

Mission CriTikal

#11 – Story Spot Sparkle

“Something's wrong with the children that expectantly come to the mission story spot each Sunday afternoon,” thought Lyla. There was nothing this teenage girl loved to do more than using her drawing skills, even if it was only on discarded cardboard. It had to be something just short of a miracle to watch the sparkle come to those young eyes filled with fear and hopelessness. Lyla didn't know exactly what a black hole in space was, but it couldn't be any more empty than the eyes of each of the children that lived in the ram-shackled sheet metal village at the bottom of the hill.

That sunny Saturday afternoon, she sat Indian fashion in the center of the boxed-in Mission Critikal Story Spot just outside the tent. She lightly moved her hand over the ground within the story spot. In some way she hoped the ground where the precious children sat, would tell her what was wrong.

Daenum noticed her actions and slowly walked to where she was sitting. Neither teen said a word. Her heart kept asking the same question, that finally had to be spoken, “What is wrong with the children, or wrong with me that makes their sparkle disappear?” This was one of those times a person has to get all their questions out in the open – empty themselves so God can fill us with His will and purpose and power.

Lyla spoke her heart's desire for the children to Dae, not really expecting any answer; like this was a problem that neither Dae nor God could answer. How many times have we voiced our hurts and hopes with the same black-hole attitude?

“I'll be back in a minute,” Dae told Lyla as he rose to his feet and walked off. In just a couple minutes he was back and showed the teen girl what he held in his hand. At first glance it really was not much to look at. With his hand cupped and close enough for Lyla to take a close look, it was just seeds. No big deal, right? Wrong as ever you could be.

Dae's hand motion told her to follow him. They walked to an area only a few yards from the Mission Critikal Story Spot where he got down on his knees. Keeping the hand with the seeds closed and protected, he began clearing the grass from a small area

maybe 1 foot by 1 foot. His hand gestures told her to watch closely. He took one seed and placed it on top of the ground. He made sure she was watching closely. A few inches away, he next poked his finger in the ground an inch or two. She saw clearly that he then took a seed and dropped it in the finger hole, and pushed the dirt in to cover the hole.

Still not saying anything, he pointed at the single seed laying on top of the ground and then at the finger hole that had a seed at its bottom.

After another pause, Dae said, “Lyla. Which seed is going to grow? Which seed will produce a beautiful flower just like the one it came from? Which seed will produce a plant that will not be blown away or die, when stormy weather threatens?”

The lesson continued with, “Lyla, the seed on top of the ground is like our lessons we teach that only reach the eyes and ears. They don't last. They don't endure. This seed planted firmly in this finger hole will sprout strong roots to grow and flourish as God has designed it to do. And then, this one seed with roots, will grow and someday produce many many seeds to spread God's beauty and creation all around us. Do you see the difference?”

“To plant God's truths that will grow roots and endure, we have to plant the seeds in the hearts of the children, not just in their ears. You might think of poking our finger in the soil is like God poking His finger of repentance into our hearts and showing us we have no power or righteousness to enter God's Heaven of ourself.

“While we share God's promises and purpose for our lives, we need to ask ourselves if the seeds of the gospel of salvation in us just lay on the top of the ground? Or are those seeds planted deep in our heart that will produce roots to grow and help others to grow. “

“Lyla. I know you love to feed the children God's truths as they sit in the Story Spot. But, you'll never be able to plant seeds of Heaven, that endure, until you have deeply planted God's salvation by grace, in your own heart. Can I pray right now, for both of us asking God to make it clear where His seeds of promise are at?”

Have the promises of Jesus Christ taken root in you?