



## Feeding Body, Mind, & Spirit

▲ Luke 14:12, PO Box 120864, 1502 Edgehill Ave., Nashville, TN 37212-0864, (615) 254-7628,  
Luke 141213@aol.com, www.Luke1412.org ▲



DEAR SUPPORTER OF LUKE 14:12,

I love the Thanksgiving holiday. The air is cool, the sun still bright, school is out, businesses close, and we slow down to celebrate a day set apart for giving thanks.

The board of Luke 14:12 gives thanks for our many blessings including

- ◆ A place to feed the hungry
- ◆ The hands that prepare the meals
- ◆ The gifts that provide the food
- ◆ The volunteers who serve so faithfully—and so lovingly.

Nearly half (45%) of the emergency clients served by America's Second Harvest report having to choose between buying food and paying for utilities or heat.

My husband is always quick to remind me to give thanks in all things, in all circumstances. Join me in giving thanks for

- ◆ what looks like a 20% increase in our number of guests this year
- ◆ managing to serve 160 guests in a room quite cozy with 100
- ◆ the marginally employed who are increasingly becoming "regular" clientele
- ◆ the life of Geroid Tyler who came in from the streets over 20 years ago and ruled in the kitchen! Geroid died in January after a short illness.

The Oregon Food Bank reported in October that it distributed more than 721,000 emergency food boxes during the 2003-04 fiscal year, which ended June 30—an 11% increase over the previous year. "Most of the people who are hungry are in working families," said Bruce Weber, professor of agriculture and economics at Oregon State University and co-author of a 2003 study of reasons for Oregon's high hunger rate.



*The following essay was written by an eighth grade student reflecting on her first experience serving at Luke 14:12 when she was in the second grade. I was moved by her words and convicted by her thirteen-year-old wisdom.*

### Opening My Eyes to the World

It was just announced. We would have a half-day next Friday. I was in second grade and thinking of all the fun things I was going to do with that spare time. Perhaps I would invite a friend to go to the Grassmere Zoo with me. Maybe we could play on the playground there afterwards, because it was my favorite. With my mind set, I hopped on the bus just thinking of all the fun I was going to have. When I told my mom of my plans, she said that she had already planned for me to do something else. I asked, "Are we going to Opryland? Can I bring a friend?" My mother shook her head and said, "No, we are going to feed the homeless." My perfect day had turned horrible. Pictures of terribly dirty people in rags popped into my head. I put up a fight, but my mom assured me that everything would be fine.

The next week I listened to all the wonderful and fun things my friends were doing, and when they asked me what I was doing I sadly responded, "Oh, nothing I guess." When the dreaded day finally arrived, school seemed to go by too fast. While driving to the church, I held back tears. I was scared. I had never seen a homeless person before. I would have rather been sitting in class for a couple more hours than doing this.

My mom and I went to the kitchen and put on sanitary gloves. They swallowed my tiny hands and I was extremely nervous. I walked out to the serving area, and saw people sitting at eight long tables. My mom told me that those were the people we were serving lunch, and I was astounded. They weren't in rags and weren't scary at all. They looked normal and there were some kids there, too. My worries were over and were all for nothing.

As I served the cookies and rolls, I witnessed a moving experience. There were over fifty people there, and every single one of them looked me straight in the eye and thanked me. I never knew that giving someone a roll was so important. After an hour, everyone had left except one man. He slowly finished his lunch, and then came up to throw the rest away. Then he walked by all of the servers, and when he reached the end he turned around and said, "Thank you all so much. That was the best meal of my life. God bless." Who knows where he is now, and I never saw him again. Now that I think back on it I realize the importance of life, and that when he was leaving it should have been me that said, "God bless."

---

*"I have been the Coordinator of the Community Soup Kitchen in New Haven, Connecticut, for 15 years. I've never seen so many people in need of food. In the wealthiest state of the wealthiest nation there are thousands of poor and working people that must rely upon food pantries and soup kitchens to help meet their most basic needs and the numbers in my state are only rising." David O'Sullivan*

---

**If you'd like to know more about Luke 14:12 please visit our website:**

[WWW.LUKE1412.ORG](http://WWW.LUKE1412.ORG)

***" . . . invite the poor, the crippled, the lame, and the blind . . . "***



For the board,

Ann Archer Davis

---

**LUKE 14:12**  
**PO Box 120864**  
**1502 Edgehill Ave.**  
**Nashville, TN 37212-0864**