

# A Long Awaited Destiny

As the wheels of the British Airways Jumbo Jet hit the runway at the Nairobi International Airport, I was overcome by a sense of long awaited destiny. Thirty years ago, at the age of 11, the Lord gave me a burden for Africa and I knew that someday, I would be going there. Now I was finally about to step onto the soil of a land I had only known from a distance.



I was sent to assist with the recording of a CD by the Children's Choir of the Jamii Center in Nakuru. The professional in me should have asked a hundred questions about the process before I went, but ironically, I asked nothing. Some might call it faith. As it turns out, the Lord had orchestrated things so beautifully before, I even arrived. Two weeks earlier, 2 young men were walking by the Jamii Center on a Sunday morning and heard the children worshipping.

They immediately ran home and returned to the Center with keyboards and a sound system. Their names were Enoch and Gideon. The Lord had given them a heart for these kids and they immediately plugged into the ministry to assist with their music. By the time I arrived these 2 boys had been practicing with the children for 2 weeks to prepare for their time in the studio.

When it was time to choose music for the CD, I was told that there was a little boy, about 8 years old, who had written many songs. I had him brought to the house and he sang his songs for us, one at a time. With my new friends, Enoch and Gideon, we would listen to his song and then begin to create the instrumental track. We worked all day and by dinner time, we had enough songs for the CD to be completed. The next morning, we piled all of the children into a van and went into the studio. By the end of the day, the CD was recorded and mixed. The CD is made of the children's own songs and is recorded the way they like to sing them.

One of my most memorable moments was when it came time for the kids to begin recording. They seemed nervous and distracted by all of the equipment. We prayed together and I said, "I want you to close your eyes and forget that you are in a studio. Just think about Jesus and worship Him." When they began to worship, I was overcome by the anointing in that place. Tears flowed freely down their little cheeks as they rocked back and forth and they raised their hands in worship. Every song was recorded on a single take, and is a true reflection of their beautiful worshipping hearts.



I observed so much from worshipping with the people of Kenya. They didn't seem to need to "rev up" into worship. They just marched right into the Holy of Holies, confident of their place under the blood. Worship was not an occasion or scheduled event. It was a part of their lives every day. It's what they do. It's who they are. There was no need for a song list, band, power points, or sound system. It was just pure, heart rendered worship with none of the trappings that we can become so pre-occupied with in the west. When you looked into their faces, you never saw looks of worry, anxiety, stress, or even sadness. I consistently saw expressions of joy unspeakable and contentment that only comes from being satisfied with Christ alone. How much we miss because of how much we have.

My 10 days in Africa seemed to go so quickly, but it felt that I had been with my new Kenyan friends for years. I was struck by how close I felt to these new brothers and sisters after such a short time. Even though we exchanged phone numbers, mailing addresses, and emails, it did not spare me from the gushing tears that flowed when it was time to leave. My heart was broken as I knew that a piece of it would remain in Kenya.