Welcome to Manzanillo

Manzanillo is a shadow of its former self. The older buildings downtown have faded, peeling paint and cracked and missing plaster. If you look closely you see ornamentation carved in them. They have suffered decades of neglect and no maintenance. However, as we drove around Manzanallio, I noticed two things that were absent: graffiti and homeless people.

After breakfast Sunday morning we are shuttled to our churches for Sunday worship. I had an opportunity to talk to a pastor before being shuttled by motorcycle to my church. He talked about some of the challenges of Cuba.

Challenges like idol worship. Cuba was settled by the Spanish, but there were a lot of Africans who immigrated there. They brought with them their concept of religion which includes ancestor worship and a variety of idols. This concept is passed down from generation to

generation even though they don't understand it. People would set up idols in their houses and make offerings to them.

Challenges like drug abuse and alcoholism. Alcoholism is widespread and the pastor shared his own testimony which included five years under the bondage of alcohol.

"Are the people just hopeless?", I asked. "Yes", he replied. What a great place to sow seeds of the gospel.

Sunday morning I preached at a church that was packed to the gills with people standing outside in the doorway. We saw seven people indicate they wish to accept Jesus. Sunday night we attended a service at another church, once again overflowing.

Fostering Adventures of Hope

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