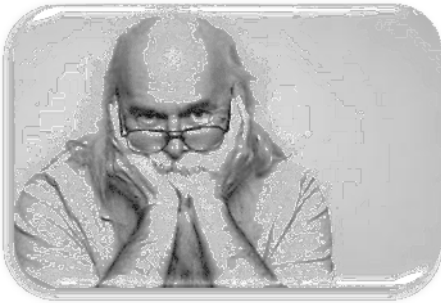


The Sharing Org

Ministry to the Adult Foster Care Community

June 2011

Ministry Moment:



Typically, when I write, I try to be somewhat light-hearted and flippant – *this is not one of those times...*

Gerald is 67. He is a widower and was recently *taken* from his home and placed into protective custody. The court deemed Gerald mentally incompetent to care for himself, and the one son who lived with Gerald had been considered “abusive” and “negligent.” So it was to an AFC home that he went.

When I first met Gerald, he was not too interested in me except that I am a minister and I *should* have had some clout. With tears in his eyes he literally grasped my hands and pleaded with me to help him as he is in a hopeless situation. He told me that he had been “kidnapped” and “taken from his home” and he also informed me that if there were any Christian love in me that I would come to his aid and protect him during this horrible ordeal that he was going through.

Not for a moment did I doubt that the ordeal that he was experiencing was indeed horrible to him, and even though he was obviously fuzzy on the legal facts of the case, I knew that his feelings were completely intact and he felt hopeless, alone, and scared. My heart ached as I tried to explain to him that I could not help him as the courts have already determined the action. I wanted to pray with him but prayer he did not want – his freedom and independence were his only concern.

As I was leaving the care home, Gerald caught my attention and with vile detest in his eyes he told me that he hoped that I “burn in Hell” for not caring for him in his time of need. I often get all sorts of colorful hopes from people who are mad at the world at the time, but I am pretty good at recognizing those for what they are. But this, my lack of being able to do anything for Gerald, has cut me to the quick. I don’t exactly know why. Maybe it is his youth, maybe it was his tearful pleading for my help, or maybe it was a bit of both. Whatever it was, I feel differently now about the people that I serve. I guess maybe I see that I too will get to a point of total loss of control and freedom and that I too will get to a point when my mind does not comprehend the reality of my situation, and I will be at the mercy of others who cannot or will not help.

Today, my heart is heavy because I know that Gerald is in a boat that we each may one day be in, and unfortunately we all may sail...

Prayer Letter:

Dear Prayer Partner,


This past month I received a phone call from a woman named Susie. She informed me that she was with Samaritan's Purse's Operation Christmas Child. She asked me about the particulars about our shoebox program and seemed genuinely interested in our provisions to the residents in the homes to fill shoeboxes. She told me that she was interested in sharing our work at her next meeting and officially participating with a filling party or two to experience what it is that we do. I am intrigued by the attention that this could mean, but I am also leery as I have had people express interest before but to no effect. Please pray that whatever comes of this that God's will would be accomplished.

Since 2004 we have been providing birthday cards for the residents. This seems a small thing, but it actually touches the residents in a profound way. I have residents reminding me months in advance of their birthdays and thanking months after for the card they received. I wanted to publicly thank the people who have made this program possible and regular. First, my wife is to be recognized as she has collected all the cards and hand written on all the cards or envelopes. Without her efforts this program would surely have become defunct. Also, we have had people who have put in so much time making cards for us to give to the residents. The cards are all hand-made, which the residents especially recognize. For the first 5 or 6 years, the cards were exclusively provided by one of our ministry partners, Beverly, who recently stepped down because she is very busy with caring for her 6 children while her husband has been deployed to Afghanistan. Now, the cards are made by two other friends of the ministry: Penni and Liz. Thanks to all of you for helping us to touch the residents in very real and practical ways with the love of Jesus.

Since the transition to the ministry's new accounting system, I could not get the giving details to accompany the text of the prayer letter. This past month I have been approached by one of the ministry partners who indicated that they appreciated this bit of information from the old format. I was also informed that I would have been told this some time ago but there was no phone number on the current letters. *Oooops— I missed that.* 😊 So I sat down again to figure out how to make it work the way I wanted, and I think I have finally got it. At the bottom of each page you will now find your name, ministry account number, and your total annual contribution. Below that is the contact information for the ministry. Please review all of your information and contact me should I need to change or update something.

In closing: On behalf of myself, my family, and the residents whom I serve, I thank you for your continued prayers and support as it is with your help we are accomplishing on earth just as it is in heaven – the glorification of our God.

Blessings to you,



John