

Whirlwind Missions

Outreach Update

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I had a dream last night. Heaven was even more beautiful than usual . . . after all it was time for the birthday party! I went into a huge dining room where thousands of people were gathered. Jesus was sitting at the end of the table surrounded by gifts. I squeezed my way through the crowd until I was right beside Him. I looked at the gifts, they were all from "Daddy." They were wrapped in shiny paper, but some were special, encased in pure gold. Jesus opened one after another and then said, "Wow, Dad! These are super, but I'm ready to open the gold ones now." "Sure, Son. I know those are always your favorites."

Angels flew down from the rafters and picked out the gold presents and laid them in front of Jesus.

"Great!" Jesus said, and slowly began to unwrap the gift. The gold came off and there inside the box was a tiny building. But, wait! I knew that building! Jesus lifted out a tiny replica of the Westwood apartment leasing office. I looked carefully and I could see people walking in the building. "A new mission!" Jesus exclaimed.

"For the Son who has everything!"

"You always know what makes me the happiest." Jesus held the tiny building up and looked through the window. "I can see Ian and the kids. He's telling them the story of when I walked on the water." Jesus smiled and gave his dad a big hug.

An angel handed Him another box. Jesus carefully opened the gold box. I knew this one too! It was the mission at Clarkston! "It's great Dad! And right in the middle of the evil one's back yard!" Jesus looked at the building and pointed. "Look, there's Pat having tea with some of the Bosnian women. If anyone can love them into the Kingdom, she can!"

The next gold box was brought over. Jesus reached in and brought out---the Mission at the Station! "Look at all the kids! There's Brandon on his knees and seven kids around him all asking me into their hearts!"

"I knew you'd like that, Son! Open the rest!"

One after another Jesus opened the gifts of gold. I recognized our missions and others from around the world. He was so happy. Then he turned and looked me in the eye. "Howdy, Tim."

"Happy Birthday, Jesus!"

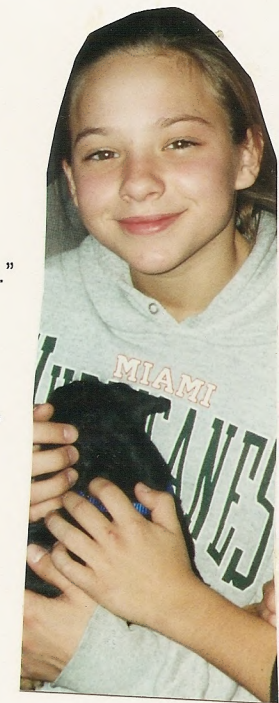
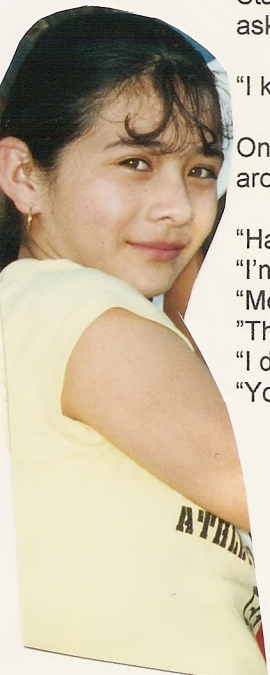
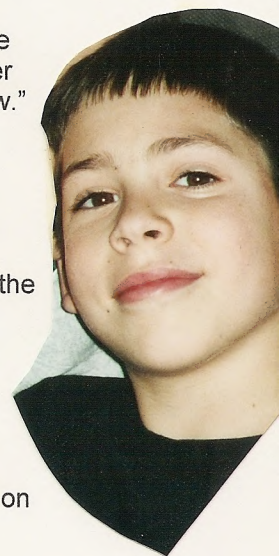
"I'm glad you're here. You helped me have a great birthday."

"Me? How?"

"The missions, bro. Daddy used you a lot this year. One reason why I got so many presents."

"I didn't really do much. Just loved on people."

"You were available, Tim. That's the gift I always ask for."



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Westwood

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