

MisSion CriTikal

#3 Teen Angel Visit

“This isn't supposed to happen! I never planned this! Why would anyone notice what me and my teen buddy, Lenny are doing on this grassy knoll, above the village?” That's another lesson the two teen boys would always remember – God knows – God cares about big things like planets and He knows and cares about little things... and people. A powerful outdoors explanation of God's caring attention is in Luke 12 *“Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows.”* (6, 7)

Speaking about hair, is that angel person that asked Dae, “Whatcha doin?” He quickly rose to his feet, brushing off the knees of his pants, now able to see the face of the mysterious girl. With an unsteady tone in his voice, he said, “Oh. Hi. I'm working on our mission – our mission station.” Hearing his own words 'mission station' seemed to add a bit of authenticity to their efforts. The angel girl looked around and didn't see anyone else except Dae and her 8 year old brother. “Whatchew mean OUR? I don't see any one else around here except you, me, and Willy.”

Dae still tried to sound official – sort of military-like, as he explained about his partner Lenny, being sick and all. Willy slowly walked around the box of branches, careful not to step on them, as Lyla told her name to Dae. Dae did the same.

Lyla asked, “So why ya doin this? What's the mission of your mission?”, she said with a hint of a smile under all her curly unkept hair. “Are you fixin' to spy on our village and rob us, or something mean?” Dae and Lyla both sat on the cool grass in a way they could keep an eye on Willy, still slowly walking around the box. “Dae, you and Lenny are all bad wrong, if you're thinking of robbing us. We all poor as an orphan polecat,” she said, gesturing toward the village.

Lyla held a clean piece of grass between her lips as Dae laid back on the grass and watched the cotton candy clouds inch across the deep blue sky. You could tell his eyes weren't seeing the clouds, but that afternoon that Lenny asked Jesus to be his savior. His

explanation of that day carried more warmth than the afternoon sun. He explained the event, as simply as he could to Lyla.

Her expression told you without words, she didn't really understand all that Daenum was telling her. After a few moments she spoke loudly, “Willy! Come on, I gotta get you home before mama thinks a bear got us both.” She looked real serious at Dae and said, “See that shack on the end, with the big piece of blue metal on the roof? Well, that's where me, mama, Willy, and two dogs live. If me and Willy come back tomorrow afternoon, I want you to tell me simple-like, why this powerful loving God of yours won't give us a house, enough food and milk so Willy and I don't have to share a glass. And I wanna know why your God let my daddy just up and leave us for good? Did me and Willy do something wrong or is it that He just don't like poor folks?”

“Come on, Willy! We gotta go! But we'll try to come back tomorrow.” The brother and big sister started walking down the gentle slope to their sheet metal shack, they call home.

Almost till the sun finally set, Dae sat indian fashion staring at the grass in front of him. He tried over and over to put a simple explanation together to answer the angel girl's aching questions that bordered on self guilt.

Before heading for home, he walked slowly around the mission box of branches asking God to teach him about Heaven's love – so much greater than the love of humans.

In truth, God had sent an angel... a teen angel called Lyla. She didn't come with blueprints and plans, but with questions about God's love, provision, and her own spiritual condition. You and I may not think the events at The Spot are all that great – but God does. He calls it The Great Commission. Guarantees included! (Matthew 28:18+)

Would you like to be a part of something that is truly great?
Now you know how to start.