

## Prayers of a 7-year-old

Tonight, as we tucked her in bed, Kayla prayed: "Dear Lord, thank you for everybody. And give us what You want to give us, even if it isn't what we want, because we want what You want to give us. Amen."

Timely, simple, profound, her prayer hit us like a ton of bricks. Yes, that too is what we want.

As I write to you, we find ourselves facing a transition in the near future. When Kyle became field director of our team almost four years ago, he put a term limit on himself of five years. His term is almost up and we are faced with an unknown future. We have been in a process of prayer and discussion for over a year now, dreaming of what might be next for our family. And what it comes down to is we want what He wants.

Every summer we interact with college students who are asking the question, "What is God's will for my life?" It is a joy to process and pray with them as they seek Him. I often say, "I don't believe that God discloses His entire will for our lives all at





once; I believe it is more a process of taking steps of faith. I like to say that I'm on a need-to-know basis—He'll let me know the next step as I need to know it."

It seems so easy when we are talking about someone else's life, and yet when it is our family, why does it seem so hard to surrender all and have faith? Why do I spend more hours thinking about pros and cons than I do praying? In the end it really comes down to: What does God want?

Recently we were encouraged by a friend of ours to consider that very question: What does God want? And she even said, "It doesn't really even matter what Kyle and Nell want, it's what does God want?" Tonight, as I listen to Kayla pray, I am encouraged by her faith.

So, we are asking that you join us on our faith journey. Would you pray with us as we seek Him as to what He wants? I am praying that He reveals Himself to all four

of us and that we are convinced without doubt of whatever it is

He wants.



(Top left) Kayla selling tamales at market day at her school. (Top right) Elena selling chuchitos at market day. (Above) Nell and her class at market day.

Humbled by my daughter,

Mell Still

