

Hope

The hope that we have because of Jesus is worth more than all the gold in the world could purchase. It is for sure. It is real. It gives this life purpose and births a zeal that can't be extinguished.

How cool is it that we, His ambassadors, get to share the love of our God by being His hands, His feet and His heart? How awesome is it that He calls us His inheritance and actually chooses to use us in all of our weakness to show the broken His power and love?

Marathon is a small community. When The Holy Spirit led us there last October we had no idea that by the time our "We are Christ Day" arrived on June 27th that most of the town would be unemployed due to the closing of their Pulp Mill.

75 followers and lovers of Jesus gathered in Marathon to make Jesus famous on Saturday, June 25th. They went two by two into the homes of over 20 single Moms. Floors, ovens and walls were scrubbed. Carpets were shampooed. Homes were dusted and cleaned. Tattered clothes were mended. A fence was built and cars were washed. The Hospital was blessed with supplies and so was the Home for Battered Women. A freezer was moved, ceiling fans were installed, shelves were put up, holes were patched in walls, furniture was moved from one building to another and runs were made to the dump for those that don't have a vehicle. All the Food Banks on that Northern corridor were stocked with provisions as well as two Native American Reserves! A feast was prepared and 150 plus scores of children packed out the Moose Hall and enjoyed every bite of an incredible turkey dinner! Each family left with 3 big boxes full of groceries and other goodies but not before they heard Maury Blair boast about His Jesus! Hands were raised all over the building and the next day more of our guests came to church and filled the altar for prayer.

The followers and lovers of Jesus in Manitouadge went home ignited to make every day a "We are Christ Day". On Sunday afternoon and throughout the next week they delivered boxes of food to needy families in their town as well as Marathon and in the fall they have decided to start a Soup Kitchen!

Tyson is six and he couldn't talk until he was three because of the trauma he has experienced. He and his two little sisters have been in Foster care up until May. Their Mom has suffered so much abuse and pain but has started to make good choices and is now going to school part-time so that she can provide for her precious family. Tyson and I scrubbed walls together. He was pretty wowed by the power of the "magic eraser" (which by the way is the best invention since the light bulb!) He told me that he goes to "Holy Savior Public School". He was blown away to find out that The Holy Savior actually had a name and even more impressed that The Holy Savior knew him by name and really impressed when I told him that The Holy Savior had done something just for him. I pointed out the black marks all over the walls and told him that our hearts looked just like that. Tyson looked at me with this mischievous glint in his eyes and told me that he and his sisters had actually made those marks even though they knew they were suppose to

draw on paper. I told him that we dirty our hearts the same way but that The Holy Savior delighted in wiping all the black away with one swoop of His magic eraser.

Bringing hope to the hopeless comes in all kinds of ways. It comes in boxes of diapers. It comes in turkey dinners. It comes in a song. It comes in cleaning an oven. It comes in building a fence or installing a ceiling fan. It comes in a bowl of soup. It even comes in a magic eraser.

I can't think of anything more fun than telling Tyson the Holy Saviors name....can you?

Looking at the sky and living in Jesus,

Sue