Cindy Lynn Harper The honest testimony of an active worker describing her feelings regarding a broken trust in the work today.

Hello friends.

I was born and raised by professing parents in Alberta/Saskatchewan. I first felt God speaking to me at 12, but didn't give in until I was 14, baptised at 16. I don't know exactly why I fought God for so long, but part of it was that I knew my mum so desperately wanted me to profess and it almost made me more determined not to. It was never anything she said, just the way she acted in tested meetings, and the tears that would start if she saw me getting squirmy. I knew I needed to choose it for myself, and not because it was what she wanted for me.

I had an unmistakeable feeling that I needed to go to Ontario for university, and God used that time and those people in incredible ways to reveal amazing things to me about His heart for souls. I wrote about this part of my story on the Exclusivity feed; you can read it here: https://connected-and-concerned-friends.mn.co/posts/37918635?utm_source=manual

Fast forward to 2019, I had lived on my own for 13 years, was on my 2nd career which I loved, and was headed for a 2 year working holiday to NZ. This is where I clearly and definitely heard God calling me to this specific ministry in this specific fellowship, and I started in BC July 2020. Whenever I start questioning, "Why me? Why now? Why here?" God reminds me of that experience, and tells me that He's not finished with me in this role yet. Stay awhile longer. So here I am.

When I read and hear of the suffering people have experienced at the hands of those who should have been the most trustworthy, and the lack of empathy and compassion of those who should be the most full of those qualities, I want to simultaneously punch things/people and curl up in a ball and cry. Most of the time I feel completely helpless and it's so frustrating.

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