

The Haydens

Serving with International Community School of Bangkok in Thailand

October 2011

Across the table from me sat a cheerful face. R_____ was telling her story of coming to Jesus. This was my first experience as a church elder interviewing candidates for baptism. Hearing R_____’s story was especially delightful because she had been in my peacemaker class a year before. But the icing on the cake was yet to come.

Part way through her testimony I mentioned to the other candidates that R_____ had been a particular blessing to my family. One year ago Christine and I spent an October holiday weekend laying around, exhausted from Dengue Fever, dreading Monday. *Dengue* means weeks of recovering our energy back. *Weekend* means *no household help* – taking care of 4 children by ourselves. *Holiday* means *our helper would not come on Monday either*. *Dreading* means it was Krista’s birthday, the guests were invited, and neither Christine nor I had energy to make a party happen.

So I posted a plea on facebook. “Anybody out there who could help?” R_____ and a friend, though they had never been to our house and barely knew us outside the church walls, answered the call, picked up supplies at a store, joined two mothers of party guests, and made a 9-year-old girl (and her parents) very happy. Now for the icing on the cake.

After I shared this with the other baptism candidates, R_____ filled me in on “the rest of the story.” R_____ is single, and has lived in Thailand, away from her family, for many years. That day that she came to help, she saw Christian parents working to make a memory for their child. She saw love among family members. She mingled with Christian mom’s also helping out. She came away heart full of what it means to have a Christian home.

I never knew we were blessing her. Christine and I were too weak to think of setting any kind of example. We were just happy to receive help. I thought we were being blessed, and we were. But God was up to something else.

Even as I write this, I recall another event earlier that weekend. It was an evening or two before the party. Kids were in bed. Christine and I were wiped out. I felt an inner nudge to pray with my wife. But laying with my face to the wall, I felt justifiably resistant, “God, You’re the last one I want to talk to right now. Do I really need to be going through this?” I was whining about me, but God was thinking of R_____ and how He would bless her through our home in the midst of, and because of, our weakness.

Thank's R_____ for your story. Now you've blessed us twice. And thank you, God. You never waste a drop of suffering.

Prayer points:

- Thank God for a happy family. It's birthday season again. Krista turns 10, Christine 41, and Susanna 3.
- Right in the middle of this 11 day celebration, Scott will teach Peacemaking to some 60 participants at the Association of Christian Schools International (ACSI's) International Children Educators Conference for school leaders...
- ...**IF** flooding doesn't cancel it. More on that next month. Pray please.

Scott, Christine, Krista, Alizabeth, Clarisse and Susanna
