MisSion CriTikal
#25 – Willy Words

Willy got the bug. "Workin' Willy", some people might call him. Everyone knew him as the 8 yr old with a teen sister, named Lyla who taught the stories and lessons at the Sunday afternoon Story Spot. He often noticed the attention and admiration on the faces of the village children (teens included) as his big sister taught lessons about God's love for young people. He got the bug, or rather burden to teach, in God's vast classroom of souls.

But he was sort-of handicapped. He thought of himself as handicapped by his age. After all, nobody listens to an 8 year old; especially when they learn this 8 yr old lives in a ramshackle tin metal shack. The thing is, though, every 8 yr old anywhere on planet Earth needs to be continually reminded that God listens, often when nobody else will – He listens with a loving heart. And also, God assigns angels to protect them.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." (Matt 18:10.)

This burden to teach didn't go away. His young mind couldn't quite piece it all together, but he often imagined he could become someone kind-of important by some things he would teach. He never told anyone, even his mom or big sister his odd idea. During his quiet moments, he'd look at his clothes that anyone would call rags and imagine they'd become fancy dress clothes, like maybe a fairytale movie would portray. His imagination would say that he'd pay for the fancy clothes by teaching. Sure it seemed very odd, but it was his odd dream that never went away.

Then there was a big problem with his teaching dream. He didn't want to talk to teach, like his sister Lyla did. He wanted to write down his lessons so his 'students' could learn at their own speed. That's where the real problem lay – he couldn't write any better than a weasel and he wouldn't know how to start.

He thought, well maybe you have to be in the right place to write a lesson. He found a piece of cardboard and part of a broken pencil that he sharpened on the edge of a rock. His 8 yr old mind thought, his big sister needed a Story Spot to teach her lessons, maybe if he had a Sproutin' Spot, that would help his written lessons to sprout. The ideal Sproutin' Spot had to be the small area on the hillside a few feet from the mission tent and the boxed in Story Spot.

Sitting indian fashion next to the little seedlings just starting to poke their sprouts above the ground had to be the perfect Sproutin' Spot for writing lessons. It was then something odd happened – nobody would ever have imagined – even an 8 yr old. Almost like it was guided by a heavenly force, the pencil starting drawing a small picture of the starting of the tent mission. It showed a young boy laying sticks all in line to form a box.

Willy could see the boy was himself. The next small picture showed his best friend Lenny spreading out the tent that fit exactly inside the box of sticks in the first picture. The next picture showed the tent with the tablecloth patches.

As you read these words, imagine the little storyboard pictures that begin to appear on the cardboard – telling the story of how to start a God-honoring mission with nothing except what God has placed around you. At the same time the lessons with drawings grow to fill the cardboard, in Heaven there is an angel with needle and thread, fashioning a set of fine clothes that will exactly fit a young artist teacher in his Sproutin' Spot.

An important lesson about teaching is that you Go With Whatcha Got – what God has placed around you. It can be sticks and a torn tent, cardboard and broken pencil – or it can even be a needle and thread. Get in a Sproutin' Spot and open your heart to God's will and He'll work in your heart. You'll get a new heart and maybe even a fancy set of clothes.