

SAINT LAWRENCE YOUTH MINISTRY

COASTAL CAROLINA MISSION TRIP

STUDENT STORIES

In July 2007 we went on a mission trip to Coastal Carolina. Here's what our youth had to say about their experience...

1. By: **Kathleen Parsons**, freshman in college

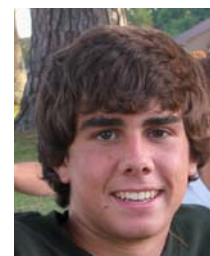


The Fruit of faith is love. The fruit of love is service. The fruit of service is peace. (The Simple Path - Mother Teresa) Throughout the Coastal Carolina Mission trip every single person experienced each fruit listed above; faith, love, service and peace. We all began the journey with a desire to serve and make a difference in the world. We were humbled when we discovered an even greater difference within ourselves. For some of us it was the realization that we had drifted from God, and that it was time to reconnect. Every single one of us grew in our faith, but each in a distinct way.

We attended mass every morning up until the departure of Fr. Chris. (Father Chris had to leave for Nigeria when he found out that his brother passed away.) We were all tremendously sad to see him go, and we realized we were going to miss beginning our day in prayer with one another. One night after we completed evening activities we (the students) made a decision that we would continue meeting in the morning.

The next morning we began in prayer for Fr. Chris and afterwards we did some more team bonding by sharing stories from the trip that had occurred so far. It was an incredible start to the day. I know at that time I was extremely tired and praying together and later laughing together got me through that day. However for Friday morning we wanted to include the other groups. They were Methodist and Presbyterian. We planned a prayer service and we designed it to reflect a Catholic mass without the Eucharist. We were pleasantly surprised to see how many people joined us, and we were excited to share our faith with them.

Our faith brought about love in each of us. We not only demonstrated our love to the community of Hyde County but to one another. We grew closer as a team than I think any of us ever imagined we would. When we were sitting in a circle together we were at peace with one another and ourselves. One night we shared times in our life when we had felt at peace. I know that if I am ever to answer that question again I have a new answer. I felt at peace everyday in Hyde County serving with the most generous and loving people I have ever met. It's a feeling we all have trouble describing. We want to share with you how our trip changed our lives, but there are no words to do it justice. We learned that when you serve with a heart of love for God, you find peace within yourself and with others.



2. By: **Kevin Roberts**, senior in high school

A mission trip is simple. You go, you help others, and you leave. Simple. However, the simplicity of the mission trip is only matched by the complexity of the changes that it brings about with in the community that you served, as well as with in yourself. The miracle behind the simple mission trip is that the changes that it brings about are unique to each person that attended.

The unique changes that occurred to the community could not only been seen in the service that we did to their houses, but also to their hearts. The subtle transformation that I observed of a shy, quiet boy reading a book into a boisterous, upstanding officer trying to interrogate me was amazing. The changes that one cannot help but notice on a mission trip, allow the observer to be more aware of the changes that are occurring to him.

As I said earlier these changes are very unique to the individual. For some the changes that they uncover may change their entire lifestyle, for others the changes might only alter a fraction of their day-to-day life. No matter what, the change occurred. Whether it be a fraction or a mountain, the change is in the right direction, and therefore it should not be dismissed as insignificant.

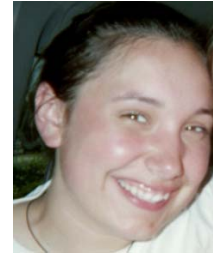
The discovery that I made about myself on this mission trip, may, to some, seem fractional. However, to me, it made mountains of difference. The discovery was this: God exists.

Before this mission trip I was very skeptical about God and whether or not he existed. Being the scientist that I am, I wanted some hard proof or disproof to the existence of God. I hadn't found evidence in either direction, so I have to say I was in quite the quandary.

However, during the mission trip I observed a marvelous thing unfold right before me. It was harmony. Not only was there harmony between the varying denominations, but harmony in the manner in which things naturally corrected themselves. For example, after an unfortunate accident, which sent me to a hospital in Virginia to get stitches, the group was sent for an hour and a half delay. "Coincidentally" we had exactly an hour and a half of extra time built into our schedule.

While this hour and a half is insignificant in the grand scheme of life, it meant a mountain of difference to me. I have learned that the small miracles and signs that God shows us are sometimes confused with luck and coincidence. This mission trip has brought me bravery to accept and acknowledge God's little miracles, but too also have the clarity of mind and heart to understand them.

I encourage others to share in my experience by going on a mission trip whether it be to find God or learn more about yourself. If you are a teen that is interested in neither, than I suggest going on the trip anyways to have a lot of fun!



3. By: **Stephanie Navarro**, Freshman in college

Coming into the Coastal Carolina trip, I was excited to just hang out with two of my best friends for a week. I was thinking of it as a vacation and not really anticipating a spiritual journey. I went through so much spiritually in seven days, more than I ever had. At first, I felt like I had to be the “tough guy” and not really open up with people. Surprisingly, my walls went down quickly and I felt like I could open up to every single one of the people in our group. I was the oldest “kid” there, and it made me feel insecure at times, because I felt like I was being the “mom” of the group. That feeling went away though as I started letting people in.

Before I left for the trip, I joked around with my friends about how I’d come back as a “Jesus Freak.” Well, I wasn’t far off from that when I came back. I wouldn’t say a “Jesus Freak” is what I became, just more so that I grew spiritually. Before the trip, I was doing things that are morally wrong, and things that I was always against in high school. The church group times and reflections really made me realize I needed to grow up. I needed to stop doing the wrong things and start doing the right ones. I can proudly say that since the trip, I have turned down many opportunities to go back down the wrong road.

The trip was not about shoving religion down your throat. We had spiritual discussions, not just God this and God that. I’ve had ups and downs with my faith, but that did not stop the experience I had. I always thought I didn’t judge people, but in the beginning, I totally judged. You had a big group of people that, if they were in the lunchroom at school, never would’ve spoken to each other or would’ve had their cliques. That was the good thing about this trip; we all got to become friends with people we never would’ve given a chance or they never would’ve given us one.

I love each and every one of those people on the trip and miss spending everyday with them. It reminded me of senior retreat, but longer, and more effective. This is a great experience to have. And I came out of it feeling so great about life.

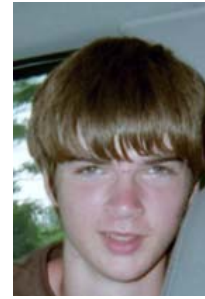


4. By: **Mallory Curtin**, junior in high school

Although every day of our trip to North Carolina was completely amazing, the one that sticks out to me the most is the last day. I was a little disappointed when the adults explained we would be power washing a mobil home for the rest of the day. However, when we arrived, the homeowner told us she also needed her back porch painted.

While we were preparing to work, I talked to a couple of the kids who lived there. There were five kids running around in the backyard, but as we began painting, the youngest daughter grew fascinated with our work. She would walk by every five minutes and tell us how pretty the new paint looked. Each time she walked by, her smile got bigger and bigger. It just made me so happy to think that painting this deck could bring so much joy to a five-year-old little girl. It reminded me to appreciate the simple things that people do for me and reminded me to try to do small favors for other people.

5. By: **Sam Stapleton**, senior in high school



Before the Carolina mission trip I was coasting with my faith. Yes, I was going to church, and our family was praying together at night, and I thought I was doing pretty well with my relationship with God. The truth was revealed to me slowly over the course of the trip.

All week long our group met together, talked with each other, prayed together, and worked together. It was during these times that my faith made the greatest leaps. Why? Simply because I found that there was more than one-way to talk with God. I believe this had been my problem all along.

I had been caught thinking that prayer only counted in church. Of course, that's absurd, but the reason I believed it was because I had made it my number one excuse to not worry about my faith. This excuse meant that I only had to pray and talk with God one hour a week, at Mass. This kept my faith out of the way of sports, work, friends, and everything else. It was a very convenient set-up for me, and I didn't realize how much damage it was actually doing.

Luckily, the mission trip shattered this small fantasy I had created. My friends and the other mission groups showed me that you didn't always have to pray with words. You could pray with your actions. If I could express the most important spiritual lesson I learned on the trip that would be it. There are so many different ways to pray, to serve, and to live in God that you should never be able to make an excuse for missing a chance to grow in your faith.



6. By: **Carly Barger**, sophomore in high school

Imagine the feeling of satisfaction you get after completing a task that was nerve-racking, seemed impossible, or an act of kindness. The satisfaction of finally saying that speech, running a marathon, or helping your neighbor do things around the house that they aren't able to do. That is the feeling that I had after painting Miss Annie's house and porch when I went to Hyde County, North Carolina on the Coastal Carolina Mission Trip this summer. Looking back and finally admiring all of the work I had done to help her house look better made me have a sense of accomplishment of a job well done.

I helped my team of ten paint Miss Annie's living room, hallway, bedroom, and porch. What made this such a worthwhile project was the fact that the house looked so much better after we helped her out with the simple action of painting. I knew deep down that Miss Annie was very appreciative of us helping her out, and that is what made me feel fulfilled.

Service comes in different shapes and sizes. You don't always have to go on a mission trip to feel satisfied with yourself about doing a good deed. I hope that everyone will get an opportunity that I did because you will get an indescribable emotion of happiness, making you want it again and again.



7. By: **Tori Schopper**, senior in high school

As I carefully dragged my brother's sleeping bag out from the bottom of a pile of typical dusty, smelly closet debris at one o'clock in the morning, I tried to recall the last time I spent the night in the sleeping bag. As I generally avoid any sleeping arrangements that do not involve a comfortable bed, I figured that I most definitely had not endured a night in a sleeping bag since I was around ten and still relished slumber parties. For about the tenth time in two hours, I questioned why I had decided to surrender a week of my summer before my senior year to go sleep on the floor of some random high school that was two days' journey away from my cozy bed with an unfamiliar group of people, some of whose names were a mystery to me. I barely even knew anything about the destination or what I would be doing once I arrived. Fully aware that I had to wake up in less than five hours to finish packing and then leave for my trip, I crept quickly out of my brother's room and started to tick items off the packing list I had in my head. Water bottle, work gloves, safety goggles, clothing that could get dirty, sunscreen, bug spray, sleeping bag, pillow, and close-toed shoes; all items that suggested I was packing to go work at a construction site during the day and sleep in a tent at night, things that typically made my skin crawl just thinking about them. While I knew the agenda for the week included neither construction nor tents, I was still dreading the week ahead for a number of different, and, in retrospect, silly and superficial reasons. When I finally collapsed on my bed, still angry with myself for both signing up for this mission trip and waiting until the last minute to pack, I concentrated on enjoying my last goodnight's sleep for a while.

Hyde County, North Carolina, though on the coast, is rarely a destination. In fact, as I was told on my first day there, the young people of the area tend to move away as soon as they graduate high school or obtain a job elsewhere. I completely understood their mentality as I was not all that excited to spend a week, let alone my entire life, in the middle of nowhere with the nearest hospital about two hours away. Having just left Indiana, the land of corn, and traveled through the Appalachian Mountains, I was shocked to find myself surrounded by a landscape that could easily appear on postcards depicting the Midwest. I felt right at home among the endless, flat cornfields, the two-lane country roads, and the sparse population, but the idyllic setting seemed like an unlikely place for widespread poverty. While I may have been reluctant to leave my comfort zone as well as kiss my excellent hygiene goodbye for a week, I signed up for this mission trip to help others, and my options seemed limited by the obvious lack of people. Before my disappointment had a chance to overwhelm me, I was overwhelmed instead by the task of settling into my new bedroom, which appeared to be a small, cramped trailer classroom that I shared with all the other girls of the group. Obviously, and unfortunately, privacy this week would be nonexistent. However, I had little time to contemplate those regrettable circumstances as the leaders immediately summoned us to participate in the evening activities. Just as the seventeen hours of bonding time on our journey to Hyde County relieved my anxiety about spending a week with strangers, my first night at our destination, amidst the numerous introductions to other church groups

and the on-site Youthworks leaders, the songs, the prayer, the laughter, and the discussions about the people of the county, alleviated my regrets and fears about coming on the mission trip. I quickly learned that the majority of the county's citizens is either older or cannot afford to leave, and the entire community is still recovering from the devastating effects of Hurricanes Isabel and Floyd. The hurricanes not only ruined people's homes, they also destroyed their livelihoods as they ravaged through farmlands and all but eliminated the local bait populations that served the once-prosperous fishing industry. This knowledge immediately sparked that desire to serve others, that desire that motivated me to come on the trip in the first place. While playing with children at Kids Club and painting houses for people who could not do it alone seemed easy and even insignificant tasks to me at first, I soon recognized that my simple actions were greatly appreciated. The children loved having us teenagers around to play with them and act as role models. The recipients of newly painted windows, doors, and walls smiled at our work and stated their gratitude. Exhausted but content, I easily fell asleep in my sleeping bag every night, a feat that encouraged me and enabled me to adopt a less-selfish attitude for the week. As sleep was at a premium the entire week, the uncomfortable arrangements became less and less of a factor, and I additionally found myself adapting to the less-than-ideal privacy conditions. I became increasingly comfortable with all members of our group, and I felt my comfort zone expanding to encompass all of my new surroundings. I forgot about my original, ridiculous anxieties about the trip as I actually began to worry about my return home to the real world.

While some of my fears about the trip were shallow and obvious from the start, I did not recognize my other, deeper fears until I confronted them. My dwindling faith in God since the beginning of high school, though slightly alarming to me, was just an unavoidable feeling, unpreventable and inconsequential to me before the mission. However, this trip and this outstanding group of believers reminded me how much I truly needed God, needed something in which to believe. Throughout the week, especially during our church group times and Mass, I realized how afraid I was of going on this trip because God would be present in such a way that seemed so impossible to my rational mind but so desirable to me at the same time. I wanted God to be there during the times when I spoke sincerely and listened to others share in our circle time. I wanted Him present as I got to know the people in my own and other church groups as well as the citizens of Hyde County. And I do believe God was there during those times when we accepted others without judging, when we opened up to each other, and when we wrote those honest happy fun notes. But, while I wanted God to be with us, I always feared mission trips and retreats because I knew He would be there, but almost in a phony, inconsistent way. I have always questioned why God is so overwhelmingly omnipresent during these times and so absent out in the real world, during other times when He is truly needed. While I feared both having to face my doubts about God and having to witness an explosion of fake religion, this mission trip defied my expectations and reminded me that God is everywhere and that He knows what we need. He provided for the people of Hyde County through our hands, and He provided me with this amazing opportunity to grow closer to Him. And He also enabled me to sleep fairly well throughout the entire trip.



8. By: **Drew Perius**, senior in high school

My name is Drew Perius and this summer I went on my first mission trip with our church group at Saint Lawrence. I'll admit that I was a little hesitant to spend a week of my summer away from golf and work, but I was ready to help others and do some good for my fellow man. I went into this trip thinking that I would help people and hang out with my friends and it would be a fun week. Any "revelation" from God was going to be great, but I wasn't expecting much. I left Indiana with an open mind and an open heart ready to help needy people.

When I arrived in Hyde County, North Carolina I was already worn out from the two-day car ride, but for some strange reason I was more awake than ever. We met the other two churches and our leaders on the first night. Everyone was a little hesitant on the first night as we sang classic "Jesus tunes", but by the last night we sang them locked arm-in-arm. For the next two days I helped run the Kids Club that they had in Hyde County. We played games and did arts and crafts with the kids. It was a great chance to meet everyone that was helping on the trip and help children that don't get the attention that they need at home. Throughout the next two days, we did "traditional" mission trip work. We painted house and decks and other assorted yard work. It was very fulfilling to help people who needed it. Although it was difficult labor, it was great seeing how it positively affected their lives.

Every night throughout the trip, we met as a church group and discussed different things that affected our lives (like struggles, etc). It was tough to open up at first, but by the end of the week, we felt as though we could say anything and we could trust the rest of the group. It helped me grow spiritually because I said things that I had never told anyone. I was finally blessed with God's grace so much that I was able to say what I truly thought and believed. As crazy as it seems, I think that I had this courage because I was helping other people. I was able to trust strangers with my deepest secrets because I had God on my side. This was the first time in my life that I felt God working through me and with me. It was unbelievable. I had always thought that the only people who saw God were priests and nuns and monks. But, by going on this trip I saw God and he helped me become the person that I truly am. I was able to be the leader that I had always wanted to be. It was amazing feeling God working through me. I hope that every person, no matter what religious denomination, gets a chance to go on a mission trip. The experience was unbelievably fulfilling for me and I would do it again in a heartbeat.



9. By: **Maureen Parsons**, junior in high school

When we were in Coastal Caroline everyone had the experience to go to kids club. Kids Club definitely was the highlight of my trip. Coastal Carolina is very rural and therefore there isn't a lot for the youth to do. Kids Club allows the local kids to have fun during the summer instead of just sitting at home. The kids come from all over the county.

Each day we plan a skit based on the lesson we want to teach them that day, When we were there we taught them about Esther and how to BE A HERO!! After that the kids have crafts and games. We got to create and run the stations when we were there.

Kids Club was meaningful to me because you could tell these kids were extremely thankful for what we were doing. I realized that these kids have nothing. Therefore us just being there made their day. I definitely learned that these kids have more spirit and grace than anyone I know back home. They live with the bare minimum yet they are thankful for that.

I know many people, including myself, are never satisfied with what they have. They always yearn for the newest gadget or the latest trend. We lose sight of what really matters when we worry about what's next or what can make me more important or popular. These kids taught me to not worry about what other people think and just enjoy life. Don't let other people's obsession with wanting to be better than rest get in your way of happiness.

These kids are happy yet have nothing. I didn't understand how they could be so loving and excited when they had so many struggles at home. Then I realized these kids are happy because they don't worry about material possessions or status they just want to have fun. The kids were so appreciative of what we doing for them.

There was this girl named Dana that came to Kids Club everyday. She was thirteen and was always the first one there. She loved to play tag and duck, duck, goose. She gave piggyback rides and held hands with everyone. She always had a smile on her face. Each person at Kids Club has a story that usually is filled with struggles, yet they choose to forget about those daily struggles at Kids Club and just have fun. Kids Club was definitely what made my trip worthwhile!!!

10. By: **Joe Fox**, senior in high school



The first time I heard about this mission trip was when one of my friends going on the trip said I should go on it. I was reluctant when he first told me about it because I was already going on a mission trip to Peru. I was afraid that I would be too tired after the Peru trip, both spiritually and physically. I also felt that the trips would be so different that I would end up not liking one of them. When I came back from Peru I only had two days before I went off to North Carolina. I was really tired and to tell the truth I didn't want to go on the trip at all.

For the past 5 years I have been living in Cincinnati, Ohio. I thought that because I lived so far away from everyone and that I didn't really know anyone going on the trip, except for a few friends I used to know. I was also not able to go to any of the planning meetings before the trip to get to know anyone. I also thought that it would be difficult to make friends because I thought everyone went to the same schools and that they would have some things in common. I also felt that this would make it harder for me to be able to get to know people because they wouldn't want to talk to the person from Cincinnati. I was wrong.

This mission trip was amazing; I got to know so many new people not only from our church group, but other people from other states. I may have been tired the first day of the trip, but I was able to sleep and regain my strength. I was completely wrong in thinking that it would be hard to make friends because I was the "Cincy boy"; in fact making friends was the easiest thing to do on this trip. Everyone was so open to me, and they all wanted to be friends and listen. I am so glad that I went on this trip, and I would be surely disappointed if I decided not to and missed out on an opportunity to help people, to make new friends, and to praise the Lord.

11. By: **Colleen Curtin**, junior in high school



Our week in North Carolina was indescribable. It was full of magical moments. Some of the most spectacular times occurred at circle time. Circle time was when we (Saint Lawrence) had time alone as a church group at the end of the night. There we would share stories with one another about our lives, situations we had or were experiencing, about our faith, and about some particularly funny moments in our lives.

Imagine that you are a teenager. Imagine meeting twenty other teenagers and then two days later going outside your comfort zone and telling them about yourself and your life. That was our circle time. It was unnerving and intimidating at first. What would they think of my answers? However, it soon became something we looked forward to. It was a time to share and bond.

The first night, we went into the trailer. Lit candles gave off a peaceful glow. Imagine twenty-one teenagers who had, for the most part, just met each other, engaging in a deep discussion. There were not the everyday high school boundaries. Everyone was equal. There were no cliques to be broken or masks to wear. When answering questions, I had one of those teenage moments. *What will they think? I'll sounds stupid!* With those thoughts in my head, I did not open up very much that first night.

By the next night, I wanted to share. I knew the answer I wanted to share but I was being a self-conscious teenage girl and I held back. The third night I realized I only had a little time left on the trip with the group of people that I really liked. I opened up. I was terrified that I would look or sound like an idiot. That night was life changing. I opened up and I began to really hear what the people around me were saying. I really began to look outside of myself more that night. I began to realize how powerful and special our group's bond had become.

The fifth night I realized that I did not just like the people in my group, I loved them. We were a unique community made up of very different people. We prayed together, trusted each other, and comforted each other. We also had a lot of great laughs and unforgettable moments together. A close friendship with one person could take months or years to develop, but my friendships with these twenty people took a little over a week.

The last night of the trip, I was overwhelmed by the uplifting and supportive words that were said to me and the experiences I had had all week with this group of people.

The tears slowed and I looked up at our circle. We were all holding hands. It was beautiful and it really showed how we formed an unbreakable bond among us all.

Across the circle, there was a girl I had known for most of my life but had not been close friends with before our trip. She got up and crossed the circle and hugged me. She said words that I had wanted to hear for months... *It's gonna be alright*. We stood there hugging and crying. Our whole group surrounded us and we had what would be one of many group hugs that week and later.

I have always laughed at those people, you know, the ones who call everybody their brothers and sisters in Christ. I laughed until a couple weeks ago, because that night, when our group was holding hands and comforting each other, I realized that I would be happy to call any of them my brother or sister. They have given me a new perspective on my relationship with God. They have become twenty of my closest friends. One lesson that I learned that week was that God puts obstacles, experiences, and people in our lives for a reason. He has a plan for each one of us.

This trip was amazing. I learned so much about myself, others, and God. I

this experience.



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12. By: **Emily Kilies**, junior in high school

At fist I was very afraid to go on this trip. I wasn't excited at all! I was more on the lines of dreading it. I had a good group of friends that were going, so it wasn't like I didn't know anyone. When I woke up on the day I was supposed to leave for the mission trip, I didn't even want to get out of my bed. I started crying. I did not want to leave. I knew that I would have fun but I knew that I could have so much fun staying home with all my buddies too. I packed all my bags, thinking that would get me excited. That just put me in a bad mood. Then we were off to church.

After church we all got breakfast in the social room. It was time to load the buses, until we realized that we had one seat short. By this time I was already having fun. It was a funny morning that made me realize that "every little thing was going to be alright".- Bob Marley. We finally got on the buses and I was having so much fun! We sang and danced all the way down there. It was a blast. The whole rest of the week was even better. We met so many people and made so many close friends. I am so glad that I didn't decide that morning that I didn't want to go. In the end it was the best experience anyone could ask for!



13. By: **Colin Heller**, senior in high school

I found out about this mission trip through a good friend of mine, Kevin Roberts. He suggested that I attend this mission trip with him. I was doubtful at first, but then I realized that I could get all my service hours for school in one week. So my mom and I arranged everything and I was set to go.

The entire week before the trip, I was miserable. I really didn't want to go, I was dreading it so much. I really didn't want to leave my friends for a whole week. So I talked to my mom and she still said I should go, so I did. I went and had the time of my life. I met a lot of great people from not only North Carolina and Maryland, but also people I hadn't met before from here in Indy. It was a wonderful experience that I will never forget.

13. By: **Emily Schafer**, sophomore in high school



This mission trip was exactly what I needed for my faith and my life in general. It changed my life. There were many positive ways that the mission trip affected me.

The mission trip made me more excited to go to church every Sunday. I believe this change happened because we had mass or prayer every morning, and I got used to it. Actually, I really enjoyed it.

Before the trip I never really had true joy or peace. During the trip, I definitely found both. Since we've been back I've been working my hardest to maintain that true peace and joy. It hasn't been easy, but thanks to the trip I now have somewhere to look for maintaining peace and joy.

The mission trip also really enlivened my faith and my life. It gave me a renewed sense of happiness. I am getting that happiness through God's presence and grace. This trip brought me closer to Christ. I could see God working through me and other teens in our group.

When we were working at Mattamuskeet opportunities, (a place for people with mental handicaps) the people there were happy just to see us and have us play Uno with them. The simplest thing meant the world to them. Knowing that I helped put smiles on their faces encouraged me to do God's work.

I was also brought closer to Christ through our church group time at night. It gave me faith that He is always there for us, and that I'm not alone in what I go through. In fact, others go through worse things than I do.

The praise and worship songs during club time were awesome. I say this because to see three different Christian denominations coming together to praise one God made me realize that we are all after one thing... eternal life with God in Heaven.

This trip made my desire to work for the church and become a youth minister even stronger. I realized what great people are in the church. I want to be a part of that on a deeper level than just being a member of the church. Also, if I'm a youth minister, I might have the chance to take a group of teenagers on a mission trip to experience what I have experienced during my trip.

This trip was exactly what I needed. It strengthened my faith and helped me draw closer to God.



14. By: **Sarah Siertle**, sophomore in high school

Go on a mission trip because the experiences you will take away from it are innumerable and life changing. These are the top 10 reasons why you should go on a mission trip:

10. To open your eyes to some of the major problems in the world.
9. To help you appreciate your life so much more than you do now.
8. To discover in yourself things you thought you couldn't do.
7. To be able to learn new things everyday.
6. To meet new people from other places and be able to work side by side with them.
5. To experience the facets of a different way of living (language, food, etc.)
4. To see how a group of people can make a big difference in a small act.
3. To help people who need the help you are providing.
2. Because your faith will be challenged and because of that it will grow.
1. *Because you LOVE GOD and want to spread that love!!!*