

October Newsletter – Build a Bridge – The End Pieces

Mike McCormick told me something before we left for Nicaragua, that I would not be the same when I got back – he was right. I caught myself doing something so weird since the trip, something that might seem trivial or stupid to some. A loaf of bread – my family and I have never liked the end pieces – always thrown them away because they are not the best pieces, not the most attractive to make a sandwich with, unevenly cut and often thin – so they get discarded – thrown away.

But not now, NOW when I open a loaf of bread I reach for the end piece first – the one nobody else wants. And near the end, I reach for the end piece – the one everybody else leaves behind to be discarded. Why? Because in Nicaragua, some people there don't even have an end piece to eat.....that's why. The end pieces remind me of them, a people so poor it will break your heart...it did mine, even on the first night as Mike, Avery and I travelled together to the mountain town of Matiguas. At one point I had seen so much poverty I was in tears, though I was too embarrassed to let anyone else see, because men are supposed to be tough, right, especially in front of a woman.

So I will never, never throw away another end piece, and will STOP...and be thankful me and my family have been blessed with the whole loaf. And yes, at the BLT lunch, I was the last one to get in line, and I got to get the end pieces left behind by others, at least from two loaves.

To think about it, the Gavilan (Patastule) Community we are going to build the bridge with, they are kind of like the end pieces of the bread. People no one else will stop and help, people discarded by the rest of the world. So let's reach in and take these people by the hand, and work together to build them a beautiful bridge, a Bridge of Hope. Let's share our loaf with them.