



Whirlwind Missions

Ashley's Dispatch

May 2011

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On Saturday, my family drove to Cowboy Church up in Jerusalem, Georgia. As soon as we pulled onto the dusty gravel road I saw two of my friends sitting bareback on their horses directing traffic.

Dad pulled the car around and found a spot on the green pasture covered in bright yellow wild flowers. Today was an exciting day, this was going to be my first time to experience a Messianic Jewish Seder.

Our family walked past the horses as they munched on hay in their corral. Then we went up to the barn where everyone had gathered around picnic tables. Each table was set with purple horseradish, parsley, matzah, a lamb bone, an egg, salt water and grape juice.



The service started with Rabbi Gary blowing the Shofar (ram's horn) and leading us in a Hebrew prayer. We began the passover meal with some live Jewish music. I loved the beat of the Israeli music.

Next we broke the matzah (unleavened bread) in half, and took a piece to dip in the horseradish. The bitter taste that stung my tongue was a reminder of the slavery of the Israelites in Egypt. Then we dipped the parsley into the salt water which symbolized the tears cried for Jesus.

The unbroken lamb's bone represented the fulfillment of prophecy that none of Jesus' bones were broken during crucifixion. At this time Rebecca Hampton, leader of Cowboy Church, brought in the perfect, spotless lamb. All the kids (and me!) cried out, "AWE! He's SO cute!"

Rabbi Gary held him in his arms and taught us that during the time of Passover the Israelites would bring the lamb into their home and hand feed it for two weeks. They soon developed a special relationship with the lamb. At the end of the two weeks, the father had to kill the lamb.

This represented the personal relationship we have with Jesus and to reminds us of his sacrifice. "Don't worry," Rabbi Gary said, "we're not going to kill him." Whew...a sign of relief spread through the crowd.

The Seder ended with a prayer in Hebrew. Then the Cowboy Kids preformed an interpretive dance. I liked taking part in ancient traditions and being reminded that Jesus loved me so much that he sacrificed his life for me.

Love,

