

# mission year musings

## november 2012



*Some of our friends from church. They're all decked out for the Halloween festival our church had at the neighborhood elementary school!*



*Our precious pastor's family. Keep them in your prayers as they fight sickness and head into the craziness that is Kettle Season.*

As fabulous as it would be if our rent and food paid for themselves, neither our landlord nor our grocery store manager has gotten on board with that plan yet. It costs **\$17** for me to eat this week. Please support me as I purchase pasta, hot dogs, and tomato products! Also as I proclaim Jesus's beauty and grace in Atlanta. ☺

Visit [www.missionyear.org/donate](http://www.missionyear.org/donate) to donate!

I remember being taught in Sunday School that James's nickname was "Old Camel Knees" because he spent so much time on his knees in prayer. I'm certainly not claiming any impressive callouses. But Jesus has shown up in some incredible ways this month, and He's brought me down on my face in thankful adoration many times. He has been drawing my neighbors and friends into deeper worship. He has been redeeming some of the unjust systems affecting the people around me. He has been communicating His passions and desires to me in stunningly powerful ways. This journey downward—to my knees, to a place of humility, and deeper into the heart of God—has been sweet. Sweet like the Snickers we passed out on Halloween and sweet like sloppy wet kisses from preschoolers! (Check out the pictures to the left for reference. ☺)

### down town

The first thing I noticed about him was his smile. He was looking for a dollar, and I was looking for someone to share breakfast with, so we made our way to McDonald's. I had a difficult time understanding most of his words, and I think he had more important things to think about than a strange girl's questions. But with two coffees (plenty of cream and sugar) and two breakfast burritos (both his, for the record... not sure if I could keep one of those down), we were having a lovely picnic. Shortly after we sat down, another man walked up to us. He started making fun of my friend for the way he looked and talked. Then he started making fun of me for my choice in friends. And I was frustrated. Angry, actually. He was insulting someone created so carefully and wonderfully in the image of God. But Abba whispered to me in that moment that I was to love the second man just as well as I loved the first. Because he too was formed in the image of my Savior. And he too needed love and needed Jesus. So we let our picnic grow a little bigger and that's how I met Jesus in two of His most "distressing disguises," as Mother Theresa described them, in the same morning.

### down the street

This month in the nursery at church we've been talking about families. God has built the families at our church in many different ways. Some have lots of children; some have none. Some have two parents, some have one, and some have gracious grandmas who have stepped in. Many have a large support network of extended family. All of these beautiful variations have had me thinking about being a daughter of my heavenly Father. How that releases me from having to prove myself. How I can curl up in His lap and be fully known. And how I can turn around and lavish that same love on the little ones in my Sunday School class!

## hand me downs

To have found God and still to pursue Him is the soul's paradox of love, scorned indeed by the too-easily-satisfied religionist, but justified in happy experience by the children of the burning heart.  
—A. W. Tozer

I am the fool of this story, and no rebel shall hurl me from my throne. —G. K. Chesterton

The little [adopted] girl was fed. She was given a doll, which she stared at ungratefully. She was not satisfied with her food, and tried to steal other people's. She was altogether deplorable. After a few days' experience we could hardly wonder that nobody wanted her, except the One who always wants the naughtiest of us. —Amy Carmichael

O Ephraim, what have I to do with idols?

It is I who answer and look after you.  
I am like an evergreen cypress;  
from me comes your fruit. —Hosea 14:8

He has discovered Himself to some extent in nature, but more perfectly in the Incarnation; now He waits to show Himself in ravishing fulness to the humble of soul and the pure in heart.  
—A. W. Tozer

The water that I will give him will become in him a spring of water welling up to eternal life.  
—John 4:14b

These three [girls rescued from the temples] make the nursery the centre of things interesting, and I think we have all felt the fascination of the little loving things who ask for so much, get more than they ask, and give more so unconsciously.  
—Amy Carmichael

The land shall not be sold in perpetuity, for the land is mine. For you are strangers and sojourners with me. —Leviticus 25:23



*Cats LOVE our porch. Also, they love lunch meat.  
But not tea. Good to know, right?*

## down to earth...

strawberry cake mix  
Atlanta Songwriter's Club  
Amy Carmichael  
Sprite  
letters from dear friends (hint, hint)  
bubbles  
friends downtown  
fruit smoothies  
orangey-golden leaves  
comfy couches  
space heaters  
friends down the street  
Hosea  
early mornings with Jesus  
friends on the bus  
creation and Creator  
apples  
being treasured by my Treasure

grace & peace,  
sarah