

## EMMANUEL'S BOLD IN MISSION BLITZ DAY RECAP!



### It Takes a Village to Serve a Village!!

What a great weekend! A big thank you goes to all who participated in the Mission Blitz! And a special thank you goes to those who organized and who led teams.

**Mission blitz coordinators:** Margaret DeYoung, Lissa Johnson, Mary Ann Lemonds, Pam Belloli, Phyllis Newcomb, and BethAnn Reichmann

**Mission Team leaders:** Mark DeYoung, Ann Marie Ruhlin, Peggy Schroeder, Peg Cooper, Bob Shillito, Melanie Slane, Kevin William, Marie Holt, Barb Buck, Janet Dobbs, Betsy and Ed Lindner, Jeannie Keyes, and Jessica Schunke

**To Clark Hotaling for getting t-shirts made,** Mary Ann Lemonds for making mission buttons and organizing the Sunday reception, Marie Holt for making her special baked beans for Saturday lunch, and Mary Jane and Rick Kuhn for contributions to Saturday lunch!

Apologies if we missed anyone!

This was a special day but in fact the work goes on week after week. If you find yourself called to serve, please contact Mimi Shipp at 314-961-2393, and she will put you in touch with one of our Emmanuel ministry leaders.

Ready to serenade. At the Science March. Painting the bell tower. Busy knitters. Forai in Forest Park. Sr. High shopping.



## Some Pictures From Emmanuel's Bold in Mission Day



Ingathering for St. Stephen's food pantry. Birthday party at Gateway 180. Pulling weeds at Webster Rock Hill Ministries. Doing dishes at Emmanuel. Miss Carol's Breakfast volunteers.



**I didn't think it would be like that.**

I'm not exactly a stranger to 'service'.

I know what it's like to serve on the reservation, in soup kitchens, on my job working with children in foster care; I'm not a stranger to being called to serve 'the least among us.'

I'm also blessed to be in a faith community where the impulse to serve is a shared value and bedrock of our understanding of who we are and who God is.

During Emmanuel's Blitz Day, I signed up to work at the Cathedral; putting out eggs, bananas, coffee and donated pastries and bagels for the homeless. Frankly, I figured the biggest sacrifice would be getting up early on a rainy Saturday morning when every inclination was to sink back into my pillow top mattress and sleep in until 8 a.m.

But I didn't and, despite the early hour, there was an abundance of riches that day - from good friends to drive with and work beside to a full supply of baked goods from a local business.

As folks came in out of the dank, grey, cold morning, they helped themselves to coffee and made their way to the pastry table where I was stationed. Most were familiar enough with the 'rules' of getting one item - and then coming back after everyone was served if there was enough for seconds. Their choices were deliberately made, with the frequently expressed hope that they could come back for another selection.

I noticed that the cookies were the first things to be chosen - M&M's, oatmeal raisin, chocolate chip, and chocolate peanut butter and decorated shortbread - all were pointed to and eagerly received.

One young man came up, pointed to an oatmeal cookie and, as we made eye contact during the exchange, said "*These remind me of home, when someone used to care about me.*"

My heart broke open in that moment and my eyes filled with tears. I wish I could say I was quick enough to have responded with "We care about you. God cares about you." But I didn't.

My mind and heart were too filled with the blinding realization that not only was every one of us in that room *literally* a child of God, but that a small child dwelled in each of us, longing to be cared about, desperate to feel loved and accepted as we make our way through what can be a hard and lonely life - until we finally make our way *home* again.

I didn't say the right thing Saturday morning; I was too busy feeling. I'll have to keep going, trying and serving until I get it right.

His words have echoed in my heart ever since he spoke them.

**I didn't think it would be like that.**

**Donna Erickson**