

# Ask for people

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The shop owner was very kind, and when he recognized that I was American, he automatically called for his sons. He didn't speak much English, but he knew his sons could carry on a conversation. When they came in, a series of animated questions followed. They were so happy I was there that they ran to grab me a pop and told me to have a seat. From that point on, I was family to them.

I slowly talked with them, covering a variety of subjects. We talked about culture, television, music and even a little religion. Once we hit religion, the tone lowered. They had been taught to follow someone that they knew much about, but they seemed hesitant to believe anything other than that. I shared with them about Jesus, and they just nodded their heads in respect. They didn't want to offend me, and they gladly shared in the conversation.

Near the end of my two-hour visit, I invited them to the bakery/coffee shop where I help for a movie night that we were having at 7 p.m. They showed up and looked like they enjoyed themselves. Once it was over, they asked me to come back to their shop the next day.

Earlier that morning, I had sat up on the side of my bed to wake myself and a revelation came over me. "Ask for people to come." I immediately lifted that up to God. And without fail, the people came.

*Matthew, a student at Texas State University, is serving in Central Europe with Go Now Missions. His last name is withheld for security reasons.*