

ISLAND GIRL STORIES

I have too many random thoughts in my head...

Thought like- what if I lose my memory of being six and living in a guest house in Nevis – where I got spanked for throwing ginups (fruit) seeds on people's heads off the second floor balcony onto the parade below.

What if I forget to tell my kids about when my friends and I were content to spend the afternoon cleaning up cow patties in the church yard to get ready for the IYC trip – when I was seven. How my favorite place to play in St. Martin was an old broken down VW Bug- that I would sit in and play for hours.

How I got in trouble from my parents for running in and reading the test the my Mom had just written for the Bible School students- after they bribed me with sweets- if I would “help” them out.

How my friends and I that summer also thought we would help by passing out tracts (again I was 7) My friend said that he would tell my parents (working on the church building) and he did not. So it was dark- my parents could not find me and I was miles down the countryside- the only white girl giving out tracts inviting people to church.

How I used to dig out used tampon applicators from the trash with my friends in Nevis and we would use them as cars- until my Mom caught us all. (I didn't know what they were).

How again when I was seven- I was spanked for playing “Mommy” with my friends as I nursed them. (don't ask)

How my job was to sit on the side of the rode and wait for the ice man to drive up in his cart to buy ice for the day for 2 EC dollars and he would chip of a tiny piece for me personally- that I relished all the way back to the guest house.

How we lived in a one room guest house in St. Martin and all four of us fit onto one motorcycle.

How I would be at church Sunday Am/PM- Mon/Tues/Wed/Thur. and never thought anything of it.

How I would love the one day a week we were allowed to go out to eat.

How I remember when McDonalds first came to our island- and Ronald McDonald was mobbed by the kids and they had to put him on the roof.

How those first hamburgers tasted like heaven- and they were served in brown papers bags.

How we would not leave service until 1:00 to 1:30 in the afternoon – after several would receive the Holy Ghost-

How during the middle of my Dad's preaching a Rastafarian came in and grabbed my dad up (he is 5'7) by the neck tie and threatened his life- and the ushers (one a former bar bouncer) threw him out literally.

How my list of toys for one summer in St. Kitts was a white VW match box car- My brother had a blue convertible. That and dirt kept us entertained all summer.

And the list goes on and on and on. I don't want to forget these things. I want my children to be raised in the simple knowledge that God, faith, family, and church are not enough. That living your life fully for him- is what it is about! What about you? You have many memories of being an MK. Many of you now live in the US. You have your own history, your own heritage. USE what he has given you to impact others. Those things that you have gone through are not just to take up brain space– YOU can impact others for him!

Great gifts mean great responsibilities; greater gifts, greater responsibilities! Luke 12:48 The Message!