



Conversation with Amy and Jocelyn

Amy sat next to me on the first segment of my trip. She spilled wine all over herself and scooched over by me to feel less damp. She seemed a bit brazen, foul-mouthed, young and experienced in things that are ruinous.

She asked me what I did for a living then proceeded to tell me about her life with money. She built boats and owns a workshop where people come to rehabilitate the boat of their dreams. Amy cares more about them achieving their sailing dream than her own income, and often subsidizes their costs by contributing her expertise and her excess supplies.

Jocelyn sat next to me on the final segment of my day in flight – a red-eye from Salt Lake City to Atlanta. She was returning from a board meeting – not a corporate one but a new charity – sponsoring two orphanages in India, including children blind, lame and those parented by lepers – people with no other advocate. This well-dressed and asset-laden woman seemed more the sort to hold teas for the symphony, or coffees for

the art museum than one making a couple of trips each year to work among the poorest of the poor.

Stories like these give me hope that generosity is not disappearing. The sadness remains though. Amy didn't learn her generosity in the church and I think most church people I know would be too offended by her potty mouth and sensual tattoos to connect to her generous soul. Jocelyn is a church person and probably learned generosity from her Christian family and the nurture of her congregation as a child. Still, she does this work of generosity outside her congregation.

There are too many pressing needs for the multimedia projector and the construction of a family life center for her congregation to lend support.

Oh how we must break the heart of God.

-mark

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