



The Servants' Quarters

Transformation Issue
Vol 5, No. 3 // November 2015

**“WE DO NOT HAVE TO BE SAVIOURS OF
THE WORLD! WE ARE SIMPLY HUMAN BEINGS,
ENFOLDED IN WEAKNESS AND IN HOPE,
CALLED TOGETHER TO CHANGE OUR WORLD
ONE HEART AT A TIME.”**

—Jean Vanier, *Community and Growth*

Call for Submissions

Our next issue of Servants’ Quarters will be coming out in January 2016 and the deadline for submissions will be in November. That issue will focus on the theme of friendships on the margins. How have relationships with people in poverty changed you and your perspective on the world? How did these friendships develop? How do your friends inspire and challenge you? What challenges or surprises have you faced together? We welcome your reflections, poetry, stories, art, and photography. We look forward to hearing from you!

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As the Servants Commitment to Belief and Action reminds us, “We are a broad ecumenical Christian community, including folk from Evangelical, Episcopal, Charismatic, Orthodox, Catholic and Mennonite backgrounds — and more. In order to work together, we embrace with grace and love a wide range of theological perspectives, biblical interpretations

and spiritual practices.” The perspectives expressed by the writers in this issue reflect this broad spectrum of theological views, and should therefore be read as individual voices in dialogue with one another rather than as a representation of any single authoritative position endorsed by Servants as an organization.

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We welcome your feedback.
Please send any thoughts to Trudy
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From the editor

Dear Servants friends, family, and supporters,

Along the streets of Vancouver, Canada where I now live, autumn is transforming the leaves of the trees into stunning flames of red and orange. The change is beautiful. As I stare up at this fiery canopy, rustling in the breeze overhead, I find myself wishing that change in us humans and the larger entities we create could be sparked and fanned into flame as quickly and predictably as the seasonal change in these leaves.

Transformation: this is what all of us in Servants are after. We long for the corrupt and unjust systems around us to be called back to their original, life-sustaining purposes. We long for enemies and strangers to grow into friends, for broken neighborhoods to heal into communities of hope, for the suffering world around us to be transformed into the Kingdom of God. We also recognize the brokenness and pain in ourselves, and we are desperate for our own hearts and minds to be transformed into the likeness of Christ. We labor towards wholeness in ourselves, in the people around us, and in the society we create together.

But we also know that transformation takes many forms, and it often takes longer than we expect. Sharing life with people who live in poverty necessarily means finding a way to live in the tension of the already and the not yet: we live as citizens of a Kingdom that is still coming into being. As Bishop Ken Untener wrote in a 1979 homily commemorating Oscar Romero and other departed priests, "The kingdom is not only beyond our efforts, it is even beyond

our vision. We accomplish in our lifetime only a tiny fraction of the magnificent enterprise that is God's work. Nothing we do is complete, which is a way of saying that the Kingdom always lies beyond us." We have not yet arrived, but with determination, patience, and a sharp eye, we are alert to the small changes and signs of hope that remind us we are on the right road.

In this issue of Servants' Quarters, I am thankful for the opportunity to share stories of transformation with you from Servants workers around the world. They are practical, spiritual, medical, political, economic. Some stories took years or even decades to unfold, and some are still in process, glimmering with hope but as yet unfinished and unresolved. These writers offer glimpses the slow, challenging work of personal growth, and they share moments of joy at seeing seeds planted or sprouting a first, tender leaf at last. They speak about the paradox of working to change the world as it works to change us at the same time; of introducing others to Jesus even as we continue to be surprised by this God we both know and are getting to know.

As you read these stories, may you be encouraged by the way that God is working in and through our community around the world. May you have eyes to see the Kingdom around you, and courage to throw in your lot with its humble Servant-King.

Grace and peace,

Trudy Smith
Editor, Servants' Quarters

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Stories for Peace and Equality

DAVID NAGAI



Illustrations from the children's books David created
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Having finished reading the story aloud, I asked my eight year-old students, “Who’s better? Girls or boys?” Some boys quickly answered, “Boys!” It seemed as if they hadn’t even listened to the story. Or as if the subjugation of women was so engrained in their thinking that it genuinely seemed like the right answer. After all, their mothers and sisters had always been treated like servants at best, though often like slaves. The girls remained silent, just as they’d been taught to do.

But Tania broke the silence, continuing the historic protest of Jesus, Gandhi and King by announcing, “Everyone is equal.” I felt a giant shiver run up my back and my eyes began to tear up.

The story we had just read was one of several I had written about gender equality and nonviolence for the children of India. I wanted to collaborate with artists to demonstrate new possibilities, promote critical thinking, spark a dialogue, and hopefully inspire kids to re-imagine their future. We managed to compile several of these stories into a book, which we printed and shared with local education programs that valued the concept.

When kids are introduced to characters who live out their convictions of peace and equality, they realize that a different reality is possible. When they are given space to discuss their own realities and ideas for action, transformation is on the horizon. Children have unending imagination and energy. Why not spark the flame within them, encouraging them to change the way they see the world and the way they live in the world? It starts with that space of exposure and dialogue. Then it turns into a new way of seeing. The result is up to the kids.

I hope Tania can continue her education, get a good job, and enjoy a healthy life. Chances are it won’t be that straightforward. But no matter what poverty, lies, and opposition she faces, I know she can continue understanding her value as she stands up for herself and others.

If kids can transform the way they see themselves and their world, I trust they can live a more dignified life and also change their world. Sometimes they just need that first spark to ignite them.



David Nagai worked with an education center in India and recently moved to Japan to marry Chami and join her life there.
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The Lesson of Suffering: Faith. Hope. And love.

KRISTIN JACK

According to Richard Rohr, only two things in life are truly transformational: great love or great suffering. I think he's right.

One of the reasons Susan and I joined Servants and moved to Cambodia all those years ago was an intuitive understanding that by moving out of the affluence and ease of life in New Zealand, and moving in among the poor in a war-torn nation, we would grow. We knew that this new life would force us to grow deeper in our faith (that is, trust) and spirituality, and deeper in our compassion. Either that or we'd have to skedaddle home as quickly as we'd left it! I suspect it's this same understanding that has led a lot of us to join Servants and leave the comfort of home.

Of course, the idea that suffering produces depth and compassion in us isn't an inevitable, linear relationship. James says to "consider it pure joy whenever you face trials of any kind, because you know that this testing produces perseverance" (James 1:2-3). Well, yes—but only if we let it. Likewise, Paul says "not only do we rejoice in the hope of the glory of God, but we also rejoice in our sufferings, because we know that suffering produces perseverance, character and (ultimately) hope" (Romans 5:3-4). But again, only if we let it. As has been observed so often, every suffering, failure, or set-back can either make us better or bitter, depending on how we process it. We saw this with ourselves, we saw this with fellow Servants workers, and we saw this in the lives of our neighbours, too.

Of course, the "suffering" we experience when we immerse ourselves among the poor is different in both quality and quantity from that of our local friends and neighbours. At no stage did Susan and I think about giving up our New Zealand passports, and so we always had a kind of a "get out of suffering free" card, something most of our friends and neighbours never had. I say kind of, because relocating physically/geographically away from places of pain doesn't necessary mean you leave it behind. Pain, like joy, is as much an internal state as it is an external condition.

Amongst our neighbours in Chbaa Ampou in Phnom Penh, the person in whom we most saw all this worked out was our friend Om Khuen. A deeply sincere Buddhist, she was the most gracious, caring person we knew in our community. And yet, there was no earthly reason she should have been. Like most Cambodians, she had suffered enormously under Pol Pot's regime. Moreover, she'd been press-ganged into a forced marriage by the Khmer Rouge, and was trying to make the best of it even though he was a hopeless alcoholic, more often drunk than sober. She worked hard, running a shanty "grocery store" in our slum (really a bamboo bed with a tarp strung over it), but she never made any money - mainly because her clientele were so poor, and out of her big heart she kept extending them credit. She struggled almost single-handedly to keep her family of three girls and a boy together. And then, during our first year in Cambodia, another horrible tragedy struck her family. Vibol, her son and oldest child at 21, the apple of her eye and as an apprentice gold-smith, part of the family's hope for a better future, was murdered. Not far from where we lived, he'd been mugged for his motor scooter, and had fought back. He was stabbed multiple times and bled to death.

Life moved on, as it always does. But below the surface, deeper things were putting down roots in Om Khuen's heart. One day, seven years after that horrible murder, Om Khuen dropped by to see us, her voice quivering with emotion. She told us that after all these years of

observing the Christians in the village, seeing how they behaved, and weighing it all up, she had decided she wanted to become a follower of Jesus, too. We were, of course, both thrilled and stunned. But then, a few weeks later, our excitement over Om Khuen's decision—and our respect for her as a person—grew even greater.

Om Khuen had been eagerly attending the cell group (Bible study) gatherings in our neighbourhood, and one evening Om Kheun dropped in to share with Susan and me something she believed God had spoken to her. She had read in the gospels that Jesus calls us to forgive those who have wronged us (to forgive their debts). With this new insight, she had examined her heart and found that there was something tainting her relationships in the village. Over the years, she had extended so much credit to other families that it now amounted to hundreds of dollars (a huge amount in a little slum economy). Om Kheun realized that she felt angry and frustrated with those who owed her so much, because she would be so much further ahead in life if they paid their debts. But she also realized that those poor families were deeply ashamed of the debts they would never be able to repay, and they avoided her as much as possible. She neither wanted to feel bitter, nor to be avoided. Inspired by what she read in the gospels, she decided to wipe the slate clean. Taking her record book in hand, she went from family to family, and before their eyes, drew a line through their debt, declaring it 'forgiven.' At the stroke of a pen, they were set free—and so was she.

Over time, God did deeper and deeper work in Om Khuen's life. Eventually, her husband drank himself to death. His body simply packed up, and a series of strokes took him to a premature grave. Om Khuen began to nurture her passion for cooking (one Susan and I benefited from as she sometimes dropped experimental dishes around for us to try), and she got a series of jobs in restaurants, each one classier than the one before. Her talent and character was being recognised, and eventually she even ended up doing cooking

demonstrations on national TV! But her character and talent eventually got her noticed in another sense, too. In one of the restaurants she worked in, an older, dignified Khmer gentleman became a frequent customer. A big bear of a man, he had once been the Cambodian national basketball coach, way back in the 60's, when the country was peaceful and relatively prosperous. He had gotten the chance to immigrate to the United States, where he had a son working as a doctor, but had returned as he loved Cambodia and found life in the US perplexing and unattractive. After a period of respectful, gracious courtship, they became a couple. Susan and I were delighted to see Om Khuen "romanced" by this doting, caring man. It seemed so much like what she deserved after all the years of hardship she'd endured with her first husband.

As I think about Om Kheun's life, it seems to me that she exemplifies the principle that transformation can only be brought about by great love or great suffering. For most of her life, she'd only experienced the first of these. But she'd had never let it fully defeat her—she just kept persevering, in the hope that one day life would get better. And then in these latter years, she has found the "great love" part of the equation, and embraced it with that great big heart of hers that has been so prepared by all that has gone before. Or, more accurately, by her response to all that has gone before.

Over the past year or so, as I've faced the diagnosis of lymphoma with its uncertain prognosis, and then nine months of grueling chemotherapy, I have drawn so much inspiration from lives like Om Khuen's; from people who have endured far more suffering than I ever will, who never stopped persevering and who never gave up hope. Right near the beginning of my treatment, I felt God speak to me and say that no matter what happened, I was to keep living "with faith, with hope, and with love." This was something I saw in the life of our friend Om Khuen, and it is something I want to live out, too.

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Glimpses of that better Day

CATHY DELANEY

Transformation is about before-and-after stories, where things are not the same as they were. It usually connotes positive change—that things are better than before. In Servants we use transformation as a shorthand word to mean that “the Kingdom of God which will one day be fully realised, has become a little more evident and real in the here and now.” Of course “Kingdom of God” is itself shorthand for something like, “all the goodness of life as God intends it, as taught and demonstrated by Jesus.”

Transformation is a word we put on those moments when we glimpse seeds of future peace and joy and abundance, beginning to sprout shoots and roots in a dark place of poverty and pain. What a joy it was for me to catch some glimpses recently while visiting the slum community in Asia that was our home for nine years ...



Us, in our early years in the community
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Almost a year since her son Kafeel died of Leukaemia, our neighbour Shenaz is grieving well, and also moving on. Shenaz showed me a little album of photos, including softly fuzzy mobile-phone images of a tired, peaceful thirteen-year-old, minutes before he finally rested; and a precious studio photo of the whole family when Shenaz had

a husband and four small children. We talked about her elder son Shameem’s study plans, to do high school part-time while working ...

Having completed high school and not been able to study further herself, Guria has been tutoring local kids for about five years now. She’s just agreed to give private daily tuition to Shameem to get him up to speed for his high-school studies. She also teaches several batches of younger kids each day, giving tuition free of charge for those who live in rented accommodation, and charging others a modest fee. Her two younger sisters are about to apply for college studies, and Guria’s income will pay their fees ...



Khadifa, Shameem, Shenaz, Aug 2015
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Loud champion of justice, with tender-hearted compassion, Cindy is the highly educated, outspoken Indian Christian in the mix. She and her husband lived in our room above Guria’s house, opposite Shenaz’s hut, after we moved out a few years back. They gave their all, to see Shenaz’s son Kafeel through every possible treatment for his leukaemia, and were heartbroken at the painful death he eventually had to endure. It is Cindy who is now paying Guria to tutor Shameem, helping to ensure a better future for both young people and their families ...

And then there’s us: we’re the foreigner-friends on the side-lines of all this, the ones who listened to Guria as a teenager struggling with the injustices surrounding her, the ones who helped get Shameem and Kafeel into school in the first place, the ones who invited Cindy and her husband to come and stay in the neighbourhood. Now we’re the

adopted family who eventually moved on, and are still wondering whether “transformation” is more what happened around us in the slum (through us or despite us?), or mainly what happened deep within ourselves.

For me, there is great hope amidst the hardship and hard work in the lives of these dear friends. Much of that hope rests on the connectedness of their lives: these neighbours have become real community because they are committed to caring for others. Transformation is more than what has happened in each person’s life; it’s the continuing story of choosing to do good in our intimately inter-connected lives.

**All names have been changed to protect privacy*



Shenaz, Khadifa, Kafeel
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Cathy and her family lived in Asia with Servants from 1995 to 2014. At the moment they’re back in Australia, reinventing life there for a season.

Chubby Cheeks and Church Community

DAVID CROSS

Living in the slums, we can be confronted with such brokenness. However, as Colossians tells us, we remain hopeful in Jesus who holds it all and in whom everything has purpose. We are, therefore, confident in the presence of Jesus in our small efforts to restore His creation to some fullness. The following story describes this.

Miriam loves her son Danny. You can see it in her eyes and the way she holds him, but because of her poverty, the odds were stacked against her.

When one-year-old Danny lost enough weight to worry Miriam, she took him to our small church in the slum and asked for our help. This began quite a journey with Miriam and her family. Church members began to visit this family at home and heard her story. Danny was her fourth child. Miriam had no check-ups during pregnancy and gave birth to Danny at the crowded public hospital; at birth, he contracted tuberculosis, which went untreated. His development was slow and he showed signs of brain damage.

Without money, time, and courage to face the health system, we saw Danny wasn’t getting the check-ups and professional care he needed. But after we shared his situation with some of our friends in the community, they agreed to go to the hospital with Miriam as support people. These volunteers from the community assisted Miriam through a number of appointments. Danny was diagnosed with cerebral palsy

and started on a course of medication, and Miriam was given guidance on caring for his particular needs.

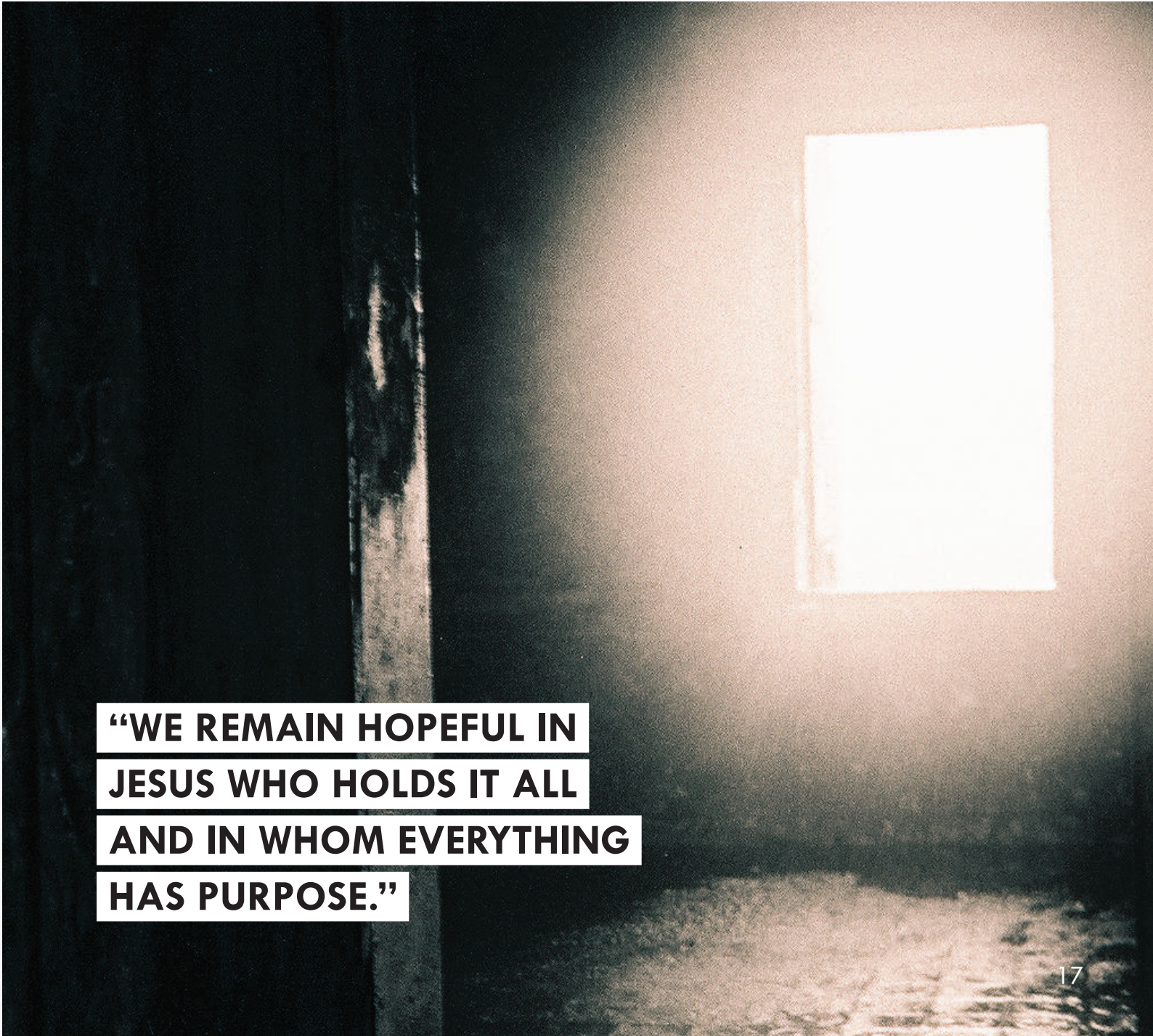
Sadly, after some time, he contracted measles, and was in hospital for over a month. During that time, he lost the precious few kilos of weight he had recently gained. The doctors then discharged him because they believed he was dying and there was little hope for him. Danny was nearly two years old, and just 4 kilograms in weight. He had days, maybe weeks, to live. Now that she was without support from the medical system, I chatted with Miriam about what she wanted to do. She knew that if Danny was to remain at home he would surely die. We offered to connect her with an orphanage that also accepted children with complex medical needs, but it terrified Miriam to hand Danny over to strangers and possibly lose him to the Social Welfare Department.

Faced with this agonising decision but left with few options, Miriam travelled across town with a group of us, including our pastor, and admitted baby Danny into the care of the orphanage. Over the next few weeks, we continued to visit Miriam, helping her with travel costs so that she could personally see the progress Danny was making. However, as the orphanage cared for Danny, they grew more skeptical that his family could support him. A struggle emerged with them and was only resolved after we assured them that Danny's family now had sufficient support in place to ensure his ongoing care.

So it was that, miraculously, after just eight weeks of nutritional rehabilitation, we received the phone call saying that Danny could return home with his parents. Now, when Miriam brings Danny in her arms and enters church, everyone's face lights up. We know what a hard journey it has been, and Danny is a cherished part of our community. His chubby cheeks tell a story. Our friends feel they are a part of his precious life. They have attended appointments with him, been part of discussions, prayer times, and heard the testimony

of thanks from his mother who has shared with us that her son was returned from death to life.

We celebrate how God is present in our small church, which, in spite of having few resources and little expertise, has been able to play a vital part in supporting families who are struggling. Yes, much of Danny's healing took place at the orphanage, but without the network of willing support from such unlikely people, it would never have been possible. In building community among Manila's poor, the church created a place of healing, belonging, growth, and acceptance.



**“WE REMAIN HOPEFUL IN
JESUS WHO HOLDS IT ALL
AND IN WHOM EVERYTHING
HAS PURPOSE.”**

Transformational Discipleship

GRACE PRASETYO

My son Jeremi is learning to walk. He will be one year old in two weeks, and suddenly yesterday let go of my hand and started running around the green field near our house. It was incredible! He laughed hysterically as he marched forward a few steps, inevitably stumbling and falling over. I tried to catch him and slow his fall (most times), and I'd pull him to his feet to start walking again. Walk, run, fall down, stand up again, repeat, repeat. It was more fun than I can express in words.

Discipleship seems something like Jeremi learning to walk. Discipleship: the life-long journey to follow Jesus and become more like him. Jesus is our caring parent walking alongside us in this journey, letting us run ahead, stumble, and inevitably fall down. But he offers us his hand and pulls us back to our feet to keep going. Discipleship: Jesus telling us to "go and make disciples of all the nations."

I moved to the slums in Jakarta four years ago. My mind was full of big ideas of hope and transformation, "correct ways" to evangelize in word and deed, the desire to see Muslims meet Jesus, and the dream of seeing slum communities transformed by the love of Jesus. But in my four years here, I have witnessed grueling poverty, a devastating fire, eviction and demolition of over 1,000 homes, and the daily grind that is the life of my neighbors. What does discipleship mean in such a context? And what does it mean to call others into this journey of discipleship with Jesus?

I choose to live here with my husband and son because we desire to follow Jesus. Our following, our stumbling walking alongside Jesus, happened to bring us to this particular garbage-collector community on the outskirts of the mega-city of Jakarta. Yes, we still have hopes and dreams about our neighbors meeting Jesus and choosing to follow him. But also, each day, I am learning that my "service" here is in large part about me being transformed.

We run a free pre-school and afterschool program for kids. These kids continually humble me, teach me about love and generosity, and keep me laughing. We teach them stories from the Bible and songs about how much God loves them. If nothing else, each day they have a safe place to come for a few hours; they have teachers who love them and listen to them. Sometimes I try to imagine what the future of our students will be. Will they stay in school or drop out like their parents? Will they be able to get better jobs, or will they be forced to sit sorting through trash heaps their whole lives? Will the girls have a future, or will they marry and get pregnant as teenagers (like their moms)? We live here and love these kids, holding onto the belief that our tiny efforts may make some sort of positive difference in their lives.

It is a privilege to learn from Jesus here, and although no neighbors have become followers of Jesus yet, we believe that many seeds have been planted. We take opportunities to tell stories about Jesus, pray with sick friends, and love people with the love God freely gives us. And through this process I am learning more each day what it means to follow our Lord. It is in the following that we are transformed. Do I really believe God is the Healer? Only when my poor friends cannot afford medical care and I must pray for them. Do I really believe that God is the hope-giver? I watch children pushing carts of garbage and respond by teaching them ABC's. Do I really believe that Jesus offers something more than what is taught in Islam? Yes. And so we celebrate Christmas with over a hundred of our neighbor kids each

year. Seeds of hope. Seeds of good news amid the overwhelmingly bad news all around us.

Oh, how we long to see a discipleship movement born here! To see our Muslim friends embrace Jesus as not only prophet, but as Lord and Savior! Pray for signs and healings, for visions and dreams—that our neighbors would meet the risen Jesus.

We also long for more believers to join us in following Jesus to the slums. To join us in being transformed by Jesus’ heart for the poor. We do not have to know how to run by ourselves; we trust that as we stumble along like little children, Jesus is with us each step of the way. And I have to believe that just as I take pride in Jeremi’s steps forward, so, too, Jesus rejoices in our efforts to follow—no matter how small.

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Creating a Community Mural

TOM WARTENWEILER

During my Servants orientation course I was fascinated by Dave Andrews’ teachings on community development. I keenly remember his chart of ministry activities, ranging from ones in which we have most control (easiest), to those which involve handing most control over to the community (hardest). Dave would argue that we should do more of the hardest activities, as they tend to be most beneficial for a community.

Well, two years ago, I was invited to participate in such a project, representing Servants and cooperating with two like-minded community organizations. A friend had obtained a grant for an art project with the objective of empowering people from Vancouver’s Downtown Eastside, our low-income neighborhood where many residents struggle with unemployment, addiction and mental illness.

We decided that a large community mural would be great since it would allow many residents to actively participate in the painting



process, and we found a suitable building just around the corner from the Servants community. About a year into the planning phase, we were meeting every few months and had established a well-functioning planning committee of two artists and two community representatives. I believe that at this point, we probably could have pulled off painting the mural within a month or so. Yet the grant stipulated that we had to hire a project manager and three community leaders from the neighborhood, plus a videographer/photographer who would document the entire process. In short, it took many more months to finish the mural. It meant us (the planning committee) stepping back and handing leadership over to the people we had hired, while supporting and mentoring them through the process. This involved many lengthy, somewhat chaotic meetings. It meant people not showing up at times to do their jobs. It definitely slowed down the process, and it was frustrating for my efficiency-seeking personality. At times it seemed like a waste of my time.

Yet I was astonished by how our neighborhood leaders got their community involved. They went above and beyond their job description, put up a mural website and posters to mobilize volunteers, and organized pot-luck dinners during the painting days. They even put together a large ribbon-cutting ceremony with live music, a video presentation, and a pizza and barbeque party where four local politicians came to speak!

Looking back, I believe that the planning committee could have painted a mural in less time and through a leaner process. But despite some of the obvious barriers we faced, the project only became a real community mural when we handed over control to people from the community. I think Dave Andrews is right when he urges us to hand over more control to those we “serve” and to blur the lines between us, even when the temptation is great to just “do it ourselves.” In the end, empowerment is a slower process, but a much more dignifying one.

Rani's Reflections

My parents are Indian, but I grew up in Kenya, where life was very different. Though they were very strict, my parents never forced us to follow their Sikh religion. I have two lovely kids, Ravi (age 10) and Preet (age 7).

I met the no. 4 group [Servants team and extended community] through Idina, and they are part of my life now.

On Mondays I come to the ladies group with Heather. We do art and crafts, beginning and ending with prayer.

On Tuesdays and Wednesdays I help with English classes for women at St John's Church. On Thursdays we do a group for toddlers and then I go to help at the food bank. I met a lot of different people

through that, like the family with a disabled child that I go to visit every week at the moment. On Thursday nights we have a community gathering at no. 4, which the kids enjoy. We look out for each other and celebrate everyone's birthdays. We've also had trips to the sea-side. Last year I was in Claire's play, and so were my kids: that was the first time I have performed in public.

I really appreciate this group. They always stand by me, in happiness, sickness, or pain. They helped me learn how to look after my money better and I worry less than I used to. Before, I never thought there was a God, but now I know God is with me in my house.



I also went to church for the first time, and I try to read my Bible for my mum. My family say I am a changed person; more confident. I like helping people who are in a difficult situation and don't know where to go for help. In my life, I have struggled and been used by people, so I don't want to see others suffering as I did. I try to give them my best.

Rani is a local single mum who got to know the Servants Southall team through Idina. She was Daniel's landlady for two years.

**The names of Rani and her children have been changed to protect privacy.*

News & Opportunities

RE-IMAGINE INTERNSHIP

Live in a slum as we re-imagine how God is present within the poor, within us, and within the world.

The **Re-imagine Internship** is a fresh format within Servants, and we offer it annually within different Asian mega-cities. It runs anywhere from 4-6 weeks and comprises a structured group briefing at the beginning, an immersion experience in the middle weeks, and a group debriefing at the end.

The internship is designed so you learn through experience. After a time of preparation and guidance, you will join a host family in the slum for the next month.



You will be encouraged to enter your new community with open eyes, ears, and hearts, with the hope of seeing where Jesus is working within your new surroundings. You will eat with your host family, sleep in their house, help prepare meals, follow them around the neighbourhood, and smile when you don't understand what they're saying. After your home stay we will come back together for a time of debrief. We will share our joys and our sorrows, and reflect on the beauty and the brokenness that we've experienced. Through it all, we will be inviting Jesus into our learning process, asking Him to show us how we can use our experiences to be moulded more and more into His image.

This year, the Re-imagine Internship will be held in North India from July 14th to 13th August 2016.

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Learn more and apply at:
<http://servantsasia.org/re-imagine-internship/>

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