

Dear Friends,

Some of you know that this year began for my family with the sudden loss of my sister and life-long friend, Yvonne Hawkins. She was such a giving person - I not only grieved for our family's loss but for all those who would not be helped because of her leaving. She would tell me, "Call me about the ones that no one else wants to help." And so she gave to the forgotten ones.

On one occasion while looking for something to help me see past the pain of loss, I read an excerpt from LOVE WITHOUT END by Glenda Green: "At death, the soul witnesses an incredible energy release of that which was only on loan, and an even more wonderful homecoming of all that has been given you by the Creator. That which is commanded by your love is yours to hold forever. All who have shared your love will remain in union with you. That is the ultimate harvest." The implication of this writing is amazing: Our reward is that all we have loved will never be taken from us

### **The Continuing Work**

We continue to give aid to the elderly poor in Croatia, Parkland Palliative patients, referrals from refugee agencies and an ongoing work in West Dallas. Earlier this year, Kevin Jacks joined us part-time. His amazing skills and ability has given us the ability to expand our efforts greatly.

### **Containers**

At the end of the 2013 Update, I shared my frustration with shipping containers in the same way I have shipped in the past. We are only a small group of volunteers and the work of shipping a container requires a big effort. The requests for help has continued to come to us from the Dominican Republic, Jordan, Egypt, Syria, Sudan, Iraq, and other countries in the Middle East. In October, I inquired of those in Jordan working with refugees how things were there. They told me that the situation was desperate because families fled without adequate clothing, blankets or essentials for survival. All that to say in six weeks' time we prepared a 40-foot container of coats, blankets, clothes, shoes, toothbrushes, diapers, wipes, etc. My church and other churches gave generously. Contemplative Outreach, which has small prayer groups in the Dallas/Ft. Worth area, outdid themselves. One woman from Weatherford, TX who had a friend in CO went to her church and neighboring churches asking for participation. Two weeks later she and her husband showed up with a 17-foot truck loaded with wonderful gifts for the container. Volunteers from my church worked tirelessly for three days in order to sort, box, inventory, and palletize all the donations. A huge thanks to everyone who made this possible

### **The World is on Fire**

Earlier this year an entire city of Christians in Iraq emptied out into the Kurdish part of Iraq, Jordan and surrounding areas at the hands of ISIS. They are sleeping on floors of Churches, public buildings and in the homes of relatives. There are people sleeping on the streets of Baghdad and in the mountains because ISIS has driven them from their homes. Christians, Muslims and people of other faiths or no faith have been victimized equally by this terrorist organization

Through a sequence of events, it occurred to me that the time has come for us to address the churches again about the need for all people of faith to step up to the plate and show the world who we are. We are our brother's keeper and who better to show that than those of us who

profess to know the One who loves us all. The idea is for churches to begin an International Ministry shipping containers out of their facility.

My experience with churches is one of mixed emotions. There are many good things going on there without question. But when I consider the calling of the Church, I'm reminded of the feeding of the 5,000 and the words of Jesus, "Greater things than these will you do" Either our churches don't understand the calling or they don't believe it

### **Conclusion**

People often ask me how I started in this work. It started at a time of wondering what in the world I am doing here. Those questions come when we realize that all that we thought our life was about proves to not be so. And so I began to ask the God of my childhood, "What is your plan for my life" After about six months of importuning God on this one question, I had three dreams. The first dream I would realize years later was the answer to the question

The dream: I'm sitting on a barstool in the center of a house and poor ragged people of all ethnicities are walking in a circle around me destroying the house in a perfunctory way – without emotion. I am saying, "stop destroying my house" but they continue. Then I notice my three-year-old son in the circle and I look at him with the love of a mother (the kind of love that says, 'I would lay down my life for you'). I knew I was being asked to love these people in the same way. When I looked at them with that same love, they laid down everything and walked to my side.

Do you want to change the world for the better? Then love your brother – that includes your enemies. There is no other way. If the world is on fire, and who doesn't know that it is, how should we respond? The question is as old as time and it hangs in the air at every turn begging to be answered.

Thank you,

Rae England