



The Pacific Link has been given to Reef to Outback to provide medical aid to Papua New Guinea

Less than 4 weeks to go

“Traveling again?”

This is a question we get frequently. I wish we could say that we are in love with being on the move constantly, as fun as it is. Actually, my body has rewarded me with this choice of lifestyle by sending me all sorts of warning signals.

I’m reminded how much of a sensitive person I am, as I get nauseous with almost any kind of travel. I have to sit in the front. I have to have the windows down on windy roads. I have to knock myself out on planes. Don’t even get me started on boats.

So, traveling is not as glorious as it seems.

By now, we are pretty much used to the airport shuffle, falling asleep in cramped cars and brushing our teeth in public bathrooms. Glamorous, isn’t it?

In a few weeks, we will once again be living out of our suitcases. Which, ugh, is a whole other drama. No matter HOW I fold or roll or stuff clothes, I can never find anything. I’ve tried compartmentalizing suitcases, backpacks, duffle bags. No matter what, my only clean pair of jeans are at the bottom and I can’t find that one stupid shirt

until we get home and unpack. It’s usually underneath the jeans.

But, the purpose of our travels is what makes it all worth it. On February 12th, Saving Sparrow and Five Star Streets will be road-tripping down to Sydney to start our three month Australia tour with the medical outreach ship.

This time, we will be in high schools 5 times a week, and

performing on the weekend (featuring us, a group of Island dancers and hip hoppers). All to point people in the direction of the ship, the Pacific Link, which will be docked at the local port of each city we visit.

It’s actually quite a feat to get 20 people and a ship around Australia. Our whole base is in prepara-

tions as I write. The Pacific Link will be touring Australia until June, where it will then travel to Papua New Guinea to deliver health, eye and dental care to the poorest of the poor.

Our goal until then? To tell Australians that there is more to life than the drama of high school, more than the 9 - 5. There is a world out there where the needs

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outweigh the costs. Which is why we go - to invite young people to make a difference

in their world. Immediately.

Please join with us. Would you pray? Would you give? Would you go? Even if you get a little sea sick along the way, I promise - it’s worth it.

See you on the coast!



Christmas Day in Australia consists of prawns, air conditioning and hanging out with friends. Our friends Jonathan and Joanna spent Christmas morning with us.



Sara is excited about something. Eating probably.



This is our traditional Christmas lunch at the YWAM base. The meal was so good that we continued to eat left-overs for the next 2 days.



Sara and Woje played Christmas carols during our big Christmas Day lunch. Their jazzy renditions of classic carols were a favourite with everyone.



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The Fight for Food

This is not an article about the hungriest people in the world - this is about the daily struggle that rages in the Verwymeren household.

It is beyond my control, this burning desire to eat. Until a few years ago, you could hardly tell. Now, I run in to elderly friends who kindly remind me of my eating habits my patting the excess around my waist. It's so comforting.

But what most of you may not know is that Nick may have more of a problem than I do. He teases me because somewhere, somehow, I picked up this fear of being left without food. When I am at a buffet, I quickly scan the room, then the food to make sure there will be enough for me. When dessert is called, it's all I can do not to stand by the dessert table with a fork.

So, yes, this is a little sad but I still have my dignity. I am not afraid to admit my love for food. But Nick, Nick is different. He is an Obsessive Compulsive Bingeing Grazer. I'll explain:

When a meal is finished, he is first to announce triumphantly that he is full. Moments later, he is picking from the main dish or, more likely, from mine. I am a slow eater, so this is offensive. I am no where near finished.

So when he tries his luck at my plate and loses, he goes to the fridge and will eat, seriously, just about anything. From candy bars and blocks of cheese to peanut butter or celery pieces - nothing is safe from his OCBG.

But what's worse is when he buys me 'treats'. Like, you know, when you buy your wife chocolate? And when the wife goes to get the chocolate, it's gone. So I've started hiding my stuff. The m&m's are so far back in the fridge that I've forgotten about them. I have packs of gum in my bedside table and there are cookies he doesn't even know exist. Do you see what I mean?

So if he ever tells you that I am afraid of being without food, I can tell you that he only feeds that fear. I am more afraid of being between him and a chocolate bar. Consider yourself warned.

Happy New Year, friends! Hope you're all doing well!