

# Adventures in the Mission Field (#1)

By: Jackson Varga

My name is Jackson, and my family and I recently moved to Guyana, South America. We live about 10 miles from the coast in a village called, Bethany Village. I am 12 years old. My family and I came to Guyana to share Jesus with the people here. My Dad is a mission pilot and will be flying into the interior of Guyana to help people get to medical care. I hope to be able to fly with him in the future. I do homeschool in the mornings with my Mom, and in the afternoons I like to catch lizards and iguanas. I enjoy being a missionary because I like living in interesting places and seeing neat things, while we get to share Jesus with others.

While we were writing this today, our missionary friend, Valerie, yelled for me to come over with the bucket that I catch iguanas and geckos in. I grabbed the bucket and ran as fast as I could to her house. In the yard there was a four foot long iguana! She is scared of reptiles and creepy crawly things, and doesn't want them in her yard because they eat things from her vegetable garden. I wasn't able to catch this iguana, but I hope to help our friend by catching it in the future.

Two weeks ago, I did catch an iguana. I was picking lemons off of one of the bushes close to the place we are staying, and I thought I saw something move on the branch near me. When I took a closer look I thought it was a chameleon, but I wasn't sure. The reptile was slowly swaying from side to side. It was about two feet long, and bright green with light brown stripes on its tail. I ran back to the house and grabbed my Mom's laundry bucket (my mom washes laundry by hand down at the creek in the bucket).



When I came back to the bush the reptile was still there, but I didn't know if it was poisonous and was unsure whether or not I should touch it. So, I put the branch it was on into the bucket, and pushed him in with the lid. As I put him in, his tail changed colors! At that time I didn't know our friend, Valerie was afraid of reptiles, so I took it over to her house (after I showed my mom), and she screamed! I was hoping she could tell me what it was, but she didn't even want to look at it! About an hour later, I took it to show my Dad who was working at the airstrip. Then, I took it to show some other missionary friends of ours, and they told me it was an iguana.



After I found out what it was, I did pick it up by the tail, but was still afraid to hold it. Finally, I held it in my hand. My Mom was getting pictures of my Dad and I holding the iguana, and as I was holding it for the picture it jumped out of my hand. He ran as fast as he could into a bush to get away from us! I saw him two days later in the bush that he ran into, but couldn't catch him again. This time he was too wise to let me catch him!

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