

# South Asia: Looking into the faces

October 1, 2014

The best way I can describe the past month of life here in South Asia would be to point to 2 Peter 3:8-9. God has continued to show me he will fulfill his promise. The Lord is not slow but is patient toward us.

God has placed us where we need to be, and his promises are being fulfilled daily. Every day, I have to remind myself to place the people of South Asia in his hands, not knowing they would be the hardest to give up.

## **The eyes of women beaten the night before**

Trying to put myself in the shoes of our Lord is something I could never do, but seeing the way I have fallen in love with these people gives me a greater understanding of what it's like not to be loved back. Looking into the eyes of the women who have been beaten the night before and who laugh at the thought of trying to report it to the police completely breaks me.

"They will only beat us more," the women say, and that brings me to my knees, weeping for justice. These are the faces I see every day—the faces of hopelessness and sorrow. Knowing they are loved with such a great love is my only hope and keeps me fueled to lead them to Him.

Every time I hear, "Auntie! Auntie!" I see little smiling faces, as children come running toward me to be lifted into my arms, swung around like an airplane, or maybe even just to have a shoulder to find rest. All I hear over and over again is: "Love me." These are the moments I cling to, write down and pray for. At the end of the day, I can honestly say, it's worth it.

## **Opened doors**

The day after praying for open and closed doors to be shown, God answered in less than 24 hours. We received a closed door that morning and were headed to a nearby village to have our sarees made for a wedding later that week. As we walked to the sari shop, we passed a school and were then followed by two schoolgirls. They kept us company as we made our selection from among some of the most beautiful colors and fabrics I have ever seen.

On our way back, we were stopped by the headmaster's invitation to visit the school. As we gathered into the building, God gave us the opportunity to share his stories, and to teach them songs about Jesus.

We now have the opportunity to teach English and Christ's stories once a week in this village. In this same village, we found the need for a women's discipleship study among the believers in this area. Most of these women have been Christians for more than 10 years and have prayed for a way to grow in Christ. They have called us angels, and we are beyond honored to share, challenge and teach them about the Great Commission.

Festival season is upon us here in South Asia! Just think of it this way: As soon as you lay your head down, you are awakened by what seems to be a bomb. While crouching down for shelter, or falling to your knees for prayer, you are reminded of the fireworks.

## **Their idols, and ours**

Even though it feels like a remake of WWII is happening right outside your door, it has opened my eyes to see the hope my neighbors are searching for. But then I think of the city I come from. Don't we have parades and celebrations over dreams just like theirs? Ours idols don't wear flowers or painted gold, but really, what's the difference? They put their idols on shelves, in cars and all around their house. We wear, buy and flaunt our

idols just like they do.

By having the latest fashion, buying the newest tech item, eating until we feel sick, drinking until we can't remember, training to build our "perfect" bodies, we realize we have become our own idols. We don't give incense, flowers or sweets to these gods, but we do give sacrifices.

Watching these people give their lives to these statues reminds me to look in the mirror at my own idols. Ridding myself of these has become a daily choice, which some days I can give up, but most I start to hear the drums beating toward my idols once again.

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