



Julie's Heart Cry

Bringing Hope to Women Globally

July 2020
Newsletter

How God ignited our passion for missions

Story by Mary Beth, a JHC donor

I was 40 years old when I gave my life to Christ. The funny thing is, I grew up a Christian who attended church every Sunday and had strong faith in God. However, I did not know what it meant to make Him Lord of my life. I had been living the American dream chasing success and trying to live up to others' expectations of me.

God made it clear

At a women's conference in 2014, it all became clear to me. God revealed my sinfulness, my need for repentance, but most of all, my need to surrender it all

and pick up my cross and follow Him. My life radically changed in the next several months. My whole family was on the same faith journey (my husband and two older children, ages 11 and 8, came to faith within six months of us attending a Bible church that proclaimed the Gospel clearly).



Mary Beth prays for an ill woman at a refugee camp.



Mary Beth's daughter plays with a little girl in Tijuana while the child's parents scavenge for food at the dump.

Together we jumped into the deep end and took advantage of every opportunity to learn more about God and His Word.

Our first trip

One year later, our family had our first missions experience when we visited a ministry in Tijuana focused on helping people who scavenge the dump looking for food to eat or recyclables to sell. I was worried how my children would react to seeing impoverished children living in such hard circumstances, but they played with them happily and without hesitation. We felt so much joy being used by God to show His love to these precious children. Our passion for mission trips was ignited that day!

Continued on page 2



Julie's Heart Cry ... page 2

Our church leaders are very outspoken about the call of every Christian to fulfill the Great Commission. My husband and I were eager to take our children on a missions trip as an act of obedience. We had become familiar with two ministry partners in Africa, specifically Uganda, that are supported by our church, and we began investing in projects run by these partners. Knowing our heart for missions, our pastor encouraged us to take our children to visit these ministry partners and see how God is working firsthand.

Messengers of His love

So, in 2017, my family boarded a flight to Uganda. We were a bit nervous, but most of all, we were expectant and hopeful. We had been planning this trip for nine months, but to be honest, we almost gave into fear and backed out.

A month before the trip, doubts crept in: "Is it really safe to take our children to Uganda?" "Would it be better to donate our trip costs to our ministry partners instead of spending it on our week-long trip?" We talked about our concerns with our missions pastor, Cyrus Mad-Bondo, and he assured us it was indeed safe and that "we were investing in the next generation who would impact the world for Christ!" During that time of wrestling, God also spoke to me in a tender way to let me know He was sending us to be messengers of His love. This was a



Mary Beth's youngest daughter shares a slice of watermelon with an orphan in Uganda.

great relief as it confirmed our plans and assured me God would use us.

After that, I felt complete peace knowing that if God was sending us, He would surely protect us and take care of all of the details along the way. My husband and I felt incredible peace our entire time in Uganda. While there, our family loved on orphans, shared God's love with refugees and encouraged entrepreneurs. The best part was seeing my children faithfully serving in unfamiliar settings and enjoying it immensely — and knowing we were being God's hands and feet.

Our next journey

It was an amazing experience we would have missed out on had we not chosen to believe God and obey His commands. In the next newsletter, I will share how our trip to Uganda impacted us as a family and what God taught us on our second trip to Uganda this past Christmas.