

## May 2006 Ministry Update from Sandee

May is always an exciting time filled with high school and college graduations, parties, fifth grade and kindergarten luncheons and promotions. I'll write more in the official CCM newsletter.

Let me tell you about one delightful boy. To protect his identity, we will call him Sammy. Sammy is in the third grade and new to the Friday group. He is a very gentle child who easily steals your heart. He is caring, intelligent, gregarious and very obedient. He has a boisterous laugh and is always smiling.

The children and I were playing a game in the parking lot called "The Moose is Loose". Sammy wanted to be the hunter. We formed a circle, and blindfolded Sammy. It is the hunter's job to capture the moose. Both hunter and moose must stay in the circle. The moose blows a kazoo and the hunter follows the sound. The game is a lot of fun and the children love it. When Sammy was trying to figure out where the moose was, I pulled out a second kazoo and blew it. Of course this confuses the hunter because he hears two sounds coming from opposite directions. Sammy started to laugh and said, "Ms Sandee, I know you are playing a joke on me!" Sure enough I was! When the game was over, I gave the children squirt guns to play with. As Sammy was dodging the water from another child's squirt gun, he accidentally fell into a muddy puddle. He cried for a moment and I could see he was shaken up. "Would you like me to walk home with you?" I asked Sammy. "Please," he replied.

I wanted to explain to his mother what had happened. The moment we stepped inside the doorway of his apartment, his mother started yelling "You despicable kid, how could you be so clumsy and dumb. You can't even play without doing something stupid like getting all wet and muddy." I tried to tell her what happened, but she didn't want to hear it. She told Sammy he would not be able to watch the movie with the other children but would have to go to bed. Sammy slowly walked up the stairs to his bedroom. I knew Sammy was in trouble. I wondered if Sammy even had a bed. The living room was empty except for a few clothing items on the floor in a corner. I left the apartment with a heavy heart praying that the names his mother was calling him would not penetrate his heart but rather he would remember he is a "chosen child of God". As I was walking back to our apartment, one of the other boys came up to me and told me Sammy's mother "brings a lot of men home".

Please pray for Sammy. Pray that he will come to know the loving, Savior who will bring peace and love to his heart. Pray that I will stay close to the heart of God and hear His voice. Pray for CCM.