



## The Day the American's Came

Bob Crawford, team member  
HH Mission Trip

**I think it was their eyes that got me.** Young eyes pitted with sadness and hurt. The older ones had eyes filled with anger over the cards that life has dealt. But OH, the flash of excitement as the American's began stepping off the bus. In the few hours we had at each location, WE got the joy of seeing their faces change. I will never forget the memories of hearing the laughter of a child. In our jaded world, how can something so simple as a colored balloon be so important? In spite of the hundreds and hundreds of images our own cameras brought home, I will never forget the picture my eyes beheld as child after child stared into the face of their own Polaroid snapshot.



Bob Crawford and girl

scene that needed no words? Did we do our job . . . and they saw God's love, and hope for a brighter tomorrow?



**What did THEY see that day? Did they see** themselves in a picture, or perhaps did they see someone who suddenly looked like their memory of a Mama or Papa? Did they see a big roly-poly bearded guy, in a Cowboy Hat dancing the Hokey-Pokey? Did they see the hilarious blue-wigged Clown, with the obnoxious Harpo Marx bicycle horn? Did they see the gospel message in a powerful Drama

**One Songwriter's lyrics portray that** when we get to Heaven, God will show us the faces of the ones whose lives we touched. Long flights, bumpy roads, hard beds, hot and stick days, Beets, Beets, and more Beets, aside . . . *won't it be grand to hear just one saint pass through Heavens gates, and say . . . "It was the day the Americans came . . ."*