

Friends,

As I was walking across the parking lot the other day, I was approached by a man on a bike that asked, "When do you feed?" I answered, "Our restaurant opens at 5:30 and I look forward to seeing you then."

I've been asked "When do you feed" many times before and it always strikes me as odd because of the words that are used.

When I hear feeding, I think of farm animals, and I am not a farmer. The people that dine with us are not animals. They are image bearers of Christ, different than all the animals. In fact the Bible tells us that unlike animals, people are created not just good but very good.

None the less, the question "When do you feed?" gives me the mental image of cattle tightly packed into their stalls, passively and mindlessly receiving hay or grain shoveled at them by a ranch hand or farmer. No exchange of gratitude. No thoughtful thankfulness. Only beasts crying out, repeating a behavior they've been conditioned to know that will generate food in their feeding trough.

Notwithstanding, we should certainly have a genuine appreciation for those who labor for us in agriculture (we certainly benefit from their hard work), but the way herd animals are tended to falls far short of the approach that is necessary when caring for those who bear the image of God.

Image bearers are loved by God and endowed by Him with dignity and honor. Their natural relationship to Him as Creator is beautiful and should command our respect and elicit our affections toward one another. We shouldn't think of human beings as simply animals that need to be fed. And this is why we operate our restaurant nightly providing much more than food. We provide a dining experience that provides something worthy of our design.



On the other hand, why do some people ask, "When do you feed?" Is it simply a slang term referring to dinner or is there more to it? I think there is more to it.

Over the years I have seen many people simply exist on the streets night after night, year after year, at times hungry, waiting to be fed, and for some it's only natural to ask, "When do you feed?"

We are funded by generous donations from people in our community and we do not accept any federal, state, or local government funds

JACKSON CAMPUS
125 West Jackson Street
Medford, OR 97501
541-779-1597

DONATE ONLINE:
medfordgospelmission.org
DONATE BY MAIL:
PO Box 1172 Medford, OR 97501

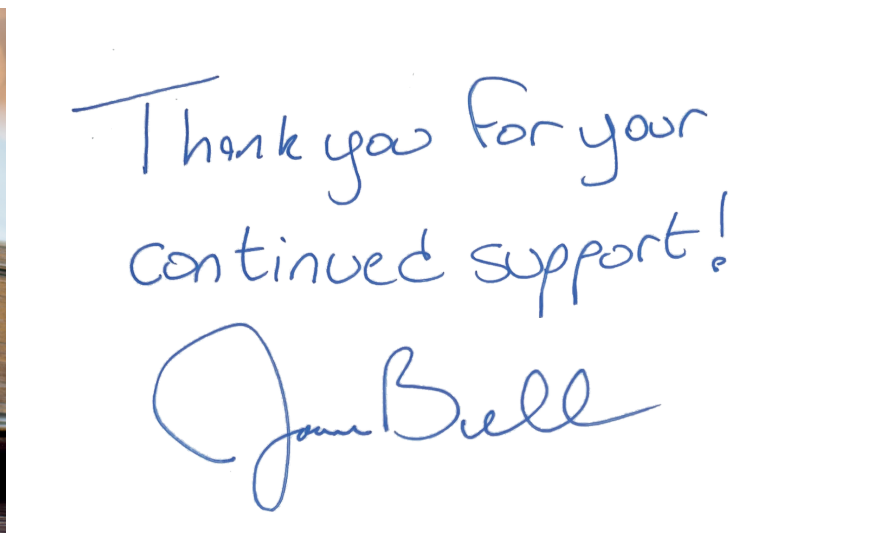
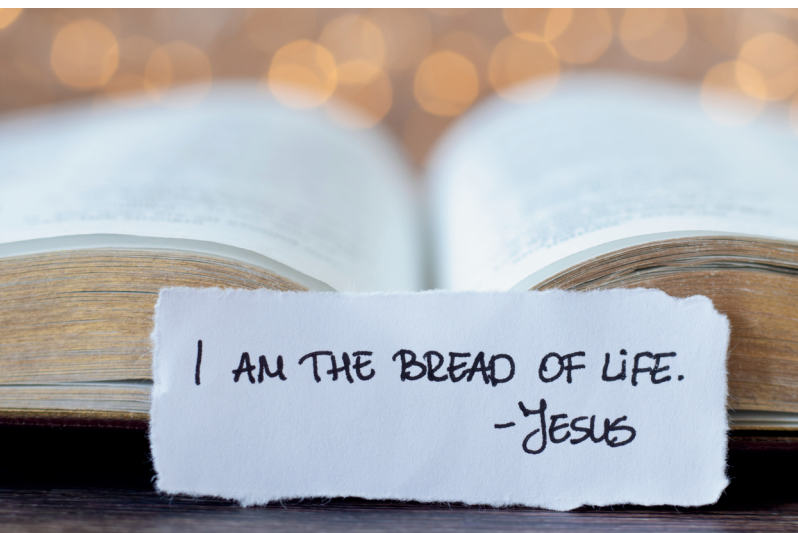
BARTLETT CAMPUS
534 North Bartlett Street
Medford, OR 97501
541-772-2931

The things is, we know that people hunger for more than just food. It's true that we all have physical needs and appetites, but we hunger for something more as image bearers. We hunger to be made right. It is this hunger that we address every day at the Mission, not just Monday - Friday at 5:30.

This is what reaching the lost and gathering the reached is all about. Reaching people that are lost, separated from God and His people, and we gather them in and connect them to Christ and His church, where they can be made whole. And we walk with them in our discipleship program where they learn to satisfy their hunger for Christ.

You see, human beings were created to enjoy healthy relationships with God, with ourselves, with others, and with the rest of creation. And none of us experience these relationships perfectly. We need each other, this is the way that God designed us to work.

The men and women that come to the Mission are broken and struggling, and so are you, and so am I. When we realize this, we can come to Jesus who is the bread of life and feed on him together!



GIFTS FROM THE HEART

In honor of our Lord Jesus Christ

by Ken & Diane Capp
and by Barbara Carse

In honor of Mark Bishop

by Breta Smith
Donald Schmidt
by Cheryl Schmidt

In memory of Jerry Armstrong

by Mary Armstrong

In memory of Velma Arnold

by Carrie Hessel

In memory of Earl Best

by Nickolas & Lindsay Boosalis

In memory of Norm Bishop

by Breta Smith

In memory of Brien Blankenship

by Janice Blankenship

In memory of Wallace & Lucille Brill

by Judy Addington

In memory of Everett Cade

by Wayne & Sharon Christian

In memory of Paul Draper

by Ruth Draper

In memory of James Estep

by Vivian Estep

In memory of Michele Friedrich

by Stephen Bryant

In memory of Max Froome

by Alan & Nicolene Buchta

In memory of Rochelle Roby Frymire

by Paul & Janice Roby

In memory of Thomas & Reta Ganong

by Joanie Ganong

In memory of Shirley Gleason

by Lunette Gleason-Fleming

In memory of Norm Homeier, Sr.

by Margo Homeier

In memory of Billie Joe & Joan Hunter

by Dusty & Debbie Hoffman

In memory of My Husband

by Vicki DeLeon

In memory of Glenda Kaiser

by Gary Kaiser

In memory of Pat Lee

by Robert Phillips

In memory of John Linder

by Mae Boren

In memory of Shirley Littlefield

by Cherri Cox

In memory of Ronelda McCollum

by Kathleen Frazier

In memory of Bill McTaggart

by Lori McTaggart

In memory of Warren Merz

by Gayle Merz

In memory of Pastor Jay Milojevich

by Lynn Baker

In memory of Billie Ray Nering

by Ken & Diane Capp

In memory of Bill Owens

by Dorothy Sandberg

In memory of Bob & Helen Pederson

by Gary Pederson

In memory of Patricia Piter

by Steve Piter

In memory of Ron Quadros

by Linda Quadros

In memory of Carl Sandberg

by Dorothy Sandberg

In memory of Nancy Scafani

by David Scafani

In memory of Jerry Scheid

by Jackie Scheid

In memory of Duane Shinn

by Dianne Carter

In memory of Garland Shinn

by Glenda Riffle

In memory of Marjorie Skeen

by Big Ken & Sandy Skeen

In memory of Horst & Margaret Wauer

by David & Helene Uhreen

In memory of Garry Wilson

by Arline Wilson

In memory of Chris Wilson

by Dorothy Sandberg

In memory of Glenn Winkle

by Jim & Joyce Witt

Thank you for equipping us to restore lives in our community!