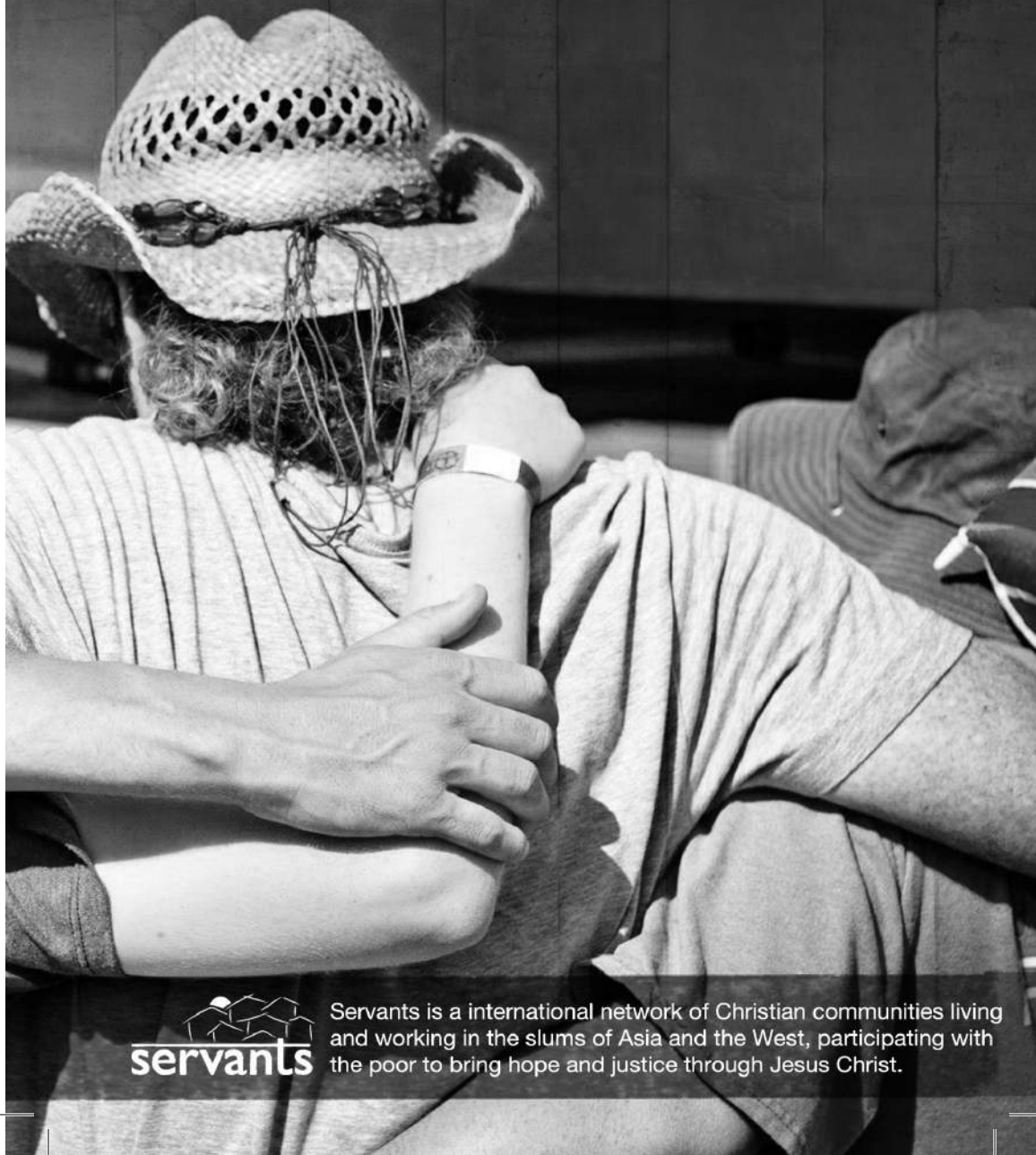


# SERVANTS QUARTERS

CELEBRATION ISSUE // [www.servantsasia.org](http://www.servantsasia.org) // DEC 2012



Servants is a 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.

"Oh my child, daughters and sons  
I made you in love to overcome  
Free as a bird, my flowers in the sun  
On your way to Mount Zion  
All you slaves, be set free  
Come on out child and come on home to me  
We will dance, we will rejoice  
If you can hear me then follow my voice."

*-Josh Garrels (Zion and Babylon)*

#### **CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS**

Our next issue of Servants Quarters will be coming out in March, 2012 and the deadline for submissions will be at the end of January. Feel free to start reflecting now on our next topic, Servanthood. We welcome your reflections, poetry, stories, art, photography etc. We look forward to hearing from you!

**EDITOR:** Alyse Kotyk

**PROOFREADERS:** Bonnie Uppill, Anna Cooper

**GRAPHIC DESIGNER:** Charlotte Browning

We welcome your feedback.

Send any thoughts to Alyse at [editor@servantsasia.org](mailto:editor@servantsasia.org)

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Vol. 2, No. 3 // December 2012

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## from the Editor

I love holidays. At times, it may be a bit extreme: I have a Halloween playlist and Valentine's Day socks. I make a countdown to Christmas and I adore celebrating my friends' birthdays. I also really love balloons and fireworks.

When I began journeying with Servants and discovered that one of its values is celebration, I was thrilled. I soon learned, however, that celebration meant a lot more than planning a themed party for a specific holiday. Instead, I grew to appreciate celebration as a necessary breath of life in circumstances that can often-times be discouraging. I learned to celebrate the smaller moments and personal achievements – for myself as well as for others. I also learned that people at Servants are incredibly talented at celebrating. From hootenannies to dance parties in the street, and art auctions for friends to those “just because” moments, Servants, you sure know how to party!

As you read through these pages, my hope is that you will find encouragement in these stories of, and reflections on, celebration. May you feel the love and joy that this international community shares and may it bring you refreshment and renewal. Above all, may you feel inspired to continue to celebrate the wonderful journey Christ has put all of us on.

Wishing you peace this holiday season,

Alyse Kotyk  
*Editor*  
*(Vancouver Team)*

## AN ADVENT

### Call to Worship

*Edward Cox (found in Seeing Christ in Others)*

Come from your homes  
With Christmas cards unwritten  
With family arrangements yet to be finalised  
Come share in a celebration  
Which began with the homeless, the illiterate  
and the unmarried.

Come from your places of work  
With 'To-Do' lists as long as your arm  
With in-trays overflowing and phone calls put off  
yet again  
Come share in a celebration  
Where our work is to worship and our ceremony  
is to set us free.

Come from your communities  
Where talk is of Christmas shopping  
And where our children are whipped up by  
advertising frenzy  
Come share in a celebration  
Where we have nothing to peddle but our  
stories of hope.

Come from your nations  
Where immigrants are unwelcome  
And politicians vie for your vote  
Come share in a celebration  
Where the proud will be scattered and the  
rich sent away empty.

Come Holy Spirit  
Come Father and Mother of new life



## Why Don't We **CELEBRATE THIS MOMENT?**

*Kristen Jack*

1. We worship God in praise and in lament, in good times and bad, for richer, for poorer (Habakkuk 3:17-19).

To Worship means to 'bow down,' and to acknowledge that God is God whatever life throws at us. Both ecstatic praise and soulful lament fill the Old Testament and especially the Psalms – both are expressions of worship when offered fully to God. We should despise neither.

2. We must learn to live in the present, the eternal now which is God's time.

True celebration (and joyfulness) is only possible if we can 'live in the moment,' and celebrate the fact that we are alive right here and now by God's grace. "Why don't we celebrate this moment?" as Bruce Cockburn once sang. Only by living in the present can we know this grace and this joy. We cannot obey or commune with God in the past or the future – only in this present moment. If we are preoccupied with our past (guilt or regret) or preoccupied with our future (worry, anxiety or ambition) we lose the ability to connect with God, for He can only be encountered in the present. We need to bring our past and our future fully to the crucified Christ to deal with. We need to come fully to the risen, living Christ and encounter Him in this moment.

3. We must learn to live in an awareness of God's goodness being greater than our failings.

As Mother Teresa has said: "Give yourself fully to God. He will use you to accomplish great things on the condition that you believe much more in His love than in your own weakness." Celebration (and joy) comes from an awareness of God's grace: the realization that we are so loved that we have been freed from having to earn God's favour. The best things in life have simply been given to us. "What do you have that was not given to you?" (1 Corinthians 4:7). Salvation is a gift; at the cross of Jesus the price already paid.

4. We need to grasp the incredibly privileged place God has granted us in His Universe.

For now we are just a little lower than the angels (Psalm 8), but destined for even greater things (Romans 8:28-30; 1 Corinthians 6:2-3). Our joy flows from the realization of the incredible privileges we have been given: God has declared himself to be our Father and our friend – in fact He has chosen us for this very purpose. That we should be called children of God is simply mind-blowing (1 John 3:1). That he should call us to be his friends, staggering (John 15:15-16). That we should be allowed to partner with him in his plans for this world, incredible (2 Corinthians 5:17-20). Even suffering, in some unfathomable way, works to our benefit, producing in us a weight of glory to be realised in the world to come (Romans 8:18). If only we could comprehend, even apprehend, how deep and wide and high and long and extravagant is the love of God for each of us (Ephesians 3:14-21)!

The glass is half full! Focus on what good things have happened, rather than on evil or good left undone. Mark them with milestones and rituals. It's God's desire that we should celebrate every milestone and every achievement (notice how in the Old Testament they were always setting up cairns and monuments. Over and over the Scriptures exhort us to 'remember what God has done'). Unfortunately, many of us are more naturally given to negative thinking: our faults, failures and shortcomings loom much larger in our minds than our strengths, gifts or accomplishments. Given this, how can we 'rejoice always,' as the Scriptures instruct? One good way is to mark and celebrate every milestone and achievement (no matter how small), both for you personally and for all of us as a team. Nothing builds a person or a team up more than simply acknowledging the good that they do. In turn, it increases our capacity to do even more. Make a conscious choice to be someone who encourages others towards greater love and good works, rather than someone who de-motivates others with criticism or negativity (Hebrews 10:24). As a team, be creative about developing meaning-laden rituals that celebrate achievements, graduations and transitions.

## 5. Life is a party!

*'He...brings forth food from the earth: wine that gladdens the heart of man, oil to make his face shine, and bread that sustains his heart,' (Psalm 104:14-15).*

This life really was designed to be celebrated: that's why there were so many feasts and holy-days in the Old Testament, and why Jesus never turned down a dinner invitation in the Gospels! Find any excuse you can for a party!

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In the face of the suffering and injustice that fills this present world...how can we rejoice?

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## 6. There is a better world coming.

*If this world was all we had to look forward to, we should be pitied more than everyone (1 Corinthians 15:19). Joy is an extension of hope. In the face of the suffering and injustice that fill this present world, really, how can we rejoice? We can because we live in hope – hope of the resurrection, hope of the Kingdom coming. We know that this world's injustice and suffering and poverty are not the final word. There is a better world coming. And the resurrection of Jesus is a foretaste of that.*

### *For Further Reflection:*

*Find a quiet space, and prayerfully read through Romans chapter 8, allowing God's word to sink deeply into your soul. Give Him thanks for all he has done for you, is doing in you, and will one day completely do in you (read also Philippians 1:3-6). //*

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*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.*





## What is **CELEBRATION?**

Ashleen Wartenweiler

What is celebration?

A gift or

A discipline?

A spontaneous expression of joy and praise or

A calculated act of conviction?

Both.

Both a luxury and  
a need.

Both a desire and  
a practice.

Not enough is the intention but  
only through genuine integration  
of what is seen and heard.

We cannot, shall not close our eyes and ears  
to pain, suffering and death.

We cannot, shall not deny the evil, the lack of life  
in so many of our friends' lives,  
in so many dark places of the world,  
in so many depths of our very selves.

Living out of who we really are,  
we celebrate our Creator.

Living into the Love He is,  
we celebrate together.

We are gifted this grace as we choose it.

Like a bird or a butterfly  
we notice flying in the sky.

We stop to enjoy it's presence  
without questioning its existence,  
"Why?"

No longer resisting, we accept.

Not blinded by the darkness of "whys" around us,  
we celebrate

the good God is creating out of EVERYTHING we've been  
given.

The art of thanksgiving: Celebration. //



*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!*

## An Unexpected **CELEBRATION**

Colin Conroy

It started off as a perfectly normal Sunday service at my church, although I did notice that a few people were more formally dressed than usual. The guy I was sitting next to, David (engaged to Nita, one of our church members, who, I noticed, wasn't there this week), was even wearing a suit. I also noticed that the church was nicely decorated, with bows tied on the ends of the pews – obviously left over from a wedding or some other celebration yesterday, I thought.

Anyhow, the service proceeded as normal – some singing, prayers of thanksgiving, a bible reading, good sermon, etc. Then came the offertory and the notices – usually the last thing before the final hymn and dismissal in our church. I thought it was ending a bit earlier than usual but thought that must be because we hadn't had communion this week.

Then the pastor, stood up and started talking again, "You've probably been wondering what all the decorations are for. Well, we've got a bit of a surprise – we're going to have a wedding!" At first I thought "Okaaaa-y, this is some sort of sermon illustration. Obviously the service isn't finishing early after all." Then I realised that no, it was no joke, no dramatic illustration of a point, and that yes, we really were about to have a wedding in the church – even though most of the congregation had had no idea about it until that moment, and were mostly dressed in their ordinary clothes.

The pastor carried on: "Yes, Nita and David are getting married now. We'll have a short break while we wait for Nita to arrive." Then, "We've just heard that she's on her way."

Very soon, Nita, every inch the beautiful Asian bride, and her mum and bridesmaids, also stunningly turned out, arrived. From that point on, a "normal" (although very nice and lovely, of course) Sunday service became something quite different – it became a wonderful celebration of this young couple's love for each other.

There was a real sense of the whole church family celebrating with them and praying for them because the whole church community was there, rather than just their families and friends and a chosen few from the congregation.

I've never really understood the whole 'crying at weddings' thing myself, but I came nearer to it that morning, for the wedding of this couple who I hardly knew, than at any of the (many) weddings I've been to for my family and close friends. As I looked around at people's faces, I realised that we were truly celebrating - not in the more usual 'get drunk on free booze, laugh at the speeches and dance like a madman' way, but with a deep joy which is also worship of the living God who brought these two together and will be with them every day of their married life. //

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*Colin Conroy is a member of the Servants Southall team, although he has lived in Southall on-and-off since 1999. He has had past careers as a nurse and as an ecologist/ornithologist (birdwatcher), and is still doing the latter, one day a week. He loves living in Southall as part of the Servants team.*



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Clap your hands all you nations;  
shout to God with cries of joy.  
How awesome is the Lord Most High,  
the great King over all the earth!

Psalm 47:1-2

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## ON CELEBRATION

Paul Mather

“Resisting the forces of death is meaningful only when we are fully in touch with the forces of life. What is finally important is not that we overcome death but that we CELEBRATE LIFE.”  
Henri Nouwen

We are all too aware that working in difficult places with struggling and hurting people is draining and that long term, there can be a tendency to lose the joy, to become cynical in the face of despair, and to “wear” the heaviness of life. Indeed the call to embrace the pain, to “share in the sufferings,” inevitably takes its toll on that vitality and dynamism that living for Jesus frees us for. Isn’t this one of the great paradoxes of the Jesus life?

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...at the end of the day we are merely trying to model what we think heaven on earth looks like.

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I have become aware that we Westerners (palangis or pakehas here in New Zealand) are not nearly so adept at taking time to kick up our heels and to “waste time and energy” on such seemingly trivial matters as parties. We are learning a lot from our neighbours here about practising

the spiritual disciplines that enable us to have more “earthy experiences of exhilaration” (Richard Foster). To consciously foster times of singing, laughing, playing and eating together, is to enjoy God’s presence as a community, and to counter the forces of death, as Nouwen puts it. Opportunities to celebrate abound when people make life transitions, through beginnings and endings, over the Christian festival times, and of course, at birthdays and anniversaries.

As I write, we are planning a ceili/hula dance evening with neighbours and family, as well as our Urban Vision families. The excuse is Wendy’s birthday; food and dancing will be the focus; laughing will hopefully be the order of the day. Last September, at the end of our inaugural junior soccer season, we ran a parents vs. kids soccer game which was followed by awards and, of course, the statutory BBQ.



Though pretty chaotic, it was a fabulous time of connecting, having fun together and affirming our children and their growing talents. In our neighbourhood where a lot of people are isolated and/or struggling with family circumstances, this was a first for many. It left most asking for more of the same, and those of us organising the event felt inspired to keep going. Ultimately, this was a testimony to life and its power over death.

There's a bit of work involved in celebrating life, some would say with little tangible reward often, but at the end of the day we are merely trying to model what we think heaven on earth looks like. //

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*Paul Mather has lived with his family in Porirua , New Zealand for 10 years since returning from Manila. They are part of an Urban Vision community comprising 5 homes and love nothing better than getting together with neighbours to celebrate life.*

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"Hospitality and celebration are closely linked - not celebration as carefully planned entertainment, but celebration that reflects time set aside to rejoice in being together. Often in communities where guests' lives have been affected by deep loss and grief, celebration is part of survival. Good hosts do not recoil from suffering and brokenness; they are able to live with tragedy but they know the importance of celebration as well."

*Christine D. Pohl, from Making Room*

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Celebration,  
**JUST BECAUSE**

*Simon Uppill*

We gather a friend's artwork together  
Strategically spacing them throughout our house  
Hammering hanging nails  
Placing pictures on the wall  
"A little bit to the left"  
"Up a little"  
"Right there. Yep that's it"

Now the food:  
Chicken strips and potato tots into the oven  
Cheesecakes out of the freezer  
Muffins from baking trays  
Fruit sliced for platters  
Spring rolls fried  
Crackers and cheese

People begin to arrive  
Strangers are becoming friends  
Happy chatter fills our home  
Tasty food enjoyed  
Conversations go deeper  
Bids placed and raised by another  
Friendly competition  
Towards a gift for an exiled friend

A celebration of teamwork, of hospitality  
A celebration of abundance, of friendship  
A celebration of a friend's creativity  
A celebration of provision and generosity  
A celebration, just because. //

## **JOSH'S PARTY**

*Bonnie Uppill*

My name is Joanna, but mostly I just go by Jo. I love a good party. The food, the wine, the people, getting dressed up, even the clean up. I love it all. It's party central in J-town right now. You know, with Passover and all. It's my favourite time of year, without a doubt. This year has been a little weird, though. Nothing like death to dampen things. But wait, I'm getting ahead of myself. Let me start at the beginning.

It was a Friday. Mary's son, Josh, was coming home, so she was hosting a party for his arrival. It's not like he doesn't visit often. He does. And every time, without fail, we have a party. I'd say he loves parties even more than I do! As I was getting ready to go, the street started getting noisy: crazy noisy and so, so busy. I only opened the door to see what was happening, but I was swept along in the crowds of people singing and dancing and pulling branches off the palm trees. It was chaotic!

The swarm of humanity spilled out onto King David Street, lining the edges with excitement and praise. One song arose – it was magnificent. The branches were laid down by old and young, covering the dirt road in a glorious, green tapestry. At this stage, I had no idea what was going on, I was just glad to have arrived alive – and I knew I couldn't leave.

And then he came, Mary's son. My friend, Josh.

I was stunned. I mean, usually he just rocks up at his mum's house and we party. This was a new one. I couldn't help but laugh. He was on a donkey. What was he thinking? Donkeys are so unpredictable, everybody knows. Josh just grinned and waved at me as he went by as if he did that kind of thing every day. I couldn't help but laugh. I hoped Mary was somewhere in the crowd. She'd be giggling. Josh was always doing something crazy.

That was a few weeks ago now. Josh stayed in town, doing his teaching gigs at the town hall. The people loved him; then they hated him. They hated him so much they killed him. I was devastated and I never left Mary's side. From the time that he was taken by authorities,

I was with her. We went with Joseph, our friend from Arimathea, as he wrapped Josh and put him in his own tomb. Mary was inconsolable. I had no words for her. We just cried together.

Then, yesterday, you wouldn't believe what happened. I can barely believe it myself. Super early in the morning, Mary, Mags and I went up to the tomb with our spices to prepare Josh's body for burial. It was quiet, no wind, no morning bird songs. A fog hung low around the cliffs. The whole vibe in that place was eerie. It was strange weather. Stranger: Josh wasn't there! Strangest: two guys stood where Josh was supposed to be! Mary screamed. Mags fainted. We both caught her. I held her head in my lap and we sat in the dirt in shock.

Where they came from, I still don't know, but there they were. And they were handsome, I'm not ashamed to have noticed. Great clothes, good hair, gorgeous voices. They teased us about looking for a living man in a place of dead ones. I thought they were being really insensitive to Mary, but she seemed totally serene after her initial shock wore off. Mags wasn't coping as well, but she doesn't have the sturdiest of constitutions. The guys reminded us of what Josh had said earlier, and suddenly everything they were saying made sense to us.

Josh wasn't dead!

We didn't even thank the guys! We just took off, running like mad-women back into town to find Josh's mates and tell them. They didn't believe us. They said we were crazy and ordered us to take bed rest. Boys. As if we could sleep! We didn't. We drank a lot of tea, retelling our experience to each other over and over; laughing, believing, not believing, giggling, shaking our heads and laughing again. We were still at the kitchen table late that night when the door burst open. Josh's friends fell over each other in their rush to get in and there was a good deal of yelling and laughing and shaking of heads and grinning. They'd just been hanging out with Josh. Turns out we were telling the truth! And oh man, did we party or what? We still are! And so are you! See you when you get here! //



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*Simon and Bonnie grew up in rural South Australia and have been interning with the Vancouver team since February 2012. They have come to learn what it means to live in Christian community and to learn how to be better neighbours.*



## God of **ABUNDANCE**

### *Mariam*

Celebration to me is the reminder of who God is and what His desire is for me, my neighbours, and all: an abundance of life, not a fearful, restricted life. I'm seeing more and more my need to foster celebration as a continual mindset, more than occasional parties and group events – which are necessary too – to know my Father who loves me this much. Acts of celebration declare my faith in this love when maybe other things cloud my view.

I haven't lived in the slums long yet, and I haven't been part of the Servants' community much longer. But my Muslim neighbours in the slums have challenged my boundaries on celebration, and my trust in a God of abundance. They gather the best for celebrations, inviting all, without fear of running out or not having enough later. Guests, expected or not, receive this lavishness, and it is their genuine joy to celebrate the visit, whatever there is to share.

Most of my life I have had much, but have hoarded it, confining God into the same limits of scarcity and poverty in my heart. Living in the United States, maybe it was easy to not see it as a lack because of the physical abundance around me generally. But taking that God with me to the slums, where on the outside all to be seen is incredible poverty, having such a small God has left me suffocating and fearful. I still don't know how to celebrate well, but as I take in the lives of my neighbours, grow together with my family and my team, and in my times of stillness with the Father, I hope to keep challenging myself to have eyes to see and hands to act out in faith of the God of Abundance who is already here. //

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*Mariam moved in April 2012 to join the new team that formed in India. She loves but is challenged by the deep relational focus of slum living. She is not disappointed to have left behind her engineering cubicle in Southern California.*

# The Poor Have **TAUGHT ME TO CELEBRATE**

*Rachel Hauser*

I am definitely no party lion! Far from it. But I do love to create time-outs where live as it is can be celebrated.

I have seen that everyone has gifts to share that create a celebration.

I especially love to contribute to the food part.

It is the poor who have taught me to celebrate.

Again, I used to consider it a luxury. Now I know that occasions of celebration are a crucial necessity.

I wonder, in fact, whether it is celebration that makes life all the more real?

I now find it important to celebrate in the midst of everyday life – in ever so small ways at the very least.

I have also learnt that celebration does not need much materially. The simplest of elements can make it happen. It

is the ritual that is important. It is the moment that counts.

I find simplicity in celebration beautiful.

I love celebrating with the marginalised.

In fact, creating a celebration for and with the poor is, in itself, a celebration for me.

Celebration can be a bigger and planned thing, like an occasion.

But do not forget: We can also celebrate spontaneously –

in a simple moment of paying attention, savouring a drink, spending quality time with a child, with an animal or with an inspiring sight. Listening, smelling or touching attentively. Doing this gives energy to both parties.

Then my life becomes a celebration.

I am thankful to those who have invited me to live with less because now I enjoy more. //



*Rachel is originally from Switzerland but has lived in Manila as part of the Servants team for the past 22 years. She now divides her time between the slum community and the eco-retreat, Lilok farm.*



**Top left:** When we celebrated the start of the Lilok Farm we did it with all the construction workers, since they did all the work. We celebrated and acknowledged their practical skills and created an altar with their favourite tool.

**Top right:** On the same occasion all contributed a dish that is special or very common for them. It made an enormous spread.

**Bottom left:** Celebrating with flowers on an otherwise ordinary day.

**Bottom right:** Welcoming friends to a small celebration.

## Celebrating 10 years of **conneXions**

*Katharina Freudiger*

In 2001, a young couple left their home in Switzerland and arrived in the city of joy: Kolkata, India. Markus and Katharina made some friends and got to know their new community. Their heart grew for the women they met and they wanted to help them overcome the unjust destiny of being poor. They caught a vision for restoring dignity and empowering women to improve the quality of their lives. In 2002, the ConneXions Vocational Training Centre was born. This past October, Katharina and Markus returned to Kolkata with their two sons to celebrate the 10th Anniversary of ConneXions.

Katharina writes: “Thank God for the 10th anniversary of ConneXions! Ten years ago, we did not have a big idea of what the project would look like; we just had five loaves of bread and two fish in our hands, ready for God to do great things. God used the fish and the bread and multiplied it! He did a miracle!

In the start we had a few women from the slums longing to do something with their lives instead of sitting at home. We had a few sewing machines and a small room to start a daily routine of learning and producing.

Last month, we had the opportunity to be part of the big anniversary celebrations in Kolkata!

Five hundred people celebrated ConneXions, how it grew and how it was such an important part of their lives – giving them a sense of meaningful work and a sense of belonging. While the participants were mainly women, some brought their husbands and children. Most guests came from the slums.

Some of the highlights included great music, a presentation of the history of ConneXions, dance performances, speeches, and testimonies celebrating the impact of ConneXions. All in all, it was a very joyful celebration!

Returning to the story of the bread and fish, Jesus uses a small boy to perform a big miracle. The boy offered what he had in his hands: fish and bread and God multiplied it. Today, ConneXions reaches more than 200 women and three new centres have been started in other parts of the city. The ConneXions leaders have an even greater vision for the future: to reach 800 women by the year 2018. What multiplication! They have faith, and that needs to be celebrated day by day!” //





## Returning **COLOUR**

*Jason Porterfield*

At the start of 2012, the Servants Jakarta team watched as the slum community they had called home for the past two years underwent an imposed eviction. As soon as a household vacated their property, workers, paid by the anonymous company claiming rights to the land, would demolish the home, leaving it in a pile of rubble within hours. In the end, a fire started by arson devoured hundreds of homes supposedly not under the threat of eviction, the tight-knit members of this once vibrant community were scattered throughout the capital city. Every tree was cut down, every home turned to rubble, and a concrete wall was constructed around the demolished neighbourhood in an effective attempt to keep anyone from re-entering the land.

Now, how does a recounting of a Jakarta slum eviction have anything to do with the theme of celebration? Admittedly, for the first nine months following the eviction, nothing. In fact, as the eviction rolled on at the start of the year, Caroline, one of the Servants Jakarta team members, reminded us of how similar her community's fate was with those living in Jerusalem during the Babylonian siege and subsequent destruction and exile in 587 BC. The prophet Jeremiah who witnessed firsthand his beloved city's destruction, cried out through the avenue of poetry what would become the book of Lamentations. Like Jeremiah, it was right, appropriate, and the natural response for the Servants Jakarta team to join their neighbours in crying out to God for mercy. They found themselves joining Jeremiah in voicing lament.

Yet, after months of grieving, I was struck to read the following account in Caroline's most recent prayer update. She wrote, "One sunny afternoon armed with paintbrushes and an army of children, we painted several sections of the concrete wall which completely encloses the eviction area. The centrepiece of our painting was a tree made of the handprints of the kids. Our intern Alex ascribed to it the verse from Revelation 22 about "the leaves being for the healing of the nations;" so we called them the leaves of healing! Having this

opportunity to take something which is an ugly and painful reminder of those eviction months and turn it into a time of laughter and something for people to enjoy looking at has been a grace to me. It is a picture of redemption, really. To take the painful parts and change them, deal with them in a way that the pain can be released and new life can come in its place.”

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To take the painful parts and change them, deal with them in a way that the pain can be released and new life can come in its place

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It was right for the Servants Jakarta team to allow time for themselves to grief and cry out in lament to God for His mercy on their former neighbours, just like Jeremiah did. Yet, even Jeremiah and many of the other Hebrew prophets, after a prolonged season of grief, entered into a new season of helping their people rebuild and restructure a new society based on God’s values, love and priorities. Perhaps celebration is not the best word to use. Either way, I am struck by the Jakarta team’s defiant act of painting images of healing and life on the very wall that caused so much suffering and death. Children were once again laughing. Colour was returning. The life God desires for us all was once again being imagined with laughter and celebration. //



*Jason Porterfield has been a missionary with Servants for six years. Initially a member of the Vancouver team and then the Jakarta team, Jason currently serves as Servants’ North America Coordinator. Jason, his wife Laura and their two children Mika and Luke reside in Houston, Texas, USA.*





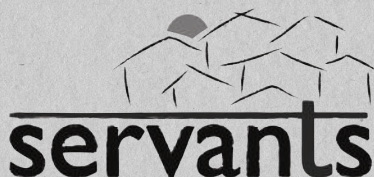
*(Photo taken by Charlotte Browning at the Creative World Justice Festival in Mission, BC, Canada)*

## **At the Heart of Community:** Celebration

*Jean Vanier (from Community and Growth)*

Forgiveness and celebration are at the heart of community. These are the two faces of love. Celebration is a communal experience of joy, a song of thanksgiving. We celebrate the fact of being together; we give thanks for the gifts we have been given. Celebration nourishes us, restores hope, and brings us the strength to live with the suffering and difficulties of everyday life. The poorer people are, the more they love to celebrate. The festivals of the poorest people in Africa last for several days. They use all their savings on huge feasts and beautiful clothes. They make garlands of flowers and they set off fireworks – for light and explosions are an integral part of celebration. These festivals nearly always commemorate a divine or religious event – they are sacred occasions....Celebration is nourishment and resource. It makes present the goals of community in symbolic form, and so brings hope and a new strength to take up again everyday life with more love. Celebration is a sign of the resurrection which gives us strength to carry the cross of each day. There is an intimate bond between celebration and the cross. //





## **INTERNSHIPS**

An internship with Servants is probably quite different to any other short term mission exposure you have experienced before. This is because the emphasis is not so much on what you do but on what you learn. The intention is that for a few weeks or months, living with a local family in a poor community, you will make a deep connection with the urban poor and allow God to open up a space in you to hear him afresh. This will occur not in a quiet garden or at the beach, but in a noisy, vibrant, cramped slum. Servants accepts a small number of people each year for internships in Cambodia, Manila, Kolkata, Jakarta, London and Vancouver. Contact your local Servants office for more information.

## **LONG TERM OPPORTUNITIES**

So, you've heard about Servants, and our vision, values and principles resonate with you. If you are interested in exploring the possibility of serving overseas with a Servants team, contact us early on so we can be in conversation as you discern God's will for your life. We are happy to answer any questions you might have as you consider applying. Servants currently has opportunities to serve as part of teams in Jakarta, Phnom Penh, Manila, London and Vancouver. Contact us now for information about future opportunities in India, Yangon, Bangkok and China.



## short-term internships and long-term opportunities

### 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:**

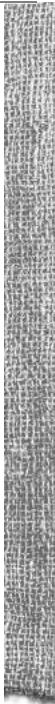
Duration: 4 weeks

available from mid April onward.

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## Long-Term Opportunities

Every Servants team is accepting applications for new team members. In particular, 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](mailto:info@servantsasia.org)



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