

Mission Tuesdays #54 & #55



It's been a few weeks since I've written about my days at Mission of Hope. Mission Tuesday #54 was actually a Friday, and was a very different day for me. It was during my children's spring break from school. My son Zach joined me for the day...I needed him to, as I was recovering from a tachycardia that I experienced the day before. Honestly, I was worn out, weary and questioning that I should be there that day. But as the day progressed, I'm glad I was.

I love sharing my time there with my children. Mission of Hope is our church, so they are very familiar with what takes place there. But there's nothing like teaching them, by them watching and experiencing, how to serve the Lord in this way, by helping the needy, the hurting, the lonely. They get to hear stories first-hand of people who are helped my Mission of Hope, and they get the opportunity to learn about things they may never learn about otherwise. They get to experience the great feeling of helping someone hang on to hope. They also see how others live, and have a greater appreciation for the blessings God has given them and our family.

That Friday I realized when we left Mission of Hope, that being there that day was more for Zach than it was for anyone else. What a gift that was! Even though he said he "only made coffee, trimmed the carpet and helped you," it made him feel important and gave him purpose that day. There's nothing like being at Mission of Hope!

Mission Tuesday #55 will be a day that I will not soon forget. It was a normal busy day at the Mission...getting the donations of food put away, organizing the food pantry, restocking where needed, making coffee, filling the treat tray, helping people with what they may need, and of course giving my normal hugs.

But the thing that touched me the most happened right before I left for the day. One of the patrons, who I always enjoy conversing with was sitting at a table by himself. I sat down with him for a moment. He said to me, "You don't seem like your normal happy self today." I replied with, "Well, you're right. I've tried to hide it, but I'm sure people who see me here all the time, like yourself, can tell a difference." I felt that I could briefly share with him what was going on with me. I explained what happened with my tachycardia the week before, and that I was still struggling from that. The next day I would be having to undergo some tests, and would be picking up a heart monitor that I would need to wear for 30 days.

He became very quiet, probably partly because he wasn't sure what to say, and partly because I could tell he was concerned. But he eventually did say, "Everything's going to be ok." I agreed with him. His silence and his words touched me, as I could tell he cared. I didn't know this man a year ago, and here a year later, he and I coming from different walks of life, connected in a way that really touched my heart. I felt he gave back to me much more than I have ever given to him. God used this man to encourage me, just when I needed it.

Once again, I'm blown away at what I get to experience at serving the Lord and His people at Mission of Hope!