

General Topics :: My El Salvador Mission!

My El Salvador Mission! - posted by markitats (), on: 2005/1/20 21:45

First I would like to say I'm very thankful to be back in the states among friends. Thank you for all your prayers and support. They were very much appreciated and needed. I went to El Salvador with a job title of being in charge of distributing Bibles. I knew that would mean I would be able to evangelize. I pretty much figured I had that field down. I could quote all the right verses, knew a lot about theology, and pretty much knew all the right answers to say. I was proposed with a question by a young girl that was not so much asked but held deep within her heart, "I'm ten years old, and mom died from abuse a year ago and Jesus loves me." Usually, I would rabble some theological answer, but I realized in my spirit that she cared nothing for such things. All she was looking for was simple answers to her life's pain, not my intelligence. I found out I had to rely on God's grace alone because I am so used to speaking to people who understand Christian concepts, and this wasn't the case. I was forced to relive all the painful past of my mother's death. I told her that yes, sometimes life can be so difficult, but Jesus said he'd never leave you nor forsake you. That Jesus wanted to heal all the hurts she had in her heart and be her savior. He took the strips on his back so you could be healed. I then asked the most important question, "Would you go to Heaven if you died on the way home?" She said she didn't know, and then I explained about how Jesus died in her place so she could be back with the father. Finally, I asked if she would like to accept Christ and her reply was, "Yes!" We prayed and when we finished, she looked as if she wanted to cry. I realized all I had to go through to get there was worth it because one person was added to the Kingdom. No amount of discomfort would have been too much for her or any other soul. I wrote a poem about the experience, and I am going to share it with you:

Today I woke up with forgotten petition,
 Lord, did I lack the faith that you'd listen,
 Because nothing was unanswered and nothing was missin'.

When we arrived, I was not sure,
 For if God, in their hearts would you stir,
 Or like most days would I withhold the cure.

I seen her face, a angelic one,
 Searching for truth but not knowing the son
 Whom died so that all could come.

Her mother died because she was abused,
 A woman, mistaken and used,
 For her your body was beaten and bruised.

So, she stood there, now listening very intently,
 Jesus died for you and wants to hold your heart so gently,
 And now he was awaited on bent knee.

We then started to pray,
 Jesus I thought protect her each day,
 Live in her heart and let her not stray.

Afterward, she looked up with tears in each eye,
 Holding back, not wanting to cry,
 I held my breath then started to sigh.

Why Jesus did you pick inadequate me,
 To speak of the adequacy of thee,
 To a child who was to blinded to see.

Regardless, thank you for letting me speak,
 To your child, now, not so weak,
 But so thankful that your love did seek.

Thank you all for listening and God bless.

Re: My El Salvador Mission!, on: 2005/1/20 22:24

God is so good.

Lord bless you Mark

Re: My El Salvador Mission! - posted by crsschk (), on: 2005/1/21 0:30

Mark

What an incredible experience.

And your poem...

Thank you brother, that the Lord keep you and bless you.