



Pack Up the Labels, Unpack the Truth

Did you ever watch a Hallmark movie where the main character has an event planned, and then, at the last minute, the event space is unavailable for some reason? If you have, you know what happens next. The character finds an unlikely and clearly unprepared and rustic place, like an old barn, and the townspeople come together to prepare the place beautifully for the Fall Festival or Christmas dance. Everyone is happy, and the event is a huge success. (And the main characters fall in love.)

I would scoff or laugh inwardly in the past, thinking of such an unlikely scenario, like most Hallmark movie plots are. But this week, I saw it play out in my own life.

The husband of a friend and member of our small group at church died unexpectedly. The funeral would be held at the church, and as is customary, our group would provide the meal for the family after the service. Being the teacher of the small group, I felt it was my responsibility to get the ball rolling, so to speak. But that's where the hitch came - the ball started rolling, and I knew immediately I was out of my element trying to plan and coordinate the meal. As I always confess, I am a teacher, not a planner. I know what my gifts are and what my gifts are not.

But then the Hallmark plot came to life in our group. I only had to text an SOS, in desperation, to other members of the group. And just a few minutes later, another lady took the lead in planning. She joyfully and handily announced the need and coordinated the food, set-up, and volunteers - down to the very last green bean and glass of tea. Others volunteered and contributed with the sweetest motivation and spirit as she rallied the crew. We all worked together to provide what turned out to be a delicious meal for the family.





It was not the first time I had worked with a group at an event, but this one touched my heart because of the unity of the group and the way each lady used their gift to love the heartbroken family. I was part of a great effort I could not claim as my own.

The meal reminded me that we each have a gift for service in the family of God. And, as Paul reminds us, our gift is useless if not served with love (1 Corinthians 13:1).

My limitations were obvious, but the Holy Spirit's empowering of us all was strongly evident.

Years ago, our small group, the Daughters of the King, chose a Bible verse to live by:

"May the God who gives endurance and encouragement give you the same attitude of mind toward each other that Christ Jesus had, so that with one mind and one voice you may glorify the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." [Romans 15:5-6](#)

I'm thankful God has surrounded me with faithful friends and Sisters-in-Christ who strive "with one mind and one voice" to love and serve each other and glorify God! My heart rejoices and shouts, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

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