

Anthology

in celebration of

ten years in south asia

eMi² *How did it begin?*



Established in 1998, the “India Office” became the first overseas office for Engineering Ministries International (EMI) as well as a home to over 100 staff and interns. Some of their unique stories are contained within these pages. But how God has worked over the years in the life of my family is not so unique. In fact, a clear pattern has emerged. I will attempt to share both the unique story and the common pattern. And I dare say that you will see the pattern repeated in many of the stories that follow.



October 2000
Ludhiana, Punjab

These are proving to be some of the richest days of my life. One of my favorite things about my tenure with eMi² in Mussoorie is working with young engineers and architects. Wes Morgan from Oregon is an outstanding young man to work with. We saw some interesting stuff together—including some construction in Uttarkashi that was less than ideal from our viewpoint as structural engineers. And I won't soon forget the time Wes and I were interviewing an engineer in Ludhiana, Punjab. I was explaining why we were concerned with seismic details for a 4-story building for Operation Agape. It was tough to convince the guy, and I don't think I ever really did. But that's all beside the point and just sets the stage for Wes' actions becoming a permanent part of my ever fading memory...

After our meeting, the engineer offered to take Wes and I to meet a Sikh guru—a man considered a god by those of the Sikh religion. We had to cover our heads to enter the place. We were taken to the room where the man was bedridden with a back injury. We listened as he spoke and queried him about his injury. Before we left, Wes asked the guru if he could pray for him. "Ok," I thought, "That's pretty cool. Nice try Wes, but this guy's not gonna let a Christian pray for him." Well,

as so often
happens on eMi² projects, the unexpected occurred.

The guru said it was ok. So Wes proceeded to climb upon the Sikh guru's bed, get on his knees, place his hand on the man, and pray for him in Jesus' name. Now that's something you don't see every day—a young American Christian praying over a Sikh god. But eMi² isn't your everyday experience either, is it?

—Tim Huff, P.E.

VOLUNTEER STRUCTURAL ENGINEER, '00

October, 2005

Chennai, Tamil Nadu

At a time when Little Flock needed someone to design and develop a plan for the Children's Home, God led us to Bruce Logan an architect from Napa who had served with EMI in the past. He connected us with the Colorado office and while I was on my trip to Chennai, providentially Matthew and Sarah from eMi² were going to be there at the same guesthouse on their way to Ongole. My meeting with them was very encouraging as they took a look at the land and some plans and began giving guidance on what can be done with 8 acres of land.

In just a few months from my initial meeting a team was put together for the design and development of plans for the buildings at Little Flock. What impressed me most about the team was their devotion to the Lord—and absolute commitment to the vision of the ministry. As they worked and reworked the plans day after day - the sacrifice, dedication, and passion came through clearly.

In the end they not only developed great plans for the buildings but also became a testimony of Christ's followers serving the Kingdom purposes of the Lord. Their work ethic and personal sacrifice was a witness to our summer team.

Everyone who has come to our Children's Home in the village remarks on the beautiful cottages and the well laid out plans. We thank God for the gift of eMi² to Little Flock Children's Homes.

—Viji Nakka-Cammauf

PRESIDENT,
LITTLE FLOCK CHILDREN'S HOME



PROJECT #8101
LITTLE FLOCK
MINISTRIES
2005-2007

It took 36 hours to travel from Delhi to Chennai by train. Chris Roark and I were on our way to see the site where Little Flock Charity hoped to build a home for tsunami orphans. After walking the site, our client's contractor approached me with structural drawings—wanting to know if the staked out areas for housing units are suitable for the site and will work with future building plans. I was able to give the go-ahead to start digging foundations based on previous knowledge about the site and wisdom from the Lord. So, seconds later, workers began digging.

We spent the rest of the week revising plans for the housing units and designing a dining hall, while our client, Viji Cammauf was hosting a group of 44 people from California who came to serve in Chennai in various ways. We were encouraged by Viji's faith as she continued to look to the Lord while faced with decisions to make regarding the tsunami children, site plans, and managing the 44 volunteers. We were also encouraged by the 44 volunteers, who were each serving in various ways. During our last evening there, Viji expressed her thanks for our encouragement to her as well as the volunteers. It was a beautiful picture of each part in the body of Christ doing the work.

Since then, we visited the Little Flock site again in October 2006 with a design team to further develop plans for the site and also to see the progress of the children's home construction and meet the 27 children being cared for. Again in October 2008, we spent one brief morning on site while the children were in school and saw the on-going dining hall construction, temporary worship space (hut), and various animal shelters for their farm. This time there were 41 children being cared for—just half of the number Little Flock hopes to one day care for!

—*Gretchen West* STAFF ARCHITECT, '05-PRESENT

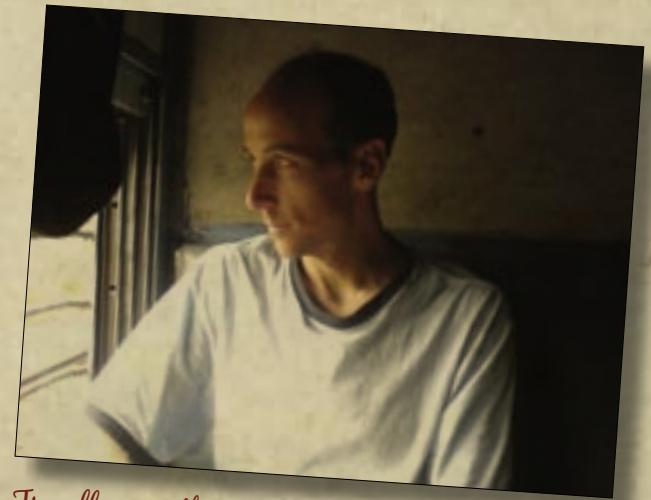
Little Flock Charity was founded in Oakland, California in 2004 by students taking a course on global evangelism and the history of Christian missions. The founding vision of the charity is to transform the lives of orphans and widows through the healing love, hope and truth of Christ. Their immediate goal is to found a community for tsunami-affected orphans and widows in Chennai, a community that will be salt and light to the larger, surrounding community. The value of short-term missions is an integral part of their vision, and volunteer teams continue to visit the site.

“Everything I plan will come to pass,
for I do whatever I wish.
I have said I would do it, and I will.” —Isaiah 46:10,11

March, 2008

Sunabeda, Orissa

We arrive by train. Along the way to our accommodations, the pastor's son Moses, shares the history of the ministry. Thirty years of growth, deception, revival, purchase of land, and application for eMi² assistance. He confesses his temptation to act according to his own will during these tribulations.



Travelling on the train



The following evening, the congregation sits in a small, white plastered bedroom for evening worship. Moses holds his guitar; his father sits in a chair in a corner, eyes closed, and they sing. Sing to God. They sing with thanksgiving to God for His justice, His mercy and His love. A wise quiet man smiles and prays that God's will be done.

Moses' confession, and the worship that follows, resonate as the design team retreats to a hill above the small town of Semiliguda, looking and listening in the wind, gratefully reminded of the one thing that we need... this thanksgiving to God. It takes a faithful ministry, in a small Indian town, allowing God to work in His perfect timing, for us to grasp, "Thy will be done."

—*Matthew Hood* PROJECT VOLUNTEER ARCHITECT, '08



June, 2008
Washington, USA

There are docks in Olympia perfect for a late evening stroll after work. It was here that I felt God's confirmation to move to this new city after a year in India. Lately, it has been my place to reflect and think, on matters great and small, of comings and goings, and all that was and the great "what may be." It's been a nearly a year since I departed from Delhi, two years since Madison. So much seemed to occur, yet I'm left standing, blinking at the sun and wondering what happened. Like that thrilling rollercoaster in Illinois that just leaves you dazed and hazy at the end. What I do grasp is a sense of time passing. A great gulf seems to exist between two ends of a year. It's hard to say who I was before, because my thoughts are bent in a much different direction.

Beauty is redefined.

So is Grace.

Sometimes I've tried to grasp the meaning in my hands, especially as I'm now surrounded by small things, predictable things, and safe things. Not much seems as great anymore. A preacher was just preaching "Who despises the day of small things?" I couldn't imagine life changing its gears so entirely, but I'm thankful the chance to rest. Intensity was never meant to remain intense, nor were my feet meant to run everyday. All that matters is to remain faithful in the small things...

Changed by the Great Nation of India.

—*Eric Habermeyer*

CIVIL ENGINEERING INTERN, '06-'07

Anthology

ENGINEERING MINISTRIES INTERNATIONAL: INDIA

1998-2008