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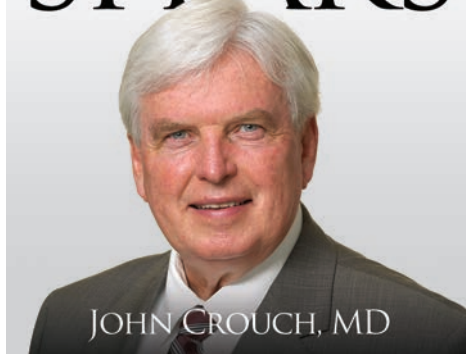
DECEMBER 2023

## ALUMNI ASSOCIATION NEWS

VOLUME 6, NO. 1

KEEPING THE BODY CONNECTED, THE MIND ENGAGED, AND THE SPIRIT RENEWED

# IN HIS IMAGE SPEAKS



JOHN CROUCH, MD

As we approach Christmas and the New Year, we celebrate not only the end of the year but also new beginnings. We celebrate the beginning of the new way of salvation rather than salvation by keeping the Law. We celebrate the beginning of Jesus' life on earth and faith in His incarnation, His Deity, His life, His death, and His resurrection. And this is the time when we declare our New Year's resolutions, with a promise not to break too many too soon.

Christmas 1980 was the first Christmas of the IHI Residency (then known as the ORU School of Medicine Family Medicine Residency). For our first two residents, Dr. Bill McCoy and Dr. Vincent Licata, it was a challenge, to say the least! We were struggling to identify quality rotations and specifically doctors who would teach Family Medicine residents. It has been my experience that halfway through the first year is almost always a challenging time. Our first two

residents were very bright; but were, no doubt, struggling to find their way, likely due in part to the inadequacies of their residency director putting together a brand new residency in a hospital system unfamiliar to all of us!

Dr. Vince Licata came to me around Christmastime and stated he was not even sure he was supposed to be a doctor. He was finding it so hard! Yes, it was that Dr. Vincent Licata! – top 5% on National Board Scores; author of our working white paper “Unique Aspects of a Christian Family Medicine Residency”; one of our Alumnus of the Year awardees; by all accounts an incredible God-send to his patients; an elder in his church; and an amazing supporter of his family as they went through the travails of an inherited illness! Yet he wondered if he should even be a doctor! Incredibly, and perhaps ironically, as a retreat speaker a few years later, he gave an amazing homiletic on the book of Job!

Why share this? Transitions! The challenge of transitions! Transitions from considering being a physician to actually being one! Pray for our residents. They are going through that transition now. Some Faculty are starting to consider retirement, or a few of you, like me, are actually retired! Due to the challenges of the hospital systems' financial status and perhaps increasing restrictions on sharing your faith or living out Biblical principles in your practice, you may feel like you are in a stormy transition, also. IHI, even though located in a Christian Catholic hospital, is being challenged as we try to preserve and go forward with our mission. We are blessed to have men and women of God to lead us through these challenges!

As Jan's and my current pastor says, “If you are still breathing, God is not through with you yet!” I trust that if you are in one of those difficult situations, you have Christian brothers and sisters to surround you in faith. And you do have your fellow IHI alumni to enlist to pray and believe with you. Get in touch with them and with us!

Which leads me to the Scriptures that I want to share. At our church, we have been studying the book of Matthew, currently the second major part, “The Proclamation of Jesus' Identity (to Israel)” (Matthew 4:17 to Matthew 16:20). An important part is that Jesus' miracles, along with His teaching, are all to help us understand how His Kingdom actually works and how it is different than the world's understanding.

Luke 2:22-35 is the story of Simeon at the time of Jesus' purification as a baby in Jerusalem. Simeon was devout and had been promised that he would not see death (a home-going transition) until he had seen the Lord's Christ. Then he saw and blessed Jesus and prophesied over Him. Similarly, God will preserve you and me until we have accomplished His purposes! Stay faithful and devout through this transition time.

In Matthew 14, Jesus had just heard of the death of John the Baptist. He went away to mourn, but the crowds followed Him and He ended up healing the sick and feeding the 5000. He then sent the disciples ahead in the boat and went up the mountain to pray. The disciples faced a fierce storm and “in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came walking to them on the water”. The fourth watch was from

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3:00 AM to 6:00 AM. Peter said, "if it is you, let me come to you." Peter was the only one of the disciples to venture out. Then his worldly surroundings, the wind and the waves, took his eyes off of Jesus and he began to sink. He cried out, "Lord, save me" and Jesus did. But then He said, "Why did you doubt?"

Our challenge in going through sometimes difficult transitions is to have great faith (like the Centurion in Matthew 8 and the Canaanite woman in Matthew 15, the latter of whom was persistent even though not from the house of Israel). Jesus said it was His mission to come to the House of Israel. Israel was to take the message to all the world! Remember that it is the recognition of God's Authority over everything that is the basis for Faith.

Even in the fourth watch! (Sometimes it seems our rescue is at the last moment of time.) The recognition of God's Character is the basis for Trust!

So where does that leave us and what do we do during the end of the year and beginning of a new year, a new time, and a new opportunity? We can, we must, apply the solid spiritual principles of Jesus' teaching and of the miracles to our transitions.

Last year, I started to send to each of my children spiritual principles that I have learned through the years and some of the spiritual stories that have made those principles very real. Candidly, I have felt convicted that I hadn't done this more pointedly during their growing up years. I am suggesting that you tell your proven spiritual principles and the

stories of your family's specific faith events to your children to build their faith! (Deuteronomy chapters 5 and 6). Chris and Annette Place did this in a remarkable way with their young children. I encourage you to ask them what they did, and perhaps you could do it also!

Teach your children the important principles of the faith. Share with them the stories of your family's specific answered prayer.

Pray for IHI and pray for each other!

Consider IHII in your year-end giving (to reduce your tax burden).

God bless each of you! God bless and preserve In His Image!

John Crouch, MD

We cannot force someone to hear a message they are not ready to receive.



But we must never underestimate the power of planting a seed.

## Names of God and their meanings

1. **Yahweh** - "He Brings Into Existence Whatever Exists"
2. **Alpha and Omega** - "The Beginning and the End"
3. **Abba** - "Father"
4. **Elohim** - "Mighty Creator"
5. **El Shaddai** - "God Almighty"
6. **Adonai** - "Lord" or "Master"
7. **El Elyon** - "Most High God" or "God Most High"
8. **El Olam** - "The Everlasting God" or "The Eternal God"
9. **El Roi** - "The God Who Sees"
10. **Jehovah Mekoddishkem** - "The Lord Who Sanctifies You"
11. **Jehovah-Rapha** - "The Lord Who Heals"
12. **Jehovah Tsidkenu** - "The Lord Our Righteousness"
13. **Jehovah Nissi** - "The Lord Is My Banner"
14. **Jehovah Shalom** - "The Lord Is Peace"
15. **Jehovah Sabaoth** - "The Lord Of Hosts" or "The Lord Of Armies"
16. **Jehovah Jireh** - "The Lord Will Provide"
17. **Jehovah Rohi or Jehovah Raah** - "The Lord Is My Shepherd"
18. **Jehovah Shammah** - "The Lord Is There" or "The Lord Is Present"
19. **Bethel** - "House of God"
20. **Jehovah Makkeh** - "The Lord Who Smites" or "The Lord Who Strikes"
21. **Emmanuel** - "God with us"
22. **Jehovah Tsuri** - "The Lord Is My Rock"

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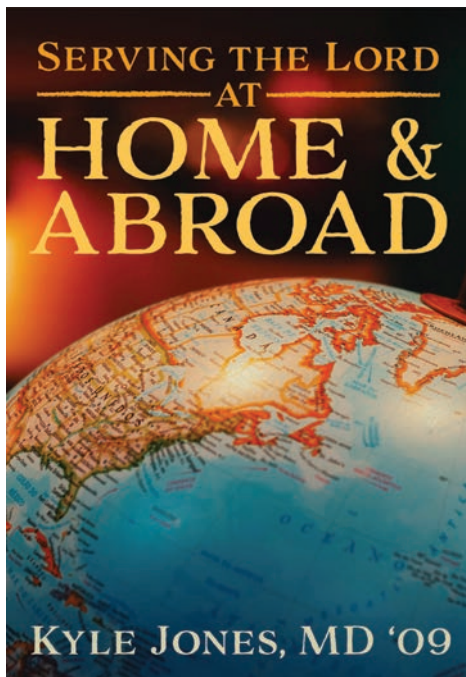
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**In His Image Alumni Association President**  
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**Editor**  
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When my family and I left our mission field in 2021 after 11 years in Kenya, due to health issues in our family, I can honestly say I had mixed emotions. I was sad to be leaving our life and ministry there, which had become easy, in a way, since I knew exactly what I felt the Lord had called me to do. When God confirmed to me that His plans for us were to move back to the US, I had to seek the Lord to ensure that: number one - it was His plan and not mine; and number two - He was not done with our ministry yet. Thankfully, I can report that both of these have been confirmed again and again to be true.

Although in many ways I still long to be the one who is sent overseas to a foreign mission field to do exciting missionary work, I realize that God uses His people in all sorts of ways. It is a joy to be sent. As I have met with many of our In His Image residents and alumni, I continue to encourage them to pursue foreign missions wholeheartedly and enjoy that calling, if the Lord is asking them to make that sacrifice. Of course, when we were on the mission field, we often felt it was no sacrifice at all. The Lord was so gracious to us and filled our every need, even during those moments of longing for home. For all of us, we know that our home is in Heaven and until that day, He will have special assignments for each of us to do, some of them on the foreign mission field and

some not. It is tempting to elevate the work of the foreign missionary, but we are all workers in His harvest field and each have a unique role to play.

So for now, God has me in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. Ironically, I am right where I began working in a clinic less than one mile from the home where I grew up. Thankfully, I praise God that the fruit of my ministry continues. I have enjoyed praying with each patient and seeing many of them turn to tears when God touches their hearts and brings them closer to Him. I have also enjoyed a greater level of continuity of care, which was not always there in Africa. Unfortunately, as many of you know, outpatient clinics in Africa or other foreign mission fields can be overwhelming and hard to get people to come to on a regular basis.

The other exciting thing that God has been teaching me since our time back is about His desire to bring healing through the gifts of the Holy Spirit. I can personally give praise to God for healing that He gave to me during one of my flares of ulcerative colitis, when, after the prayer and laying on of hands by a friend, my flare completely stopped. God even used this experience to move us into a new direction for a church home, which has been exciting. I want to learn and embrace more of the empowering work of the Holy Spirit, which is so important in our ministry, and particularly in our profession.

So I encourage each of you, no matter what stage of life you are in, whether on a domestic or foreign assignment from the Lord, to work wholeheartedly as unto the Lord in all that you do. Support foreign mission work in any way that you can. If God is calling you to go, then go joyfully. You will not regret

giving all to the Lord and being sent out by Him. If you are called to stay in the US, then find ways to pray, send, and mobilize for Kingdom work. There are also so many opportunities to go and be involved in short-term missions. I look forward to going to Kazakhstan this fall for a short-term trip with Dr. Chris Jenkins. I have also enjoyed working for In His Image International on a part-time basis and I would love to meet with as many of you who would like to meet so that I can encourage you on your missionary journey.

Lastly, I can't forget to mention the "arrows" that God has called my wife and I to raise up in a Godly way and launch out into the world for their own Kingdom work. We had the privilege recently of sending our oldest, Hudson, off to college at Oklahoma Baptist University. Currently he wants to study Biology, Pre-Med and be a Missionary Doctor some day. We'll see if he chooses In His Image as his place to study; but no pressure, right?! Whatever and wherever the Lord directs him is fine with us. May God bless each of you and your families as you continue the work He has called you to do.



# THANKSGIVING MEMORIES WITH DR. ED RYLANDER



TROY A THOMPSON, MD '98

Mrs. Esther Wholesum (not her real name) died on a Thanksgiving afternoon in the mid-to-late 1990's, surrounded by her family and full of years. I remember it well.

Three weeks before she died, I, TAT, was the medical resident on call, working the long shift in "FMIS," the Family Medicine Inpatient Service. That rotation was a major part of the three-year training program for all of us Family Medicine residents at In His Image, in Tulsa, Oklahoma. FMIS was a busy service, so busy in fact it was the last year we residents took call alone without a partner and an attending physician continuously present through the night.

As usual, I was answering back-to-back phone calls through the dark and lonely hours, monitoring patients in the intensive care unit, delivering babies (sometimes several per night), talking down suicidal patients by phone, and admitting sick people from the emergency room for heart attacks, pneumonias, and ketoacidosis.

As a doctor in training, I wore a long white lab coat with heavy-laden pockets over my blue-green scrubs. Hooked to the string tie at my waist was a black pager, the kind that beeped a high-pitched tattoo. By pressing a side button, I could retrieve a few

hard-to-read phone numbers and short alphanumeric messages.

The pager mattered. Twice I dropped this precious beeping tool, this link to all my medical duties, straight into a toilet, with predictable results. I kept spare batteries on me, but the technology was spotty, regardless. Whenever my pager ceased to work, I had to call the answering service every few minutes to see what new messages might have just arrived. I was supposed to respond to all messages within five minutes.

Morning hospital notes were written in black ink—never blue—on white lined paper, collated into three-ring binders. These thick binders were stored in slotted pigeonholes on spinning Lazy Susans. Doctors and nurses had to wait for each other to get access to the paper charts and make their daily documentation.

Those of us with terrible handwriting got reprimanded formally by the hospital administration. In my case, the rebuke didn't help: my printing in all caps was no better than my cursive scrawl.

Call was no time for rest. There was a mantra among us residents, to help us through our 36-hour shifts: "A shower is worth four hours." But most nights after a long call, we were disheveled, sweaty, and stinky. There had been no time for a "power shower."

At 3:00 A.M. I received a page to 4-South. I called the number and the nurse answered immediately. "Mrs. Wholesum says she's seeing angels, she's talking to people who aren't there, and she's gasping for air. I think you should come quickly."

Mrs. Wholesum was in heart failure. Her aortic valve was moderately leaky, but her mitral valve problem was much worse. The left side of her heart was dilating and losing function. She was not a candidate for valve surgery, due to the severity of her problem, the two-valve disease, and the enlargement of her heart. I performed my routine for

heart failure: started her on oxygen, elevated the head of her bed, and gave her IV diuretics to reduce the excess fluid in her lungs.

Her breathing improved. Then she told me details about the angels she had been seeing and the presence of several of her loved ones, long deceased. Her face was radiant. It was one of those "lightbulb" moments we see sometimes when people are close to death. It's as if they are given one last chance to speak clearly with their loved ones, to make amends if needed, to offer their blessings, and to say their final goodbyes.

I listened closely to Mrs. Wholesum. What a privilege to be so near to someone actively crossing to the other side, to the place most of us have never been.

The following day I transferred her to a different hospital floor, a hospice environment, where I gave her a morphine drip for comfort so she wouldn't feel like she was drowning from the fluid in her lungs.

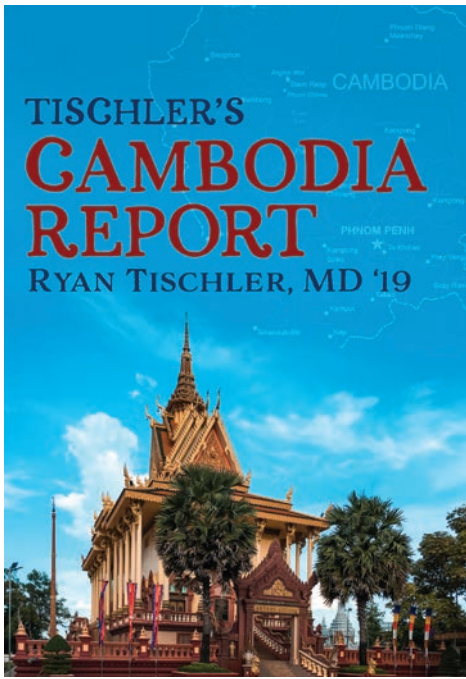
She survived considerably longer than I expected. Three weeks after Mrs. Wholesum's angel-filled near-death encounter—on a Thanksgiving Day—I was on call once more. The holiday shift seemed particularly heavy, and I was sullen as I labored away in the belly of the hospital, knowing my family and friends were celebrating with turkey and stuffing.

Dr. Ed Rylander was leading us residents through our morning rounds. In the long-term care facility, we came upon Mrs. Wholesum, surrounded by her loved ones, breathing only twice a minute. The morphine had slowed her respirations.

"Mom, wake up," said her daughter, rubbing her chest and shaking her. "You need to breathe more."

"I was with the LORD!" said Mrs. Wholesum.

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Hello friends and family!

We have returned from Cambodia and are all turned back around from jet lag; praise the Lord! Thank you, thank you, thank you, for all of your prayers and support. What a wonderful trip and experience. Jesus sustained all of us and kept us safe. The kids slept more than we expected on the plane rides (answer to prayer!) and we were able to stay in good spirits.

We landed in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, and hit the ground running. We wanted to experience what it was like to live as a family in Cambodia so we visited and heard from many other families. Everyone was so welcoming and we experienced the true hospitality of Jesus from them all.

We enjoyed learning about the mission hospital and clinic. What a wonderful place it is! They are reaching many Cambodians who are dealing with difficult medical conditions and many who have little or no contact with the Gospel. Patients are cared for physically and spiritually with a distinct focus on long-term care and follow-up. Ryan was able to experience what work was like by helping teach some of the Cambodian resident doctors and observing their discipleship and mentorship programs.

The expats and Cambodians alike were

so welcoming. We picked basic greetings and practiced them often. The kids far exceeded us in their pronunciation, and every Cambodian was thrilled to hear us trying to speak to them in their language. We all enjoyed riding in the tuktuks(very small, go-cart-like open air cabs); it was wild and exciting. We had lots of laughs and funny moments squished in the back of the tuktuks.

We all loved Phnom Penh. Ruth kept saying "I love this new world". That definitely was what we were all feeling, too.

We were extremely thankful for this opportunity and this experience to see what God is doing in Cambodia. We want to continue to follow God with where He has us and continue to pray and lean into what He has for us next.

Thank you again for being with us and supporting us. Please continue to pray that as a family we follow God and love God fully.

He is truly a wonderful and amazing Savior; there is no one or thing in all of creation that is greater or more satisfying than Him. Your support and prayer allowed us to grow closer to Jesus and to further taste and see that truly the Lord is good. Thank you, because this is a treasure beyond measuring, and likewise, we hope we were an

encouragement and a blessing in the short time there to patients and workers alike.

May you also be blessed through this as well and continue to see and experience the love of Jesus that surpasses all understanding.

May "The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make his face shine upon you and be gracious to you; the Lord lift up his countenance to you and give you peace" - Numbers 6: 24-26

Many blessings,

The Tischlers





## IS THERE A “W” IN CHRISTMAS?

Each December, I vowed to make Christmas a calm and peaceful experience. I had cut back on nonessential obligations...extensive card writing, endless baking, decorating, and even overspending. Yet still, I found myself exhausted, unable to appreciate the precious family moments, and of course, the true meaning of Christmas.

My son, Nicholas, was in kindergarten that year. It was an exciting season for a six year old. For weeks, he'd been memorizing songs for his school's "Winter Pageant." I didn't have the heart to tell him I'd be working the night of the production. Unwilling to miss his shining moment, I spoke with his teacher. She assured me there'd be a dress rehearsal the morning of the presentation. All parents unable to attend that evening were welcome to come then. Fortunately, Nicholas seemed happy with the compromise.

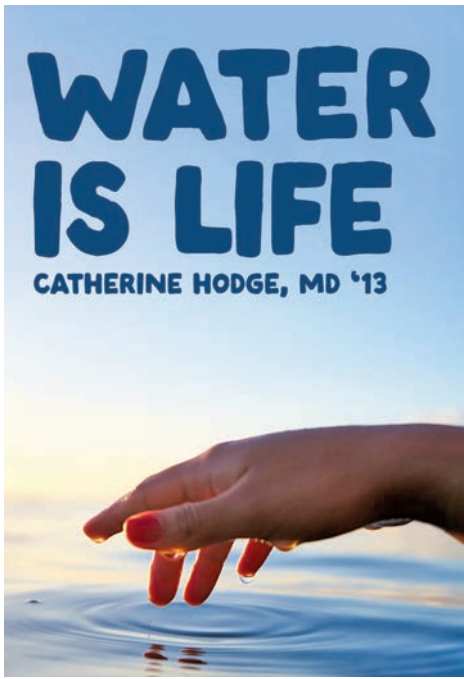
So, the morning of the dress rehearsal, I filed in ten minutes early, found a spot on the cafeteria floor and sat down. Around the room, I saw several other parents quietly scampering to their seats. As I waited, the students were led into the room. Each class, accompanied by their teacher, sat cross-legged on the floor. Then, each group, one by one, rose to perform their song.

Because our school system had long stopped referring to the holiday as "Christmas," I didn't expect anything other than fun, commercial entertainment...songs of reindeer, Santa Claus, snowflakes and good cheer. So, when my son's class rose to sing, "Christmas Love," I was slightly taken aback by its bold title.

Nicholas was aglow, as were all of his classmates, adorned in fuzzy mittens, red sweaters, and bright snowcaps upon their heads. Those in the front row – center stage – held up large letters, one by one, to spell out the title of the song. As the class would sing "C is for Christmas," a child would hold up the letter C. Then, "H is for Happy," and on and on, until each child holding up his portion had presented the complete message, "Christmas Love." The performance was going smoothly, until suddenly, we noticed her; a small, quiet, girl in the front row holding the letter "M" upside down – totally unaware her letter "M" appeared as a "W". The audience of 1st through 6th graders snickered at this little one's mistake. But she had no idea they were laughing at her, so she stood tall, proudly holding her "W".

Although many teachers tried to shush the children, the laughter continued until the last letter was raised, and we all saw it together. A hush came over the audience and eyes began to widen. In that instant, we understood the reason we were there, why we celebrated the holiday in the first place, why even in the chaos, there was a purpose for our festivities.

For when the last letter was held high, the message read loud and clear:  
"CHRISTWAS LOVE" And, I believe, He still is!!



Water is life. We've heard this expression our whole lives, but it never hit home like it did in 2016. We live and work in Nkhoma, Malawi, at a rural mission station in sub-Saharan Africa. In 2016, a variety of factors led to an extremely low river level. I remember singing "I Went Down to the River to Pray" as my husband Dave and I spent an August Saturday on our weekly date by walking the dusty road down to the Linthipe River... to pray. Nkhoma gets its water from two sources: mountain water collected in dams along the mountain plateau feed our water tanks for about half the year during rainy season, and in the other half, water is pumped up to Nkhoma village from the Linthipe River. We were barely in the beginning of the river-half of the year, but the water level was already shockingly low. We swallowed hard that afternoon, looking at the rocky bottom of the river and knowing that we shouldn't normally be seeing those rocks so clearly. It was only August. Rains wouldn't even START till at least the middle of November, in a good year.

But it wasn't a good year. November came and went, with no rains. Tensions began to run high, and superstitious witchcraft rumors began to spread all throughout Malawi, particularly about vampires, causing nighttime panic. Peace Corps evacuated their national

staff. We pressed on, praying hourly for rains to start. We had been on water rationing for months, with only an hour of water in the morning and an hour at night. We learned how to brush our teeth without water, how to wash a huge amount of clothes in only one bucket, and we realized exactly where the expression "don't throw the baby out with the bath water" came from... that was some nasty, brown water in our bath bucket. Crocodile bites from the trickling "riverbed" increased. In prayer meeting after prayer meeting, we begged God to provide what we needed.

The hospital held an emergency meeting in mid-December. We were no longer able to safely conduct routine surgeries due to lack of hygiene. We would have to reduce to emergency surgeries only, to save every drop of water normally needed for washing surgical gowns and supplies. Arguments went round and round in the room about the safest scenarios for patients if and when the water was fully out. Would non-sterile surgery be better than nothing, if antibiotics could be provided to assist in infections? Where would we send patients if we refused to do surgery, since the referral hospital also had no water and had already shut down services? There was talk about having to close Nkhoma hospital completely, if safe hand-washing couldn't be conducted in each department. In the neonatal unit, my staff washed our hands from a bucket carried up a large hill from a deep well a whole village

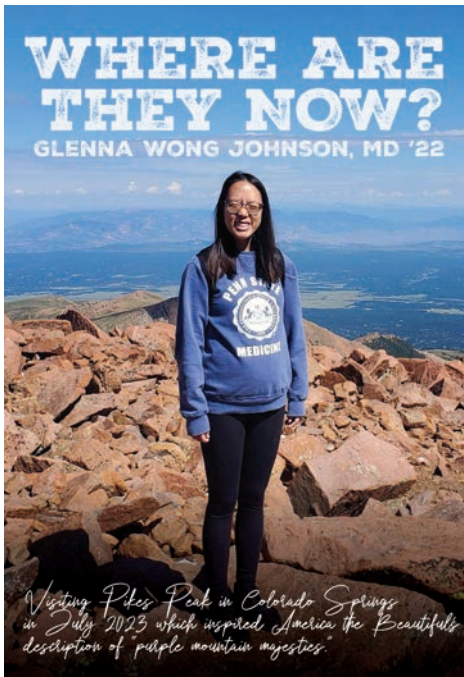
away. Not a drop to spare.

Then God answered. Several American churches and private donors sent money urgently, and four huge boreholes (underwater drilled wells) were drilled at the edge of Linthipe River, reaching the abundant water table below its ground. Pumps were installed to send this underground source of water up the hill and to the hospital first, and later on, to our homes. We were saved.

Rains eventually came, and the vampire "attacks" and suspicions finally quieted. But the good news was that we now had a new PERMANENT solution... having

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It was a pleasant, sunny afternoon as I wrapped up my clinic and prepared to see my last patient of the day, who also happened to be a new OB patient. But when I walked into her room, I was shocked to see a woman sobbing uncontrollably. She looked at me and said, "I want an abortion." As she told me her story, I began to understand her heartache and despair. Initially when she found out she was pregnant, she was ecstatic, as it was difficult for her to get pregnant. However, these feelings of delight started to unravel when her partner became verbally and physically abusive, threatening that he would take away the baby when it was born and making other disturbing remarks. What initially started off with feelings of excitement quickly turned into ones of fear and dread.

When I come across difficult patient scenarios of various kinds, I make it a practice of asking myself two questions. Firstly, "Why is the patient here?" My patient didn't need to take the time and energy to make an appointment, drive out to the office, pay a copay, sit through an appointment, etc. in order to tell me she wanted to terminate her pregnancy. I sensed that she was here for something more, perhaps for a small glimmer of hope that everything would be alright for her and her baby. Secondly, "How can I best help the patient in this

moment?" After hearing her story and concerns, I immediately reached out to our in-office volunteer lawyer and case manager from the adjacent health department to meet with the patient and provide her with resources. I went back into the room after they were done, confirmed that she was pregnant, and brainstormed with her about options other than abortion. She welcomed prayer and I told her that I was here for her no matter what decision she made and wanted to support her in this pregnancy if she desired that. We scheduled an appointment for the next week while she continued to process what to do.

Fast forward to her next visit. She showed up late to her appointment and I was annoyed. She also brought her young son, who was very talkative and distracting. She had multiple concerns, including a stress-induced urticarial rash that had now broken out all over her body, side effects from her prenatal vitamin, and defensive statements regarding her marijuana use on top of the legal issues she was facing. It was an overwhelming and emotionally exhausting visit for me; but at the end, she stated that she wanted to continue with her pregnancy.

Oddly, what should have felt like a moment of celebration was one marred by conflicting feelings. A part of me was irritated that I would have the responsibility of caring for her with her complexities, doubts, and lateness. But in the days to come, I became deeply convicted by Jesus' love and patience

for me in my own failings. How often is it that I am complicated, questioning, or complaining? Taking good care of patients is in my job description and is what I am paid to do. But Jesus' sacrifice for my shortcomings cost Him everything in order for me to be brought from death to life. Moreover, I became convinced of Christ's desire for the brokenhearted and those unjustly treated to know true healing and wholeness that can only be found in Him. As physicians with finite capabilities, we can only partner with Him in our practice of medicine; but we must allow ourselves to be used by the Lord in ways that may be challenging or uncomfortable.

When I moved to Tulsa in 2019 for residency, I found a home at Crossover Bible Church in north Tulsa. I was deeply moved by the mission of our church to "restore our community by making disciples while loving and serving our neighbors." I felt compelled

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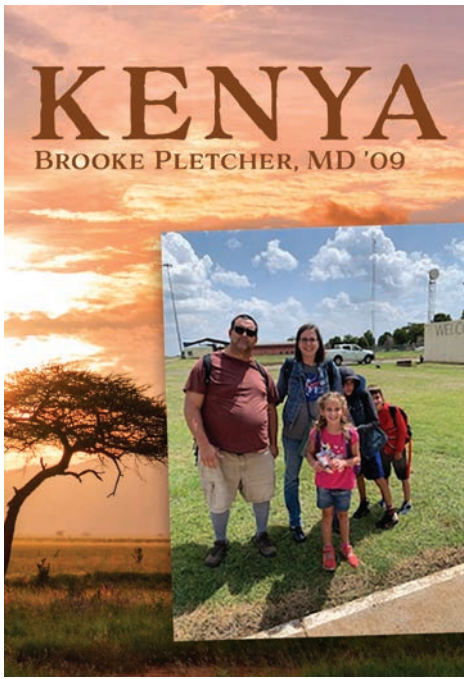


*Alumni met at GIMHC 2023*



*Residents at GIMHC 2023*





As a teenager, I was called during one of those Acquire the Fire conferences to be a physician in other countries serving alongside my family. I have followed that dream with many roadblocks in the way. Like when they asked me at the medical school interview if I had thought about being a nurse. That was not the answer I was looking for, so I studied harder and took a year off being a nurse aid. After getting a better score on the MCAT, I interviewed again and got into my first choice at Indiana University. Those years were tough, and I wanted to give up so many times. Depression came in as I was so homesick and far away from the people I knew. Attending physicians were mean during those clinical years at a university setting hospital just tearing up the students up and down. Philippians 4 became a life book for which to get through those hard times. I did get to do some training in Peru at a hospital and clinic and fell in love with life in another country and the people with whom I interacted with.

Then I came to Image and so much healing came from physicians who

cared so deeply about me as a resident. I was able to do further training in Afghanistan and India, mostly in OB care, and did some teaching in villages on hygiene. I would hear of disaster missions but never had the opportunity to serve in that capacity. Toward the middle of residency, I didn't know what my future looked like, but I knew I wanted to go and with my spouse and family. This part of the dream was also fading as there were no prospects for marriage. I was 29 and it was one of the saddest birthdays I had celebrated.

Going into my last year of residency though, I met Jason and we hit it off and he told me he would go anywhere with me. I did my OB fellowship in Spokane, and we married shortly thereafter. Going on trips to other countries took a back seat as we grew our family. Jason, Kerry (my son who was about 5 at the time) and I did get to go to Kenya in 2017 for a time and helped Kyle Jones at his hospital. I felt I learned so much there and I was not sure how much of a help I was. Jason and Kerry mostly hung out with the locals, and we learned what it may look like to go on these trips with children. I was getting closer to what the dream may look like, but I always felt that my spouse would be doing something right alongside in a ministry type capacity.

Well, in January this year, our pastor invited us to join a clinical team in a different part of Kenya. A partner with our church lived there with his church and orphanage and they wanted to have an outreach to the community. He coordinated all the logistics of nurses, lab techs, pharmacists who obtained medicine, two extra local doctors, and setting up the clinic. He wanted Jason to also be involved somehow. So, we set it all up and travelled to Kenya over two days' time. The kids did great travelling being older (Kerry age 10 and Josh

and Hope age 7). Upon arriving at the clinic site that first day, the people were lined up to see the US doctor. It was overwhelming emotionally! I was able to see about 250 patients in eight days and the other doctors saw so many more for a total of about 2500. I saw things I never had seen before like elephantitis and typhoid and brucellosis, along with many conditions I had seen like blood pressure and stroke. The patients were grateful for the ability to be treated and to know what was wrong.

While I was treating patients, my husband was able to preach to the multitudes waiting to be seen. With his master's degree in Biblical studies, he imparted knowledge and Gospel to so many who were touched. I could hear the worship music, preaching, and praying as I was serving in the clinic; and it was amazing. This is what I had dreamed of for so long. I hope to be able to do this so much more in other countries alongside my husband. The children loved being immersed in the culture and they will tell you all about chasing chickens and seeing lions on the safari. Looking back and thinking about our time, I think of that long line of people and especially the man with the elephantitis; they were pushing through the crowd and doing all they could to find hope. It reminded me of the man lowered through the roof and woman pushing through the crowd like the song 'In the Room' by Matt Maher. Jesus is the hope for all men, and I pray that people could see Him in all we did. I prayed with every patient that I saw, and this really ministered to the translating doctor I worked with who signed my charts. He prayed for one of the patients and stated that was his first time. I am hoping this has a long-term impact even for the clinicians with whom we worked with to be able to keep sharing with patients.



**WEATHER IN THE UNITED STATES:**

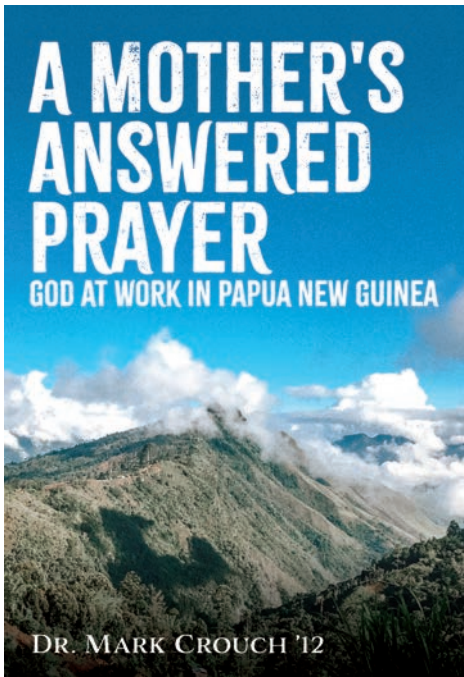


**WEATHER IN OKLAHOMA:**



**A merry heart does good, like medicine.**  
Proverbs 17:22





In the highlands of Papua New Guinea, Dr. Mark Crouch (In His Image Alumnus) and the team at Kudjip Nazarene Hospital serve a population of nearly 500,000 people.

Being the sole hospital in this remote area to provide surgery, blood transfusions, and manage complicated deliveries leaves the handful of physicians caring for an incredible number of patients each day.

In the midst of so many patients, the physicians are grateful to team up with local chaplains to help minister to nearly every patient and provide counselling services – which has seen much fruit!

Remaining sensitive to the Lord’s leading in each patient encounter, Dr. Mark holds onto the word that he felt God spoke to him during his training at In His Image Family Medicine Residency: “Mark, every day that you work as a physician, you will encounter one patient who was not supposed to

see any other doctor besides you.”

On this particular day, a young patient seemed like that one.

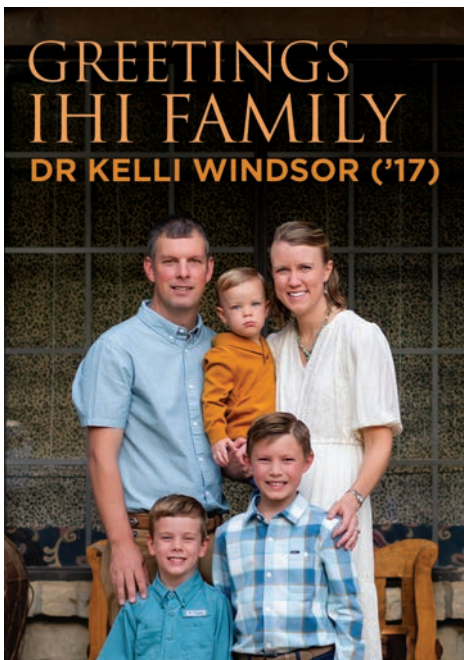
This young man had apparent liver disease both from a lack of access to what many in a wealthier area would call routine health services as well as poor life choices; and now he was very ill with terminal liver cancer. Dr. Mark was asked by a physician resident in the hospital’s Network Physician Training Program to consult on this patient’s ultrasound. After having met the patient, Dr. Mark had the sense that this was the particular patient who God was leading him specifically to see that day.

Both the physician resident and Dr. Mark talked with this young man, exploring his spiritual background and sharing the Gospel with him. The patient’s mother, who had been faithfully praying for her son for ten years, began to cry when her son accepted Jesus as his personal Savior!

As the Network Physician Training Program seeks to train and disciple local physicians, this powerful

moment was also deeply encouraging to Dr. Mark as his resident actively participated in the spiritual conversation. Not only that, but a visiting pre-medical student observed them providing physical care while engaging the patient in the reality of God’s eternal hope. How encouraging to see two future generations of physician Christians learning how to reach their patients with the love and good news of Christ!





Greetings, IHI family.

We are nearing the holiday season and all the busyness that comes this time of year. As I write this, I am anticipating family coming to my house for Thanksgiving dinner in a few days. As physicians, it seems that we are not only busy with family gatherings and children's events but also busier at work with more people getting sick. I've definitely seen an uptick the past couple of weeks with hospitalizations for pneumonia and other respiratory

illnesses. This keeps me busy not just during the week but often on the weekends if I need to make rounds on my patients.

The word "harried" comes to mind when I think of the way many people live through the holiday season—sometimes including myself.

The definition of "harried" according to Oxford Languages is "feeling strained as a result of having demands persistently made on one; harassed."

Warning: As a physician, you will have demands persistently affronting you. If you are a parent, you will have persistent demands from your children, at least until they are grown. But we have a choice—will those demands make us feel strained? Do the constant demands from my toddler qualify as harassment? Of course not!

Jesus was faced with constant demands during His ministry on earth, yet He was never harried.

Luke 10:38-42 recounts a story of Jesus and two sisters:

Now as they went on their way, Jesus entered a village. And a woman named Martha welcomed him into her house.

And she had a sister called Mary, who sat at the Lord's feet and listened to his teaching. But Martha was distracted with much serving. And she went up to him and said, "Lord, do you not care that my sister has left me to serve alone? Tell her then to help me." But the Lord answered her, "Martha, Martha, you are anxious and troubled about many things, but one thing is necessary. Mary has chosen the good portion, which will not be taken away from her."

I often find myself pondering how I can be a busy worker like Martha while also having a heart like Mary. As disciples of Jesus, we are called to abide in Him and sit at His feet and learn from Him; but we are also called to serve. As we serve, we are to do so with humility and joy and as a worker for the Lord. We are to be unencumbered by the worries of the world.

I pray that this Christmas season, we will spend our days worshipping and abiding in the One who the season is all about. When we see others who may be harried or stressed, may we point them to our Prince of Peace. May we be beacons of His light, grace, and hope this season and always.



*continued from page 4*

"Well, you're with us now," said her daughter.

"I see that!" she huffed.

We prayed with the patient and her family in a circle around her bed and then said our goodbyes.

Later that afternoon, Dr. Rylander

brought all of us residents, save one, out of the dark hospital, and into the sunshine. He took us to a restaurant, where he bought us all a Thanksgiving meal. Then he said, "I'll finish the discharges myself. You may all go home. Be with your families."

I had no words. It was a lightbulb moment in a dark hour.

My pager beeped one last time, just before I left the restaurant. Mrs. Esther Wholesum had passed away. Her family members had been with her, gathered by her bedside.

It was a Thanksgiving Day.

Read More from Troy at:  
[TroyAndrewThompson.com](http://TroyAndrewThompson.com)

*continued from page 7*

these four wells at the river meant we would have access to water even in future droughts. There aren't words to describe what a huge relief it was and still is to have water year-round. Water is life. It really is. We decided as a family that it would be important for us to remember God's faithfulness and provision, so we took a page out of the Old Testament and decided to have an annual reminder through something we call Madzi Jubilee. "Madzi" is Chichewa for "water," and each year during dry season, our family purchases a water tank for one of our neighbors who doesn't own one yet, so they can have their own individual reservoir of rain water or tap water for when we occasionally have a few days of no water while maintenance is being performed on the river pumps. This act of jubilee reminds us and our children how hard that year was and how kind God is to meet our needs.

The only ongoing issue we continue to face is maintenance of the pumps and wells, and maintenance is what

every hospital director knows is the unsung hero of all good operations. Our pumps are now seven years old and severely overworked, and in the past two years, they started to fail, one by one. While one was getting worked on, the others continued non-stop, and rationing would restart since the cisterns were never able to fully fill. At first, the maintenance needs were sporadic, but the pumps started going out two at a time, especially because the Nkhoma community has grown... our hospital bed number has increased, the community is growing and a local small university settled in, which have all increased the water supply needs.

The director of the water department Mr. Moffat Mpepho came to our family about 1.5 years ago and asked for us to assist him in finding partners for his water upgrade plans. We poured over his proposals and read through his invoices and project implementation plans, and we were really impressed. So when In His Image released the grant applications in 2022, we requested just over \$13,000 to supply new water

pumps, replacement pump parts and water filtration parts on behalf of the water department. We were so thrilled when the full award was granted, and the water department was overjoyed at God's provision again. They have faithfully enacted all the stages of the grant award over the past 12 months, ordering and receiving water pumps from South Africa, as well as replacement parts. They've carefully replaced filtration systems at the dams near the pipe intake systems, and water has been running beautifully this year.

We are so grateful for the partnership of In His Image International on so many levels. It is always harder to find support and funding for operational and maintenance issues, and yet these are the backbone of a functioning hospital. In His Image International gets that, and we are so thankful and proud to be part of a missions agency that validates excellency in supportive infrastructure as much as they do in clinical medicine. "My God will supply every need of yours according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus." (Col. 4:19)



*continued from page 8*

to relocate to north Tulsa, where I now live with my husband Nick. In this part of town, there is an extensive history of racial inequality and injustice that has resulted in significant health disparities. My desire grew for my neighbors to experience God's shalom and I learned about Crossover Health Services, a primary care clinic birthed from our church that is "committed to living out Christ's compassion, dignity, and healing in our community through health care." During my final year of residency, I prayed about where God might want me and ultimately joined Crossover Health Services as a staff physician in 2022.

My colleagues inspire me daily with the dedication and compassion that they provide to our patients, many of whom are significantly affected by chronic disease, mental health issues, financial barriers, and more, which prevent them from living a life of wholeness. We have a devotional time every morning before the day starts as we read from scripture or a book and pray with each other. My patients have taught me immensely about resilience and faith through adversity. I have learned how to enjoy them with their various quirks, personalities, and unique giftings. I have had the privilege of mentoring pre-med college students as they learn how God is using health care in underserved communities for His kingdom purposes.

I have also enjoyed having resident physicians, medical students, and PA students rotate with us and learn about the work that is being done here. I am excited to see how God will continue to work in and through Crossover Health Services and am thankful to be part of the ministry here.

Only time will tell what will happen to my OB patient and her baby. I am grateful for the invaluable lesson that God has taught me about letting go of my selfishness and pride. He has compelled me to hold tightly to His grace for me in my own weakness, urging me to see others the way that He does as I continue following in the footsteps of the Great Physician.



# Pecan Pie

No matter how you pronounce it, if you are a fan of pecan pie, then you are going to love my family's recipe. It has been passed down from my mom's side of the family for as long as I can remember. I hope you enjoy it as much as my family does. Merry Christmas!

## Family Pecan Pie

Kelli Windsor

(aka the best pecan pie I've ever tasted)

### Filling

2 eggs, beaten  
2 T flour  
2/3 cup white karo syrup  
2 T butter  
3/4 cup sugar  
1 tsp vanilla  
1 cup pecans

### Crust

1/3 cup shortening  
1 cup flour  
1/2 tsp salt  
3 T cold water

Mix and pour filling into unbaked crust.  
Bake in a slow oven until set in middle.

# SUPPORT IN HIS IMAGE INTERNATIONAL

In His Image International exists to evangelize, disciple, train, and mobilize healthcare professionals so that they are empowered to impact their nation and the world for Christ by improving health and meeting the spiritual needs of the unreached.

## 2023 HIGHLIGHTS

### SENDING AGENCY

- 27 IHII Partners and their families serving in 6 countries including a NEW Partner family in Kazakhstan
- Bi-Annual Sending Agency Retreat held in Thailand
- 3 MemberCare Trips to East Asia, Cambodia, and the Philippines

### FACULTY & RESIDENT MISSION TRIPS

- 4 In His Image Faculty Mission Trips to Kazakhstan, Malawi, and Cambodia
- 6 In His Image Residents and their families served on International Rotations in the Philippines, Cambodia, Kazakhstan, the Middle East, and Guam

### NETWORK PROGRAMS

- 8 Network Physician Training Programs focused on medical education in Malawi, Papua New Guinea, the Middle East, Cambodia, and East Asia

### ACADEMIC CONSULTATIONS

- 3 In-Person Academic Consultations held in Malawi, West Africa, and Papua New Guinea
- Regular Virtual Consultations

### CRISIS RESPONSE

- \$20,000 given toward earthquake relief in Turkey

You can help send hope and life-changing, compassionate healthcare to men, women, and children in underserved and closed countries by partnering with us through a one-time gift or monthly contributions.



Dear Friends,

The world is in an uproar – at home and abroad: wars and rumors of wars, just like Jesus talked about. So much fear; so much chaos, so much uncertainty.

We need not live in fear. Why? Because we have great and precious promises that have been given to us by our Father, spoken by our Lord Jesus, and recorded for us in the Bible by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

Jesus said, "Let not your heart be troubled, you believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself; that where I am there you may be also." (John 14:1-3 NKJV)

Each of us has been put on earth at this time by our Father, with a specific plan and a purpose: to know Him and to make Him known. This is our generation, our time to live and serve and honor Him. So take heart, look upward, live boldly, be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might!

We are continuing with the work to which the Lord has called us. Thank you so much for your partnership in this mission! We are sending laborers out into the harvest – into tough places where the need is great. I'm excited to share that there are first-time medical missionaries moving overseas with their families, following their God-given callings. We are sending faculty and resident physicians on strategic short-term trips to serve and learn and help in needy areas. We are supporting our Partners who are serving long-term with their families in challenging places, lifting their arms and caring for them as they are on the front lines.

Once again, thank you for your support, your prayers, your encouragement, and your financial partnership with us. Together we are much better as we combine our efforts and gifts to do our part to help fulfill the Great Commission. Thank you so much for continuing to walk with us in this work!

We are grateful for you; Praying that you may be blessed this holiday season and that the favor of the Lord rest on you!

By His grace,

Mitch Duinick, MD  
President/CEO

## 2024 LOOK AHEAD

### CRISIS RESPONSE

- 8 Faculty Mission Trips
- 10 International Resident Rotations
- 3 MemberCare trips to the Middle East, Kazakhstan, and East Asia

### Give online at:

[www.Give2IHII.org](http://www.Give2IHII.org)

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