



# HOPE FOR INDIA

There's a lot to say when you want to relay 7, 18-hour days. So I guess we should start with the basics. Each day had a similar pattern. We would go out to one of the poorer regions, and split into three groups; a medical team, a childrens team, and a village team.



The medical team ran a free medical clinic. They would attend to the sick and weary and try to give as much aid as possible.

There were easy things, like weary bones and very more weary of hearts. These were treated with simple medicines and given the opportunity to be heard and sympathized with. But there were also very difficult things, like a man who came to them with a tumor or a woman who wanted an abortion because she could not afford to care for her child once born. These things were hard to turn away, and even harder to know that we could do nothing in the physical realm to alleviate their burdens. Yet the people were patient and grateful, knowing that the medical team did all that they could.

The village team went out into the poorest parts of the city to plant mango trees and pray for people. This part seemed simple and



straightforward, but as teams came back with story after story, it was soon clear that there was a great need! People were eager to hear about Jesus, and even more desperate for prayer. Mango trees (which are a self-sustainable resource in India) were planted in love, and will hopefully be harvested with hope. Yet the greater joy came from the salvation that many found in the words of Jesus and the power of scripture. One of the village teams came back with this story; As they were about to leave, weary from a long day of planting and praying, they saw a woman sitting on a pile of rubble. They approached her and shared the gospel. When they asked if she wanted to know Jesus personally, she hungrily said yes and prayed with them to receive his grace.

## From India, With love.

**On the lighter side, I'll never forget...**

- **Taking my first rickshaw ride through the city.**
- **Making a three point turn on the freeway and then driving the wrong way to get to the correct exit.**
- **Driving on unpaved dirt to avoid toll booths.**
- **Trying buffalo milk ice cream (it's delicious!).**

Immediately there was such joy and peace on her face! And then she left. They later said that it was like she was literally only waiting for them to tell her about Jesus.

The childrens team went to schools and orphanages to play games, sing songs, pour out love, and tell them about Jesus. This was the team that I was on.



What I saw in those schools I don't think I could ever fully describe. But this is as close as I can think of; There's a moment when small children are running around and they trip over their own feet. First there comes shock, but quickly comes the need for reassurance. They look around for the eye of an adult and what they see next will decide how they react. If they see a smile, love, and reassurance, then they too will smile broadly, knowing everything will be ok. These children were filled with such joy even with so little! Excited just to be with us, and for us to spend any time with them. They were looking at us for just a glimmer of the love and reassurance that Christ gives



to us. It melted my heart every time I looked in their eyes. Those eyes are the one I will see when I look back on India, and those young lives that I pray most

earnestly for.

Finally, every night we would put on a concert, sponsored by the Covenant Worship School (where they are teaching nationals how to lead worship) and a local church in that region. These nights were like an open phone line to God. The presence of God was



Looking out over the crowd that gathers to watch us sing, I am reminded that although our words may be foreign, the Spirit can still touch any of these 2,000+ lives. Thank you for being a part of this journey and praying for these lives.

evident whether we echoed in churches or projected our voices toward the night sky. Even if it only touched us, I know that as a choir the Lord showed us our depravity and his grace ever more clearly as we sang the words of truth. Afterwards, we would pray for person after person. They would swarm around us, hungry for a small word to God on their behalf. The way that the people wanted prayer was the equivalent of when a pinata breaks and all the children run to gather the little bits that they can manage. It humbled me and showed me what it's like to truly hunger for God.

Overall, this trip ended up being about more than just serving people in India. When I boarded the plane in Raleigh, it was excitement about what I could do for others. But as we were coming home, I realized that this trip made me hunger more for the Lord, and remember that there are people whose needs are greater than filling their bellies



or quenching their thirst. Jesus said that he is the spring of living water and bread of life. That we should come and eat. But how will others know the love of Christ, and understand his sacrifice if someone does not tell them? This isn't just about going overseas, but where I am now too. God showed me a great many things about myself, himself, and the people he loves in those 7 short days. But I am confident that the work he is doing there in India will reach much farther than our small part. Until every nation and every tongue are at His throne, I will pray that he will continue to move in the hearts of the nation of India.

