

My first Christmas on MFT was shocking - My biggest gift was God' heart

Joy Irvine Garrat
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Photo date and location unknown

My first Christmas on MFT was shocking when I found out I was not going home. Then I was dropped off door to door with tons of flower bouquets in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. 9 am.

OMG! 9 am on Christmas morning! I was on a mostly Japanese team who did not have any concept of the 21 years of emotional Christmas I was dealing with! Full of wrath, resentment, and all sorts of delightful feelings I started out door to door.

It was one of those turn around moments in my spiritual life. A middle class neighborhood where I expected to interrupt dozens of happy families.

While I met those families, too, so many were alone—divorced fathers, elderly folks who would not be seeing their families elsewhere, lonely people literally thrilled to have a bright young woman knock on the door of their pain.

I was served breakfast, snacks, given gifts – the biggest gift was to once again experience God's own heart and the heart of those ordinary people who silently live lives with great moments of pain and loneliness.