

## The Magic and Mystery of Mission Outreach

By Nell Anne Hunt

It has always seemed to me that God intended Christians to be verbs. There are plenty of Christians who are content to be nouns, but those who forge ahead as verbs become the hands and hearts of God. They turn prayers into actions and refuse to sit still and deal in theories. There is a sense of urgency to help those in need and foster the journey of others.

Today at Jubilee we had a mob of real Christian Verbs. They were in alleys, in the homes of the poor, touching the children and feeding the hungry. They were dirty and sweaty and tired and hungry, and they just kept on being verbs. Nothing could stop them.

They showed up with children and grandchildren, inspiring them to be verbs, too. Lee once feared that we wouldn't have enough food to fill the baskets for the needy elderly neighbors, and Voila! the SMAA angels created a Loaves and Fishes event. The senior saints' baskets expanded from a weekend's provisions to a whole week. Someone even took all the hotel shampoos and things and put them in baggies to go in each basket. Another parishioner bought all the Girl Scout cookies she could locate, and donated them with serendipity for the seniors.

And what about the alley patrol? Those Super Verbs forged ahead and created beauty where there was blight and destroyed places where criminals hide to prey on the Jubilee families.

The dinner guys fired up their grills, and even provided real honest-to-goodness homemade cookies. The priests provided the Spiritual Verbs assisted by Senor Bob in a communion service that spoke volumes in few words but in two languages.

What about the handsome young African-American man who told us that he was hoping to go to OU on a football scholarship? From that neighborhood? How did he even dare to dream that big without all the Verbs that have created and nurtured the Jubilee Center?

I just happened (as if there are any coincidences with God) to be standing in the communion service next to a Hispanic woman in a wheelchair. We shared a bulletin and passed the peace to each other and after the service began to talk. She told me she lived just two blocks away and had never been to the Jubilee Center before. She just happened to hear the commotion today (Verbs always tend to be noisy). She wheeled herself over and started taking part in the activities. She told me about her son who was 21 and could not read and how she was so sad that he could not live an independent life because he was unemployable. I invited one of the staff folks over and introduced her, and suddenly the Verb atmosphere took over. The lady was suddenly planning for her son to come take reading lessons, and she was wanting to volunteer to help others, and she had two other sons who could use some mentoring and.....

I walked with her to the curb and she was sharing with me, another mother, the fact that she knew the greatest gift she could give her sons was an education, and Jubilee might make this possible. "Yes," I said, "God works in mysterious ways to open doors."

And she answered, "All during that communion service I could hear the people speaking but it was like God was speaking to me."

Isn't that just what could happen during a gathering of Verbs?

