

Love needs no translation

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As we visited three orphanages, I saw each one filled with so many beautiful little hearts wrapped inside little bodies that don't get enough warm socks and shoes, hugs and kisses.

There are four things about this mission trip that lay heavy on my heart. First is that these children don't have mommies and daddies to douse them in love. Second is that most of them have cold feet and hard beds. Third is that opportunities for them to hear the name of Christ are few and far between. Last is that the language barrier makes it hard for me to show up for one hour and lavish them in the love I long to give them. My desire is to be able to jump off the van and immediately give them all huge hugs and sit them on my lap and tell them how much they're loved; how much they're loved by the people who supported all the missionaries who went to Moldova, how much they're loved by the missionaries who came to visit them, and how much they're loved by my heavenly Father who knows the number of hairs on each of their precious little heads.



Katie Walker surrounded by children in
Moldova.

Cultural differences and language barriers made that difficult. However, the last orphanage we went to changed everything. From the moment I stepped off the van, language was not an issue. I immediately noticed three boys taking turns pulling each other on a sled. I signaled to them that I wanted to take pictures of their snowy adventures. Oh boy, were they more than willing to allow me to take pictures! Not just that, they ended up giving me a turn on the sled. All of the kids flooded out of the buildings to watch the silly American—that's me—giggling and screaming as she raced around the snow.

I jumped off the sled, looked down, and there were already three little girls hugging me around the waist. I will never forget the look in their eyes. It wasn't a desperate or needy look. The look in their eyes was adoring, selfless love. I went to Moldova to give love, and instead, I was given a love bigger than any words can describe.

Our God is bigger than death and disease. He overcame the cross. He overcame death. He can trample language barriers. I learned that love speaks the same language. Love needs no translation.

-Katie Walker is a student at Howard Payne University who served over Christmas break with Go Now Missions in Moldova.