

MisSion CriTikal

#6 – The Ten Foot Python

“WHEW! This is going to be a job! Lenny, this going to be tough getting this tent up to our MisSion CriTikal spot above the village,” stated Daenum. Lenny's next sort-of startled Dae (pronounced “Day”) when he said, “I know what. Let's pretend. Let's pretend this is like a relay race. You know, one guy starts running for a while, then he hands the stick to the next person that runs. I think it would be fun to have a relay with God.”

Dae began to think Lenny was coming up with another one of his weird mama skunk ideas, but he decided to listen anyhow. “OK Lenny, what's your idea?... (He struggled to not include the word 'weird'.) “Well, Dae. It's sort-of like our 'do the best with whatcha got' rule, only we include God. See, we'll use the wagon to get the pieces of the tent over to the bottom of the hill. Then we'll turn the tent over to God and let Him get it up the hill. Is that cool or what? If God wants the tent up the hill, maybe he'll send us a strong angel.” Dae had no reply for that. So that would be their plan. And just maybe, it was also God's plan.

That August afternoon seemed like the hottest day of the year, but that didn't matter. The missionary-at-heart fire that both boys had within them burned much hotter.

As best as they could, the tent pieces were folded up to fit on that wagon tied to the back of the bicycle. The four pieces, in turn, finally made it to the bottom of the hill and were unloaded. By the time the last piece was delivered, 8 year old Willy was there sitting on one of the folded tent pieces already delivered.

Willy spoke up as the teens unloaded the last tent section, “Lyla, my big sister sent me on ahead 'cus she's bringing a surprise.” Looking at the heavy tent pieces and the long hill they needed to go up, Dae thought maybe God should send a tough angel to help, but probably the surprise would just be a pet mama skunk.

Before they appeared from behind the bushes, everyone heard Lyla's teenage voice, “C'mon mama! It's ok they're nice people. Walk faster or it'll be dark.” A moment later, Lyla came into view and a lady using a crutch, behind her. Willy spoke to the teen boys, “This is our mama. She's a little shy.”

With everyone gathered around, Lenny explained to everyone about his idea for God's relay, to get the heavy tent up the hill. Mama listened, staring at the tent pieces but didn't ever make eye contact with any of the others. Now was a good time to pray. Dae had everyone bow their heads with eyes closed before he led the prayer.

About half way through the prayer, they heard some sounds like the tent roof piece was being unfolded, but Dae's prayer continued. By the time the Amen was spoken, everyone was looking toward the sounds. It was mama unfolding one of pieces.

Lenny politely motioned to mama the tent is not being set up here. With hand motions he explained it was supposed to be put together, up there. Mama didn't pay any attention and continued unfolding the roof. After that was done, she started rolling up the roof like a sheet of paper to make a tube. Everyone else knelt down and began to help.

Still without saying a word, mama picked one of the roll and put it on her shoulder like a log or something. She waited until everyone else got in line behind her and picked up their part of the roof roll.

When everyone had picked up some of the roof roll, she slowly turned and faced up the hill. It was the funniest thing you ever saw. Mama and young people carrying that roof roll up the hill like they did it every day. Willy tried to carry the back end but would stumble every so often. The curving around small bushes and stones made it look like a big 10 foot python snake going up the hill.

Sometimes our uphill efforts for God don't require a muscle-bustin' angel, but just heartfelt teamwork. No sooner had the last piece made it up the hill in the same slithering way, than mama started back down the hill, still not saying a word.

Lenny raced after her and handed her a small flower. The tender smile he got in return would be precious to him, all the rest of his days.

You do your part and let God do His part... He's waiting for you.