

# SERVANTS QUARTERS

*Beauty Issue* // [www.servantsasia.org](http://www.servantsasia.org) // *July 2012*



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.

The eye is a muscle  
that needs to be trained  
To see light  
in the dark  
To find the speck  
buried deep in itself  
To open as a window  
to the soul  
To speak  
and say what words cannot  
To search out  
and find beauty without fail  
To know and persuade the mind  
that the dandelion is not a weed.

- Ruth George, *Servants Vancouver*

**When people cease to be surrounded by beauty,  
they cease to hope.**

- N.T. Wright, *Surprised by Hope*

**EDITORIAL TEAM:** Jen Galicinski, Jason Wood, Bonnie Uppill

**PROOFREADER:** Anna Cooper

**GRAPHIC DESIGNER:** Charlotte Browning

We welcome your feedback.

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

# THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS

## *Beauty Issue*

Vol. 2, No. 2 // July 2012

### FEATURES

#### 3/ A Glimpse of Hope

from the editor

*"Heaven might just be a new pair of glasses."*

#### 7/ Meeting Jesus on the Mekong's Edge

by Janet Cornwall

*"Where beauty, forgiveness, faithfulness and joy swirl up and around."*

#### 13/ Like a Knitted Blanket

by Wendy Hing-Mather

*"Like a knitted blanket, we are diverse, rich in colour, and made strong together through the weaving of our human joy and pain."*

#### 17/ Case Study: A Community Garden in Vancouver's Inner City

by Craig Greenfield

*"What transforms a dingy, inhospitable area into a dynamic gathering place?"*

#### 21/ Why Poverty Needs Beauty

by Rachel Houser

*"Beauty speaks to the soul more meaningfully than our words ever can."*

#### 25/ Surprised By Hope

By N.T. Wright

*"The church ... should be the place... where new creativity bursts forth."*

#### 27/ A Beautiful Life

A Tribute to Helen Sidebotham

### POETRY

#### 1/ The Beauty of a Dandelion

by Ruth George

*"To know and persuade the mind that the dandelion is not a weed."*

#### 10/ Beauty

by Kristin Jack

*"May my eyes be opened."*

#### 15/ Look Deeper

by Jason Wood

*"My children, you are so beautiful."*

#### 19/ Havelock

by Daniel Rutland

*"Let the evening sunlight pause in lonely stairwells, and love squeeze in on crowded sofas."*

#### 29/ Aching Beauty

By Lois Baldwin-Bellingham

### ART+PHOTOGRAPHY

#### 11/ Textures of Delight

by Katrina Stock

*"Every region and country has its own distinct areas of simple beauty."*

### SERVANTS INFO

#### 5/ Where in the world is Servants?

#### 30/ Internships & Opportunities



## *a glimpse* **OF HOPE**

from the editor

It rains way too much in Vancouver these days, which makes all of life seem worse. After a while, the wet grayness seems to get inside you and pull your already-distressed, shivering spirit down into the puddles. As my friend Jason and I sludge through Vancouver's Downtown Eastside, home to Servants and the so-called "poorest urban postal code in Canada", I'm struck by a sign that I see posted on the window of the Aboriginal Front Door, a community space for the Indigenous peoples living in the neighbourhood: "Everything has beauty, but not everyone sees it."

And I'm reminded of a line I read some time ago in an Anne Lamott book, where her priest friend muses that heaven might just be a new pair of glasses.

Sometimes, all it takes to see the beauty amidst such brokenness and anguish is to see things and people through Kingdom eyes. This theme runs all through this issue of The Servants Quarters, and is especially poignant in Jason's poem about this neighbourhood called "Look Deeper."

At other times, the beauty causes your soul to sing without any effort on your part. Like here in May, when the sun comes out and changes everything. The warmth embraces you, the bright light beams into your psyche, and the trees show off their gigantic flowers of pink, yellow, and red.

Add a skype call or two with friends who really get me, the song "Some Nights" by Fun, and the next thing you know, I'm singing at the top of my lungs and dancing while cooking pancakes in my kitchen, feeling like all is at peace with the world.

Why is this? How does something as simple as sunshine, flowers blooming, or music cause me to rejoice amidst the suffering around me, and in me? And what about the suffering itself - is it really the opposite of the sunshine? Or is it just beauty covered with dust and rock, waiting to be mined for the diamonds that are buried within?

These are some of the questions tackled in this Beauty Issue of The Servants Quarters. Of all the intentional communities that I've met and been a part of, none gets the importance of creativity and beauty more than Servants. It is an international community that seeks the beauty and goodness of God in overlooked, abandoned places and people. It is a community full of creative types: artists, poets, writers, musicians and photographers, and folks who see beauty and possibility where others see ugliness and despair.

It is a community that seeks to point others to that otherworldly reality, as N.T. Wright points out in *Surprised by Hope*, that there is something more than this present suffering. Beauty offers us a glimpse of hope, and when we see it in people, in creation, in art, it is a window to that reality of God's Kingdom.

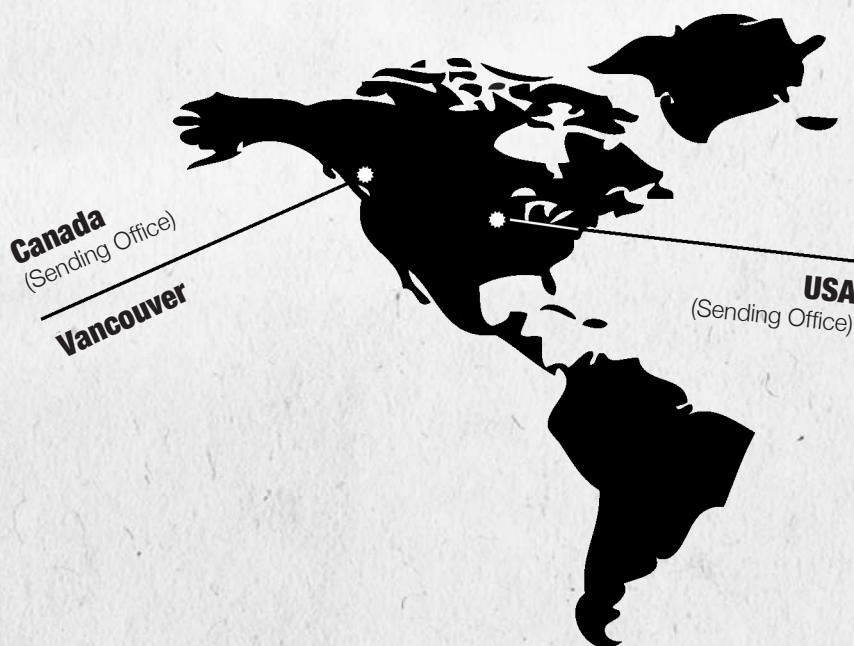
One day that reality --where justice, peace, and beauty reign-- will fully break in to this one, and there God himself will be our perpetual sunshine. I'll bust out the Fun song; hope you all will join me in dancing.



Until then,  
much peace and delight,

Jen Galicinski  
*Editor*

*Where is*  
**SERVANTS WORLDWIDE?**







## MEETING JESUS *on the Mekong's edge*

by Janet Cornwall, Servants Cambodia

It was dusk when I got to the small wooden house perched on the river bank. My friend, Mrs. Phally, a traditional midwife and one of our neighborhood community health workers, met me at the end of the dirt road, just before it fell away into the swollen brown waters of the the Basaac River, a major Mekong tributary.

One of my most poignant memories of Mrs. Phally, who has been a follower of Jesus for almost ten years now, is her bringing to me, nestled in a small box, a tiny stillborn baby, lovingly wrapped in a cloth. The child had been born to a mentally disturbed woman, Ming Navee, who had arrived at our office heavily pregnant and completely deranged.

There was no 'official' place that would care for someone like Ming Navee. When Ming Navee arrived, Phally had gently led her back home, and though it was flooded, made her comfortable and tried to help her find some rest. But in the middle of the night Ming Navee went into labour and in her disturbed state began wading into the now deepening flood waters before finally she was pulled back.

Mrs. Phally found someone with a little boat, and in this way took her down into the local Government health centre. Unimpressed at being disturbed in the night by people of no wealth or status, the medical staff refused to help and sent them away. So Mrs. Phally took her back in the boat to her home. She delivered the stillborn baby, managed the bleeding, and waited for the morning.

On this night, Mrs. Phally led me through the murky flood waters lapping at our shins until we stepped inside the house. By the light of a tiny kerosene lamp I could see Mrs. Sarun lying on a bed under a grubby mosquito net, groaning in pain, vomiting up what little her stomach still contained. We gingerly walked across the planks laid on the dirt floor, now covered in water, climbing up onto the bamboo bed and under the net.



Mrs. Sarun's husband had died some years before, as had several children. Her remaining son was in prison. She had had abdominal pain for about a year, refusing to go and get help. After all, where would she find the money to pay for medicines anyway? Finally, a few months earlier, she had agreed for Mrs. Phally to take her to see the midwife at TASK, the NGO that had sprung out of Servants ministry in the Phnom Penh slums. A referral to a hospital, however, showed that it was too late to do anything about the cancer.

But when I arrived, I did not know any of this background. My assumption was that the younger woman I could see in the other corner of the room was her daughter. After making my examination, as I was leaving, I met a cheerful man, the husband of the younger woman, arriving back home. He was accompanied by a smiling youth who was obviously intellectually impaired. I explained to the man my plan to get some pain relief and other help for his mother. "Oh no," he said, laughing. "That is not my mother. She has no family, but we have been caring for her. And this young man also," he said, indicating the smiling youth. "We are all brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ."

One Sunday morning I was called out into the lane. Ming Sarrin, a woman in her early thirties, was clutching her hand, displaying a little finger only attached by a flap of skin, cut as she had raised her hand to stop her husband getting her face with the knife.

A few months later she came to me again, this time to show me a lump on her breast, which was obviously cancer. I referred her to a Christian clinic for surgery and then between us we paid for the best treatment Cambodia has to offer – basic radiotherapy. That bought a few months of comfort.

Shortly after that, I was scheduled to take home-leave and visit New Zealand for a few weeks. On my return Ming Sarrin greeted me at the door, obviously in great distress from the cancer spreading through

her body. I gave some medicines and promised to visit her at her home behind the fish factory the next day. She was being cared for by a distant relative on her husband's side, Ming Kuen, who lived with her three young children, husband and frail elderly mother.

To get to the house, I had to wade through bubbling flood water, which was also the sewerage outflow for all the homes in this small settlement. As I clambered up the rickety ladder and over the bamboo floor, I could see the murky water eddying below. Ming Kuen's middle daughter, about six years old, ran off to fetch her mother from the market where she sold vegetables to support the family.

---

...where beauty,  
forgiveness,  
faithfulness and joy  
swirl up and around,  
flooding compassion  
within, around and  
through me...

---

Mrs. Sarrin's pain was no less, and so I arranged to take her out to try and get a place for her in a hospice. As I waded back out through the filthy water and stepped onto the rickety plank bridge that led to drier ground, Ming Kuen followed behind me with a basin. Kneeling down, she filled it with water and washed my feet. My eyes filled with tears, and my Khmer—never that fluent—completely failed me.

Who is it that is incarnating Jesus here on the edge of the Mekong? Here, where it is a privilege to live, and where beauty, forgiveness, faithfulness and joy swirl up and around, flooding compassion within, around and through me: tell me, who is incarnating Jesus? //

---

*Janet Cornwall from New Zealand lived and worked in Cambodia from 1995- 2006, where she threw herself into meeting health needs in the slum areas where Servants is based.*





## *Beauty*

by Kristin Jack

Interim International Coordinator of Servants

May my eyes be opened  
to see the beauty in you my friend  
for you are created in his image  
of love and grace and glory;  
may my eyes be opened  
to see Christ in you my sister,  
bent under the cross of poverty  
pierced through hands and feet  
with sickness, despair and hate;  
may my eyes be opened  
to see his touch on every leaf and pebble  
trembling at his word;  
may my eyes be opened  
to see the son revealed in me  
that I might live  
a life that explodes with life  
flowing from within  
like a river rolling rocks,  
like an earthquake cracking open tombs;  
may my eyes be open  
to read grace in every scar,  
wisdom in every age-d line;  
may my ears be open  
to the beauty of the world,  
the song in every stone  
that prophesies resurrection,  
and a new earth  
waiting to be born. //



---

*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 Jack has been the Asia Coordinator and is now serving as the Interim International Coordinator of Servants.*





## TEXTURES *of delight*

by Katrina Stock, Vancouver

There's a texture to her skin-  
Mud, concrete, corrugated tin,  
Pieces of clothing and patches of blue,  
Scraped up together to create something new.  
Layer upon layer she has been built up,  
and up out of the ashes she will rise.

The textures that make up Cambodia's urban landscape continue to inspire me just as much today as they originally did 3 years ago, when on an internship I wrote part of the poem quoted above. It seems that every region and country has its own distinct areas of simple beauty. When I'm in India I am overwhelmed by the colour and when I am in Cambodia my senses delight in the layers of differing textures.

We have to have our eyes open to simple beauty though, otherwise its easy to miss that crack in the ground with a small flower growing out of it or the way that the colour of the graffiti on that cement wall really compliments the color of the tin siding. There is visual beauty to be found in every neighborhood, no matter how 'drab' it might appear to a world which more often than not appreciations smooth, linear perfection. If beauty truly is in they eye of the beholder, then what simple thing will you choose to take a moment to behold in your neighborhood today? //



---

*Katrina Stock is a neighbour of the Servants Vancouver team on the Downtown Eastside. As well as being a practicing visual artist she also works for UrbanPromise and enjoys colouring with kids, biking to work and making things. Follow her creative endeavors at [www.makingthingswithkat.wordpress.com](http://www.makingthingswithkat.wordpress.com)*





## *Like a* **KNITTED BLANKET**

by Wendy Hing Mather, Servants New Zealand

In our early days as Servants workers, we were fervent about living simply, but we were guided more by the ideas of asceticism and functionality than beauty. The two seemed to be mutually exclusive. Spending time on beauty seemed self-indulgent and nothing much to do with God's Kingdom.

So at first, we didn't mind that the walls of our home were grey concrete blocks, or that little natural light made it into our downstairs living area. It wasn't until a few years later, when our team came and painted the inside for us while we were away, that we realised how a coat of paint could make a hugely positive impact on our well-being.

---

Beauty is to be found where the power of human resilience in the face of adversity has turned upside-down and inside-out the darkness and oppression...

---

From there, I started to cut out pictures of flowers and trees from magazines and stick them on our plywood cupboard doors, then gradually began collecting beautiful pieces of cloth with indigenous patterns and colouring. And so began my journey of awareness in noticing God-given beauty in all of life.

Now, there is nothing beautiful about poverty and oppression, forcing slum residents and squatters to live in substandard conditions and housing. Yet beauty is to be found where the power of human resilience in the face of adversity has turned upside-down and inside-out the darkness and oppression that can keep us disempowered in many ways.

At first our slum appeared colourless and its mundane rhythms dull, but when I took time to notice and pay attention to details I would often find great beauty in motion. I would sit outside in the late afternoon and enjoy the vibrant life of the slum. Children laughing and carefree as they hung off the tricycle bringing them home from school, others playing with bottle tops, skipping in the alleyways. Vendors selling their wares, more laughing, music blaring, the waft of Banana-que being deep fried and, as always, a game of basket ball in the background.

As if in an act of defiance and the miraculous power of God's redemption, many slum communities celebrate life as a gift, living



in the here and now in a way that we in the West have a lot to learn from. As I grow to listen to God in all of life, finding the movement of God's Spirit in the moment, I have discovered that beauty comes in divine and mysterious forms and expressions beyond my human imagination.

When we returned to our slum after nearly 10 years away, we found gardens growing in the neighbouring vacant 7.2 hectares where other slum dwellers had been unjustly evicted to make way for development. Now, years later, the land is still vacant of apartments, but it is flourishing with flowers and vegetables that neighbours have planted. They have reclaimed the land. Now that I find truly beautiful!

Today in New Zealand, we are surrounded by the natural beauty of the hills and sea, something I took for granted until I was away from it. I have found much healing in gardening and being in the midst of nature, and I know now that this is a kind of beauty that nurtures my soul and life in God.

---

I have come  
to love the  
beauty of  
colour and  
light.

---

We have knitted blankets, and the beautiful cloth I have collected over the years from the Philippines, India, and Thailand is now draped over our chairs and couches. It doesn't feel self-indulgent to spend time on beautifying our home in this way. I have come to love the beauty of colour and light. I have also found beauty in the growing of relationships, seeing people of many ethnic backgrounds in our local community come together, sharing life.

Last week, a group of us mums, dads, and children from the local playgroup and neighbourhood enjoyed picking blackberries down a lovely area of bush near us. It is a spot we've enjoyed for a few summers now. As I reflect on our talk and laughter - sharing stories of jam gone wrong, amongst other things - I muse at the beauty of our ever-growing relationships.

Some of us are Maori; others are Samoan, Colombian, European Chinese. Some of us isolated, some hurting, some healing, some looking for friendship and support in parenting, and all with much to offer each other in our desire for connection and meaning. I am grateful to God for allowing me to catch a glimpse of this kind of beauty. Like a knitted blanket, we are diverse, rich in colour, and made strong together through the weaving of our human joy and pain. //

---

*Wendy Hing Mather and her family lived in Manila with the Servants team from 1991-2001 and now live in Porirua, New Zealand as part of the Urban Vision missional order.*



## LOOK DEEPER

by Jason Wood, Vancouver

When you look at my neighbourhood, what do you see?

Another heroin addict overdosing?

Another “drunken Indian”?

Graffitied hotel walls and gardens scattered with needles?

Look deeper.

Ah, so you see the unfolding histories of pain and abuse?

You see the grief we cope with?

You see the institutions which enslave us  
even while they claim to set us free?

You see the forces of nation and dollar which conspire  
to crush us?

Well, that's more than many.

Still, look deeper.

Tell me, do you see courage?

Love?

Hope?

I do, on better days:



When I hear a friend who's taken up drinking again tell me how he used to sniff glue and hide under a bridge away from everybody - but now, at least, he sticks where people are. And now he just stayed sober the longest time ever by himself. In him I see courage.

When I join hands with friends across the neighbourhood, remembering those who have passed on as we take up the continuing struggle for justice. In them I see love.

When I see cherry blossom trees erupting in extravagant pinks and whites in the park outside my window, children running and climbing and laughing underneath. In them I see hope.

Then I know:

Somewhere, deeper down our tormented bodies and souls, there's a light shining, a light declaring:

*My children, you are so beautiful.*

So, friend - do you see what I see? //



---

*Jason Wood spent 2010-2011 with the Servants Vancouver team. He continues to live in the DTES as a friend of the community, and he has recently begun work with a local urban farm.*



## *Case Study:*

## **A COMMUNITY GARDEN IN VANCOUVER'S INNER CITY**

by Craig Greenfield

Abandoned lots and litter-strewn pathways, graffiti-marked walls and desolate bus stops. What transforms a dingy, inhospitable area into a dynamic gathering place? How do individuals take back their neighborhood? Neighbourhoods decline when the people who live there lose their connection and no longer feel part of their community. Recapturing that sense of belonging and pride of place can be as simple as planting a community garden or placing some benches in a park.

Many of us believe that struggling communities can be revived, not by vast infusions of cash, not by government, but by the people who live there. Using a technique called “placemaking”—the process of transforming public space—in early 2009, we initiated a community garden in an unused parking lot on our block. Neighbours and local groups quickly got involved and now there is now a daily flow of people hanging out, watering the garden and tending to the plants. The garden has been another good way of building relationships and a number of our contacts there have joined us for meals and become friends. //



---

*Craig and Nay Greenfield established the Servants community in Downtown Eastside Vancouver in 2006 after serving six years in Phnom Penh, Cambodia. They are looking forward to spending some time back in New Zealand and Cambodia over the coming months. They have two rambunctious children, Jayden (9) and Micah (7). Craig stepped down as International Coordinator of Servants on July 1st, 2012.*



## HAVELOCK

by Daniel Rutland, Servants Southall, UK

Let the children race and chase  
each other down long echoing walkways,  
disrupting the gaunt symmetry  
of railings with their graceful limbs.  
Let balls bash on flimsy fences  
and laughter leap these dreary walls.

Let the young men come and claim  
the barren car park as their stadium,  
dazzling unseen watchers with their skills;  
bounce and balance, swerve to score.  
Let voices rise in boast or banter,  
arms spread wide in exclamation.

Let rich aromas seep into the stale air  
of alleyways, stirring up together memory  
and hunger. Let anything that grows  
relieve the grey of cracking concrete,  
and washing flaps in shabby yards  
like the flags of many nations.

Let the evening sunlight pause  
in lonely stairwells, and love squeeze in  
on crowded sofas. Let seagulls circle  
in strips of sky at dawn, as the angels  
park their van unnoticed, and trace out  
here the gardens of the holy city. //



---

*Daniel has been with the Southall team since it started about three and a half years ago and is currently living on the Havelock housing estate referred to above. He came to Southall from the much more obviously beautiful city of Oxford, having encountered Servants first-hand on an internship in Cambodia in 2006. In Southall as in Cambodia, he has met people who are the real beauty of their community.*





## *Why Poverty* **NEEDS BEAUTY**

*by Rachel Hauser, Servants Manila*

When I joined Servants some 22 years ago, I assumed everything beautiful was a luxury that I was going to have to part with. Living in a slum had little resemblance to our beautiful places I had known in Switzerland. Creating beautiful things seemed an utter extravagance. After all, it neither feeds people nor restores anyone's health. Fortunately more senior Servants colleagues modelled something different to me and I was amazed – and secretly relieved.

A few years later, I had changed my opinion. After having spent a longer period in Europe living with people who practiced simple lifestyles, and yet made a place for beautiful things, I changed my approach. I started creating oases of beauty. With plants, a table cloth, a candle, a piece of decoration, more music and the like. People from the neighbourhood visited. It was very different from what they were used to in their houses. Someone once said, "It feels like I am entering another world here in your space."

In that space many deep and personal conversations happened. My slum house at the time was accessible to a considerable number of people. Several of them took the freedom to go to my house if they had something difficult to discuss, even when I was out. That felt very positive to me. In earlier days I would have felt guilty for having a nicer house than those around me. It was not more flash, just a bit more pretty or cosy. I realized that the important point is to share it. Somehow beauty always wants to be shared.





In more recent years, I have helped offering retreats to people through my work with Lilok ([www.lilokfoundation.com](http://www.lilokfoundation.com)). Again, we created oases. We invited a short pause from everyday life.

---

Somehow  
beauty always  
wants to be  
shared.

---

We found that beauty stirs something deep within people. Mostly it was the beauty of creation. Gardens, restful spots, flowers, even simply fresh air or a view seem to distract people from the problems of their daily grind and lead them to reflect about life.

After a while we started dreaming of our own place for the poor that would offer precisely that, as well as being accessible and affordable to them. Sakahang Lilok, the Lilok Farm, was starting to evolve.

Nature. Simplicity. Beauty. Connection. Those were values we wanted to integrate in this place. Along the path we met others who understood our desire, including builders who had practical ideas of how to give this dream a physical design. Many helped along the way and did beautiful things to make it happen, like walking for hours through the forest to find the right piece of rock that would splash cool water on someone taking a shower.

The careful work of a mason or carpenter to create a beautiful piece of furniture takes on great meaning for a visitor who is only ever used to the least costly way of doing things.



The simplicity of Sakahang Lilok, with its native style buildings, seems to help people calm down, to change gears somehow. The focus starts to change; some are able to start thinking outside their usual grid. Others say they are forgetting their problems while here.

We find there is beauty in simplicity.

We find that we don't need to say too much; beauty speaks to the soul more meaningfully than our words ever can. //

---

*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.*



*An excerpt from*  
**SURPRISED BY HOPE**

by N.T. Wright

[A] feature of many communities both in the post-industrial West and in many poorer parts of the world is ugliness. True, some communities manage to sustain levels of art and music, often rooted in folk culture, which bring a richness even to the most poverty-stricken areas. But the shoulder-shrugging functionalism of post-war architecture, coupled with the passivity born of decades

---

...when people  
cease to be  
surrounded by  
beauty they  
cease to hope

---

of television, has meant that for many people the world appears to offer little but bleak urban landscapes, on the one hand, and tawdry entertainment, on the other. And when people cease to be surrounded by beauty they cease to hope. They internalise this message of

their eyes and ears, the message that whispers that they are not worth very much, that they are in effect less than fully human.

To communities in danger of going that route, the message of new creation, of the beauty of the present world taken up and transcended in the beauty of the world that is yet to be – with part of that beauty being precisely the healing of the present anguish – comes as a surprising hope. Part of the role of the church in the past was – and could and should be again – to foster and sustain lives of beauty and aesthetic meaning at every level, from music-making in the village pub to drama in the local primary school, from artists' and photographers' workshops to still life painting

classes, from symphony concerts...to driftwood sculptures. The church, because it is the family that believes in hope for new creation, should be the place in every town and village where new creativity bursts forth for the whole community, pointing to the hope that, like all beauty, always comes as a surprise.

And of course, evangelism, which will flourish best if the church is giving itself to works of justice (putting things to rights in the community) and works of beauty (highlighting the glory of creation and the glory yet to be revealed): evangelism will always come as a surprise. You mean there is more? There is a new world and it has already begun, and it works by healing and forgiveness and new starts and fresh energy? Yes, answers the church, and it comes about as people worship the God in whose image they are made, as they follow the Lord who bore their sins and rose from the dead, as they are indwelt by His Spirit and thereby given new life, a new way of life, a new zest for life. It is often pointed out that some of the places most lacking in hope are not the industrial wastelands or the bleak landscapes shorn of beauty but the places where there is too much money, too much high culture, too much of everything except faith, hope, and love. To such places and to the sad people who live in them as well as to those who find themselves battered by circumstances beyond their control, the message of Jesus and his death and resurrection comes as good news from a far country, news of surprising hope.

This is the good news – of justice, beauty, and above all Jesus – that the church is called upon to live and speak, to bring into reality in each place and each generation. What might the life of the church look like if it was shaped in turn by this hope-shaped mission? //





## *a* **BEAUTIFUL LIFE**

An international leader and beloved member of the Servants family passed away suddenly Friday January 27th after spending the week at our annual International Leadership Council in the Philippines. Helen Sidebotham had travelled to the airport in Manila Friday evening and was not suffering from any apparent illness or pain. She collapsed from a heart attack in the departure lounge, and we understand she passed away immediately despite attempts to revive her by other passengers and an airport medical team who responded quickly to the situation.

Helen's death came at the end of a beautiful prayer retreat and then a wonderful week together with Servants reps and leaders from every team, at the Tanay retreat centre set up by Servants in the Philippines. Our final evening included a moving celebration based around the welcome of the Father in the story of the prodigal son. Tributes were made and Helen was deeply thanked her for

her hard work in a number of areas - including pulling together that meeting. Helen had tears on her face as we all hugged farewell that evening. It was a fitting note to end a beautiful life poured out for others.

The loss of our friend Helen will be felt around the world. She and Peter originally served in Cambodia in the early 90's as interim team leaders, before returning to the UK where Helen took up the role of UK coordinator. She faithfully served in that role through the years, and in the process became the unofficial holder of our organisational memory. We came to rely on her knowledge of past decisions and wisdom to guide us into the future. In 2006,

Helen was appointed International Administrator, one of three international leaders within Servants. Her unique gifts and ability to focus on details and logistics were an

---

**Helen Sidebotham**

1964-2012

---

amazing gift to the health and growth of Servants. Her presence at almost every ILC meeting over the last 17 years is a testimony to her faithfulness and servant-heart. We all remember Helen at meetings with a pile of printed reports and important documents, keeping us on track and well-organised. We also remember her smile and playfulness, always being up for a song or dance, and her great sense of fun and humour. Our hearts and prayers go out to her family, who are grieving the loss of their beloved wife and mother. We share your sorrow. We have lost a dear friend and member of our close Servants family. //

## *Aching* **BEAUTY**

aching beauty, holding sacred space  
Holy Trinity churchyard  
brilliant Spring sunshine  
snowdrops  
planting for Helen  
soil, bulbs, trowels, turf  
peeling church bells, peeling, peeling,  
then evensong clear, poignant, true,  
Neo ambling, friends chatting  
remembering Helen  
snowdrops  
sunshine clear exquisite  
the mystery of the Trinity  
holding sacred space for aching beauty. //



---

*Poem by Lois Baldwin-Bellingham inspired by  
the planting of snowdrops outside Holy Trinity  
church in Coventry in memory of Helen.*





## **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 Delhi, Yangon, Bangkok and China.



**Servants Canada**

Chinatown PO Box 88195  
Vancouver, B.C.  
V6A4A5  
Tel: 1 800 605 4630  
[canada@servantsasia.org](mailto:canada@servantsasia.org)

**Servants UK**

78 Yeolands Drive  
Clevedon  
Avon, BS21 7XL  
[uk@servantsasia.org](mailto:uk@servantsasia.org)

**Servants Australia**

PO Box 259  
Red Hill  
Brisbane  
Australia 4059  
Tel: +61 7 3367 3802  
[australia@servantsasia.org](mailto:australia@servantsasia.org)



**Servants USA**

4902 Carlisle Pike PMB 292  
Mechanicsburg  
PA 17050  
Tel: 1 800 605 4630  
[usa@servantsasia.org](mailto:usa@servantsasia.org)

**Servants New Zealand**

PO Box 19404  
Avondale  
Auckland 1746  
Tel: 0800 4 SERVANTS  
[nz@servantsasia.org](mailto:nz@servantsasia.org)