

It's just after lunch on a Monday afternoon. We've finished our classes for the morning, which begin with a 7:30 devotional and end at noon every weekday. All of us pitch in to teach an aspect of our home-schooling program; I teach high school math and sciences. Lunch today was a hearty chicken and rice dish, which our cook Aida made from scratch earlier in the morning, and mounds of piping hot tortillas. Noon chores have been completed by the ten young men that live in the Micah house, and everyone is beginning their afternoon activities.



A missionary named Barry Horst, who comes to the Micah House twice a week, is on our interior patio teaching carpentry skills to Hector, Jason and Nelson. Currently, they are building a closet to store our garbage cans, although this year they have built everything from bird houses to go-karts.

There are creative juices flowing from our living room, where our art teacher Herman is teaching Cristofer, Edwin and Eduardo how to paint typical Honduran landscapes with oil paints. There is as much paint on their faces and arms as on their canvasses, but their paintings are beginning to take shape anyway!

Four of our boys' moms, Telma, Aleyda, Maria and Deisy, are in the library practicing their sewing skills as part of the new *Micah mamas* program. Each of them received a sewing machine as part of this ministry, and come to the Micah House three days a week to practice on them.

Two street boys just came to the door, Jose Daniel and a boy we've never met named Jerson. We have been trying to get José Daniel into the Micah House for two years, but his addiction to yellow glue keeps him on the streets. Today, neither street kid is too high on glue fumes, and we invite them in for lunch. Afterwards, our spiritual life coordinator John Bell gives them haircuts on the patio, shearing off their matted hair with his clippers. Little did John know when he joined Micah last September, modeling the Christian life at Micah is as much about cutting (and de-lousing!) hair as it is about planning discipleship groups and Bible studies. He does both with grace and patience!



Rebecca Bell has the most stressful job of the afternoon: fighting her way through Tegucigalpa's chaotic traffic to take Wilmer, Hector, Miguel, Maycol, and Pedrito across the city to the home of Brian Silverio, a volunteer who is teaching them a form of martial arts called *jeet kune do*. Their soccer league has been cancelled for the last few weeks, so this has been a good way to get some energy out!

Back here at the house, Marvincito just had a bit of a break-down...or blow-up, really...which is a fairly regular occurrence for this fifteen year old sixth grader as he struggles to put the habits of street life behind him. I distract him by having him file paperwork in my cabinet as I write this update at a table in my classroom. Strangely enough, this seems to have a calming effect on this intelligent but needy boy...maybe I should hire him as my secretary!

I take a few minutes amidst the bustle of activity to check my email. We receive regular updates from the American embassy as to where the protestors are marching, which has happened daily since Honduras' president was flown out of the country and into exile on June 28. I want to make sure that Becca doesn't drive into a protest zone while taking the boys to their martial arts class. All is clear on her route, so I open a message from Marvin Morazán, who is studying music ministry in Costa Rica:



*"I had an incredibly blessed weekend this week! I was in southern Costa Rica sharing my testimony at a church. It was such a blessing to be able to share in the worship service and with the youth afterwards. I'm having so many incredible experiences and am growing so much. Thanks for everything... see ya' and much love. One of your sons, Marvin."*

I also take a moment to re-read an email that Jarvin, who is studying psychology in Costa Rica, sent to encourage the boys who are currently living in the Micah House:

*"You might not believe me, but you all have the authority to act against the things in your lives that tempt you to make bad decisions. You can challenge yourselves to do good without depending on your leaders to force you; you can make good decisions on your own. God says that he has plans for each one of you, plans to prosper you and not to harm you. This should give you the hope and the faith necessary to help change this sick society in which we live."*

There's something about today—about the electric buzz of energy in the Micah house as so many people are being served in so many ways, about the encouraging emails from our college students, about seeing John minister to the street kids right out on our patio—that, to quote Jarvin, gives *me* the hope and faith necessary to keep moving forward in ministry. Today makes me feel like the Micah Project has grown up. Ten years in, Micah has taken on a life of its own. It still takes creativity and a tremendous amount of energy, grit and prayer to keep all of our guys

focused on their futures and our outreach ministries functioning, but, thanks to God's direction and intervention, it happens successfully every single day.

As we move closer to our tenth anniversary on January 8, we have begun a process to make sure that the Micah Project keeps maturing--keeps using the resources that God has given us in the best way possible in our next decade of ministry. As part of this process, we are engaging in strategic planning regarding our philosophy of ministry, the structure of our staff, the long-term usefulness of our facilities, and the structure of our board of directors. Though God has used the Micah Project to impact many lives in the last ten years, we feel that our ministry in Honduras is just beginning. There are still children wasting away on the streets, still single mothers unable to feed and educate their children, still young ones waiting to be mentored into the Christian leaders of Honduras. We want to do each of these things even better in our next decade than we did in our first!

As this afternoon draws to a close and our dinner hour approaches, I leave my laptop and take a minute to walk through the Micah House, observing the different activities taking place in every room. I take a moment, while I help sweep up the sawdust from the just-finished carpentry class, to thank our heavenly Father for all of you who have supported us with your love, financial support and fervent prayers. God has used *you* to transform lives in Honduras, lives that are beginning to reach out and impact others as well.

We ask that you continue to pray that God would prepare us for all that He has in store for the Micah Project in the next decade of ministry!

Su hermano en Cristo,

*Michael Miller*



*Above: On October 23, Jo Bewley, the founder of the Micah mamas group, came to Honduras with her husband Bob to meet the moms! She had a chemotherapy treatment earlier in the week in Houston, but that did not stop her from coming to meet the ladies whose lives she has impacted. Here, they show off their creations to Mama Jo!*