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Paradise Point, Pakistan

With the change of season in Pakistan, comes the change of fruits. Pakistan has such a wide variety of fruits and since we've been here one year, we've been able to have a complete banquet laid out before us by our Heavenly Father. We have all enjoyed it so much, we will be staying for a second course, and first on the menu are the famous mangos. When we came last year, mangos were just beginning their season, as they are now. Sometimes, because the weather is hot, we only eat fruits and I can begin to understand the heart of the Israel people when Moses led them into the wilderness and they complained because they wanted cucumbers and watermelon.

When the weather is hot and dusty, they taste very good, but that's still no reason to lose faith. Living in Pakistan has been a living reality of the Principle and we are all thankful for the struggles and difficulties we encounter; the struggles and suffering of our Heavenly Father are very real.

The weather has become quite hot and of the tears, sweat and blood, the sweat is 24 hours a day. Yesterday we bought a refrigerator. What it really is, is a big thermos bottle and we get ice from our neighbor twice a day. Kind of simple, but the cold water is very simply nice.

On Labor Day here we went to the beaches, a place called Paradise Point, for swimming, surfing and riding camels and horses. We buried our Japanese brother in the sand and only his head was showing; many people gathered and when he got up, everyone was laughing and smiling.