



RPD

Read Pray Delete

### Praise God for:

For a great Conference  
For His care and protection  
For my little sister's safe arrival of her first baby – Johanna van Balle-gooy

### Please Pray for:

Dan's Van – that it gets fixed at the right price  
Zhenya as he considers Jesus in his life  
Ukraine's election this Sunday for a President

### Thanks for:

The use of Dan's van  
Safety while driving

### Love to you all

### Keep Looking Up

Jono Miller  
Proverbs 3:5-6, Psalm 73:28  
Email [jonomiller@yahoo.com](mailto:jonomiller@yahoo.com)  
ICQ # 191 158 894

## Read Pray Delete

26 October 2004

### More Details on the Web

<http://www.millerfamily.biz/blog/jono.html>

Old RPD and Monthly updates are also available there too, so check to see if you have missed any.

## Driving Me Crazy

I think I aged 10 years on the weekend. I finally got the documents together to drive Dan's van and so headed in to Kyiv Saturday morning for the second day of the Children's Ministry Conference. Alyosha, Sveta, Natasha and I had enjoyed it on Friday, leaving early to come home on public transport. At last we were going to have the luxury of being our own bosses. Sveta needed to help her Mum but Kolya came along instead. First thing I notice is there is a lot of car on the wrong side of me (namely the right side). I can't find the gear stick to change gears (it's on the right side too) and the windscreen wipers go on every time I go round a corner (indicator lever on wrong side). The next thing I discovered is that Dan was 100% right when he said I needed to fix the brakes BEFORE I drove it anywhere. I took that just to mean sooner rather than later. So as a nervous wreck that I'm going to hit a Mercedes, we head towards Kyiv.

The morning autumn drive is spectacular; we stopped for a few photos. My first intersection in Kyiv caused my heart rate to increase. The next intersection I found myself in the wrong lane and as I turned the corner found a police man waving at me. That's nice I thought. As I went past he blew his whistle and I guessed he wanted me to stop. Without brakes, I couldn't do that in a hurry, so the police man had to walk a bit to ask for my documents. He was quite pleased to meet an Australian and ended up giving us directions to the Conference Centre. (I think – I couldn't understand him). Two intersections later another police man waves at me, so I stop for him and he was understanding also. My heart rate was about as fast as it's been. The conference was good (I'm told, it was all in Ukrainian) and we spent a bit on books and Sunday School materials. Then when we came to go home, the van would not start. There were no tools in the van as Dan had left them all in his garage. We used a coin to undo a couple screws, but after logically tracing the problem I decided I needed to fiddle with the timing and needed a spanner. It was too late. So we went to McDonalds and stayed out late where it was warm listening to a band and then tried to sleep in the van. It was freezing and uncomfortable! And I'm supposed to be at home finishing off the preparation for my sermon and practicing it with Sasha, my translator.

In the morning I buy a spanner and 5 minutes later we have the van going. Praise the Lord. I now have the van at the local mechanics with instructions to fix it all this week and I have to just believe he will not rip me off. I have no idea what sort of price to expect.

Sunday night was great and after church Zhenya (a neighbour) asked me to pray with him. He pointed to his heart and said it was beating fast and he wasn't sure what to think. He finishes college next year and then must go to

the army for 18 months. He has said in the past that he should wait til after the army to be serious about Jesus because it is too hard to be a Christian in the army. Pray for him. I have seen change in him in the last few weeks.

Today I have no language lesson as Cheryl is sick and I didn't want to have one on my own. I tend to daydream and ask Cheryl what the teacher just said (it's not always that bad). But it was great to have a day to catch up on a hectic weekend.

So that was my weekend. How was yours?

