

How Can You Help

Attend "An Evening With The Logan's"

If you are in the area, we hope you can join us here at Carlisle BIC on Sunday, May 18 at 7:00 PM for a dessert gathering and an opportunity for us to share our hearts and why we would even consider the journey to Guatemala.

Please consider attending.

Consider partnering with us in this ministry

We have now been blessed with almost half of what we are required to raise to make it a full year in Guatemala. Can you help?

Simply cut the below section and send with the pre-addressed envelope



The Journey



These were my thoughts on April 29, the weekend after selling our home and possessions

I am being broken again and again by this process of making my life ready for Guatemala and the ministry that is awaiting me and my family.

We sold our home this weekend. It was quite emotional as we had a moving sale for the community and watched strange people for over 6 hours rifle through our belongings and purchase them at a fraction of the cost at which we purchased them. We saw our 32" TV walk out the door for \$50. We helped people carry our end tables and lamps to their car for a few bucks each. My tools...? Gone. Pier One dishes and cabinets...? Gone. Pictures, books and CD's? Snatched quickly at \$1 a piece? We even had people taking curtains and drawback hardware off of our windows with screwdrivers. Our queen bed sold quickly. Our twin beds did as well. People were so thankful to purchase these items at such great prices. Where else can you get a twin bed set for \$50? Older ladies and young struggling mothers held my children's clothes up to the light and commented as to how adorable they were.

All I could think about was how my little Aidan or Althea wore those clothes for a short time in their life. And how they looked in them, how their bodies filled the material...

The next day the house was empty and my 3 year-old son met me at the back door and said "Daddy, come inside for our last picnic!" There was a blanket on a bare wooden floor awaiting me with a feast of Wendy's spread out. I held him and finally

cried as I realized we would be having our last "picnic" in this house with my not-so-little babies.

Yesterday morning I drove into town and "closed" on the sale of our home, and walked through it one more time. The walls reverberated with the echoes of children laughing and playing as we spent countless hours wrestling and chasing each other around the old home.

The stairs reminded me vividly of watching them climb up that carpeted mountain for the first time while I provided a protective hand on their diapered bottom all along the way.

And I thought... "What in the world am I doing?" What are we doing? Have we gone completely mad? How can we sell everything, and so easily let go of our possessions, and memories, and children's clothes and toys? How could we have let those scavengers walk out of our home with what they considered to be great deals when we have taken so long to carefully and thoughtfully fill our home with those same things? And as I'm breaking, I'm thinking...

We sold our possessions because we needed the money.

We need the money because we want to be able to provide support for ourselves as we prepare for a move to a foreign country. We are moving to a foreign country because... well, because... *we have been called.*

We have been literally asked to be

a part of something that we believe in. And we believe that we have heard God's voice. And we are holding on to the truth we felt in the light even as we enter this dark remorse.

And I'm thinking even more...

There is a child (many children) in Chichicastenango who will never know what it means to let go of their many possessions because they will never have them. There are parents who will never sell a home full of memories because their memories are being forged in a mud hut in a corn field. "Letting go" to them is a luxury not often experienced, I would think.

This is hard. But it would be less difficult if we had a different perspective. If we had the ability to see our lives through the eyes of a Guatemalan father.

And so everyday that Heather and I let go of something... a home, a car, clothes, decorations, furniture and toys... we have been clinging even more tightly to what God has in store for us in the future. *It feels like the necessary wearing that one must go through to make a deep commitment to become Missionaries.*

I am wondering, and even crying now as I think that God may have his protective hand firmly under me and Heather, patting us gently along the way, as we learn to climb up these stairs into a new chapter in our lives.

In His Care,
Don Logan

Here is my:
 Monthly Gift
 Annual Gift

Quarterly Gift
 Special Gift

Name _____ Date _____
Full Address _____
Phone _____ Email _____
www.ctn.org Checks made payable to "Commission To
donlogan@ctn.org Every Nation"

Yes! I would like to partner with Don and Heather Logan in
advancing God's Kingdom to the people of Guatemala.

