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Another Stubby Bomar

Christine Weiler
Concordia University - Portland

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Famous in Russia

Jillian Meredith Olsen

On March 30, 1997, I embarked on a journey to another country to host an English Camp. I taught in classrooms and spread the word of God to people who had never been exposed to the writings or teachings of Jesus Christ.

The months of learning a religious performance and various words and phrases in Russian did not nearly prepare me for the effect this trip had on my faith, my outlook on life, and my heart. I realized how spreading the word of God should be done through actions, not only by using words. I realized that sacrificing my time and anything I can is so worthwhile. I watched the faces of those who had not yet come to Christ soften and change while watching our play and listening to our testimonies. I realized how sacrifices should be made without looking for gratitude or reward. I rose from my seat and motioned to her to take it. I couldn't possibly hold onto the bar and manage to stand; the jerking start of the vehicle would have made her fall over. I asked her if she needed assistance and she nodded. I guided her towards a seat and helped her sit down.

On March 30, 1997, I had never fully realized how self-involved people could become without Jesus. I realized how spreading the word of God has no real spoken language; there are many ways to go about it. I never thought of myself as a famous individual until I was used as a tool for God. As my group and I were on board the Metro on our way to Leningrad to teach classes on reconciliation, I realized that showing how God works can be simple.

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