

April 2016

Dear Sustaining Partner,

It's true, and I thank God life does go on regardless of what happens. Regular tasks need attention whether I like it or not. Still I confess I struggle as I deal with another loss---the worst of several in just a couple of years. Once again, I must willingly invite you in to walk this path with me, because I'm going to need your patience, continued support and your understanding as I deal with the death of my son.

The regular tasks might need to be done, but that doesn't mean I will accomplish things in a timely manner or for that matter, do whatever it is I need to do correctly. I may get the right letter in the wrong envelope, or have some telephone conversations that will leave you wondering if it's wise to trust me to continue to serve in the local ministry you support. I count on the fact we have learned to extend grace to one another, and I hope I will not test your patience.

From the beginning of my tenure with Pregnancy & Family Resource Center, I promised to be authentic and transparent, because relationships cannot otherwise withstand capricious human nature. I have always believed that ministry is more about building and strengthening bonds with friends, than anything else. I've derived my operating style from THE ultimate leader, Jesus...who lived a very public life all while serving, healing, eating and drinking---in general he invited folks to live and share life with Him. Those who accepted His invitation were changed. I believe God will use our lives together to transform us in to servants, who may not always understand, but who seek to be understanding; exactly what is needed by the people who come to us for help.

I ask you to join me as I pray to become a softer, more compassionate servant to all through this experience. Finally, I share the only thing I've heard from anyone which has penetrated the fog and pain and made sense to my hurting heart and mind. I pray it will someone minister to you as well.

From Ann Voskamp:

“I hadn’t known: Grief is like caged fear. And if you let enough tears come and not be afraid, the tears can wash away the walls, and you WILL breathe again. It WILL hurt. You may never fully recover.

But who wants to cover over the memories of them and all the ways their love opened us up? Wherever our hearts are broken open, their love lives on forever in us... right there.

And that’s the thing: It’s the broken hearts that find the haunting loveliness of a new beat---it’s the broken hearts that make a song that echoes God’s.

Pay no mind to anything that tries to tell you different: Grief is the guaranteed price we pay for love.”

Until next month...

For Life!

Lisa J Stiefken
Executive Director