

My first few bedrooms when I was a kid were decorated with a Noah's Ark theme. That made sense since my middle name is Ruth so my initials spell ARK. For most of my life, that has just been a cute little fun fact but now there is some irony involved as well. While I didn't have to build an ark, there is a different similarity that no one expected.



I arrived at Kudjip on a Wednesday. The next day, I took a tour of the station and my tour guide was explaining how various things worked including how to contact maintenance with any problems. It isn't as though I wasn't listening but I never expected I would need maintenance so soon. That Friday, I was still unpacking and settling in. While I was organizing, I went to the laundry/storage room to put a suitcase away and was met with a small waterfall (at the time I would have said a large waterfall but not anymore). Panic set in, "Oh no! I broke the house already!" This is when I realized I should have been paying closer attention during my tour the day before.



I frantically thought about what to do and found a list of phone numbers and got a hold of someone who knew who to call. A few minutes later some people showed up to fix the leak. A couple hours later the leak was stopped and the water was cleaned up and that was that, or so we thought. The next few weeks was a constant string of leaks, those leaks were just drips, nothing like the first one, but in random places in my house.

Eventually the leaks seemed to have stopped. They did tell me the reason they were happening, something about my water heater getting the water too hot. They got that figured out and for almost a week my house was dry. But then, my water pump stopped working. It was an older one, just a coincidence. They got that replaced within a few days. I did have to run across the street to shower and wash dishes/ laundry but for only a few days that wasn't a big deal. Plus the shower was outdoors and magical so it really wasn't a hardship.

My pump was replaced, my house was still dry, so life went back to normal, for a few days. Then I got sick, not really anything dramatic. We had a big respiratory virus sweep through the station and take out just about everyone. I was probably just in the first wave. So the first few days of my sickness, I really wasn't using much extra water, mostly just laying low. One of my new buddies came over to check on me and ended up making some jello in my kitchen to help my throat. After she left, I heard water falling. Since I had been hearing thunder all afternoon, I really didn't think anything of it until I rolled over and realized that the water was only falling on one side of my house.



When I went to my kitchen to investigate, I saw a wall of water falling in my dining room. I stood in shock for a few minutes, my sick brain not quite comprehending what was happening right away. I then noticed that water was dripping on me. I grabbed my kitchen trash can to put under that leak and then went into the laundry room to grab the buckets I had to put under the leaks in the dining room. While I was calling someone to help me, I found another waterfall in my laundry room. I did NOT have enough buckets for Niagara Falls' twin siblings.

I went to my phone and even though I now had the correct number to call, my sick brain still wasn't working quite well and I just called random missionary houses until someone answered. I am sure I probably wasn't making sense but the one I got a hold of showed up a few minutes later announcing he had buckets and more people were coming and he got my water turned off(the buckets he brought combined with mine still weren't enough). By this point my body had had enough and I said, "hey I need to lay back down, you're in charge." I lost track of how many maintenance people were in my house, but all of them said something along the lines of "oh no, this isn't good." They also realized at some point that my power had gone out. Within the next couple hours, the decision was made to move me to a new house. However, they needed a few days to get the new place "move in ready", so they got me moved over to the guest apartments(same place I used when my pump stopped working).

After a day or two in the guest house, and when I started feeling better, my house was fixed and I moved back in, the plan was still to move me and get a fresh start but it easier to live in the place where all your stuff is so I moved back in to pack. That Wednesday I was packed and my new house was ready for the moving party scheduled for the next day. I skipped ladies Bible study that night to do last minute dishes. All of a sudden, I lost all water pressure in my sink and heard the now familiar sound of water rushing from my ceiling. This time, the waterfall was in my bathroom and second bedroom with drips in the hallway.



I was at a loss about who to call, as far as I knew all the women were at Bible study and the men were at home with small children. I needed an ark. I started texting people not knowing who would look at their phone first. A few minutes later someone called me and could hear the water falling in the background and came to my rescue. I then set about trying to at least contain the water that was coming in. This water was coming from my hot water tank that was on my roof (they are solar powered here, super cool) so even when we

And my God will
supply every need of
yours according to
His riches in glory in
Christ Jesus.
Philippians 4:19

© Home Sweet Life

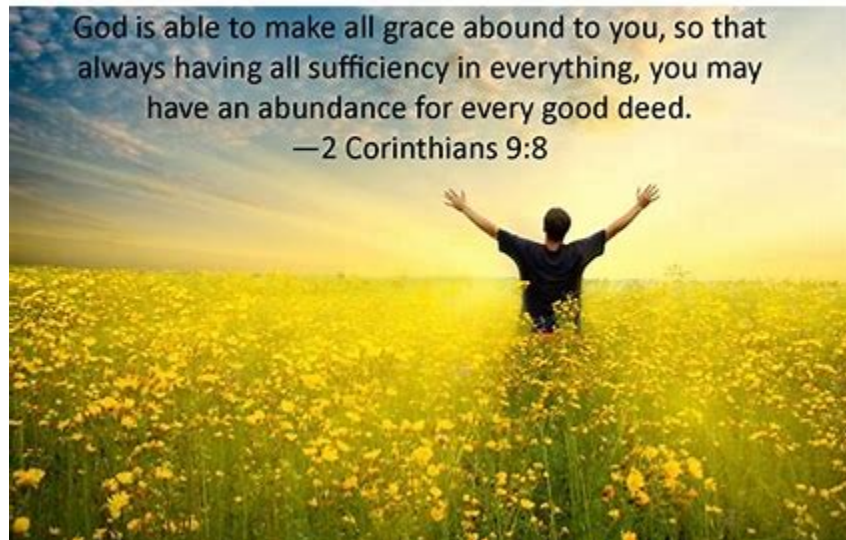
turned off the water, it still came. Gravity is usually helpful to human life on Earth but that night, it was not my friend. We decided it was time for an emergency evacuation and located a few people that could come help and I was moved and unpacked enough for the night within an hour.

I have been in my house for a few weeks now and have stayed nice and dry. You may be thinking “wow what an awful way to start life in a new country” or “that must have been very uncomfortable.”

Moving to a new country was always going to be stressful and if I wanted to be comfortable, I would have stayed in the United States close to Walmart.

The first seven weeks of my new life in Kudjip may have

been wet and not the easiest but I never once felt neglected or unsafe. I knew that if I called, no one would say “figure it out on your own.” They would say “I’m on my way” or “I’ll send help” and I never doubted them. I didn’t have to build an ark, my new Kudjip family became my ark and helped me stay afloat during my flood, both the literal flood of water and the metaphorical flood, adjusting to my new life. One thing I was anxious about before coming here was leaving my family and being alone. I do miss my family back in the states but if I’ve learned one thing from the second great flood it is that I am absolutely not alone.



[Matthew West - Grace Wins - YouTube](#)