

Thanksgiving: A Grain of Wheat

Happy late/early Thanksgiving (October 11 in Canada and November 25 in the USA)! Like you, each Thanksgiving we take time to recall the wonderful blessings in our lives. It is much harder to embrace the unmet expectations, sorrow, and difficult circumstances in our lives. A little over a month ago, we were shocked by the unexpected death of Ising, our helper during our first four-year term in the Philippines. Due to COVID-19, there was no funeral. This was



Ate Ising with Ev and Lincoln in July 2019.

especially heavy because Filipino culture is highly relational, especially in times of grief. God has opened doors for us to show love toward Ising's family during this time of bereavement. As Christians, we know that death is not the end. The verse John 12:24 (ESV), "... unless a grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies, it remains alone; but if it dies, it bears much fruit," has brought us comfort and a different perspective.

We know that Ate Ising's life made an impact on ours. Her gentle and kind joy was a blessing to our family, especially in Lincoln's early days as a baby. She loved Jesus deeply. We know that her 30-plus years of working for missionary families has allowed programs in education, poverty alleviation, youth work, and churches to share Jesus' message of hope and love.

Each of us carries multiple "grains of wheat" — losses related to aspirations, family, relationships, work, or health. This Thanksgiving, Dennis and I are naming the

losses and with God's help — where possible — celebrating the "harvest" that has followed. Thank you for loving our family! Please feel free to send us an email or drop us a note with a life update or prayer request.

With gratitude,

Dennis, Evangeline, & LINCOLN



Mr. Observant checking out a bee.

Lincoln's Corner

Lincoln is very detail oriented. His observant spirit is often directed toward crawling critters (centipedes, ants, lizards). It's very common for us to have *butiki* — little geckos — in our home, and he greets them with a welcoming, "Hi, friend!" We've also noticed that Lincoln is a budding artist! He comes home from playgroup with two or three paintings each time. Our fridge is covered with his artwork, and we've sent some to his grandparents.



"Soup Explosion" by Lincoln