



Recently, I visited Oaxaca for an annual gathering with pastors from village churches, some that were planted nearly forty years ago. Being back in those communities brought back many memories from the early days of that work.

That weekend, something caught my attention. I noticed a group of young people laughing and enjoying being together. As I watched more closely, I realized they were from several villages across Oaxaca and Puebla, and they were all third-generation believers. In forty years of ministry, I had never seen that before. These young people were not just there to receive; they were there to serve.

Later in the trip, I had a moment that took me back many years. The first church I ever helped plant was in a small village called Guadalupe La Victoria. Back then, a businessman in the town allowed us to use a space he owned so the church could gather. The building was in rough shape, but with a lot of hard work and effort, we fixed it up. We scrimped and saved, laid the flooring, added windows, and little by little it became a place where people could come together. The church there grew to about 80 people. In that small town, a church with that many people was almost unheard of. It became a light in the village.



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After some time, the church struggled, and the owner took the space back. For me, that was painful. In my heart, I had believed that place was meant to be used for God's purpose. It was supposed to be a light in Guadalupe La Victoria.

While on this recent trip, people had come from different communities to gather. At one point, I overheard that there was a group there from a place called Victoria. I assumed it must be a different town with a similar name, but on the last day, while we were having lunch, a pastor invited me to meet the team from Victoria.

When I met them, I was surprised to learn that they were the grandchildren of the businessman who had once allowed us to use his space for the church. The story didn't stop there. They told me that years later, he had been convinced to donate the building so it could once again be used as a church—and he did. As I spoke with the grandchildren, I was amazed to see what God had done, even before they had been born.

Then they told me that the current owner of the space was there as well. His name was Rodrigo. Turns out, Rodrigo was the son of the business man that I had met many years before. Even more surprising, the now 84-year-old businessman was there too. They didn't remember me, and honestly that wasn't the point. The point was what God had done. It reminded me that the things we offer to God—our obedience, our service, the seeds we plant—often continue to bear fruit long after we are gone. Sometimes God allows us to see a glimpse of that fruit.

My encouragement to you is simple. Be faithful with what God has placed in your hands today. You may not see the full result in your lifetime, but the Lord never wastes what is given to Him. Often the seeds we sow today become the faith of another generation tomorrow.

As Scripture reminds us, *“One generation commends your works to another; they tell of your mighty acts.”* – *Psalm 145:4 NIV*

With gratitude,

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