

Steve and Lois Donley Tuktoyaktuk, NWT - Arctic Canada

MINUS 40 REPORT

PSALM 147:17 HE CASTETH FORTH HIS ICE LIKE MORSELS: WHO CAN STAND BEFORE HIS COLD?

Dear praying friends,

The backspace key is the most used key so far in this newsletter. I've started a half dozen times and deleted it over and over again. I don't like what keeps showing up on the lines I type. It seems that sharing your heart with praying friends is not as easy as you would think.

Unlike writers block, my inability stems from having too much to say. The Psalmist says, "A fool uttereth all his mind: but a wise man keepeth it in till afterwards. (Proverbs 29:11) The backspace key defends me from earning the label of a fool.

Waiting on God is so easy for some people. Worn out clichés seem to satisfy others while I am left wondering what's wrong with my faith. When I contemplate saying out loud, "I'm tired of waiting!" I immediately begin internal chastisement by comparing myself with missionaries who waited much longer, in horrible conditions, dealing with heart wrenching losses.

Unfolding ancillary events seem to extend the wait and taunt me with doubts of waiting as eventually futile. This doesn't exactly enhance my patience.

There goes the backspace key again.

Through the years I've often preached on these themes. In fact we sing a scripture song born of *Isaiah 40:31*, *But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.* (Teach me Lord, Teach me Lo-rd to wait)

I've counseled myself all the while remembering the old legal adage, "He who represents himself has a fool for a client."



The services in Tuk continue to go well, attendance is steady and it seems I can't wait until Sunday comes around and I get to preach the Gospel to the souls God has given me. After the drive back home following our weekly Tuk service, I begin to plan improvements for the service next week and Sunday can't seem to get here soon enough.

So I wait. Wait on Lois' health to improve. I wait on housing in Tuktoyaktuk. I wait on divine leadership for ministry and personal plans. I wait for a bazillion small fires to be put out. I wait on patience all the while exhibiting impatience which will only prolong my patience training. I wait wondering what you think about my waiting all the time.

Physically sitting near what some would consider the end of the earth, my glimmer of help and hope comes from God's Word. (*Psalms 61:2*) *From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I.*

And prayer from friends will help too. Thank you in advance.

Steve & Lois Donley