



In awe at their generosity
Steve Vinton, April 9, 2007

We came home in the afternoon after a nice Easter service and a lot of great conversation and we sat around the table here at our house, me full of the knowledge that I'd be leaving for America on Wednesday, making little chit chat, talking about things that mattered, that really mattered, things of significance, and in the midst of a great discussion, I suddenly felt the urge to share with everyone not some great significant thought, but instead the thought that I would love a plate of mushrooms with delicious Tanzanian rice before I left the country. Alas, no mushrooms in the house and no sympathy from the whole crew here.

And with Godfrey & Veronica and Emmanuelli & Harima off to town to attend church there and make the rounds of greetings friends in Mafinga, and Susan heading off to the village, this time with Rachel, to visit people, I had the afternoon to rest and relax and think about the sermon I'm supposed to preach next week after I get to the States. What filled my thoughts was the image in my mind of Susan heading down the hill off to the village. With close to 240 families now that she is helping to get to the

hospital to get their ARVs, with widows on literally every street, with so many orphans in these villages that it's enough for any rational person to wonder how we can ever keep the ship afloat here, my thoughts leave the immensity of the problem to see the immensity of the marvel of it all. Wherever Susan goes in these villages, she is known by everyone, wherever she walks, wherever she goes. And she hardly ever returns home with empty hands. If there's anything at all that I've learned about life these past few months it's what I've learned about the poorest of the poor and the neediest of the needy -- as impossible as it sounds, they are in a real sense the most generous of all people. Time and again I am left in awe at their generosity. Susan came home just before dark with a big smile, lots of good stories of her friends, and a huge mushroom the size of a dinner plate.

A little girl had come running after her in the village, it was her brother Justin who died in January, and it was her mother who had sent her running after Susan and who wanted Susan to take the mushroom home.