



The Khmer Chronicle

The Cambodian Ministry Newsletter
of George and Shary Frahm
June 2016
Volume 6 Edition 6



Enough Said ~

Each time we are preparing for a home service leave from Cambodia, my mind begins to fill up with many thoughts that had been buried for months prior to when we landed here. Here we go again I'm thinking ~ packing and unpacking with such everyday awkward experiences like drinking water from a drinking fountain (what is that) or from a tap, and/or flushing the toilet with potable water again (and having toilet paper to use right there and not have to fish it out of your pocket if you remembered to grab some in time.) You see, I had to leave those awkward 'things' behind in my suitcase to reopen when I started to pack up one more time to go 'home.'

And it is time ~ again. I've lost count of how many 'long' flights I've endured over the past years and many times I think of men/women who have done this for all of their working lives, climbing in and out of planes to go here and there and just about anywhere. Just the

sound of it makes me tired. But we still do it too.

But this time it's Cambodia that we are taking a leave from because of the legalities of passports and visas between two countries. When that last suitcase is rolled out to the waiting transport, I'll be leaving behind the forever present metal security bars on the windows, the grated gates in front of the doors that bar entry and is secured every night with two or three deadbolts in such a way that acid can't be poured down the holes to break them open.

And then there is the everyday handling of payment to cashiers with two hands (that they do here) that I must now put into a suitcase because it's not normal there what I do here. Previously I've caught myself mid way thru something thinking 'wait, what country am I standing inside of ~ let's not embarrass yourself girl.'

Oh, yes, another point. Smelling nice ~ laundry, air, coffee, familiar foods (no durian or fish sauce). Like laundry that you want to bury your nose in because it smells just so wonderful. And....how long did it take for that laundry to be finished? Was it two hours or two days? And it still may feel damp. And....just think, if the neighbor cooked last night and the smells waffled over into your clothes, well, you get a second go around on that accord. Especially if they cooked over an open wood fire.

This time we don't have a tankless water heater in our bath area. We've actually gotten

used to water that matches the outside day temperatures, and for now, in the early wet season, that water is actually very warm. But at home in IL we have one of those 'tanks' that take up room and energy to keep my water warm. That tankless kid on the wall is for me for sure when we have the generosity of one.

Yes, we are facing another home service, sooner than we had anticipated but that's ok. We are older each time we land here, and we must admit that it's a bit tougher each time we step onto Cambodian soil. It's probably time that we need to go anyway. Cultural fatigue sometimes takes its toll on us and hits us hard. I think that we could say that we are somewhat worn out by the collective cultural sin patterns of this culture. We love Cambodia and sometimes we need a break from Cambodia.

Still, there's nothing like preparing to go on home service for bringing on an identity crisis, even at our ages. Who am I, and where do I belong? Each time we wrestle with that very same question.

Here we live in this city of Phnom Penh and traverse its Asian streets, all without quite belonging to them. Yet, when we land there sometimes we feel like we don't quite belong to the immaculately clean American streets either. Belonging is a slippery feeling at times, but then again we have learned in life that everyone wants to have a sense of belonging, somewhere. Unfortunately, that belonging can be everywhere, and it can be nowhere, all at the same time.

Gratefully we both have a sense of belonging, wherever He puts us. We know Home is with God Himself. God yearns for every soul to come to Him. Wherever we are we can do that and belong to Him. What a comforting feeling that is.

I think of a song by Chris Tomlin entitled "God of This City" and realize that even when I may wonder where in the world I belong, I know that Christ is my city. I want to dwell in Him. The best part about finding home and belonging in Him is that He goes with me wherever I go. In Psalm 139 it says it all for me ~ 'Where can I go from your Spirit? Where can I flee from your presence? If I go up to the heavens, you are there; if I make my bed in the depths, you are there. If I rise on the winds of the dawn, if I settle on the far side of the sea, even there your hand will guide me, your right hand will hold me fast.' I know David didn't have airplanes to get him around in his days, but I'm thinking that even he felt just like we do at times in this era of our lives. While we don't think that we traveling nomads by any means, in some ways maybe we are a lot like David.

When we first came to Asia to live nearly 8 years ago, we traveled east and landed during the late night hours. On subsequent flights we usually traveled west and were able to enjoy the rising on the wings of the dawn. When we stepped off the plane that first time in Phnom Penh, we realized that God had flown the skies with us and He was already in this place ~ for we can never flee from His presence. Even in the far side of the sea, He holds us fast. And no matter how deep the depths of our lives are, we know He is with us.

Yes, it is good to be going home to bury our faces into all of the love of little ones who, this time, will be jumping about as we arrive onto American soil. Nothing can excite us more than time with family, our family, God's family of family and friends that He has given us. Even hugs and affirmation of love from the big kids will be good in our books. We've missed family more than ever this time I think, not to disallow those other times we came home. Etched in my mind is when we left last year and the look on the faces of

those grandchildren at the airport as we said good bye at that time. It still burns in my soul, each and every day. And I cry with them. Love knows no barriers.

Enough said. (from both of us)



Knee Thoughts



Praise for the Immanuel Lutheran Church team in Cambodia sharing Jesus, being a part there of and seeing God's ministry on the ground.

Praise and prayers for the ELCC decision for us to land in Siem Reap and work there when we return, that we can serve there alongside the local church.

Prayers for safe travels to the US, mountains of time with family and friends, and new renewed passports.



By mail ~ Make check payable to
Global Lutheran Outreach
6709 Ficus Drive
Miramar, FL 33023
Memo: Frahm/Cambodia

Secure online giving page:
<http://globallutheranoutreach.com/support-frahm.html>

Contact Information
E-mail: george.frahm@gmail.com
Skype: george.s.frahm
E-mail: smf.s.mail@gmail.com
Skype: sharolyn.m.frahm

Facebook:
<https://www.facebook.com/EmpoweringLCC>
Website and Blog:
<http://globallutheranoutreach.com/blog/frahm>