

David Titus, String Man

“Wow, travel is so exciting.” “Gee, it must be great to go to all those places. “

“Must be nice to go to all those places and have them pay. “

First, let me say that I get more out of speaking places than anyone else. “To stay in fit spiritual condition I must work with others.” I love the chance to share my Experience, Strength and Hope with others.

Next let me say that any monies that I receive are to reimburse me for my costs only and take care of my travel, lodging and food while in there. My light bill and insurance still go on while I am gone. And if I want a snack or meal in the airport I pay.

Let me tell you how my last trip started. I left home about 7pm and changed planes in Dallas for Miami. Got into Dallas at about midnight and my plane to Dominican Republic left at 9:45 in the morning. Slept on the floor of the airport.

I then flew to the only International Airport listed for Dominican Republic. Landed about 1:00 and waited for my ride. And waited for my ride, and waited for my ride. Finally after a long distance call or two I contacted them and they said they were at the airport. So was I. I ask around and was told they must be in Terminal A and I was in B. After two more calls I was told there was only one terminal. I was in the International Airport, Punta Cana and they were waiting in the Capital airport...3 hours away. Made it to my bed at 11:00 pm.

More calls and they came to pick me up. He arrived about 6pm and we started back. It was dark, the van had one headlight, no seatbelt on the passenger side. He had a rope for one on his side. A dirty windshield with worn out wipers. He could use the white line on the side of the road to tell where we were. Where there was construction there was no white line. Prayed a lot.

They are a small group and this was the only person that could pick me up. The groups do their very best with what they have. We arrived about 11:30 pm after running out of gas in Santa Domingo. I did set my boundary and say that I would not ride back in that van. They got a bus ticket for me to return.

My host family were so loving and kind. They were living with their parents and gave up their room for me. It was a nice cement apartment next to a shop that

played loud music until curfew at 1am on a very busy street. I had my own bathroom with a cold shower. I got to try some new foods. Of course we had beans and rice a lot and one evening I had oatmeal for supper. It was good oatmeal with sugar. We also had fresh pineapple. It is so good. What good fellowship we had. I can't tell you how great people were to me. Family came over to meet me. I went to visit their worship service which was new for me and it was great. I did a string program for two Sunday School groups.

I then flew to Costa Rica for a week. Again I was met with love and everyone offered their best. One member took me to the volcano and on the way stopped for a photo shot and opened his trunk to a pot of local coffee and tortillas with fried eggs. God was watching out for me since my host family did not do coffee for religious reasons. Such caring. We had 9 at that workshop and other times with members for questions, etc. It does not take many to start the message rolling.

At their church I did a string program Sunday School group and worked with some teenagers. We had tamales wrapped in banana leaves in the evening before the world wide Christmas broadcast from Utah. They had a special room set up for a few of us to watch in English. The next day I spent the day doing strings at a Christian School.

Bogota, Colombia was my third week. Both of my last two countries host apartments were in gated communities. I was reminded that prison is also a gated community. Attended 3 meetings there, met with a group of therapist and talked to residents of a treatment center. Our string workshop started on Friday since it was a holiday. It was all day Friday, all day Saturday and half a day Sunday. 30 people attended with some flying in from 6 other cities.

It is wonderful to share my love of God and how he is working in my life. It is wonderful to travel and try new things. It is wonderful to feel the love and sharing of fellow members. It is also difficult to eat some things like intestine soup. It is difficult to not know what others are saying or where we are going because I don't understand enough of the language. It is difficult to be "on call" for three weeks straight. It is difficult when a short walk to them is not for me.

Is it worth it? YES! I am connected to a loving God because I heard many stories from many people. At meetings, retreats, over coffee, Conventions etc. Some of

them do not get to hear other stories, other voices others experience and hope. When there are only 4 in your country or only one in your city then electronic connections help but do not replace face to face sharing. Each of us doing this kind of work tell our stories in different ways using different perspectives and with different examples. The same but different. Thanks for letting me be a part of the joys of realizing I am not god but that there is one who I can turn to.