

Dear family and friends,

18 Then Jesus came to them and said, "All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me. 19 Therefore go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, 20 and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you. And surely I am with you always, to the very end of the age." Matthew 28:18-20

The great commission. But what does it mean? What does it mean for me? These are questions I've been asking myself recently, and I'm feeling challenged, encouraged, but in all honesty physically, mentally and spiritually drained.

This past year or so I've begun to struggle and little by little the struggle has become more intense. Little thoughts niggling at me, big questions popping up, but I've kept going, still feeling that my place is here in Romania, with the hospital project and Teenage Mums group. While I still have a great love for the babies, Teenage Mums and Romania, those niggling thoughts and big questions have become harder to ignore, and I've found myself challenged by the meaning of these verses.

When I returned to Romania in February, I was ill, and for 2 weeks had to stay home. On the one hand this was a little bit frustrating, I wanted to go see the babies. On the other hand it was a huge relief to have some time and space to stop, breath, pray and seek God's guidance and discernment for all the swirling, growing thoughts. What came from this was a greater recognition of the power of the gospel and of prayer in transforming lives, and a greater desire to share the gospel, make disciples and reach out in relationships and in community with people. My idea of what missions is, what God's role for me is, growing, moulding, changing.

'Coincidentally', around the same time I happened to 'bump into' a missionary lady I'd met last year a couple of days before they were doing a WEC missions training weekend. This time when we met she told me she was here running a 9-week orientation training on missions, with WEC, focussed on mobilising Romanians into missions. Unusually, as a one-off, this training was more open and flexible than it usually would be, so I didn't have to apply WEC first to be in it. It was also only on mornings, allowing me to be involved and still be at the hospital, and it was happening just around the corner from where I live. 'But', I asked, 'when did it start?' Assuming they were already a couple of weeks into it, 'It starts this Monday' was the reply. So once again I'd met her just at the right point to be involved and to attend the training.

The training has just ended yesterday! And I have been so greatly encouraged, blessed and challenged by the different missionaries that have come and humbly shared their hearts and stories, and taught us about adapting to different cultures, working in cross-cultural teams, planting churches, and most of all the four pillars of WEC – Faith, holiness, sacrifice and fellowship. They've all trusted God with their provisions, their health, their safety, their families, all for the purpose of sharing His Gospel, and seeing people who never knew who Jesus was before, proclaiming His Word and testifying of the transformation in their life, and then going out and planting churches all around the world. They completely rely on the leading of the Holy Spirit, on the Word of God, and on Christ's salvation, and can witness to His faithfulness to them, in and through all their human failings and struggles.

I can't say this has answered all my questions, in fact I'd say it's raised more questions! But it has also been a great blessing at a time where I feel my body and mind failing me more and more, my

energy zapped, and I feel is a part of God moving me into something new or a little different, or at least with new priorities.

In the midst of all this, I've made a decision to come home. To rest, reflect and seek God for the next step. I'll be spending a week at a Christian retreat, with WEC missionaries trained in debriefing, and that is as far as I currently know what the plan will be while I'm home, the rest is up in the air.

Not knowing how long I'll be home, or what, where, and how God will lead me next, I will be saying my goodbyes to FFR, the babies, and we have wrapped up with the Teen Mums group, packing up my apartment and leaving Romania for an indefinite time.

I'd like to say a huge thank you to everyone who has supported me while I've been here, in prayer, financially, with donations, or encouraging words. It has all been greatly appreciated.

Thank you everyone who recently sent donations with Richard too, they have all been gratefully received by FFR, a missionary couple working in a Roma community, and a Christian couple supporting adoption and fostering in Romania.

Your continued prayers at this time would be much appreciated, for my health, for this time of transition, and for wisdom and discernment for the next step, against any spiritual attack, and for a greater understanding of God's role for me in His mission, by the power of the Holy Spirit. Please also pray for the Teenage Mums, that God would continue to speak to them through the bibles we gave them, and by His Spirit, and for protection over them and their babies, and against the strongholds of violence, poverty and discrimination.

With much love, Sarah Peters

