

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 2009

Mission Tuesday #28



When I walked into Mission of Hope on Tuesday, I realized I needed to be there for me that day. The date was September 15. This would have been my mother's 77th birthday. She passed away three years ago this December. Special days like her birthday are still difficult for me. I could have chosen to stay home and allow my sadness of missing her to consume me...and at that point, that thought didn't sound half bad. But I knew I would help myself much more if I chose to give to others, and serve God on Mom's birthday. I'm so glad I did.

Three new volunteers had come in to help on Tuesday. I enjoyed working alongside of them and helping them learn what the Mission was all about. It was a very busy morning, as we were having an issue with one of the appliances in the kitchen. Tuesdays are busy anyway, and this just added to the mix! I spent most of the morning in the kitchen.

We were on the schedule to make lunch on Tuesday. A few volunteers grilled burgers, brats and hotdogs out front. We added a pasta salad, a veggie tray, baked beans, apple pie, chocolate pecan pie, chocolate cake and punch. We served around 135 people. It was a great lunch!

There's one man that comes into the Mission that I used to be intimidated by. I realized now that he has a mental illness, and this causes him to fluctuate in his moods. Some days he's nice and some days he's not so nice. One day last week he came in and asked for a sandwich from the cooler in a not-so-nice tone. I asked him in the sweetest tone I

could muster, "Can you say please?" He got very upset with me and said he didn't need to say please to me. At that point, I knew I needed to stand my ground. Many other patrons were watching this scene unfold. I told him that manners are expected here, and if he would like something he would need to ask nicely and use his manners. He walked away mad.

Tuesday when he came in, I wasn't sure what to expect. He came up to me, I greeted him with a "Good morning," and I called him by name. I held up my hand to see if he would give me a "high five," and I was pleasantly surprised that he did! He was very nice to me the rest of the day. :-)

You know, God loves this man just as much as He loves me. This man can be mean, angry and upsetting. But he can also be sweet, gentle and kind. Why he has this mental illness, I don't know. But God loves him. I was reminded of that. **Acts 10:34-35 says, "It's God's own truth, nothing could be plainer: God plays no favorites! It makes no difference who you are or where you're from—if you want God and are ready to do as he says, the door is open."**

God loves every single person. He loves each one of us the same...He doesn't play favorites! If we walked around thinking that each day, do you suppose our days would be different?

I left the Mission on Tuesday thankful that I was able to give of myself during a day that was a sad day for me. God reminded me of another truth of His love that day. I'm so glad I didn't miss it!