

A different dream

June 22, 2011

My friend, Henry, wanted to take a few people to a village here in Southeast Asia.

☒ People lived in small, torn-up homes the size of a living room. The men worked in the fields while the women took care of the children at home. The people barely had anything. Henry told me that this was the first time these people had ever seen a white person.

It hit me right that these people were in such a remote place and had limited access to several things. Then, I realized that these people probably have never heard about the love of my Father. I realized that the 8-month-old baby girl I found lying alone on the dirt road may never hear the name of Jesus. Or the those sweet children playing soccer may never know about the love God can give them if no one ever tells them.

I thought to myself, “How can I be so concerned with fulfilling my American dream of a successful life with a well-paid job and a middle-class home when there is a bigger issue at stake?” People are living their lives without experiencing the joy and satisfaction God has to offer.

I just prayed over the entire village asking God for a harvest and for his majesty to be revealed to these people. I realized I have a phenomenal responsibility not to fulfill my American dream, but to take God’s name to all nations in various shapes and forms.

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