

Dave & Bonnie

LAMBERT

Dear Friends,

Eight days ago, I set out on my bike to ride a 76-mile race, further than I have ever ridden before. My oldest son, Michael, had challenged me to race with him. We spent time training together and talking strategy—what we would eat, how much we needed to drink, and what the race would be like. It would be his fourth time biking the race, and I would gain valuable insights about the course from him. What I treasured the most was his commitment to ride with me, that I would not be alone.

The race started at 7,000 feet, and the first 13 miles entailed a 3,000-foot climb to 10,000! Then it was rolling hills through the beautiful Colorado mountains. I was slow, painfully slow, compared to Michael. Yet he stayed with me, talking me through the ups and downs of the course. At about mile 58, a storm hit us with strong winds, lightning, hail, and then driving rain. When we got to the last aid tent at mile 60, I was shivering cold, completely wet, and not sure about being able to finish. While I thought I could make the last climb, I was worried about the 13-mile downhill portion to finish the race. I was already having trouble getting warm. What would that do to me?

And so, at the 60-mile mark, I accepted a ride from the race organizers. I did not finish the race. Michael, on the other hand, pressed on and finished without me. I'm so proud of him and his willingness to finish what he had started. As we drove the three hours home, he shared that one of the values he is trying to live out is doing hard things in front of his three children. *Doing hard things.* That line has stuck with me.

It also made me think of our Cadence missionaries in Asia, whom we care for. They are doing hard things. We talk regularly with each of them. Some of the conversations we have had recently were about burdens they were carrying. Some have had to deal with visa requirements to stay in the country, some have trouble gaining access to the bases and the people they are called to serve. They all live in the weird dichotomy of not belonging to their host country, yet also not belonging to the military community they serve. They cannot shop on base, put their children in the American schools on base, or use the medical facilities that the military can.

On top of all these things, they are shouldering the spiritual burdens of those they serve. Divorce is rampant in the military and can be almost twice the civilian rate. Suicide is now the leading cause of death in the Army. It is not

We are so very grateful to each of you who support us financially each month. We could not be in ministry without your faithful giving. As the year ends, many people seek ways to give an extra gift. Would you consider us when you do so? Our account has reached the point where we need to reduce our salary again. An additional gift would be very appreciated as we continue to serve those who are serving our military. Thank you!



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uncommon to hear of sexual assaults happening among the young women who

join the military. The spiritual battles are immense. I am so proud of our Cadence team! They are leaning in, resisting the urge to move back to the States, and loving their people well. They are doing hard things.

On October 20, Bonnie and I will once again get on a plane to visit each of these dear people, listen to them, encourage them, and pray for and with them. We want them to know that it is worth the cost, that we support and love them, and that they are not alone. It is our privilege to do so. We want to do whatever we can to help them as they remain and serve.

Yesterday, I once again got on my bike. This time, I was alone with my thoughts. My goal was to ride 64 miles, my longest ride ever, one mile for each year I have been alive. I have to admit I wanted to stop. My body ached, the miles were not going as fast as I wanted them to, and I wanted to call Bonnie to come pick me up. Yet my son's words echoed in my ears, "I want to do hard things." I started to say that to myself, to push myself harder and not quit. Not much was left in me when I rode up to our house after 64 miles, yet I had done it—I had done a hard thing.

And you, our friends and supporters, allow us to cheer on those who are also doing hard things, much harder than riding a bike. They are offering their very lives in service to those whom the Lord has called them. Thank you for your part in allowing us to do just that. We could not cheer them on without you standing with us.

Cheering them as they do hard things,
Dave



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