

Warm hearts, misplaced priorities in the Pacific Northwest

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It really isn't a question about the people's hearts. The people of the Northwest are so nice. They are warm-hearted and love where they are. It is more of a question of importance. What is more important?

STUDENTS ON MISSION We are teaching kids in Vacation Bible School about Peter, a disciple of Christ. In the beginning, Peter was a normal, uneducated fisherman. Day in and day out, he mended his nets in preparation for another catch. He was married with a successful business and loving family members. And then one day, Jesus showed up on the edge of the Sea of Galilee. There may have been more said that day, but all we know is that Jesus asked him to stop his routine. Quit his projects. Leave his father and business and come. It was that simple. There wasn't planning. No need for closure. Just come. And he did.

So, when we drive to church on Sunday and see fishermen along the river, my heart hurts for them. They are missing it. They are missing the blessing of fellowship, praise and worship to the God who really matters. They are missing hope, love and forgiveness.

"Don't think," I whisper to them. "Just come. Drop your nets. Leave your lives, and come worship the One who carved out the river you so desperately love. Come and worship our King."

Katherine Jaynes, a student at Texas A&M University, is serving with [Go Now Missions](#) in Columbia Basin, Washington.