





# Way Maker

Her beautiful brown eyes looked down at the concrete floor as we neared her, glancing at mine, then shyly gazed back down again. Her hands folded in front of her while she slightly swayed back and forth. I asked, "How can we pray for you?" "Como Podemos orar por ti?" Vilma interpreted. "Mi familia," she responded in a gentle voice. As we prayed for her family, a girl who looked as if she could be no older than 14, closed her eyes with a silent plea for change. Vilma and I prayed and released the words of hope, ask, authority, and promise while tears slowly ran down her olive skin. The more we prayed, the more tears she cried. When we finished, we asked if she was okay or needed anything else, but she responded with a hesitant no and looked as if she wanted to take ten steps back. Vilma encouraged me to give her a mama hug, as it felt like the only other thing we could offer her. I wrapped my arms around her skinny body while her arms remained frozen at her side. Although I felt the resistance, I heard the Holy Spirit say, "Just keep holding her." I continued praying, holding her tight, pleading with God to help her, and then I felt her two arms on my side, gentle but there. Her tears came even quicker, and she cried louder as her arms reached around me, holding on tightly like holding onto a buoy in the middle of the storm, a lifeline, a hope, a safety in her shattered world. After her tears subsided, I released my arms and held her face, saying, "Jesus te ama" (Jesus loves you), but she kept holding on, so I wrapped my arms around her.



Pastor Mark came to us and, after asking her, found out that she did not know Jesus and had not asked Him to be Lord over Her life, and there in my arms, like time stood still, she prayed and said yes to Him, to a life of hope and a forever, promised eternity. Mark asked her if her mom or dad had ever hugged her. Shaking her head side to side, I understood why she wouldn't let go, I had a better understanding of the tears, and I saw hope taking the place of fear, sadness, and hurt before my eyes. We held each other until she let go. I may never see her again, but I celebrate that I will embrace her again in Heaven while we dance on streets of gold with the One who comforts us, who loves us- our perfect and beautiful Way Maker.



People told me that when I go to Honduras, I will not return the same, and they were exactly right. As I sit on the plane, anxious to see my two boys and the love of my life, I'm overwhelmed with tears of joy for all my eyes have seen, my ears have heard, and my heart has experienced. Did God do something? Does God always do something? He is always working, and He is always speaking. He is always doing something, even when we don't feel it or see it! I am coming to the uncomfortable realization of how much I limit God with my own doubt and insecurity. I'm experiencing a humble reality of how much I let fear of man stand in the way of His heart for His people. My faith has been strengthened, and my heart is tender, while people in Choluteca have been changed for good, for eternity. "Now to Him who is able to do immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine, according to His power that is at work within us." (Ephesians 3:20).

I praise God and give Him all glory for all He did this last week. For the little girl who couldn't run after a brain tumor and started running across the classroom floor, back and forth, while the kids yelled, "She's running!" I praise God for the hotel staff, one by one, saying yes to Jesus and being set free from their bondage. I praise God for the orphans who experienced God and said yes to Him- there was not a dry eye in that place.

I praise God for the salvation of Melisa on Tuesday and her baptism in a hotel pool on Friday! I praise God for restoring an entire family on the side of the road and for over ten high school students accepting Jesus as their Lord and Savior on that same road! I praise God for the roaring sound of worship rising from the mouths of children-over, 1,000 children singing with all they have to a forever faithful God! I praise God for the mighty miracles of healing we saw in the hospital! I praise God for all the things we saw and did not see, and I believe with all my heart that His goodness will continue to spread like wildfire in Choluteca, Honduras! God came, delivered, rescued, and loved like only our God can! Amen, and all the glory to Jesus! Thank you, Pat Klein and Vision Beyond Borders, for this experience where I will be forever changed. Hallelujah!

- Emily Rodewald

Emily is a writer and worship leader. She has written several worship songs, she is a co-author or two children's books and has begun writing about the light of Jesus in her blog at [www.emilyrodewald.com](http://www.emilyrodewald.com). She is a co-founder of Parallel Ministries and a mom of two boys, George and Oliver. She has been married for 13 years to the man of her dreams, Daniel. She and her family live in beautiful Montana where they enjoy taking the boys fishing, going on adventures, and renovating their new home.



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