the area of writing and producing key teaching tools.

Our move to the Arusha area will bring us closer to ACSOP, it will bring us closer to more able translators, and it will bring us closer to some printing facilities. Please pray for the whole Jensen team as we transition to a new home. **GJ**



## MARKET DAY

by Julia Jensen

Old women shrouded in ragged cloth sit on their heels as they tend neat piles of produce for sale at the edge of the road. Young boys jingle coins as they walk, attracting attention to the peanuts and cigarettes they sell out of a handmade basket. A diesel truck loaded with bananas and men rumbles by, stirring up a cloud of dust and choking the air with its fumes. This is the scene that would greet you were you to visit the market in Moshi, the African town in which I live. This is not your hometown mall. There are no polished floors, sales

associates or convenient restrooms. This is Africa on market day; where things are real and raw. You may get dirty at the market, but you can see things for what they are, whether good or bad.

If you wish to enter the market itself, you must first wind your way through the crowds of busy people which surround it. Trucks of all shapes and sizes swarm the street; men grunt and sweat under the burning sun as they push carts piled high with pineapples, oranges, or sugar cane. Women hurry by, gracefully balancing all kinds of burdens on their heads: buckets of water, baskets of fruit, and bundles of wood. Make your way safely across the street, and you will see rows of vendors squatting at the curb, or sitting with legs outstretched, trying to sell tomatoes and onions, potatoes and pineapples. All have nearly identical goods to offer, and all beg you to buy from their pile. The more aggressive sellers shout "Onions!" and "Peppahs" to attract attention and advertise their wares. "Goody yafternoon!" and "Hello madam!" can be heard through the sounds of the street mixed with the roar of a hundred voices speaking Swahili blended together.

As you cross the sidewalk and go through the opening in a crumbling wall, you enter into the interior section of the market. Here, scraps of board and shredded tarp are tied and nailed together to form small booths. Puffs of dust rise under your feet as you walk along the rows of fruit and vegetable stands, trying not to step in the many piles of banana and avocado peels and puddles of unidentified liquid fermenting on the ground. Your nose is assaulted by a mixture of odors: fresh tropical fruit, rotting garbage, musty dampness, sharp body odor, dust and dirt. Fruit and vegetables are stacked neatly into pyramids; piles of plastic bowls and pots are here for sale; there are burlap sacks full of peas and beans - brown and red and green. Old, dry fish are lying out in the sun, their biting stench overpowering everything else and causing your stomach to tighten uncomfortably until a breeze blows through and eases the intensity.

Further inside, there are thinner crowds and it is easier to notice individuals. There are old men and women with quiet, wrinkled faces sitting on stools, watching as children play here and there - pointing at you and smiling and chattering about you with their friends. There is a young woman with a baby tied onto her back, selling hand-carved ebony bowls as shiny and black as her own smooth face. A young man sits on a mound of shavings as he carves a wooden spoon with rough, calloused hands. There are all types of people in the market: from the thieves and scoundrels to the honest and hardworking. Many may look at you curiously or suspiciously, laughing or frowning, but a smile and a simple greeting in their own language will almost certainly bring an instant smile from anyone you meet. A single word of respect to the elderly will cause dark faces to brighten, and a cheerful hello to the young will elicit shy smiles and playful expressions.

I realize there is a place for the gleaming floors and glass windows of a mall, but there is also something to be said for a place where things are not attractively wrapped, polished or painted to lure you to buy. There is something comforting about a day in which everything is laid out, the beautifully ripe as well as the rotten, there for you to make what you will of it. That's real... that is a market day in Africa.

### **Contributions May Be Sent To:**

Jensen Mission Fund  
P.O. Box 41  
Dyer, AR 72935

### **WEBSITES AND BLOGS**

[www.jensenmissions.com](http://www.jensenmissions.com)  
[www.mytb.org/George-and-Joy](http://www.mytb.org/George-and-Joy)  
[www.journey-with-joy.com](http://www.journey-with-joy.com)  
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