

TUESDAY, MARCH 2, 2010

## **Mission Tuesdays 50 & 51**



The last few weeks have gotten away from me. I have missed writing about my last two Tuesdays at Mission of Hope. I greatly apologize.

The last two weeks have been a little different for me...many things trying to catch my attention, and many directions I have been pulled in. But the thing that I have kept in my schedule has been my time at Mission of Hope. And I'm so glad and thankful I have.

During the week prior to last, on one of the days I was at Mission of Hope, my daughter Ali called in hysterics to tell me her friend, who was her classmate since Kindergarten and volleyball teammate had passed away that morning. Our lives seemed to stop at that moment...that was not something I expected to hear come across the phone line from Ali that day. It was hard to keep my focus on my work at the Mission, but knowing Ali was being taken care of by grief counselors and needed to be in the company of her friends that day, eased my worries of her. Giving of myself that afternoon was something I physically or mentally didn't think I could do. I felt I was gasping for air. I felt weak and felt like bursting into tears all day. I prayed for God's strength, and thankfully, He gave that to me.

Our schedules were turned upside-down all last week, but looking back, I'm very thankful that I was scheduled to be at Mission of Hope Tuesday, Thursday and Friday last week. The visitation for Ali's friend was on Tuesday evening, and the funeral was on Wednesday. Coming into Mission of Hope three days last week helped me...believe it or not. Some probably thought I was doing too much, but I needed to be there. I needed to forget about my life and grief for awhile, and be able to give to others. I needed to be around people who I knew loved me and cared about me. I needed to encourage others,

even as I was going through some tough stuff...I knew others were going through tougher stuff.

One man lost his father to death unexpectedly. One man needed someone to listen to him. One woman needed a bag of food to be able to eat at home. One man suffers with a mental disorder. One woman had a car accident years ago, which damaged her brain and suffers with that still today, but helping at Mission of Hope gives her purpose. I could go on and on. I needed to be around people who were hurting like I was. No one was moping around, and neither was I. But I knew their stories, and some of them knew mine.

Mission of Hope is so much to so many. I don't think people from the outside, possibly just driving by, have any clue what God is doing inside the doors of Mission of Hope. I don't think they have any clue what's happening in the people's lives who are helped by Mission of Hope. Honestly, I don't think the majority of people really understand how others are hurting like they are. I see it first-hand, and I've also been the one hurting these last couple of weeks who needed to be loved on and encouraged. So from both perspectives, I'm thankful God has brought me to Mission of Hope.

I love my Mission Tuesdays and all the other days I'm at the Mission! I just pray more people, who are maybe just driving by, would come in, be a part of God's work there, and be able to experience the hope that God offers through Mission of Hope...it's simply AMAZING!