



THE ROBINSONS

Missionaries To Malawi Africa



**DAVID, JENNIE, JOSHUA, REBEKAH
GRACE, JUSTUS, CHARITY, HOPE**

Greetings and Blessings in 2021,

Psalms 103:2 Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ. I trust this letter finds you well and still serving the Lord in all sincerity and truth. Looking back over the year of 2020, I see a lot of challenges. Some old and definitely some new, but more so than any challenges, I see the countless blessings of God's goodness towards my family and I. Many thanks to all of you who have been part of those blessings and for all of you who sent something extra over the holidays. God bless you for your kindness.

Like many of you, we have experienced "changes of plans" and "delays" in our work throughout 2020, but BY THE GRACE OF GOD these things have not caused us to despair. One of the "lessons" God saw fit to teach me many years ago is the lesson of ever changing "plans".

I remember how difficult it was to adapt to changing circumstances when I first got to Malawi. When the normal circumstances I had always been accustomed to were no longer available, trying to actually accomplish anything seemed to be nearly impossible. I quickly found out that in a foreign country things as simple as finding a way to buy milk for the kids bottles or just find soap for laundry were a genuine challenge. I could barely believe that just prior to leaving the USA I had owned a construction company doing remodels, new house builds, and any other construction related services, all of which required the ability to "get-er-done". Being a "newby" in Malawi was incredibly humiliating because I went from being able to assess, estimate, plan, coordinate, and execute very challenging jobs, to feeling like I didn't even know how to tie my own shoes!

At some point early on there, I had finally put together a plan to go and do an outreach in one of the villages. Having jumped through all the necessary hoops, the logistics were finally done. Transportation was figured out, speakers and equipment were figured out, an interpreter was coordinated, tracts were packed, Bibles were ready, the sermon was prepared, souls had been prayed for, banners were printed, meeting location was set, permission was obtained from the chief etc etc etc. I felt like my efforts would pay off and I was excited to see what would happen. What happened was exactly what would happen many times since. ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! As soon as we had arrived we were greeted and welcomed very pleasantly only to be informed that someone two villages away had died that morning. The interpreter told me of the loss and I remember feeling sorry for the family and fully expected there to be some setbacks for them. The Malawians who were with me, began to offer condolences and then started back to the truck to return home. Almost expressionlessly, they interpreted to me that the village does not want to

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offend the neighboring village by “hosting an event” while others are grieving. We would not be holding the evangelism outreach. WHAT??? What about lost souls? What about the plans? What about all my hard work? Did they know what kind of difficulties I had undergone to prepare and plan this? Where was the Lord in THIS? It seemed that nobody cared except me. The main reason that no one seemed to care is because... no one cared except me. I was desperately disappointed and frustrated. As I drove two hours back towards home I was not only frustrated about the canceled evangelism but furthermore, I was disappointed that there wasn't even anyone to be disappointed with me. After a good spell of mully grubbing I concluded that I had to simply trust the Lord with it. There was nothing to do but “suck it up buttercup”. I wish I could say that someone got saved on the way home or that some other great thing happened, but as far as I know that was not the case on that trip.

Although I would face many as equally, and even far more disappointing situations in the years to come, I realized that the Lord is aware of our circumstances and is still in perfect control. This applies even when the authorities we are subject to make decisions that may hinder folks from getting saved. Disappointments and changes of plans had to become part of everyday life if I were going to live and minister in Malawi. After a while I learned that it was absolutely a miracle when ANYTHING actually happened according to plan. Fluid is the name of the game in most places around the world and I believe God is giving wisdom to pastors all over the USA who are having to roll with the punches.

Over the years in Malawi we learned to focus on what COULD be done and NOT on what could NOT be done. The Lord himself has blessed this focus and even though we have not been able to do as much as I wish we could have, I have learned to stand in awe at what HAS HAPPENED for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ among the Malawian people.

From Malawi, reports continue to compile of more people getting saved & baptized. More precious converts being discipled and more blessed church services. We thank the Lord for this, and we ask you all to join us in prayer for those who have recently been saved. You never know what the Lord can do with someone who not only receives the Lord, but also walks in a new life of faith.

A few months ago we saw the doors of Malawi temporarily close as the whole world went into “lockdown”. We had positioned ourselves for a plan to return to the field when we had to, yet again, face the facts that our plans would need to change. The US Department of State who is responsible to process US Passports shut down nearly all of their processing offices entrapping three of our children's passports. Thanks to your prayers we have received all of the passports and are planning to return to the field in March. Please pray for provision and logistics for our trip over.

Thank you to all who have been praying for my daughter Rebekah. She had an accident while playing volleyball and broke her femur. The break was unique in that it broke very near to the knee joint. She ended up having to go in for a somewhat complex surgery to put it back together. Please pray she would recover fully and that she would be able to walk well again by the time we are ready to leave in March. The 40+ hour trip is daunting even without injury so please pray for her to recover well. The rest of the family is doing well, but we are all restless and ready to get back “home”. I cannot tell you how thankful I am to serve the Lord with such a great crew. They are all amazing little people and are each growing in the Lord at their own pace. Please pray that their hearts would be tender towards the Lord, and that God will give Jennie and I the grace and wisdom to raise them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord as we ought.

Finally, Please pray for Asher, Rebecca, Cara, David, Fauna, Demetrius, Christina, Brian, Naomi, Ronda, and the many others Jennie and I have had the opportunity to be a witness to recently. We can sow the seed, but only the Lord can show these folks their need for the truth of the gospel. It seems that there is such incredible hardness to the gospel in these last days, but there is still a chance for us to witness and there are still people getting saved. May the Lord help us to be found as faithful witnesses right up to the day of his coming.