

November 14, 2012

Hi everyone, today is Wednesday, and I've been home from the extreme trip a few days now. I knew I would have so much to tell you that I felt I needed to give it a few days to gather my thoughts. Myself and 18 other men traveled with the Ecuadorian army and the missionaries high into the Andes Mountains last week. High as in 13,000 to 13,500 feet above sea level. We ended up in a very remote area that was prearranged by the missionary, Katty Aguirre. The work had been laid out weeks before but little did any of us know what our Lord was truly up to. It started Sunday night about Nine pm. We found ourselves assembling our tents in the dark on a mountain side as the rain slowly began. I don't believe anyone rested much that first night as everyone was thinking about the week and all that was to come. The first morning started with the roosters, cows, dogs, donkeys, you name it. What a start. We had a quick breakfast and loaded up in the military trucks and started through the mountains to the first village of the week. Wow, what a sight to see. On one side of the truck we could see an active volcano while the other side looked like a drop off the end of the earth. Truly, I wondered at times if anyone would ever know if we made a wrong turn. After a couple of hours, we came to the first village. The Indians were glad to see us. They began clapping and dancing and singing at our arrival. It was quite an experience. That first day went fast. It seemed as if we had just arrived when it was getting dark and time for us to leave. That first day we were blessed to see over 250 Indians pray to give their lives to our Lord. Every day we traveled from village to village with little time between . It was truly remarkable to see how the Lord blessed our efforts from day to day as we washed the little feet of the children and to see the adults gather around with great interest. We had time each day to share with the adults and work with the children. The week passed very fast. By the end of the week we had seen over 800 Indians give their lives to Jesus. One day we stopped in a city about half way back to the camp site for some supplies. I was watching the men as they approached people in the little town. They had the salvation bracelets and were telling men and women about the Lord. Groups began to form on corners and in a park that was nearby. The Lord was truly doing a work among our team of men in a remarkable way. It was a sight to see. By the end of the week all of the men were really tired and had gone the extra mile. But, the Lord proved Himself faithful as He always does. There is so much I could tell you about all that took place. If you ever have the opportunity to go on one of these extreme trips, don't miss out on how our Lord shows up and shows out! What a week to remember! Thank you Lord Jesus for allowing us men to have a small part of your wonderful work on this side of eternity. Amen and Amen!!! TO GOD BE THE GLORY FOREVER AND EVER! I will be asking a few men to write a few words about the trip and send their thoughts to me so I can have their words put on the web-site. www.HappyFeetMissions.com So be looking out for that coming soon.

May God Bless you and thank you for counting me worthy to serve along beside you all.

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