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"Is not this the kind of fasting I have chosen: to loose the chains of injustice and untie the cords of the yoke, to set the oppressed free and break every yoke? Is it not to share your food with the hungry and to provide the poor wanderer with shelter -- when you see the naked, to clothe him, and not to turn away from your own flesh and blood? Then your light will break forth like the dawn, and your healing will quickly appear; then your righteousness will go before you, and the glory of the LORD will be your rear guard. Then you will call, and the LORD will answer; you will cry for help, and he will say: Here am I.

"If you do away with the yoke of oppression, with the pointing finger and malicious talk, and if you spend yourselves in behalf of the hungry and satisfy the needs of the oppressed, then your light will rise in the darkness, and your night will become like the noonday. The LORD will guide you always; he will satisfy your needs in a sun-scorched land and will strengthen your frame. You will be like a well-watered garden, like a spring whose waters never fail. Your people will rebuild the ancient ruins and will raise up the age-old foundations; you will be called Repairer of Broken Walls, Restorer of Streets with Dwellings.
Isaiah 58: 6 – 12

When I first met Jane (not her real name), she was working hard to maneuver her wheelchair through the crowded streets of downtown Ottawa. The scene reminded me of "Astro-smash", a video game of my youth, where players had to duck out of the way of fast-moving celestial debris in order to avoid being demolished. Busy people, rushing here and there, going about their day with hardly a notice of her struggles caused me to pause and observe. I thanked God for blessing me with the ability to walk. It was then that I noticed that she was missing a leg. I wondered what had happened to her; was she born this way or did an accident cause her to lose her leg? Was it from an infection caused from diabetes or perhaps from another illness?

I prayed to God in the quiet of my heart, asking for the words to speak to her and for wisdom and discernment about how I might help her. I introduced myself and she accepted my offer to share a meal. Over lunch, she talked about her struggles and about how she lost her leg, eventually sharing her dream of being fitted with a prosthetic leg. It was her understanding that she had been on a waiting list for a prosthetic for many years. Burdened by this, and with her permission, I began to make phone calls on her behalf, only to discover that she was not on a waiting list at all, and in fact, had not even received an assessment.

While she had received some treatment at the Rehab centre, she had never been booked for an assessment. Based on their records, they determined that she is a good candidate for a Prosthetic, and so began a series of phone calls to doctors and caregivers, to put this plan into action!
How great is our God?

By worldly standards, what happened in that hour was so wonderful, and yet how much more does our Lord have planned for Jane? I longed to pray with her, to ask for God's healing. By faith, I know that if it is the will of God, he can grow her leg back. He can provide the prosthetic or an electric wheelchair, or both. He cares about her leg, and he cares about her struggles, but he is mostly concerned with the state of her heart. He wants her heart! He wants to offer Jane his free gift of salvation. He loves her so much; he wants her to love him, to turn to him and to be born anew, born again!

I shared the love of Jesus with Jane that day. We talked about Jesus, and how he died just for her. We talked about his promises of eternal life. We read a few passages of Scripture. She confessed that she prays from time to time, but that she felt discouraged by the events that unfolded in her life and by how so much of her time and energy is focused on just getting through the day.

I shared God's promises of how he came to give her abundant life and she said that she would think about it. Together, we prayed. God moved in her heart and she wept.

When he was at the table with them, he took bread, gave thanks, broke it and began to give it to them. Then their eyes were opened and they recognized him, and he disappeared from their sight. They asked each other, "Were not our hearts burning within us while he talked with us on the road and opened the Scriptures to us?"

Luke 24: 30 -32

What sweet communion we have with Jesus and what a privilege and a joy it is to share in the Gospel with you - our faithful supporters - serving God among the poor on the sidewalks of downtown Ottawa. May we once again humbly ask for your financial support over the summer months? We thank God for all of you, for your prayers and financial gifts, as we put our trust in Him to provide for our needs. How faithful He is! How faithful you are! May God bless you and prosper you.

Yours, in Christ,
Jill Wilson
Executive Director

