



KEITH PATMAN'S  
**TRANSLATION NEWS**  
 EQUIPPING MOTHER TONGUE BIBLE TRANSLATORS IN MANY LANGUAGES

December 2018

Dear family and friends,

I'm writing to wish you joy in this season when we remember the greatest gift ever, the Redeemer who came to fulfill God's promise of deliverance from our sins and to offer life to all who trust in him. May the beauty, the fun and the traditions we celebrate lead us, as the star led the wise men, to kneel at the Savior's feet.

As we remember Jesus, the *Word made flesh*, let us remember how the good news of his salvation is spreading through the *written Word*. Join me in praying for those still waiting to hear it in their own languages, including the people of the Mango-speaking community in Chad, who anticipate receiving their published New Testament in 2019. I look forward to continuing my part in training and equipping Bible translators in Africa this coming year, as they bring God's message to their people. Because you stand with me in this work, I want to share this Christmas greeting from Bob Creson, President of Wycliffe USA, and his wife Dallas: [wycliffe.org/christmas](http://wycliffe.org/christmas).

Jaci and I send our love and warm wishes for God's blessings on you and yours, this Christmas and in the year ahead.



Jaci and I enjoyed hosting the kids and grandkids (with some grand-dogs thrown in) at Thanksgiving. We all walked off the feast on the Greenway, a trail through the mangroves near our home here in Naples, FL. Even the youngest grandchild, 1-yr.-old Parker Patman, turned out to be quite a hiker!



Partners in Bible Translation

**Centerpoint**

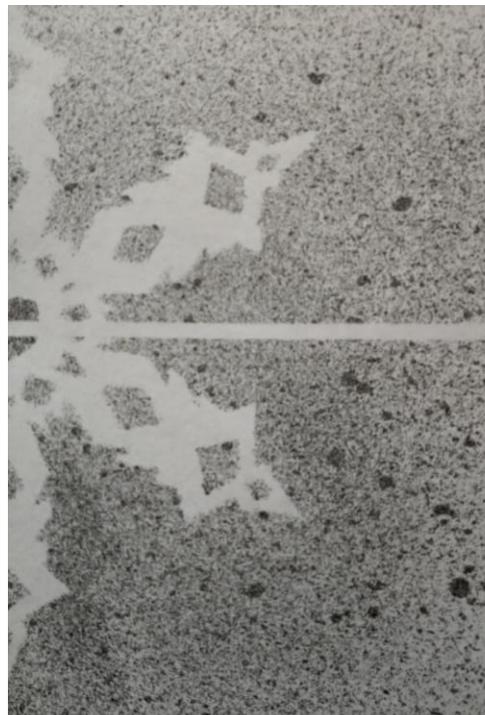
It is a still scene:  
 animal, human, angel awe  
 surrounds the newborn, radiant child —  
 a centerpoint in time, whose ways and places wrap  
 in layers about the crib of straw,  
 enveloping Bethlehem like a many-folded map.

It is a star's still centerpoint:  
 God's scissors cut it in the paper layers —  
 rays piercing Babylon, Sodom, pyramids,  
 dark rain and floodswell, Eden's flaming waste...  
 rays shot through Rome and Dachau, martyrs' prayers,  
 wake of galleons, hoofbeats, moonwalk, arc of probe in space...

God's hands, at either end of time,  
 unfold the map, reveal the geometric star  
 and its still centerpoint: Himself, incarnate.

— Keith Patman

from *Star Like a Lion's Eye*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edition © 2015



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