

# GOMATOS TO THE END

newsletter vol.

4

## *Be Still*

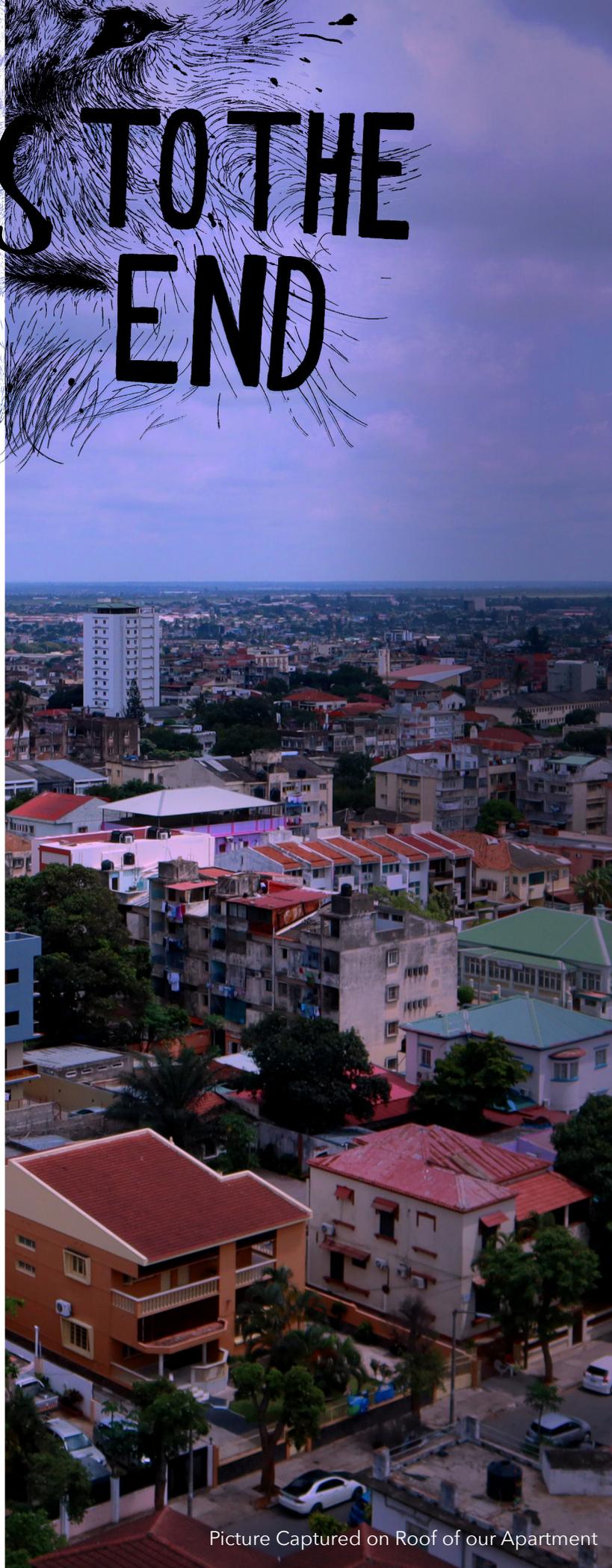
Well today is the day...

It's my first time ever in my life that my eyes will miss the leaves of autumn turn yellow and gold or red. No longer will I have access to witness the most beautiful skyscrapers in New York City. No longer will I eat pizza with my crazy loud ghetto obnoxiously loving friends.

Watch our NEW Vlog #14 Titled: **Be Still**

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You have promised and now you have delivered. Seriously. Dead Serious. We would not be over here if it weren't for you! Not just financially, but through prayers as well. Our budget has been approved from AGWM and our departure date was in the month of September ( technically we were approved May, but that's another story). September 17th 2019 was our departure date while October was the last month to meet the budget. In God's timing we made it.

Who supported us? It wasn't just churches, but it was friends, families, and businesses too. Deep down we knew that little by little. Whether in small or large amounts, the opportunity to serve Mozambique would be fulfilled.

So here we are, it is our promise to you to provide information via Newsletters, YouTube videos, and Social Media about our mission. Not only for encouragement, but transparency. You invested with us and we commit ourselves to God to reflect that blessing which was ever graciously sown in us.

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## *Mozambique is Beautiful*

If there was one word to describe this country. It is this. Beautiful. And yet, it is no wonder why the Portuguese invested so much in a place just above South Africa riding along the coast of the Indian Ocean. It's a paradise. But what could be mistakenly taken as beautiful is not its scenery but actually the opportunity for the gospel to be presented. As well as the opportunity for believers to be transformed into mature believers of Christ.

Living on the bay of Maputo gives access of watching the sunrise and sunset on the waters. At certain times driving on the left side of the European System Road in the capital, it surprises me how different my mind perceived Africa to be. The tall buildings can fool me into thinking I am inside the New York metropolitan area. When the sunsets you can hear music, many restaurants are open for business, and people really enjoyed the laid back lifestyle.

**But** as soon as you drive a mere few miles away, the reality of poverty can strike the heart despite jolliest moods. Sewage can be seen flowing like a river. People sift through garbage. Adults and children alike are wearing dirt padded clothes that are barely threaded together. Maputo is a city where politicians, ambassadors, and businessmen or women reside, yet the stark contrast is impossible to ignore. And as we take the highway away from the capital, we notice a population adapted to the lifestyle of growing their own food in order to survive. Living in clay walled huts with straw-like material as roofs.

Where is the beauty in this you may ask? *The light shines*. Amid the dirty darkened face there is happiness. Happiness that people like me came to share time with them. One lady asked me to pray for her because her husband ran away as well as her children. I looked her in the eyes and grabbed her hands. Immediately **Matthew 12:46** came to my mind.

“Who is my mother, and who are my brothers?” Pointing to his disciples, he said, “Here are my mother and my brothers. For whoever does the will of my Father in heaven is my brother and sister and mother.”

Our family now is bonded through our Father in heaven. She responded with nothing but a smile. It was beautiful.