

## MisSion CriTikal

### #5 - The Torn Treasure

'Like a mama skunk saving empty perfume bottles.'  
ummmm... We'd better back up and explain things.

Daenum noticed the kitchen curtains moved by the warm noontime breeze, as he finished his potato soup and milk. He was on his way to the sink with his dishes when his mom entered the kitchen with, "Dae. Thomas is at the front door and wants to speak with you pronto." "OK mom." If he knew what was coming, he might not have went to the door, as you'll soon see.

"Hi Tom, what's up?" "Well first off, my brother Lenny is pretty much over his flu. Second, he's over at the dump and he needs you over there right away." Now Lenny is a scavenger of the first order. Most often when he's on a prospecting trip, he has about as much of a positive outcome as a mama skunk collecting empty perfume bottles. But he means well and he has an unquestioned burden for missions, but still...

Dae told his mom where he was going as he headed for the back door and onto his bike with its squeaky chain. Peddling to the dump, he tried to think of all the events he wanted to tell Lenny that had happened at the mission during the last two weeks. Especially Lyla the teen angel and other things.

Dae coasted through the gate and instantly saw Lenny dragging something large out of the scrap piles. At first glance it looked like some kind of tarp. It really deserved to be put on a bonfire and reduced to ashes, but still...

The squeaky chain bike was parked and Dae walked over to Lenny, just sure he should immediately close his eyes, turn around and forget what he just saw. "Look at this, Dae. Isn't she a beauty? I'm sure this is the best find I've made this year. Boy can we make good use of this at the mission spot!" Oh sure. God has given us all different personalities, but when He wired Lenny, He must have put the words trash and testimony on the same page in his head.

Lenny pulled more pieces of the torn tarp out and spread each piece out. By jingo, it wasn't just a tarp, IT WAS A TENT! The biggest piece was the pointed roof and the other long pieces were the wall pieces. Lenny was lit up like the afterburner of a fighter jet

being launched from an aircraft carrier. God had given Lenny a wonderful gift of vision. Lenny could look past the paint, the polish, the rust, the rips, and the dirt to see a treasure to be a tool in reaching out to others with the Gospel.

While the two teens were spreading out the tent for inspection, Thomas had headed home and brought back the stout wagon tied with a rope to his bike seat. It took Tommy three trips, but the tent was now in Lenny's back yard.

A bucket of soapy water, a broom, and the water hose cleaned up the tent enough to see several rips and holes that would somehow need to be fixed. Lenny excitedly believed an angel had led him to the tent with such assurance, you'd never convince him otherwise. When Mrs. Patton (that's Lenny's mom) looked out the back window, she saw the three boys on their knees at the edge of the tent. At first she thought they were inspecting the damage, but then realized that wasn't what they were doing at all. They were praying. They were praying thankful prayers for the tent, but when it was Daenum's turn to pray, it all changed.

Dae could visualize the people that would be coming to the tent mission and learning about the wonderful treasures of truth God has already given them. He could see the tent filled with eager minds and hearts learning about the rainbow promise and the sin that dishonors God and His sacrificed Son – Jesus Christ.

The boys could already see how wonderfully God was providing for their needs – but in ways more than they could imagine. Fully assembled the tent would be about 10 feet by 10 feet that a 6 foot person could easily stand up in.

And with Lyla their teen angel, of sorts was already beginning to learn from the mission on The Spot. The things they were learning were critical things that set your heart at peace and your eyes toward God's purpose for you.

They decided to call the tent ministry MisSion CriTikal. Their mission is critical and so is yours if you're sharing the Gospel that changes lives for an eternity.