



Captivated for the Gospel

Jenna Lee @ School to the Nations

From my Heart... Crumbling Walls and the Words I Didn't Have

Dear SouthEast Asia,

The idols orchestrating your life remind me no one has come before and my white face only serves to remind you of war. Barriers and mistrust cloud our interaction like the smoke rising from the fire where you heat my tea. Our differences magnified as I step into your home and our mouths silenced by the languages we do not know. These are the words I would have said...

You slid over and let me join you in grinding corn and you risked your loom and yards of fabric to let me weave. In those moments, I felt our lives becoming like the tapestry at my fingertips...woven in a strange transaction of hand gestures and subtle giggles. As our tapestry grows, I wanted to tell you that I love you! I love you out of this abundant, overflowing, untarnished love of a Father who transforms, perfects and fulfills this existence you have. I wanted to tell you of Jesus who gave his life to set you free from Buddha's wheel of suffering and from the oppression of your spirits. I wanted to tell you that you were created to praise and glorify a worthy, faithful and personal God.

All these things I wanted to tell you, but in my human limitations I did all I knew to do...I interceded for you, I tried to communicate with the gentleness of servant hands and I smiled with my whole being. Though I am imperfect and ill equipped, I want to tell you that I serve an all-powerful God. I have been pleading with Him to break through these barriers, to communicate the things I couldn't say...to visit you through dreams and visions...to raise up translators and national believers...to make Himself known, so that you may walk into the richness of serving the King.

And to those kids you run from us and then you follow us. You mimic us and we mimic you and as the moments pass your proximity increased. Then you grabbed my hand and the silent frustration and the regret of unspoken messages dissipate as your tiny, dusty hand grasp friendship and crumbles the walls between our worlds. The words I long to proclaim are many but I have tangibly witnessed the Lord moving, changing and preparing the way. So Southeast Asia, I wait with certain expectation of the unbelievable work of the Lord to come. (Habakkuk 1:5)

With all my love, Jenna Lee

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Learn more about the Ministry
www.stnations.com

Adventures in Ministry Blog:
www.bewilderedheart.wordpress.com

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I am trying to reevaluate my support for the 2014 year. If you are planning to stay on or join the team this year could you please fill out the enclosed commitment card? Thank you for partnering through finance and prayer!



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I am enclosing \$_____ as a one-time gift to support your ministry.

I am committing to give \$_____/month to support your ministry.

I am not able to give at this time but please continue sending updates
I commit to diligence in my ministry, which includes praying for you
and your family! How can I pray for you?



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