



HOW I GOT TO ECUADOR

The most astonishing thing that ever happened to me was how I knew I had to go to Ecuador.

After I became a Christian in about 1986 I realized I wanted to do something quite active for God. I didn't know what, but I felt very attracted to South America. I knew something of the Inca and Aztec civilizations, and the Spanish conquest. Doesn't everyone know the rhyme, "in 1492 Columbus sailed the ocean blue"!

During the spiritual revival of 1994, sometimes called "The Toronto Blessing" I had a power encounter with God. It was clear, unmistakable and simple, "Take the love and compassion of Christ to Ecuador".

There were many circumstances in my life at that time which made it impractical to go to Ecuador, including an elderly father and a son still at school.

Many things happened in the next eight years. My father sadly passed away, my son went to university and followed his first degree with a master's. I was working as a teacher in a Special Needs School in Essex and in the year 2000, in a move to reorganize Special Education in the area, teachers in my school were offered enhanced redundancy packets. I was the first to apply, and left teaching at the end of that academic year.

I went to a Christian college that specializes in training people for work overseas; I was accepted as a mission partner by the South American Mission Society, and met with people who had their own projects in Ecuador.

It was a hectic time, but in October of 2002, saying farewell to my sons, I boarded a plane bound for Quito, Ecuador, on a one way ticket.



After a 13 hour journey, I arrived on the night flight, slightly dazed and not a little nervous. In those days you walked straight from the plane onto the tarmac. In amongst all the brown faces I spotted one white one, John Hart of Latin Link, who had kindly agreed to meet me.



The next day, starting out at around 4.30 a.m., we began the car ride down the mountains to Santo Domingo de los Colorados. Watching the sun rise as we entered the steep zigzag descent, and seeing the spectacular beauty of the Andes, I was awestruck and dazzled. A dark skinned Mestizo woman with a traditional long skirt, and shawl was taking a cow into a field; a bent up old man was walking with his dog. Everyday occurrences, but for me they were sublime, magnificent; these my first impressions of Ecuador. I would soon know it much better.

Jill Ball, Sept '13.

Life in Abundance (Ecuador) Trust

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