



Dear Prayer Partner,

As a monthly financial contributor to (or a board member of) the Sharing Org I consider you to be one of our partners in this ministry. By your participation you are communicating that you have a deep commitment to taking the Gospel of our Lord to the residents of care facilities and that you are committed to the mission of providing weekly worship services for those who cannot get out of their homes to attend a local church. For this reason, in addition to your monthly prayer letter, I will be including additional details about the ministry in order to give you a fuller view of how the Sharing Org touches the lives of the people that we serve. In doing so I hope that you will gain a deeper understanding of how you are a part of a powerful and meaningful ministry that loves people who are often overlooked in our society.

“Hello, m-m-my name is Jane, and I don’t know where I am at half of the time.”

This was the introduction that I received from a new woman that I met this month. She was new to the care facility and these words stirred something in my heart as I thought about the fact that she was in a transition between having a healthy mind and an ill one. I thought about how she was aware that she was getting sick and the fear and frustration that must be gripping her heart as she bounced back and forth between her old self and new. Jane is not alone in her type of illness, but I cannot remember meeting anyone else who was so aware of the transition that they were experiencing. To realize that you are having periods of not recognizing your friends, your children, or even your spouse must be a terrifying reality.

There are things, however, that people who are getting sick like this often do not forget. I am regularly amazed when someone whose mind has degenerated long ago will come out of themselves to sing along with the old

hymns. Though they often cannot read the letters on the page they still know the tunes and the words of the songs. When people come around briefly like this, I often have the opportunity to look them in the eye and see them for who they once were. I may be fooling myself, but I swear that when I make eye contact like this I am somehow connecting with their soul and am able to give and receive the love of an old friendship.

I often ask myself why I still go to the facilities where people are least likely to notice that I am there. I am often tempted to not bother to go because I feel like I am singing with and speaking to stones. However, it is the small awakenings like the ones that I have described that keep me going back every week. There are real people inside the shells of the sick bodies that I see, and it is for them that I am compelled to continue to perform the task of my calling.

~John