

A Jar of Pickles

Read Galatians 6:9-10

“Let us not become weary in doing good, for at the proper time we will reap a harvest if we do not give up. Therefore, as we have opportunity, let us do good to all people, especially to those who belong to the family of believers.”

When you go to Ozark Mission Project, it never fails that someone is going to question why you would want to pay to go to a camp that you have to work every day. The truth is that is an excellent question. Why would you pay to go work?

For me, the first time I went I was hooked. My family group went to a lady's home that was in the middle of a field. Her husband had been deceased for many years and she still lived on the “old” farm by herself. We invited her to lunch, and she was excited about having company in her home. I'll never forget as we sat down she exclaimed “I've got just the thing to make sandwiches and chips the perfect meal. I've got pickles!” She asked to me get them from the refrigerator.

As I opened the door, I was shocked at what I found (actually what I didn't find.) Inside was a jar of pickles as promised, two small individual milk cartons, a small jar of mayo and an apple. That was all she had! All I could think as I walked back to her living room where my family group waited was how could we eat her pickles? It was really all she had.

Our neighbor was not just willing, but eager to share with us. As we spent two days with our neighbor I realized how she managed her everyday meals. She had coffee and toast for breakfast. Then, she would eat half her Meals on Wheels at lunch and save the rest for dinner.

That day at lunch, our neighbor prayed for each one of us by name. She thanked the Lord for sending a group of believers to good for someone else. Our group did several little projects for her as she sat on the porch and talked our ears off.

The next day on our way to her house we stopped and bought a jar of pickles to have with our sandwiches. How can you go to a camp where you pay to work? I pray you've been as blessed as me. Because one day I was loved by a little lady in the middle of a field who demonstrated the meaning of doing good with a simple jar of pickles and a prayer. I never open a jar of sweet pickles without thinking of my neighbor.