



# The Roe's Hatch

June 16, 2020



Dear Partner,

These are times to take great care to sit at the Lord's feet, Word in hand, and make sure we're hearing Him over the many, many voices. Our hearts are grieved and broken over so much injustice in our country and life just feels so heavy. It is not an easy time to be raising kids or ministering to college students, yet we're so grateful for both.

We want to encourage you that in the midst of all the racial injustice, loud voices, protests, riots, attacks on law enforcement and illness and lost jobs from a global pandemic, the Lord is at work in the lives of students. We sure do miss seeing them face to face. Bible Studies, discipleship and weekly meetings have such a different feel over Zoom. But we are grateful for ways to still touch base and invest in students, helping them grow closer to the Lord, encouraging them and helping to equip them for the ministry to come as we re-emerge from this virus. We pray this season of growth will release them more compelled and equipped to share the Gospel with a hurting world.

Some students feel isolated and lonely living back at home, away from the fellowship they've known on campus. But the Lord is meeting them in it and drawing many to seek Him in a whole new way. Taylor is a senior at UW-Whitewater with one semester left of school. As we've met on video calls, you can visibly see how the Lord is working in her. She tells me that she has been growing more in her spiritual life than ever before. On campus, she would often turn to others for support and she enjoyed the community at UWW. The Lord has given her such a hunger and thirst for His Word as she spends time seeking Him and studying the Scripture. He has also bro-



Every year we say farewell to students dear to our hearts. A good number are pictured here. Some already have jobs, some are heading to grad school, and others are entering full-time ministry with a church or mission organization. Pray for these passionate, Christ-followers who desire to make disciples and build Jesus' Kingdom wherever they go.

ken through some strongholds in her life and is releasing her from a long battle with anxiety.

Taylor is being discipled by Joanna, another student I've been discipling at UW-Whitewater for the past couple years. Joanna spent last summer in Peru on a Cru summer mission and had the time of her life, reaching out to students in Spanish with the Gospel. This summer she'd been accepted to a stateside summer mission with Cru at Jersey Shore, a venue with intensive leadership development and evangelistic training. Joanna had called others to join her on mission and was incredibly disappointed when it was canceled due to Covid-19. With all summer missions being canceled, Cru developed some great options for students to learn theology online. The motto is, "Summer isn't canceled. Neither is the mission." Both Joanna and Taylor signed up for this free summer theology course online, and they are loving it. In it they are receiving quality seminary coursework through online lectures and videos, interactive group discussion, and homework in the Bible on their own. They are growing in core Christian doctrine, like the Word of God, God, humanity, Christ, redemption, sanctification, the Church, eschatology, the Great Commission and more.

Scott and I recently completed an intensive seminary class called Humanity, Christ and Salvation. My favorite part of the class was the Theology Project. To start with, we did an independent study of the role of the Trinity in Salvation in the book of Ephesians. I highly recommend this study to you and everyone! Just make a chart with columns for Father, Son, Holy Spirit and All 3 and go through, chapter by chapter, filling in the chart. We then wrote a 9-page paper on what we learned. Even having been on staff with Cru for 27 years, this was a great exercise and it made me marvel at the awesomeness of the Lord and His plan. We persevered to find a way to share a screen on Zoom calls four hours per day with our three kids doing on-line school at the same time. But it all worked out and I am so grateful for that time of refreshment in the Word leading into this intense time for our nation. And our kids finished school, a huge relief!

Please pray for us as we parent in these difficult but vital times. Being without peers takes a toll on the kids, as does the political debate raging in our country right now. Coaching them through social media and encouraging them to seek the Lord in the midst of uncertainty takes some balance and skill. We need to prioritize Him in our daily lives as well, it is easy to feel overwhelmed with the weight of it all.

We are so grateful for you, our partners, and pray for you in these times. How can we pray for you? Please feel free to email any requests you have to [Bonnie.Roe@cru.org](mailto:Bonnie.Roe@cru.org). We love you and pray this time will provide an opportunity to seek the Lord in bold new ways, to pray like never before, and to find ways to do justice, to love mercy and to walk humbly with our God.

*Bonnie Roe*

P.S. As I watched live coverage of the Twin Cities protests and vandalism I wrote some words describing the mixed emotions I felt. For what it is worth, we are including them with this letter.



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# Who Will Help?

I grieve like an outsider at a funeral.  
Too unknown to sit with the true mourners,  
Too untrusted to offer hugs of condolence,  
Too naïve to fully comprehend.  
I am grieving  
But I grieve for them mostly.  
This is their family, their pain.  
But like a close family friend, I care, I weep...  
Something as surface-level as my skin color  
makes me suspect.  
Just writing those words makes me sweat.  
The irony of it.

Skin color is the display  
of a creative, diversity-loving God,  
our different characteristics like a spectacular  
mosaic,  
like birds with all their detailed feathers and  
intricate patterns,  
each one varied and perfect.  
The God who created us is good and just  
and He loves diversity.  
Is it any surprise that the Enemy of our souls  
would drive a stake through our ethnic  
identities?  
Put a wedge where we're different  
and take away the unity we have as One Race?  
The Lord God made us all in His image  
and it takes us all to reflect Him,  
One beautiful, colorful human race.  
What the Evil one and our complicitness has  
shrouded in darkness of night  
must be illuminated.  
Not through flames of riot and destruction  
but through His inescapable Light.  
The light of day exposes the deeds of darkness in  
time...

But today's funeral is for  
George Floyd  
the Gentle Giant  
a man burdened over the state of his city  
who served on missions  
and cared for hurting youth  
A man who wasn't perfect,  
Like me,  
Like you,

who moved to Minneapolis  
to start a better life  
only to lose it  
with no dignity  
handcuffed  
hands behind his back  
lying face down in a street  
his neck pressed in by the knee of a  
calm  
unmoved  
white cop  
In the presence of witnesses who didn't save  
For e-i-g-h-t m-i-n-u-t-e-s  
and f-o-r-t-y s-i-x seconds.  
"I can't breathe."

And 400 years of pain exploded into the streets  
of my city  
Hard hit streets of my city  
Pandemic-stricken streets of my city  
Already marginalized streets of my city  
Gathering to remember  
To cry out for justice  
To grieve  
To console  
To rise up!  
Peaceful protests under the light of the sun  
Memorials built  
Prayers for peace  
Drumming and dancing

But when darkness falls the streets are lit  
first the cars  
then the buildings  
Flames reveal the broken glass, looting, rioting  
the smell of smoke thick  
in the presence of invisible officials  
who had to know it was coming.  
I knew it was coming.

Two hundred and fifty-five businesses looted,  
burned and destroyed  
Employers of the marginalized  
Pillars of these communities  
Immigrant-owned ethnic restaurants  
Low income housing  
Falling to flames

And no help comes  
for hours  
and hours  
which spill into days.  
That pain rising  
The unheard giving voice  
And who knows who out there preying on  
desperation.

The marginalized gather together every  
morning  
Sweeping the glass from their broken-down  
storefronts  
Boarding up their windows  
Securing their doors  
Pushing burned-out cars to the sides of their  
smoking streets.  
Black-owned businesses burned to the ground.

#### **Where is the help?**

The same police department that produced the  
cop  
that snuffed out George Floyd  
is nowhere in sight.  
They fled the 3<sup>rd</sup> Precinct  
at the Mayor's command  
911 calls go unanswered  
Their own station in shambles  
And mayhem in the streets.  
The marginalized stand in their yards after  
curfew  
Keep watch over each other's houses  
Water buckets at the ready  
They have learned that though their buildings  
burn  
No firetrucks will come to put out the fires.  
Maybe this is what it takes  
for the unheard voices to finally break through  
The cries of injustice rising in flames  
Smoldering in embers  
Ready to light again  
Who will help the wheel-chaired woman and  
her disabled friends  
In their low-income apartment, looted and  
burned?  
Who will shop for them when there now is no  
store left in their community?

#### **Who will help?**

My faith says our help comes from the Lord.  
O God, I believe you are a God of Justice.  
You sent your Son to save us  
a man of sorrows  
and familiar with grief  
One who knew oppression  
and died, innocent,  
at the hands of wicked men.  
O Lord, we need you!  
Let our prayers rise up before you  
in wild flames of desperation  
Lord reveal your true justice through your  
Church  
Give us strength to rise and lend voice and help!  
Burn it into our hearts and heal our land!  
Let not the wicked go unpunished!  
Let not one more image-bearer die in vain!  
Let us together weep, mourn and wail  
as One Family.  
Help us  
to do justice  
to love mercy  
and to walk humbly with our God  
and our fellow brothers and sisters  
In all our glorious, God-given diversity.

-Bonnie Roe