SERVANTS QUARTERS

SERVANTHOOD ISSUE // www.servantsasia.org // **MARCH 2013**

servants

Servants is an international network of Christian communities living and working in the slums of Asia and the West, participating with the poor to bring hope and justice through Jesus Christ.

“Everybody can be great...because anybody can serve. You don’t have to have a college degree to serve. You don’t have to make your subject and verb agree to serve. You only need a heart full of grace - a soul generated by love.”

- Martin Luther King Jr.

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

Our next issue of Servants Quarters will be coming out in June, 2013 and the deadline for submissions will be at the end of April. Feel free to start reflecting now on our next topic, **Rest**. We welcome your reflections, poetry, stories, art, and photography. We look forward to hearing from you!

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PROOFREADERS: Anna Cooper, Cindy McBride, David Prieb, Rachel Whitfield
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We welcome your feedback.
Send any thoughts to Alyse at editor@servantsasia.org

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THE SERVANTS QUARTERS

Servanthood Issue

Vol. 3, No. 1 // March 2013

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"Radical servanthood is not an enterprise in which we try to surround ourselves with as much misery as possible, but a joyful way of life in which our eyes are opened to the vision of the true God who chose to be revealed in servanthood."

- from Compassion by Henri Nouwen

from the Editor

Dear Servants friends and family,

I've been reflecting on the idea of servanthood quite a lot lately, and not just because it's the theme of this issue of Servants Quarters. I think the reality of servanthood is that it isn't easy and that it asks a lot of us. That being said, I also believe that a servant heart has the potential to flow out of a natural spring of love and sense of community if we allow it.

A few months ago a friend asked me why I had decided to move onto the Downtown Eastside (DTES) of Vancouver and if it had stemmed from a sense of religious obligation. Similarly, another acquaintance had heard that the group I am with is called "Servants" and immediately jumped to the conclusion that it was centered on the idea of "Servants to the Lord." I certainly don't want to discount the potential for beauty behind these perspectives. I do, however, believe that this mindset has the danger of leading to a simplified desire to complete a moral checklist, primarily because it can allow us to become disconnected from the people we encounter daily.

Instead, when I moved onto the DTES I moved here to become a neighbour and effectively a member of a community. In a short period of time I have grown to truly love this area. It's a reality that there is a lot of brokenness here but I also believe that this allows for beauty to shine brilliantly. In all sincerity I have friends in this neighbourhood that I look forward to seeing. As a result, just as in any other mutual relationship, when there are ways that I can empower and encourage these friends, I take delight in these moments. I think it is in these honest relationships with people and communities that we can find sincere joy in what unconsciously might grow to be a posture of servanthood. In the same way, then, that servanthood asks us to embrace sacrifice and suffering, I believe that if it emerges from these organic friendships we will also be given the opportunity to celebrate joys and successes.

As you read through this collection of thoughts and reflections on servanthood my hope is that those who serve so beautifully and those who have felt the love of servant-hearted friends will inspire you. May you discover new ways to find life in your acts of service and may that flow out of a spring of love.

Wishing you peace,

Alyse Kotyk
Editor, Vancouver Team

Know, Love, Serve

David Prieb, Vancouver Team

Mother Teresa once said, “If people know one another, they will learn to love one another, and when people love one another, they will serve one another.”

Do you see the progression there? Know. Love. Serve.

Mother Teresa got her idea from Jesus, who changed the world by pending three years with twelve random guys. He taught this small group of willing participants to love one another and those around them, and then modelled for them what real love looks like. After Jesus left them, the disciples took Jesus’ model on for themselves and a radical faith-community was formed. This group began to meet together regularly to eat and pray. They saw themselves as one, and they embodied their love by serving and sacrificing for one another.

Wherever I happen to be in life I want to be working within this same progression — praying, acting, and living in a way that is leading me and those around me toward sacrificial love and caring for one another.

It was encouraging to see this progression take shape in 2009-2010 while I was residing in a low-income apartment building in Montana. When I first moved in I discovered that many of my neighbours were quite isolated and lonely. Although many had been living side-by-side for years they barely knew their neighbours—and the ones they did know they didn’t get along with! Over time I opened up my apartment as a place of hospitality and welcome, and I discovered that a handful of my neighbours really enjoyed getting together. This eventually formed into a weekly potluck dinner on Tuesdays, as well as a “Prayer & Share” time on Sunday afternoons. These were simple yet intentional ways to encourage the “knowing” part of the progression. As we continued to meet it was exciting to observe how our love for each other grew and grew, and how out of that love we began to serve both those inside the group and outside of it.

> They saw themselves as one, and they embodied their love by serving and sacrificing for one another.

One tangible expression of this occurred one year during the Christmas season. One of my neighbours said, “Hey David, it would be really cool if our potluck group would get together and bake some cookies…and then we could give them out to our neighbours and sing Christmas carols!” The idea was presented to others in the group and everyone wanted to be a part of it. So, just before Christmas, a group of us from the apartments came together and baked a bunch of goodies. We were all in the Christmas spirit as we sang songs together and decorated cookies. Everyone loved it!

We then allowed our love to “pour out” to those around us. We put the cookies on plates and knocked on our neighbours doors, letting them know that we loved and cared for them by presenting them with a plate of cookies and a Christmas carol. Our neighbours really appreciated the warm gesture, and a few even joined our small gang as we went from door to door.

Knowing, loving, serving—it’s a powerful progression yet very simple and straightforward. And with a little encouragement along the way it’s energizing to see how it can naturally catch on in those around us. //

David Prieb is a part of the team in Vancouver. He enjoys riding his bike around the city, getting his hiking boots muddy in the backcountry, and singing loudly to the radio. He especially enjoys utilizing his God given spiritual-gift of sarcasm.

The Hardest Thing

Kristin Jack

When I see the crying child
his tears cut me to the quick
I feel the shame inside
for all those things I never did.

Are my arms so weak, so tired
they will not reach out and touch,
and brush the tears
from your cheek?

Is my heart so hard
it can watch you weep
and still turn away
obsessed with its own need,
its own pain,
its own apathy?

Can I sense your hurt
and still not respond,
paralysed with inadequacy
chained by uncertainty
crippled with inertia?

You cry for help
in your own pathetic way
and I am offended
because it is not the way
I'd choose to cry
(if I ever cried).
I am so proud.
And I am so selfish.
How dare you inflict your pain on me
and beg for help
in a way other than how I like to give it?
What do you want of me?
What do you want?
What?

It is the hardest thing.
It is the greatest thing.
Why do you ask so much of me?
Why not faith?
Or hope?
…but Love…?? //

Love, Servanthood & Paul's Poetic Advice

Kristin Jack

1 Corinthians 13

Many people regard the 13th chapter of Paul's first letter to the Corinthian Christians as some of the most beautiful poetry found in the entire Bible. This lovely passage is more than just soaring prose, though. It is also immensely practical advice for all of us who have joined Jesus in his mission to this world. In particular, it is full of deep wisdom and guidance for those of us who are living and witnessing among the poor.

Sandwiched as it is between two chapters that deal with the use of miraculous gifs, Paul changes gears in order to remind us that love – not wondrous signs or supernatural power – is our most important witness to the world. As Jesus said, the world will know that we belong to him only because of our love (John 13:35), not because of any ability to heal or to prophesy we might have (useful as those things are!). Paul echoes Jesus by reminding us that the most important thing we possess is not faith, or even hope, but love (verse 13). None of us can last long without love. This is true of the poor that we go to work among – and it is true of us (the wounded healers) too. If we go to work among the the poor, driven by any other motive than God's love (such as our own need to be needed, or our own Messiah complex, etc) we are not likely to last long before being gobbled up by the neediness (including our own) that surrounds us.

1 Corinthians 13:1-8

Even if I am superbly gifted, as linguist and tongues-speaker, as prophet and theologian, as scholar and wonder-worker, but am not motivated by God's incredible love – it will all come to nothing. Even if I live 'incarnationally' and with such an incredible commitment to simplicity that I give all my possessions to the poor; and even if I go beyond that, *offering up my very body* as a martyr-sacrifice on behalf of the poor – but have done it from a sense of duty or heroism, rather than out of genuine love for those I am among – it will all count for nothing. For the poor will see through me, and sense that I love my own ideals (or 'principles', or 'doctrines') more than I love them. When we move in among the poor, our goal is not to live more 'incarnationally' or more simply than others, as if we are trying to prove a point. No,

goal is simply to love the people we go to. If our goal is anything other than this, then we have missed the whole point of Jesus' teachings. Paul then moves on to describe what this love will look like in our relationships with those we live among. When they don't get it (our wonderful ideas about theology or development or whatever), and we seem to be getting nowhere - we must be *patient*, just as God is patient with us when we don't get it. We must be *kind*, just as God is kind to us, whether or not we deserve it - and we usually don't (therefore we will be kind to others, whether they deserve it or not). *We must not be envious*, but content, even we see other folks (and other Christians!) with easier lives, more comforts, more success, and more acclaim. We must remind ourselves that we are not doing this ministry for any of those reasons anyway, and nor did Jesus. And if any success or acclaim should come our way, *we will not boast* or draw our self-worth from it, for we know these things are imposters, and (from heaven's perspective) fleeting and illusory. We will seek to cultivate the inner simplicity (*humility*) that eventually leads to genuine outer simplicity. We need to learn to recognize our own cant, hubris, pride, and over-sensitivity for what they are. Instead we will learn to laugh at our own foolishness.

We will deliberately and joyfully choose to *hang out with the lowly* and the least.[1] We will count others as better than ourselves.[2] We will treat our friends and neighbours with the honour and *respect* due to them as fellow bearers of the image of God. By God's grace, we will commit ourselves to living lives that are *others-centred,* rather than self-seeking (and when we fail, as we surely will) we will ask forgiveness and start again. When we do get angry – at the injustice and corruption and poverty that surround us - we will commit ourselves to constructive, reconciling

[1] Romans 12:16
[2] Philippians 2.3

acts of peaceableness and peacemaking[3]. We will remind ourselves that it is better to light one candle than curse to the darkness. We commit ourselves to walking in *forgiveness*, to *keeping no record of other people's wrongs*, and to not reminding people of mistakes made in the past – just as we hope they'll do the same for us. We will strive to not grow bitter over the times we are not thanked for what have done – just as Jesus had to learn the same lesson.[4] We seek to inspire *hope* through shared dreams of a better future, and we will delight in and celebrate every tiny act of *truthfulness* that we witness. We commit ourselves to *protecting* the vulnerable and nurturing the weak. We commit ourselves to practicing empowerment by giving *trust*. Because we know there is another Kingdom coming, we are both realists and optimists, *always hoping*, even in the face of all present evidence to the contrary. We know that hope is infectious, and so our hope lends hope to those without hope. We believe in and practice ministries that *persevere* over the long run, instead of the hit-and-run. We won't give up easily – we will cling to Jesus. In the face of all that comes against us, that disappoints and breaks our hearts, we will carry on - in faith, in hope, in love.

And the greatest of these is love. //

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[3] Matthew 5:9
[4] Luke 17:17

Kristin Jack served as part of the Servants Cambodia team for 18 years. He recently returned to New Zealand together with Susan, his wife and their two children, Kaleb and Emma. Kristin is the Interim International Coordinator of Servants.

Servanthood

Ashleen Wartenweiler, Vancouver Team

Servanthood
I resist
but it insists
that I not take another thought against it
not waste another moment resistin'.

Just stop the fight and
relinquish control
surrender
submit
release and
let go. //

From California to Australia, where she met her husband, to Switzerland where they started a family, Ashleen now lives on the Downtown Eastside of Vancouver with her three lovely girls, Swiss husband and lively community. She is enjoying the diversity of life!

Three Reasons Not to Serve

Claire Boot, Southall Team

Servanthood sounds great in principle, but beware! Nothing x-rays the ego like servanthood, revealing all manner of prejudice, pretension and pride tucked away beneath the surface. If you're thinking about serving, here are three good reasons not to:

1. This Isn't What I Signed Up For

The first problem with servanthood is it means following somebody else's agenda. This is fine to a point, but eventually what you want will collide with what someone else needs. Jesus is less than helpful here, saying things like "Not as I will, but as you will." For example, imagine that you've agreed to volunteer for a night shift at the homeless shelter and are expecting to spend a few hours dozing in a chair. Did you imagine that you would be kneeling on a toilet cubicle floor at 4:30am helping an incontinent guest with a hernia, wrestle her bunioned feet into a pair of trousers? If you prefer to be in control of what happens to your life, don't serve!

2. "I have a Masters degree, of course I can handle Microsoft Word!"

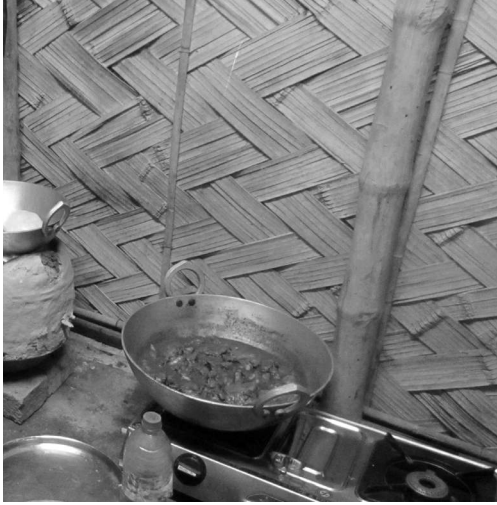
The second problem with servanthood is under-appreciation. Serving is not the place for a talent show-style showcase of your skills. Jesus, again, isn't much help. He didn't seem bothered that few people really understood what he was capable of; in fact, he often told those who did understand to keep quiet about what they knew. Someone might know that you can type, so they ask you to help them with a short letter to their bank. What they don't know is that you once wrote an entire thesis on early sixteenth-century English drama. Are you happy to help, without begrudging the fact that this task does not require your extensive vocabulary, finely-honed research skills and formidable analytical powers? If you like your brilliance to be widely celebrated, don't serve!

3. His Majesty's Secret Service

The third problem with servanthood is that you're not supposed to do it for show. Like a tree falling in an unpopulated wood, surely a good deed doesn't count unless people know that you've done it. But Jesus, advocating ambidextrous ambiguity, says "Don't let your left hand know what your right hand is doing." Were you genuinely keen to weed the seedlings in the community garden on the greyest day of the English "summer?" Or were you just a little bit motivated by the possibility of a prime photo opportunity involving you, a trowel and muddy selfless toil for publication in the next newsletter? If you've got a particular image of yourself to preserve or promote, don't serve!

Don't serve, unless you want to CT scan your heart and see just how defined you are by what you do. Don't serve, unless you want to discover that God knows what you're like and loves you anyways. Don't serve, unless you want to experience how this love frees you to do the most unexpected, hidden or menial tasks. Don't serve, unless you want to know Jesus more and more and more. Don't serve, unless you want to see the Kingdom come around you, through you and within you. //

Claire has been a member of the Southall team since 2010. She's currently thinking a lot about post-Christendom. She doesn't like liquorice (or licorice, for that matter).



Christmas with Bublidi

Elisabeth, Kolkata Team

I used to think that when I joined Servants I would be entering into my community to serve my neighbours. What has been the most uncomfortable for me in the past 6 months since moving into my community are all the ways that they serve me. One of the clearest examples of this for me was at Christmas. Our team had planned to celebrate on Christmas day with our neighbours, so I talked to Bublidi (pictured above) about how to celebrate. She offered several suggestions, and I went about the preparations.

The morning of Christmas I walked outside and saw several of Bublidi's large cooking pots out in the courtyard. "I will help you tonight," she told me. So all day on Christmas, Bublidi and I cooked for our community. While this was a special occasion, this action was something that exemplified an everyday behavior for Bublidi and many of our other neighbours. I thought that by moving into Servants it meant I had something figured out, but what it meant was that I had so much more to learn. //

Elisabeth and her husband, Luke, moved to Kolkata at the end of August and have been enjoying learning what it looks like to be part of the community. Elisabeth loves to spend time with Bublidiand her next door neighbour, Didi and is amazed everyday by the new ways they teach her to love.

My Servant Friend

Cindy McBride

I am a core artist at EWMA (Enterprising Women Making Art). EWMA is a not for profit under the umbrella of Atira, an organization for women living in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside. We make art and sell it at the storefront of the studio and at another separate store. We have weekly workshops such as drawing, photography and Ruth George from Servants did one called block printing.

I met Nay Greenfield at a Christmas Lunch at EWMA. She was wearing a necklace scarf made out of long chains of crocheted yarn. Some months later she came into the studio at EWMA to see if people wanted to come to a tea party. Another woman and myself went to this tea party. It was put on by Night Vision, an organization that meets at the Servants office on Hastings Street. The tea party was at a woman's

house in a rich part of Vancouver by the beach. It was a very beautiful house. We played a few games and then we had tea with small cakes and small sandwiches and scones. Then we poured wax with wicks into teacups to make candles and then we made earrings out of buttons. It was all very nice. On the way back I asked what they do at Night Vision. Nay said they meet there for tea and treats that people bring. Then they say a prayer and take out treats and sometimes some soup for people hanging out in the neighbourhood late at night.

I went to Night Vision for quite a few months and took part in the socialization and giving out the soup to the people on the streets. While we walked the streets of the neighbourhood I told Nay about my life and she told me about her life with Servants. Nay came to the meetings at Night Vision when her husband could look after their two children.

At the last Night Vision that I went to we all went to the garden at the corner of Jackson and Hastings. We made letters out of yarn on the fence saying "Imagine." We hung up jars with candles in them. It was quite nice. Then Nay and I made a plan to meet every second Friday for coffee. It was very cool. When the children were in school we could go to a restaurant and when the children were home on holiday we met at Nay's house. One time we went to the Servants house for coffee and one time we went there for pizza. I didn't get much more time to spend with Nay. She and her family moved to New Zealand, and now they are getting ready to move to Cambodia. I am hoping that in the future she will return to Canada and we can go for coffee again. //

Cindy is a core artist at EWMA (Enterprising Women Making Art) an organization that helps women artists living in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside. She attends a writing workshop by the Downtown Eastside Studio Society. Cindy has a daughter and a son in-law.

Being Served on a Sunday Afternoon

Chami Nagai, Phnom Penh Team

It's Sunday afternoon. I've been sick in bed with a bad cold for 3 days, feeling pretty miserable, when I hear a knock. It's the pastor's wife and another Om (meaning Auntie) from my Cambodian church that have come to visit me, hearing I was sick. They ask how I'm doing, give me good motherly advice, then proceed to lay their hands on me and pray.

At this point I am thinking, "I should be the one visiting you and praying for you!" There has been so much going on for my church community; 6 teenage boys were unjustly imprisoned for a crime they did not commit. One of them in particular is the pastor's son, making this a truly heart-wrenching affair for all of us. So many tears have been shed, anger against injustice shared, and prayers offered for these boys fallen victims to Cambodia's unjust legal system. And here I was, with what seemed a petty thing, a bad cold, with no life-altering consequences for anyone, being prayed for by two women who were on the frontline trying to save the boys. This thought was doubled with some guilt for not having been able to go and visit the pastor's family for the last 2 weeks, even though I knew that things were especially hard for them.

To my protest, Om answered saying, "Chami, you have left your parents and you're all alone here. But in Christ, we are one family. Blood family. When we suffer, we pray for each other and encourage each other. That's what those who have faith in Jesus do." My eyes got blurry. In my head, the verse, "You visited me when I was sick" rang in my head, though somehow I was on the receiving end of this action of love. Then Om said one more thing that startled me: "I have seen you and others leave your country and come serve Cambodia. We want to serve you and our neighbours like you have come to serve."

Did I not come to serve Cambodia, this nation and people that I love? And yet I know how many times I've been broken because of my own pride in that—as if I were here to be the Messiah. Here I was though, my body weak and head unable to think

think straight with congestion, being served by two dear women, sisters in Christ, mothers to me in this foreign land. Amidst suffering, they knew what it meant to serve: it meant to walk alongside. They really challenged the line between the one serving and the one being served, because I knew that I had been privileged to walk beside them in this season as well.

Why am I even here? If it's about learning to walk beside people and receiving the grace of others walking beside me, then yes, I ammeant to be here. But if it's really about making a difference, I look at the beautiful friends and family that I have met here and realize they are the ones making a difference. At least in one Japanese girl's life, and in many others' lives around them as well. //

"When he had finished washing their feet, he put on his clothes and returned to his place. "Do you understand what I have done for you?" he asked them. "You call me 'Teacher' and 'Lord,' and rightly so, for that is what I am. Now that I, your Lord and Teacher, have washed your feet, you also should wash one another's feet. I have set you an example that you should do as I have done for you."

- John 13:12-15

Chami is a Japanese TCK (third culture kid) living in an urban poor neighbourhood in Phnom Penh with Servants. She is currently working with homework clubs in her neighbourhoods, a non-formal community based initiative that fosters a positive learning environment for primary school aged children. She is passionate about language & culture, people, music, and working with youth & children.

Clothing the Cruciform Christ

David Cross

The bench I sat on was wobbly and moved back and forth. I was sitting in a tiny slum shack with a floor made of rocks and in front of me was a casket. I was here with my neighbour Elsa attending the wake of the woman who lived behind us and who had left behind two teenage girls.

The room was dark. Just a photo of the woman and some flowers could be seen accompanying the coffin. Elsa knew the family had little money and few relatives around to support them so she had offered to help where she could. One of the ways she helped still stands out to me. When the undertakers came to dress the body and prepare it for the wake, they found the family had no tidy clothes for the woman to wear. Knowing this, Elsa went and picked some of her best clothes and gave them because she knew they were needed.

In this simple, but remarkable, action I saw my dear neighbour serving others in a time of pain. Her gift maintained the dignity of our neighbour and family who could continue with the funeral arrangements without further embarrassment. Elsa, of course, has few possessions of her own but as this story shows, she has a heart of love for those around her.

Here, in a place so acquainted with death, we witness life in the actions of our friends as they serve those around them. Long ago, loving hands laid Jesus in a borrowed tomb and wrapped him in burial clothes. As Elsa's actions model servanthood and sacrifice, we are challenged to find the cruciform Christ amongst us. He might appear in strange and unexpected places but in serving the least, we can encounter this vulnerable Christ who laid down His life for us. //

David and his wife Maria live with their son Toby in the slums of Manila in the Philippines.

Into the Presence: a Servants Litany

Crafted by Lois Baldwin Bellingham, Jono Ryan & Danuel Rutland

INTO THE PRESENCE OF GOD

Trust in God at all times, people.
Pour out your hearts to the Holy One.
For God alone my soul waits in silence.

Silence.

Our servant leader Jesus is with us.
Let his spirit be on us.

Let your spirit be on us your servants
Whom you uphold,
Whom you have chose,
And in whom you delight.
With you, we seek to bring justice to the nations.
Like you, we work quietly in the streets.
We will not break what is bruised,
Or extinguish flickering candles.
We accept that we may faint and
Be crushed in this birthing of justice…

You are God. You take us by the hand and keep us.

Sing: Will you let me be your servant, let me be as Christ to you?
Pray that I might have the grace to let you be my servant too.

THANKSGIVING AND LAMENT

My grief is beyond healing,
My heart is broken.
Listen to the weeping of my people,

It can be heard all across the land.
Has the Lord abandoned Jerusalem?
Is her King no longer there?
The harvest is finished and the summer is gone,
Yet we are not saved!

I hurt with the hurt of my people.
I mourn and am overcome with grief.
Why is there no healing
For the wounds of my people?
Blessed are the poor in spirit,
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

We are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses,
Fellow servants who have gone before.
Let's listen, they are cheering us on.
Thanks be to God.

Let's throw off every attachment and distraction,
Eyes fixed on the Servant who both began and will finish
Forming a kingdom people from the margins,
Blessed are the poor in spirit,
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

THE LIVING WORD

Psalm 86 or Isaiah 52:13-53:6 or John 13:1-7
Matt. 20:20-28 Luke 1:46-55 1Thess 1:2-7

Silence for reflecting on the readings.

RESPONSE

:foot washing or hand massage
:meditation – lectio divina on Ps 86
:sing "The Servant King"

FOR EACH OTHER

Let's hold in the light and faithfulness of God
Our Servants family worldwide, and especially today…

Silence or open prayer.

THIS WAY, THIS DAY
Jesus, when you could have come in power
You came in humility and love.
You knelt down to wash the feet of your friends,
Even the one who betrayed you.
It was the cry of your spirit to be available to your Father.
Your joy was to bring good news to the poor.

After your example, Jesus,
We want to wash each others' feet today
Through touch that heals and words that restore.
Empty us of the need to control,
Free us to set others free.
Whatever it costs us in comfort or reputation
We give ourselves gladly to you today.

Where fear has bound us
Or power seduced us
On earth as in heaven
Your Kingdom come!
Amen. //

Letter of Love to Joan

From Susannah Connolly

Kia ora tatou. Hello to you all,

As I reflect on Joan's life I am filled with wonder and awe. I was in Manila with her in the late 80's and early 90's. These were harsh years for Joan, and yet filled with joy and celebration also.

I was newer than Joan, and she became a partner in God who I could look up to. I remember going out to her little house in Bagong Silang and being amazed at how beautiful and creative her decorating was. I promptly went home and started to decorate my walls, and planned to bring photos of family and friends back with me next time. Joan's house was an oasis of love and acceptance and peace.

Joan had enormous struggles with the heat and language, but she never gave up. She always managed to grasp something new and use this to the advantage of the poor. Joan's compassion was out of control sometimes, and she moved us to tears and laughter, bringing healing, reality, and LOVE. As she moved into the retreat centre, her care for us when we came for a break was wonderful, and you always felt welcome and listened to.

> Joan's house was an oasis of love and acceptance and peace.

When Joan came home to New Zealand she never stopped amazing me with her heart for the marginalized, and her desire to develop and seek justice. She continued to be an example of "second half of life spirituality" and I will continue to keep her in mind as I grow into these years myself.

Last but not least, Joan led us through the dying process with dignity, integrity and profound love. Her emails and messages have illuminated this stage of life like no other. I was having an art exhibition with the title "Spirituality and Dying" and when I asked Joan to write something for me, she did, and I was able to spend the month of my exhibition having very deep and meaningful conversations with people, sharing what Joan was teaching us along the way. I thank you Joan for never giving up and leaning on the everlasting arms of God in a way that I will never forget. //

Internships in 2013

In Asia:

Kolkata, India:
4 weeks long, mid Aug - mid Sep 2013

Lucknow, India:
4 weeks long, Winter 2013 - 2014

Manila, Philippines:
2 - 4 weeks in October 2013

In The West:

Vancouver , Canada:
Duration: 3 months
June 10 - Aug 30, 2013. App due by Mar 1st
Oct 1 - Dec 21, 2013. App due by July 1st.

Southall, London, England:
Duration: 4 weeks
available from mid April onward.

Long-Term Opportunties

Every Servants team is accepting applications for new team members. In particultar, we want to highlight three teams that are actively recruiting new long-term workers. They are the Jakarta, Indonesia team; the Lucknow, India team, and the newly forming Myanmar team. You can read more about each Servants team and the application process on our website or by emailing us at info@servantsasia.org

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