



# POINTS *of* HOPE

The Newsletter of Building Together Ministries

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## In the Moment... In the Midst

by Helen Johnson

On Sunday, as I sat in church holding my piece of broken bread from the communion service, I pondered — “the body of Christ, broken ..... broken for me.”

Tears flowed down my cheeks as I recalled being in a very different place, holding a very different “broken body of Christ” just six days before. The place was Mother Teresa’s Sisters of Charity Orphanage in Haiti. The “broken body” I held was just one of hundreds of children at the home. These children had been left by poor parents no longer able to provide food or nourishment for their child or taken to the home after being discovered, abandoned on the streets of Port-au-Prince.

In preparation for being present with the Sisters of Charity, the mission team was reminded, “Remember God’s word in Matthew 25:

*I was hungry and you fed Me,  
I was thirsty and you gave Me a drink,  
I was homeless and you gave Me a room,  
I was shivering and you gave Me clothes,  
I was sick and you stopped to visit,  
I was in prison and you came to Me.  
Whenever you did one of these things to someone  
overlooked or ignored that was Me —  
you did it to Me.” (The Message)*

One of the team whispered as we reverently walked in, “And remember Mother Teresa’s own words, ‘With Jesus,

for Jesus and to Jesus.’ You, in some mysterious way, will be holding Jesus for two hours. What a privilege!”

The eyes of the team viewed the starkness of room after room lined with iron cribs. From their metal cells, frail children greeted us with their stares, cries and hopes for a human touch. The teams’ hearts and hands immediately responded as diapers were changed, hugs were shared and hungry bodies fed. Sheila and Diana cradled a child in each arm. Some strolled with their bundles into the fresh air and bright sunlight of the concrete playground where a light breeze was blowing.

My heart was moved as I watched Robert make his way to a four-seat glider swing with a little girl perhaps two- or three-years-old. Her arms wrapped around his torso. His head rested on hers as she laid her head against his chest. It wasn’t long before the rhythm of the glider and the tenderness of his arms put the child to sleep. For one and a half hours, Robert never moved. What a memorable picture of Christ’s love and tenderness for us and of our privilege of experiencing Him when we touch the lives of humanity that are overlooked or ignored.

Robert recounted to me later, “I’ll long remember the perfect peace of those few hours. I knew —really knew that at that moment, in that place, with that child, I was in the center of God’s will!”

*continued*

Ronald Rolheiser in his book *The Holy Longing* writes:

“We know that God cares about all victims, that Jesus stands in the midst of brokenness, and that we are being faithful to the gospel when we stand there too.”

Thank you for your support. It helps us see, name and share our own brokenness. As we stand with Jesus in the midst of his children who are either ignored or overlooked, we offer our gifts to each other ... in the moment.

Gratefully,  
Helen and Freddy Johnson

*Whoever put this on the door of Mother Teresa's Sisters of Charity office door at the orphanage in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, knew what they were talking about.*

*I was regretting the past and fearing the future.  
Suddenly my God was speaking.*

*“My name is ‘I Am.’”*

*He paused.*

*I waited.*

*He cautioned,*

*“When you live in the past with your mistakes and regrets, it is hard.*

*I am not there.*

*My name is not ‘I was’.*

*When you live in the future with its problems and fears, it is hard.*

*I am not there.*

*My name is not ‘I Will Be’.*

*When you live in the moment, it is not hard.*

*I am here.*

*My name is ‘I Am’”.*

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