

# Faith In Practice

Life Changing Medical Mission

April 2014

## Women's Luncheon: Unfailing Love



Don't forget to reserve your seat for the Annual Women's Luncheon on May 8th at Houston's Hotel ZaZa! [Reserve](#) your seat today.

## Giving 150%: Dr. Brian Parsley



"It doesn't matter if you don't speak Spanish. A touch, a hug, it matters," said Dr. Brian Parsley as he addressed his orthopedic surgical team on their first day in Guatemala...[Read More](#).

## Saving Lives:

## Sacred Moments

There was just a dirt floor, but it was well kept. The small fire burned in the corner as she offered me horchata, a traditional rice drink. Shiny CD's were carefully tacked over the door, someone else's garbage, the only decoration that adorned their meager home. We arrived there by pickup, the last 10k over a nearly impassible road up the mountain. We had come to mourn and to give thanks. For our little José Antonio had died.

His mother, Marixa, had brought him to us at a village clinic about 5 years ago. He was near death, so skinny. Over the next five years, assisted by the Obras, the hospital where Faith In Practice works primarily, and our wonderful Guatemalan volunteer, Florida Alma Quintana, José Antonio struggled through, and overcame illness, many times. His struggles, however, could not begin to eclipse his larger than life personality filled with so much joy. So much life and love that his poor little body could not contain them. So, just before José Antonio turned 7, he died. And, we had come to mourn this little one who had captured our hearts.

Together we sat and told stories. José Antonio's father, Alfredo, disappeared as the women talked and cried. When he returned, he had a large bag filled with 'milpa' for us. An offering of thanks. Generous spirit, deep and rich hospitality. As we left, we thanked them for sharing José Antonio with us. This little one who lived fully and richly even though his life was short and his circumstance mean. This dear little boy who had challenged us to love just a little deeper.

### Felicity Thompson and Midwife Training



After nine months of long preparation, a woman goes into labor. She, like most women in Guatemala, lives far from a hospital. She must rely upon the comadrona, her local community birth attendant... [Read More.](#)

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### Lent: An Alfombra Offering



This past week, Faith In Practice created an 'alfombra' or carpet in the streets of Antigua...[Read more.](#)

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### Save The Date



2014 Gala: Steadfast Love



This visit has stayed with me and comes to mind poignantly now as we enter these, the holiest days of the Christian year. As we remember the way he wrapped a towel around his waist and knelt before his friends to carefully and lovingly wash their feet. How he said, 'love each other' and then laid down his life for his friends. How he suffered and died and the sky went black. How they then walked along the road to Emmaus, lost and in mourning, their hearts broken. And, how, in this place of despair and mourning, they recognized him in the breaking of the bread. How their hearts burned within them and they arose with hope once again, restored, renewed.

We had come to this little home, lost and in mourning. Our hearts were broken. Anguish and anger for the way things are in this country that is abundant in pain and poverty. Humility and gratitude for this country that is abundant in grace and generosity. Awe as we saw, yet once again, his truth break through in the contradiction that abides. His truth that shone forth in the breaking of the bread.

For that is why we return. In spite of the challenge and pain, in spite of the knowledge that our hearts shall be broken. Because, when we journey beside the poor of Guatemala, we sense him walking beside us. Beside us in this place where our hearts are laid bare and the poor of

Faith In Practice Celebrates  
20 Years

Chairs:  
Dan and Lori Wolterman

Honoree:  
Padre José Contran

Date:  
October 17, 2014

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Guatemala reach out and heal our wounds, with their wisdom and grace. In their faces, we glimpse the face of Jesus, and there is no place on earth we would rather be.

So, now, we approach the mystery once again. Called upon once again to open ourselves up to the pain, denial, betrayal, and shame. The ugliness of a brutal death. To let it hurt and humble us, to let our hearts be broken open, to let our belief be changed, to allow our unbelief to be laid bare. To fall into God's loving arms outstretched upon a cross, to trust him with every secret, every pain, every way we have betrayed and denied, to trust him with everything that has ever happened to us, to trust him with every death. To die with him again. Called upon once again to enter into his pain, so that just maybe, we might let go and allow him to enter our own.

In these days, let us not rush too quickly to Easter, but rather let us linger and pray with him at Gethsemane, let us sit at the foot of the cross. Let his wounds enter us and heal us in the dark, so that in the dawn of Easter, we can be ready. Ready to rise and serve him. Ready to sit with others in their pain and darkness. Ready, in those moments, to see him once again in the breaking of the bread and to give thanks.

**Rev. Linda L. McCarty**  
**President and CEO**

Visit on the web at [www.faithinpractice.org](http://www.faithinpractice.org).

