

Transition and Destination....

I read these two words the other day in a magazine called Among Worlds. Those are two words that bring about excitement, dread, anticipation, and a myriad of other emotions and responses to my brain.

When thinking about a destination whether it be a vacation, a new job, entering into college, moving to another country– it usually involves a change in our views and ways of coping in our lives. This is something that as an MK we should be used to. Being ready to arrive at our destination with our hearts ready for this transition is not what we are good at.

I can remember a time when I was traveling from St. Croix to Nassau, Bahamas on the Associates in Missions program. I had arrived at the airport to be picked up by someone that I had never met before. I did not know where we were even to meet outside of the airport. I was detained in customs for 2 hours as the customs officials would not release me as I did not know the exact address of the AIM apartment that I was to be living in.

I recalled the horror as the customs officials dumped my suitcase and trunk upside down– I guess hoping that this would jog my memory. I told them the name of the pastor that I was to be helping there, the address of the church and assured them that if they would just let me out of the room he would be waiting for me somewhere outside. I said can you just step outside with me? They asked what does he look like? I said I don't know. But he will be looking for me. After much persuasion the situation was resolved. But I was already hating my destination even before stepping foot outside of the airport. Why? I was not ready to embrace the transition.

I have since then made many major moves. I have been on AIM in several countries, been to three different colleges, started many jobs and have traveled to many locations. Have I learned anything in those moves? Yes, I have learned that change is hard. I am afraid of change, rejection, new situations, learning new things, being invisible to new people, of loneliness, of people not knowing my stories or history, fearful of having to validate myself all over again.

I have finally come to this conclusion. I don't have to validate myself– HE does it for me. I have learned that when I pack, load, unload, unpack I am strong, and that I have the ability to relocate, to have strong skills that allow me to adapt to new situations. Do you know why? Because I have had to do it over and over again. I have a history. The consistent thing in my history of change has been that HE has been my constant. My constant friend, motivator, hug giver, rewarder, and listener.

I have learned that I have experiences that others around me need to hear. I have had to let new people in my life so that they can hear those stories. How can I tell them if I am so afraid of change that I don't let others in?

So today even though I am forty years old and have lived in the same city for 10 1/2 years (yes this is a record for me) I am facing another time of change in my life. Another chapter is going to begin. Suitcases will eventually get packed, goodbyes will be said, and addresses exchanged. Because of my history of transitions and destination I know that we will be fine. I know how to move— I am good at that. It is the transition that is the tricky part.

Today if you are an MK in the middle of a transition in your life— know this. You are not alone, you are not invisible, your stories do matter, you have not changed— your address has. He has placed you right where you are today to impact others around you. Don't let your destination paralyze you in this time of transition. There is only one you— let your multifaceted personality shine for HIM today. Embrace your destination!

