



The Everlasting Nation

Ministry Update

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Linda, Joey, Joe, Mark, Ruth, Rich, Roger, and Bill:

You might be wondering why I began my letter with those names. I remember in a church I spoke at over 20 years ago, the words “YOU ARE ENTERING YOUR MISSION FIELD” were posted in giant letters above the door as you exited the building. Ever since my last ministry update letter, I have intentionally been praying for a new mission field. Sometimes they are hard to find, and other times they are right beneath our feet. I have been exercising at the same gym for the last four years. My routine has not changed over these years. I get up, I drive, I work out, and I come home. Until my last letter, it had never occurred to me that it is here, right under my feet. So, I began to pray that the Lord would help me look at the gym as more than just a place to “exercise,” but rather a place to “evangelize.”

Recently I was drawn to our Lord’s encounter with the woman at Jacob’s Well. While both Jews and Samaritans did not get along nor associate with each other, Jacob was a man who was revered. Jesus asked for water, intending to introduce her to Living Water so that she would never thirst again.

It occurred to me. My mission field is the local gym! Just like our Lord, I have been asking people for help. Jesus did not need her to get Him a drink, and little did she know she needed Him to ask.

I ask for help in how to lift weights because I genuinely need the help. I ask, “Why do you do it that way?” I seek their advice and help concerning workout routines.

This is where Linda, Joey, Joe, Mark, Ruth, Rich, Roger, and Bill enter my latest ministry. They are my new mission field at the gym. Some of them help me,

and I help some. The older we get, the more isolated our lives become, and I asked the question, “When was the last time I made a new friend?” Now, I can honestly say I have made eight new friends over the past few months, and the reason being the word—intentionally!

I intentionally pay careful attention to what is happening in their lives. One is sick; the other is sad; one has not seen their children in 40 years; another is afraid of Covid-19. I have intentionally made a conscious decision never to forget their names—to make sure to use them every morning. I take mental notes of each of their lives, not wanting to forget what to pray for, but also to be able to ask them how the issues of their lives are going.

Jacob’s Well was common ground for our Lord and the Samaritan woman. The gym is common ground with people I might otherwise never associate with nor meet. I have been working out at this gym for four years and never met anyone until I asked myself, “Where is my mission field?”

Sometimes when we walk out the front door of our homes, we should ask, “Where are the places in this enormous world that I frequent, and what can I do to make a friend, pray a prayer, plant a Gospel seed? Where is my mission field?”

Because of Him,

Michael Campo, Jr.

Please include a note that your donation is preferred for **Michael Campo, Jr.** and mail it to:

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