

Thank you so much for your partnership with me in the ministry of Bible translation for the millions of people who don't yet have God's Word in their language.

I've had a fall recently, a metaphoric one. As a support worker (you know, someone who isn't actually a Bible translator), my job is to make the job of the people actually doing Bible translation easier and sometimes more possible. And sometimes it's more removed than that. Often my job is to make easier or possible the job of the guy who makes the job of the other guy who makes the job of the Bible translator easier or possible.

Being removed like that, I can be tempted to begin down this road: how can I know that I'm doing the right thing? What if ...?

And this is where the fall started. I decided that it would be my responsibility to make sure that my job actually resulted in Bible translation moving forward. (it doesn't sound bad just yet I know, and that's how I sold myself on the idea – I'm being responsible you see, a good steward). And quickly the idea became a fear. I'm afraid that what I'm doing isn't making any impact on Bible translation. And then I'm afraid that what I'm doing isn't making any impact at all. And then I'm just afraid.

And so I decided to appeal to God about the fear situation, which immediately highlighted the problem. This fear that what I'm doing doesn't matter doesn't have its source from my Heavenly Father who called me to ministry. Isn't it scarily weird how quick we can wander away like that? And how tragic the impact it has on people, on mission, on us... like how I'm kind of grumpy when I'm afraid, and I'm not fully present in the situation, and probably not the best decision-maker during that time...

The good part is that reconciliation is just as quick, right? Have to love how we can be far from God one moment and He restores us just instantaneously the next. It seems like there should be penance and a waiting period involved, but nope, God's grace and mercy doesn't have to work like that.

Which brings me back to thankfulness. I am grateful to God for things too many to count, including the provision of you in my life and the opportunity to participate in God's kingdom work.

**Contact me:**

Sheryl Howe [sahowe@wbt.org](mailto:sahowe@wbt.org)  
6114A Webster Way, Waxhaw, NC 28173  
704-765-2002

**Home Office/Financial Contributions:**

(Check payable to *Wycliffe Bible Translators*,  
Enclose a note stating: *For Sheryl Howe*)



**Wycliffe Bible Translators**

PO Box 628200, Orlando, FL 32862  
1-800-WYCLIFFE (800-992-5433)  
[www.wycliffe.org](http://www.wycliffe.org)

The verse that starts, "be anxious for nothing" cracks me up because I can read it exactly the opposite of how it was intended. It's meant to say, "don't be anxious about anything" ("be anxious for nothing") but it's written in the positive: "be anxious" and about what should I be anxious? The most inane, small matters: "be anxious for nothing."- And about those matters that don't exist in reality, but are imagined in my mind: "be anxious for nothing". I excel at being anxious for nothing (over the small, inane matters and about what I imagine but in reality is nothing).

Several years ago, knowing my propensity towards anxiety, I decided to desist recording my expenses. Recording them was a wonderful help toward worrying over them. If I try just a little I become obsessed over such things. Each month I meticulously tracked each expense in little categories and then at the end of the month figured whether I won (my income met or exceeded my expenses) or lost (my expenses exceeded my income). Although overall it was a bad idea because of being anxious about nothing (or about something when the losses were bigger), the game element was actually helpful. Thinking about finances as a game made me less anxious. (It's the difference between "rats, I lost this month" and "look at that negative number, what am I going to do if I can't pay my bills and terrible things happen?", let's dwell there and invite pessimism to move in). Many months I either won or lost by relatively small amounts. I told myself I would remember that in the future if I were tempted not to give because I didn't have much to give. I have pretty vivid memories of months when \$7 made the difference between winning and losing (e.g., the thrill of victory as I eek out a win by \$7 or the agony of defeat as I fall short by \$7). Unfortunately, as it turns out, knowing that doesn't actually move me to give a small amount rather than give nothing. Why is that I wonder? And don't let it stop you of course. Who knows how many organizations and individuals you give to where your gift makes a difference between a loss and win?