



November, 2025
NEWSLETTER

Bridges of Love

"PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU, MY PEACE I GIVE YOU." John 14:27



The result of the Holy Spirit's work in our lives is a deep and lasting peace. Unlike worldly peace, which is usually defined as the absence of conflict, this peace is a confident assurance in any circumstance; with Christ's peace, we do not need to fear the present or the future. As we prepare for Remembrance Day to honour our fallen soldiers, we thank the Lord for His peace amidst the storms of life.

Pastor Rick Warren's message, given recently at the World Evangelical Alliance's general assembly in Seoul, South Korea, urges the global church to emulate the early Christians' focus on love, prayer, with an urgency to fulfil the Great Commission by 2033, when churches around the world will celebrate the 2,000-year anniversary of Christ's death and resurrection. He argues that true biblical principles are transcultural and that genuine love is the key.

For the past 22 years, Bridges of Love's message of love has translated into programs for the local church and community to show God's Love during challenging times. Whether it is a major disaster or a job loss, the love of Christ can bring healing and comfort through the most difficult of circumstances.

"For God so loved the world that He gave His one and only Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life."

John 3:16

THAT'S WHAT LOVE LOOKS LIKE!

This afternoon I took my daughter, Stella, to Chick-fil-A — our little daddy-daughter ritual. It's not fancy, but to her, it might as well be Disneyland. The moment she spots that red sign and the indoor playground, her whole face lights up like it's Christmas morning.

It's our place. Clean booths, soft music, the smell of waffle fries that seeps into your soul.

I order my usual grilled sandwich, she gets nuggets and apple juice, and we talk about her day — her teacher, her friends, and the latest playground drama that, in her six-year-old mind, is absolutely earth-shattering.

After she finished eating, she ran off to play. I sat back, sipping sweet tea, watching her climb and giggle behind the glass wall of the play area. I love these simple moments — when she forgets I'm watching, and I can see her just being a kid, wild and unfiltered and happy.

When she finally returned, red-cheeked and breathless, she asked if she could trade her kids' meal toy for ice cream. That's our thing — nuggets first, play second, ice cream third. Usually, we take it to go and eat it in the truck with the windows down. But today she looked up at me and said, "Can we sit inside, Daddy?"

I almost said no. I had a dozen little reasons to rush home — emails, laundry, a phone call I'd been putting off. But something in her voice made me pause. "Sure," I said. "Pick any table you like."

She chose a booth near the counter where customers wait for refills. From that spot, we had a clear view of the entire front area — and, without knowing it, a front-row seat to a lesson I'll remember for the rest of my life.

As we were settling in, a man walked through the door. He wasn't there to order lunch. His clothes were worn thin, his shoes caked with mud, his beard tangled. He looked like he had walked through half the city just to make it here. His hands trembled slightly as he approached the counter.

"Ma'am," I heard him say softly, "do you have any extra food? Anything you could spare?"

The girl at the counter looked startled, glancing around nervously. People in line shifted uncomfortably. Some looked away. A few pretended not to hear.

But before the silence could stretch too long, the manager appeared — a tall man in a red polo with kindness written all over his face. He walked right up to the traveller and said, "Sir, I'll make sure you get a hot meal. Not leftovers. A proper lunch, on the house."

The man looked stunned. "Really? I don't want to cause trouble," he murmured.

"You're no trouble," the manager said gently. "**You're exactly why we're here.**"

Then he added something I'll never forget.

"There's just one thing I ask before you eat," he said. "Would it be okay if I prayed with you?"

The man nodded, eyes glistening. "Yes, sir. I'd like that."

In a world where so many companies bend over backwards to avoid faith or kindness that might "offend," here was a man who simply lived his beliefs out loud. No slogans. No PR campaign. Just compassion in action.