

September 2017 News letter

Greetings

I haven't written for awhile, it has been a summer of change and rethinking and praying for directions. Now, I am sitting in an Athens hotel room, looking out the window at the Acropolis and the inviting waters of the Mediterranean in the distance. My husband and I and one of our sons, Mike, are over here visiting family and friends. While here, we are checking out some projects that work with refugees, a subject close to our hearts. Last night we went to a soup kitchen where mostly men were being fed an incredible looking meal and hearing the Gospel in their native Farsi. The looks of hopelessness and despair in their eyes was almost more than I could bear. I couldn't help but wonder where the future lay for those folks. The Syrians have traditionally been an educated people, known for their hard work and diligence. What good will that do these folks now? How many Farsi speaking jobs are available, even if they can obtain papers? What does their long range planning look like? Where is their 401-K? Can they see past today? How many will ever see their homes again? A familiar face as they walk down the street? A smile from their dad or a hug from their mom? The pain was so palatable I almost couldn't bear it. I had been in a jewelry store near the Plaka under the Acropolis the day before and saw a ring that I could justify getting, nothing special, no diamonds or rubies, just a 'good everyday' type ring. I knew I could afford it, I already had it justified in my mind (that was not a long process). I thought I would go back today and get it. But, a strange thing happened as I watched those men eating their soup, faces down with the look of defeat. I saw that ring floating on their bowls of soup and I realized that real treasure is helping those who cannot do it themselves anymore. The ring I was wanting was really just a way of thinking I could escape the sufferings here by having something new and shiny. But, those eyes, those hollow eyes of 250 lost men, 500 pain rimmed eyes won't leave my vision. I am still feeling their tragedy and helplessness.

This was exactly what I needed to take my mind off myself and to get me excited for the future of what we can do in Puerto Penasco. This was a clarifying vision, a motivating vision and I can hardly wait to get back to Mexico in 10 days and get back into the swing of things with the clinics and the community center.

I can't solve the Syrian refugee problem, but, I can make a dent in the sufferings of the people in San Rafael with our clinics. I can bring hope to just a few folks there, I can ask God how and where else He wants me to touch the broken. I am reminded of the words of advice from Tolkien, "It's a dangerous business, Frodo, going out your door. You step onto the road, and if you don't keep your feet, there's no knowing where you might be swept off to."

Come out your door, and be swept off with us helping the underserved in Puerto Penasco. You will never look back. We have clinics this weekend and then September 23, Oct 7, Nov. 4 and Dec 2---complete with Santa and Mrs Claus. September 23 we also have a dental clinic and then another one October 19-21. 2018 calendar is being worked on now. Come share in our joy!