

**News from  
the ministry  
of  
Russell and  
Carla Frazier**



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CHURCH OF THE  
NAZARENE

## Ndogo and Other Small Things

Today, Carla and I set out for the town nearest to campus, Ongata Rongi. The charge on my watch battery ran out. I finally found a kiosk whose owner assured me that he could replace the battery. He made several attempts to remove the back of the watch; I decided that I might be making him nervous, looking over him and left the watch with him while we went to get something to eat. After our meal, I returned to the shop. My friend informed me, "It failed to open..."

So, unwilling to give up (I know my personality is showing!), I crossed the busy street dodging busses, vans, bicycles, donkeys pulling carts, and pedestrians and made my way to the grocery store where I had left Carla to do her grocery shopping. Inside, I found another small counter, a separate business from the grocery store, and I asked the young ladies if they could help me replace my battery. Again, they struggled to remove the back of the watch. In the process of removing and replacing the back of the watch, I heard several Swahili words that I recognized from our previous service in central Africa. I felt impervious and asked the ladies their meaning. "What is the meaning of *ndogo* (pronounced: "in dough go")?" I asked. "Small," one of the young

ladies said. After paying for the watch battery, I moved on to helping Carla. But this word *ndogo* has me thinking about small things.

As a matter of fact, it has reminded me of a promise that I made when Carla and I began this seemingly impossible challenge of raising funds to return to Africa. I made the Lord a promise. I promised the Lord that I would walk through any door He opened for us. The size of the congregation didn't matter. The potential or promise didn't matter. It wasn't the size of the offering or the prestige of the pastor or anticipated size of the congregation. I promised that I'd be obedient... obedient to His open door. Let me share with you about one of those open doors.

The church was located about an hour and a half from where we were staying. We had been forewarned that the pastor was concerned about the sparse attendance and not to anticipate a good offering, if any. When we arrived, we were welcomed into the pastor's home and had great fellowship with the pastor and his family. We had great fellowship with them! They had served previously as volunteer missionaries, and we felt right at home. When service time came, the same group around the pastor's table was about the same group at the church for the

service: the pastor's family and two other young men (plus one at the church). We drove back home... our wallet wasn't any fuller, but our hearts were.

Just a few weeks later, I received a phone call. The voice on the other end identified himself as the pastor of that church. He said, "Russ, I just wanted to call and thank you for coming to our church. I know that we lacked in attendance and offering, but God used your ministry. One of the young men present at the church that night received a call to missions! Thank you for coming!" The pastor's words were a tremendous boost to me.

I am reminded of the prophecy of Zechariah: "Who dares despise the day of small things...?" (Zech. 4:10). It doesn't matter how discouraging the beginnings may be, it is the power of the Spirit of God which ensures Zerubbabel's success... and your's and mine! I now have a mnemonic device for remembering the Swahili word "ndogo." It is "in do go" – in the door go. That is, my prayer is this: "Lord, I'll go through any door you open... no matter how small it may seem. If you open it, do not let me judge the opportunity for its potential or lack thereof. Let me simply walk through it." Let me obey... simply obey!

**"I thank my God every time I remember you. In all my prayers for all of you, I always pray with joy because of your partnership in the gospel from the first day until now." - Philippians 1:3-5 NIV**

## Student Spotlight: Elizabeth



*Elizabeth Anger Mabor*

*“My country is very poor, but I want to help to change it. I want to go back to my country and make a difference!”*

“Behold, the eye of the LORD is on those who fear him, on those who hope in his steadfast love, that he may deliver their soul from death and keep them alive in famine” (Psalm 33:18-19).

Meet Elizabeth Anger Mabor, 26, a senior in the International Business Management degree program and a student in one of my classes. She is from South Sudan. She is married and has two girls, 7 and 3 years of age.

Elizabeth began her studies at ANU in 2011. She had to drop out of the program for two trimesters due to financial difficulties. Her husband, who stayed in Sudan, supports neither her nor her children. Her mother, a midwife in the economically impoverished country of her birth, supports Elizabeth.

I met Elizabeth after class a few weeks ago. She related a little about her circumstances. I asked questions. Within a few minutes, I could tell that she was fired with passion: “It is difficult not to have the support of my husband. His family does not want him to be with me. They tell him that I have found another man there in Kenya, but I have not. He doesn’t give me any sup-

port. However, I cannot give up! I want my daughters to have better educational opportunities than I have had. My country is very poor, but I want to help to change it. I want to go back to my country and make a difference!”

I knew that there must be more to her story. So, I made time to listen to her story on Wednesday. She and I had the chance to sit down and talk at length. I discovered the clincher! I found the source of her motivation and determination! Here is the story of the source of her passion.

When Elizabeth was born, she had a twin sister. She and her twin, Rebecca Achien, were very close as twins often are. They did everything together; they were together all the time. Fortunately for Elizabeth, they were not together on a fateful day in 2005. A man in the town where they lived pulled the pin on a grenade, and it exploded killing not only the man, but also Elizabeth’s twin sister. As Elizabeth spoke, tears welled

up in my eyes and streamed down my cheeks... but in spite of my tears, I could see clearly the faraway look in her eyes as she spoke of her twin. The faraway look did not last long... those eyes quickly became very determined once again. Despite the absence of support from her husband, despite the meager support from her family, despite the lack of moral support, and despite the prospects of getting a good paying job in her country upon her return, Elizabeth is determined.... determined to make it regardless of the odds against her!

After finishing school in April, Elizabeth plans to return to her country to fulfill her dreams. What are her plans? She wants to return to her country, and she plans to build a school to be named in memory of her sister, the Rebecca Achien School. She wants to provide for her family and for the impoverished children of South Sudan. I don’t know about you... but I believe she will make it!

## Prayer Requests

- Pray for us as we continue to adjust to our roles, Russ in teaching and other responsibilities and Carla in the finance office.
- Pray for our children and family in the States.
- Pray for us as we make many new adjustments to living in Kenya and relating to our brothers and sisters in Christ (and beyond).
- Pray that God will continue to supply all of our needs for our ministry here.
- Pray for the students attending ANU for whom English is not their first language. We feel this need deeply for some of our students from French speaking Africa.