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## Dinner at The Snake Pit



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SUPPORT PLEDGED



HUNGARY

On the long checklist before leaving for Hungary, I needed to attend a course in personal security training. The course was held not at the end of earth, but for sure you could see it from there — the panhandle of Idaho.

The training was very informative and reassuring but most of all I was reminded my trust has to be totally in God for my protection and safety as I strike out on this journey. We covered things like passport integrity, potential threats and contingency planning. But all of this was in the context of faith, scripture, and confidence in the providence of God.

In the evening all of the class participants; missionaries in training and missionaries on furlough; were on our own for dinner. The first night, having traversed the mountain side on a long winding road with no guard rails I was too afraid to leave the safety of the mountain top after night fall. However, by the second night I felt more adventurous, so I decided to join the group for dinner, at "The Snake Pit." Yes, I said The Snake Pit! You may not know, but I am terrified of snakes and just the mention makes my skin crawl. But The Snake Pit was the group consensus, so I went kicking and scratching. What a delightful time I had!

Now The Snake Pit is a place with a colorful past. It began as the Enaville Resort in a little town called Enaville. Originally, it was a transportation center for railroaders, miners, and loggers. It quickly became known as The Snake Pit because it served as a hotel layover that offered various and sundry services. The current owner regaled us with stories of the former owner, Josie, who held court like Miss Kitty from Gunsmoke. Now, what is most amazing about this experience is the current owner, Tim, is a former missionary who served in Thailand. God moves in mysterious ways.