The Honey Pot

We rose early to the sounds of bells and gathered for a devotional before climbing onto the bus to drive to Jalapa, the area where our medical team would serve. We expected the drive to be short, only about three hours. But as is often the case, Guatemala and God took us on a different journey than we had planned.

Due to a wrong turn taken, we ended up on a dirt road that was in poor repair. Our Pullman bus struggled as we navigated hairpin turns and washed out river streams. At one turn, the road was eroded by a stream and we could not pass. A pick-up truck stopped and a man jumped out. He immediately began to troubleshoot, grabbing rocks and boards to cobble together a system to allow the bus to pass. As we waited, I spoke with his wife, Nelly, and their 5 year old son. When I asked the little one for his name, Josue shyly wrote it on the side of the dusty truck. After much discussion among the men of the team and several Guatemalan farmers who gathered to help, Efrain, Josue’s father, led us through the first impasse and the family bounced down the road.

This impasse was followed by a second. And, then a third. But our bus was unwieldy, and the turn too sharp, the road too narrow for us to pass. As we scratched our heads, all of the sudden we saw Efrain in his pick-up truck. He had gone home, grabbed a pick and a honey pot. Efrain coordinated the Guatemalans and Americans, trying a variety of methods to set us free. It took two hours. During that time we blocked the little road, and beat-up trucks and cars stacked up. Waiting, patiently waiting. Not one person complained, or honked their horns or yelled. Rather they left their vehicles to help or chat...
Men's Breakfast in Houston. Thanks to all of you who attended and we hope to see you there next year.

2012 Gala
Save The Date

Thursday, October 25
Westin Galleria - Houston
Watch your email for more information.

Teams Update

Please continue praying for our patients and volunteers as our last surgical teams prepare to arrive in Guatemala to perform life changing surgeries.

with us. And, Nelly brought out the honey pot. Fresh honey from the comb.

When we were finally on the other side of the impasse, the Guatemalans who had waited, patted us on the backs, smiled and laughed. Efrain refused to take any money for his help and his lovely wife, Nelly, gave us the honey. Josue gave us hugs and kisses. As we lumbered down the road, we knew that we hadn't taken a wrong turn at all.

That morning, we had not anticipated spending hours navigating switchback mountain roads. But as for me, I would not trade the detour for anything, because it led us directly to the heart of the people we had come to serve.

We return to Guatemala year after year, because the Guatemalan people never fail to help us navigate our own impasses in life. They help us find the way through our own roadblocks. Impasses and roadblocks of impatience and our inability to see the beauty and surprise in the unexpected troubles of our own lives. The people who show us the way and remind us of what grace and true hospitality is all about. All in the gift of a honey pot.

"Which of these three, do you think, was a neighbor to the man who fell into the hands of the robbers?" He said, "The one who showed him mercy." Jesus said to him, "Go and do likewise."

Luke 10:36-37

-- Rev. Linda L. McCarty

Make a Life Changing Gift to Faith In Practice