

# MisSion CriTikal – Teens, Tents, 'n Truth

## #1 Door Slammin'

“It can't be done! There's no way. We got nothin' to start with. People will think we're looney!” Lenny said out loud, for the umpteenth time. The two teen boys sat at the top of a grassy knoll just outside Kustin village, looking at all the small shacks filled with broken dreams and discouraged people. It was a real struggle for Daanum to fight back the tears, that wanted to erupt to the open sky, asking God the why, the how, the who, the when, and why us.

The reason for Daanum's tears was the village kids. No the kids weren't mean malicious or anything like that. You'd understand Daanum's tears if you just once looked close-up into the eyes of any one of the village kids. It was like you were seeing two black holes of nothingness, just like in outer space. No doubt, you'd see the same nothingness in the eyes of their parents too.

He started it all; last July – that evangelist was the one that opened his Bible and shared the news of an open door; that's open to everyone. Lenny and Daanum sat there on the bench and could hardly believe their ears. When the song started, Daanum almost stumbled over Lenny's feet as he quickly walked to the altar rail before the song stopped and the door slammed shut – maybe forever.

Neither teens were very good with learning and memorizing school stuff, somehow that didn't matter for right now. Several times Daanum - (“Daa” was what Lenny most often called his school friend.) patiently explained to Lenny that hope and love soaked in truth have to come before quadratic equations, legal letters, and chemical concoctions.

Last September Lenny was totally hooked on Daa's attitude that never seemed to even hint of nothingness. A couple times he heard Daa include his name in prayer of thanks for God's goodness. It was on this very spot, they were now sitting, that Daa's invitation to Lenny to trust Christ to be his personal Savior and Lord of his life. Over the last few months, Lenny had finally ran out of “No”s, and said “Yes – definitely – yes” to Daa and to Jesus Christ.

I won't say that fireworks and rockets went off or bells or sirens screamed, but it was just like a super heavy backpack was taken off Lenny's shoulders. From that day until this, the two teens talked about how they could show other kids about the door that leads to lifted burdens and black hole attitudes blasted away by God's power.

It would be good to know some about Lenny. He was a year younger than Daa. One thing that would stand out in bold letters on Lenny's resume – if he ever wrote one, is that he could probably build a rocket ship with a pair of pliers and a day spent in a sizable junk yard.

So, as the boys watched the children chasing each other around the shacks and a few adults watching them, those questions came back and tried to take root – like thorn bushes: who, how, where, which, when, and what first.

That was probably the best question to tackle first -What's First? Where do we begin?

Is that your question? Where is my “START HERE”?

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