

In His Hands

(Isaiah 49:16)



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I am blessed to have been born into a godly Christian home. My mother is the SIL Employee Coordinator for SIL. My father works for the Cameroon government as a civil engineer, but his heart is for ministry. My parents moved into a poor district of Yaoundé and built a house with a ground level fitted for hosting a church service. It seats about 200 people. I have 3 biological brothers and 1 biological sister, and many other foster siblings. My parents are prayer warriors and have had a profound influence on my life. I'm very grateful to God for my family.



My parents and our family home, with church on ground floor.



My only "biological" sister, Etiennette and three of my five brothers (not pictured a younger brother and a brother going to a University in Canada).

As a young child I dreamed of taking care of the poor and needy. When playing dolls with my sister and cousins, while they would dress their dolls to go to a party, my dolls would always get sick and I would try to heal them!

As the child of a father who is in ministry, I've always been in close contact with needy people. I have always had a special bond with my dad and he often would take me with him to visit members of the church and people he wanted to evangelize. My dad's heart for orphans and for the needy had an early impact on my life, perhaps more than on any other of my siblings. Each time we would return home from a visit, I would vow that I must help the poor and needy. As time passed, I eventually decided the best way I could do that was to become a doctor. My vision was to serve those who couldn't afford to pay for medical care.

It is not easy to study medicine in Cameroon as there is only one medical school in the country. After a tight selection among many candidates, I was blessed to be admitted into the medical program at the University of Yaoundé. Medical studies were strenuous and spanned many years, but in 2011, I finally reached the end of my studies and received my degree as a medical doctor. Of course my family was proud and very happy for me.

While my interest was to work in a mission context as a doctor, I was required to work for the government for a time. It was in the interim period between my graduation and my assignment by the government that I had the opportunity to do a short stint at the Baptist hospital in Bango. It was during that time that I met Rob. We flew together to Bango, where Rob had lived and served as a pilot for two years. Since it was a first-time experience for me to go so far from home and I didn't know anyone, Rob offered to show me where to find things and to introduce me to some missionaries who could befriend me. Never, in my wildest dreams did I realize that 14 months later I would be married to this missionary pilot!



God certainly has surprises for us as we follow His leading! Prior to meeting Rob, my goal was simply to work as a doctor, not even thinking of marriage much less to a white man from the USA! And similarly, Rob had no intentions of marrying an African lady! How God brought us together was a surprise to both of us! Culturally, courtship and marriage proceed much differently here than in Rob's culture, but I knew how serious he was when he persevered in spite of many difficult cultural issues! It truly has been God's amazing grace that brought us together. I am thrilled that God has provided me with a godly husband and that now we will have the opportunity to serve together in ministry.

My other passion, besides medical work for the poor (and Rob of course☺) is music! Worshipping and praising God through song brings me great joy! Several years ago I was able to start a youth choir for our church. This choir had a big part in Rob's and my wedding!



More than a year ago now, my government hospital post took me to the northern part of Cameroon to Ngaoundere to work in the pediatric unit with a team of two general doctors (me being one) and some nurses. Our challenges are many, but the two greatest are the lack of essential medical equipment for serious cases and the poverty of people seeking help. Many patients come without money and the system does not allow us to treat them. Other patients come with money, but we can't do anything for them because of lack of equipment. Something as simple as oxygen, which could save a patient is not available. I've seen so many patients die prematurely from lack of equipment or money. It truly is heartbreaking. As I am preparing to leave the hospital to move to Gabon with Rob, I have only one regret: Who will help the children...not for money, not to try to gain something for themselves, but truly with a heart and love for these needy children?

Rob has written of our difficulties related to getting me officially released from the hospital in Ngaoundere. While this has been an unexpected and challenging beginning, we are trusting God will use this to deepen our love for Him and for one another. Please join us in praying that the government would facilitate the procedures for me leaving. Here, in Cameroon, administration procedures can move as slow as a turtle! We are definitely looking forward to moving to Gabon as soon as possible. Thank you for allowing me share my story!

May God bless you,

Bintou