



# INDIGENOUS TRAINING MINISTRIES, INC.

## REVC'S NEWS & VIEWS

by  
RevC

November 2018

TOGETHER WE CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE!!

DANIEL JOSEPH .....



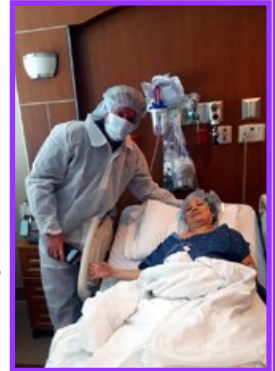
Monday, September 24<sup>th</sup>, began much like any other day. I was up early riding my bike and praying, took Sarah off to school, and stopped by the local YMCA to work out. Vicky's sister, Angela, and her parents, Maria and Raul, had come from Ecuador to be present for the birth of Daniel. Vicky was scheduled for a C-section on Wednesday the 26<sup>th</sup>. Maria had been very concerned that Vicky would deliver before they arrived on the 22<sup>nd</sup>. She was present at the birth of all of her grandchildren and didn't want to miss this one! Vicky and I had already made two false alarm trips to the hospital. Vicky was ready, but Daniel was not.

I was planning to take Vicky's family to the mall and return home, picking them up later in the day. I left Vicky home with my mother, Maxine, now 93 years young. We left the house and were a little more than a mile down the road when my cell phone rang through the sound system in the car. The volume on the sound system was up so loud that I almost jumped out of my skin, as my mind was thinking of everything I needed to do that day. It was Vicky on the phone crying in panic mode, **"Mi Amor, Mi Amor, I'm bleeding, I'm bleeding, please come home!"** I immediately cut across the median, got to the stop light which was red, looked in each direction, and sped through the light, blowing my horn and driving as fast as was safe to get back to the house. We loaded Vicky into the car and off we went. I again went through every stop light with my horn blasting and watching carefully so as not to cause an accident. We made it in short time to the emergency room entry where I ran inside, shouting that we needed help! Nurses came with a wheelchair and carefully loaded Vicky into the chair. They rushed her into a side room where a team of emergency staff quickly put her on a monitor and listened for the baby's heart beat which they said was normal, that the baby was doing fine.

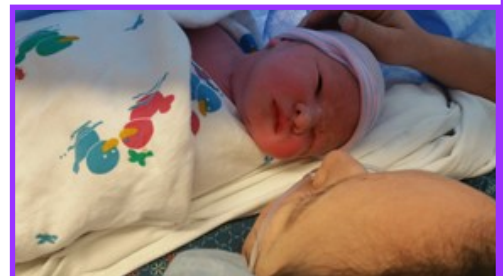
Once everyone was satisfied that Vicky and the baby were both going to be OK, they had me go with her to a special room where women went who were in labor. After Vicky was comfortable, I went downstairs and got her family to come up and be with her. Vicky had everything she needed for going to the hospital in a baby bag that we had kept in the car for a couple

weeks just in case. I left to get Sarah from school because we wanted her to be there when the baby was born. Then I called my mother to tell her everyone was fine, and that Daniel would be delivered as soon as the doctors arrived.

The hospital staff at Trinity Medical Center was very helpful and even allowed me to dress in a sterile uniform over my street clothes so I could be with Vicky during the operation. Once the doctors were ready to begin, they brought me into the room. Vicky had been given an epidural and was awake and alert, though not feeling anything that was taking place. They had erected a blind in front of Vicky, so she could not see, but it was not so tall that I could not look over it if I desired to do so. Not having the strongest of stomachs for blood, tubes, and the such, I only took a glance a couple of times just to tell Vicky that things seemed to be going well. Soon we both heard the cry of a newborn. Such sweet music it was to know our miracle had come forth! I was able to take a couple of quick photos with my cell phone before one of the nurses picked Daniel up and took him to clean up. She invited me to come and take more photos and asked me if I wanted to cut the umbilical cord, which I did. I wasn't able to do any of this at the birth of my daughters Amy and Carrie, 40+ years earlier. This was a much better experience!



Daniel Joseph, our miracle child, came into this world at 2:49 PM weighing 8.29 pounds and measuring 21 inches. My mother told me later that I also weighed eight pounds and measured 21 inches. At this point, Daniel has brownish hair with some





red hint in it and dark blue eyes, but I have been told that could change. Most everyone says he looks like me! That is what Vicky had been praying. I see no advantage in that for Daniel but can't help but feel a little joy in knowing God created him so.

As I write this newsletter, Daniel is doing very well. He is gaining weight, getting much more sleep than his parents, and is adjusting well to his new surroundings. Even Lulu, our Shih Tzu,

has accepted Daniel into our family, sniffing closely every chance she gets and giving him the occasional lick when Vicky is not watching.

Mom, who enjoyed seeing and holding another grandchild, is now in Texas with my brothers while her room is waiting for her return. Daniel and all his many things are in our bedroom. This is working out fine and allows us to monitor him very closely. We want to thank all of you who were praying for us! Also, thank you for the gifts and expressions of love and encouragement! God has blessed me far beyond my expectation, which is just another example of the Father's heart. I would appreciate your continued prayers, as I certainly did not plan to be a father again at age 70. I stand in need of God's grace and mercy to help me to be a good father in the midst of all that is going on in the ministry.



Each morning, as I am able, I am up early to ride my

bike and pray releasing God to work His will on earth for my family, healing for those I know are in need, all the needs of the ministry, blessings on those who stand with us in prayer and finances, for His Spirit to work in and through me, and for the HOA (Home Owner's Association where I now serve as President). God knows, and so do I, that I need Him more and more each day. I thank him for all His goodness to me seeing fit to place me in His service and giving us such wonderful people who stand with us. We are so blessed to be called and so grateful for each of you. Thank You! Blessings!!!!!!

**TOGETHER WE'RE MAKING A DIFFERENCE!!**



**Top left Maria—Vicky's Mother & Daniel  
Top right Raul—Vicky's Father, Sarah & Daniel  
Please join me in praying that some day Daniel might also be called to serve in the ministry!**

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