

"Therefore go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you." Matthew 28:19-20



CHRIST SATISFIES

Volume 2, Issue 8— November 2006

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY EDITION

Confessions of an Urban Missionary Wife

Since childhood my life has always had an internal soundtrack. Influenced by my brother, Michael, who was thirteen years my senior, repetitive playing of particular songs has long been a part of who I am. This past year – the first one of full-time vocational ministry – was no different. The predominant soundtracks were two. Casting Crowns' "Lifesongs" CD as well as their song, "The Voice of Truth" held a prominent place in the cd-player for the much of the year. Lately, "Songs for the Cross-Centered Life," a Sovereign Grace Music recording, has been playing both inside and outside my head. I trust it is reflective on some level of spiritual progression from focusing on the trials and struggles of this world which we are promised ("Yet man is born to trouble as surely as sparks fly upward." Job 5:7) to a desire to think on the King and the world to come ("You need to persevere so that when you have done the will of God, you will receive what he has promised." Hebrews 10:36)

The direct road to Christ Satisfies Ministries began just about two years ago. Michael suddenly and unexpectedly died in November 2004, just two weeks after our dear Phoebe was born. He had made me, his only next of kin, the beneficiary of his life insurance. It was a long, sad trip as we drove to Buffalo, NY over the Thanksgiving holiday where Michael was in the hospital on life support to see him one last time. Through that dark providence the Lord used Michael's gift for our good. We were able to pay off all of our debt and now, seriously, entertain our desires of pursuing missions. Our dream was to head overseas somewhere; perhaps Zambia where we could minister to aids orphans and others. Never before seriously considering the thought of owning a home, my husband came to see that purchasing a house might be the best way to steward the monies remaining from the life insurance policy as well as being a plus for raising our growing family. I, of course, had spent much time both pre and post salvation entertaining the idea of "owning my own home." Years of Martha Stewart reading and watching influenced me as well as the desire kindled after my conversion in 1998 to open a home for ministry and hospitality.

There was one caveat, however. Our long-term vision to pursue work as missionaries fueled our wish to move from the suburban din of vans and SUVs hauling families in and out of drive thru eateries and shopping centers to the urban clamor of cars, trucks, buses and sirens (all kinds, all the time) carrying people through the pulse of the city. There we would be able to be more involved in urban ministry and be closer to our church. Praise the Lord! We decided after much prayer to pursue this course and began looking for houses. Once again my internal soundtrack got stuck on a tune. This time it was the theme to one of my favorite childhood TV shows, Mary Tyler Moore, as you may or may not know Mary Richards (her character's name) was a news reporter in Minneapolis! Well, needless to say, neither Martha nor Mary would have ended up where the Lord clearly directed us: North Minneapolis. As I visited a number of homes with our realtor, brother and friend and saw different pluses and minuses, I began to make a mental prayer list of things that I would like in a home – multiple

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bedrooms so that we would be able to have a place for someone to stay if the need arose, a large finished basement or upstairs area to eventually utilize as a home schooling room for the children as well as a place for Bible Studies and other types of ministry meetings – the list went on. In the Lord's providence, one cold February morning He directed us to the “perfect” home. At least it was perfect in His design for the Mullen family. Priced within our budget with a large basement (not finished), four bedrooms, a big open space upstairs, dark wood trim in the main rooms on the first floor it seemed to have all we prayed about. Oh, yeah, it even came with extras like the bullet hole in the front door! Unlike most folks, that was the deal closer for us. God had led us to a home with a built in reminder of people and their great need for a Savior. Life is fleeting and many, many are on the broad road shuffling like cattle through the wide gate. Little did we know but the Lord had led us to our mission field right here in the good ole US of A!

After thoughtful prayer and consideration, we made an offer; it was accepted, and we were on the road to home ownership. Exciting? You bet. Sobering? You bet. Terrifying? No, I mean owning a home was a big responsibility, but not one that induces terror at least not if your mind is focused properly, right? Well, that is often the case unless you excitedly tell your friends who live in the same general area about your pending purchase, and they inform you that you will be living one block over from “the worst corner (crime-wise) in the city where there were three murders the year before.” After that the thoughts of paint colors and garden flowers are quickly thrust aside only to be replaced by cries of “What have we done?” and “What about the babies?”



Now what, Lord? My heart is divided. My inner man wants to trust you and your promises (“All the days ordained for me were written in your book before one of them came to be.” Psalm 139:6b and “Are not two sparrows sold for a penny? Yet not one of them will fall to the ground apart from the will of your Father. And even the very hairs of your head are all numbered.” Matthew 10:29-30). Nothing was going to happen to my family or me that God had not sovereignly ordained and orchestrated. However, my outer man wanted to take my children and run for the hills or at least stay in our quiet apartment with the beautiful lake and its trails back in Eden Prairie. I knew that response was fueled by fear and fear alone. Deep down I believed that the Lord had led us to this home on this corner (James Ave. N. & 26th Ave. N.) to be shining lights in a dark, hard place. I believed that my husband and I had been called here to pursue missions to the people in this part of the city who need the gospel just as desperately as all the lost need it regardless of what continent they reside upon.

Quickly, I memorized Matthew 10:28-31, “Do not be afraid of those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul. Rather, be afraid of the One who can destroy both soul and body in hell . . . So don't be afraid; you are worth more than many sparrows.” My husband came alongside me, comforted me and encouraged me to think on Christ remembering His charge, “If anyone would come after me, he must deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me. For whoever wants to save his life will lose it, but whoever loses his life for me will save it. What good is it for a man to gain the whole world, and yet lose or forfeit his very self? (Luke 9:23-25)

To say that the two weeks prior to our move into Minneapolis were difficult would be in the same vein as Jesus' statement regarding a camel and the eye of a needle. I recently listened to a sermon by C.J. Mahaney where he spoke of his great enjoyment of roller coasters. He gleefully detailed the “rush” one experiences on one of these mechanical wonders. He contrasted it to the pain and distress of being on an emotional roller coaster not anchored and flailing. When I heard his description I was reminded of that time in April 2005 as I packed our belongings and with my overly imaginative, melodramatic flair pondered whether or not particular items would ever be used again or if I or my husband or Titus or Phoebe would die first. Of course, those were not thoughts of dying a natural death so to speak, but a violent, crime-related one fueled by years of too many books, movies and television crime dramas. In the early nineties while I was pursuing acting, my coach and teacher once admonished me when I was being wishy-washy about whether or not to pursue the stage as a career with the words, “Just stop trying to live a normal life.” Little did he or I know what would lie ahead in my future. I think of those words and just laugh at the Lord's sense of humor. Once again I was in the center of a “not normal life” moment. Praise the Lord He saved me and was using these situations to sanctify me and draw me nearer to Himself.

Our new neighborhood was very busy. Located on the corner of a main artery in north Minneapolis, it bustled with young men hanging out and selling drugs, moms and children walking to and from home, and people of all ages waiting for buses and going about their days. As James and some friends worked on the house prior to our moving in he began to meet some of the people on our street and learn about who they were. One morning just before our move, I was struggling to put it lightly. James loaded all of us into the car, drove us down to the house and pulled right up to a group of 4-5 young African-American men who were gathered in front of a house across the street from us. He opened the window, called out to a guy named Pinky and waved him over to the car for introductions. These guys were one of the drug selling crowds that spent their days standing near the corner of James & 26th making deals with those who drove up to them. I didn't have time to be paralyzed with fear; I was too shocked. After our introductions and small talk, we left. The Lord used this day of being in the neighborhood, seeing and talking with people to help me turn the corner of dread and fear and look forward to what He might be doing with and in us as well as in these people who needed Christ.

When we first moved into our house, James was still working as a medical assistant in St. Paul. After work he would sometimes go outside and talk with the guys who were working the corners and hanging out trying to establish relationships with them and share truth. These opportunities for ministry grew throughout the spring and early summer. In July, we began a small group, which met in our home on Friday evenings. Soon our lives were getting full and the Lord was opening many doors that were fulfilling our desires to get more involved with urban ministry. Around that time we began considering possibilities for a more formal way to minister to the people in our neighborhood. The Lord fueled this speculation by bringing along a dear, dear saint who was greatly encouraged after hearing about the different doors the Lord was opening for us. This man and his family came alongside us and encouraged our desires not just with words but financially. It was this unexpected and unplanned for love gift, which directly precipitated the birth of Christ Satisfies Ministries. By the end of the summer, James was ministering to a number of fellas in the neighborhood after work. The occasion arose for him to make a switch in workplaces and after much prayer, consideration and consultation, we decided to step out in faith and pursue ministry full-time on the northside of Minneapolis.

Wow! What was the Lord doing? What about Zambia? As you know, "In his heart a man plans his course, but the Lord determines his steps." (Proverbs 16:9). OK, Lord, things are cool. Nothing has happened here thus far. I let fear get the best of me before we moved. Forgive me. I was resting in the "security" of my circumstances. My worst fears had not come to fruition, so I was fine. Well, as He does often, the Lord showed me that my circumstances are not what I am to be deriving my security from. I am to trust in Him leaning on Him for strength; depending upon Him for life and breath and everything else. (Acts 17:25) Like the man who built his house upon the sand, my weak foundation would quickly crash in and sink.

By late August/early September of 2005, we were preparing to take the ministry full-time. That was scheduled for late October (10/24/05), and we were using the interim time to plan and prepare administratively – my arena of the CSM duties. James would often go out on the streets after work and share the gospel with those he met. One warm day when many people were out and about, he came home from work and shared a deep desire to be outside ministering the truth to the many troubled youth hanging on the corners. OK, Sweetie, we'll see you for dinner. Titus and Phoebe played in the living room, and I prepared dinner in the kitchen with its window that overlooked the "drug corner" (Knox & 26th). I looked up from my work to see James on the corner praising the Lord. I could tell he was singing from his gestures. I smiled and thought about just how different we both were from one another – me with my fears and my seemingly fearless husband. A few minutes later, I looked up again. This time the smile was abruptly wiped from my face only to be replaced with a racing heart and a failing memory. Where is the phone! Where is the phone! I raced through the rooms running over children and diving on the bed to grab the handset. "Oh God, help him!" "Jesus help him!" I screamed as I raced back into the kitchen dialing 911. Back at the window I looked out to see a group of young men 10-12 strong surrounding my Sweetie while one of them was punching him in the face. I never called 911 before and had no idea of the number of questions they asked. "Do they have a weapon?" I don't know. I can't see that far. "I don't know," I responded. "Now, he's down on the ground," I told the operator. Finally, they broke apart and the guy walked over to the store. Praise the Lord! Still on the phone with the police department, my children are now hysterical because I was hysterical. They want me to hold them. I look up and see the guy walking directly back to my husband and punching him again this time pressing him up against a fence. A police car pulls up, and it is over. Thank you, Lord, that he wasn't shot. Thank you, Lord, that he doesn't look too hurt from what I can see. Thank you, Lord, for police officers. Thank you, Lord, for your grace and your mercies which are new every day.

Needless to say, that was a difficult day. It was also a good primer for what was to come in the year ahead. By God's great mercy, we continued to press forward and pursue the goal of full-time ministry. Despite all the fears that were present in my heart prior to our arrival in north Minneapolis and after that confrontation just before going full-time, I still truly believed that we were called to serve the Lord by ministering to the people on the northside. The Lord continued to comfort me through His Word especially using verses I earlier mentioned memorizing though I struggled with intermittent, fleshly thoughts about returning to California where we lived prior to moving to Minnesota in 2003.

None of this has been smooth sailing. Since we've been married (June 2001) the Lord has opened and shut doors in our lives sometimes twice in one day! Christ Satisfies Ministries was following the same pattern. However, the Lord has prepared us and weaned us through our past difficulties and trials. Our attitude going into the ministry and continuing on today is that this is the Lord's ministry. If He wants it to exist and prosper; he will provide a way for that to happen. With minimal support but enough to meet our needs, we launched ahead vowing to continue in this ministry as long as the Lord would provide for it and our family.

The initial weeks and months of Christ Satisfies Ministries were relatively carefree. We had several outreaches all of which were a blessing. Yard giveaways to our neighbors in September and October. In November, we partnered with Here's Life Inner City to give away 30 Boxes of Love – holiday meals and gospel materials for a family of six – in our neighborhood. Last year just before Thanksgiving, James began setting up a table in the parking lot of the convenience store on the corner diagonally across from our house. There he would meet many people while handing out words from the Lord – tracts, Bibles, godly books and tapes. It was at this table where he began to establish a presence in the neighborhood, build relationships with the different troubled youth who hung out on that busy corner and learn more and more about the people to whom we sought to minister. In December with a gracious donation of toys and gifts from a local church, James was able to provide many parents with Christmas gifts for their family in addition to sharing the gospel with them. Some from our small group joined us as we went caroling and delivered some cookies to our neighbors just before Christmas.

During this time the Lord also brought much encouragement and even financial support from the many friends and acquaintances that received our newsletter. Things appeared to be on a steady course forward. I was enjoying the life the Lord was carving out for us and learning to trust Him more and more with my husband, my children and myself though I struggled with being fatigued from my pregnancy with Hadassah while juggling the roles and duties of wife, mom, homemaker, and missionary. As my husband and I would joke – you'd think you were a pregnant, overweight, diabetic, 43 year-old with two toddlers, a (big) dog, a cat and a ministry led by your husband! Clearly my guiding verse needed to be, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." However, it often was the reminder Jesus gave His dear friend, "Martha, Martha, you are worried and upset about many things, but only one thing is needed."

The new year blew in with the constant flurry of activity at the Mullen house. Ministry doors continued to open, relationships with the groups we ministered to were blessed. Life was good – until the smack of opposition hit from an unlikely source: the church. We would have expected governmental opposition. You're doing what??? Setting up a table on the street corner and distributing Christian literature. We would have expected political opposition. You're treating criminals with dignity and respect, sharing the gospel with them and praying for them. That's no way to take back the neighborhood!!! But opposition from those we call brother and sister! That blindsided us. In retrospect it makes sense. Satan doesn't want any to be won to Christ least of all those who carry out so much evil and destruction while they are here like gang members, drug dealers and prostitutes. "For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms." (Ephesians 6:12)

Enter a difficult season. The unconventional start-up of Christ Satisfies Ministries coupled with a rather radical approach to reaching fringe groups such as gang members, drug dealers and prostitutes led more than one church to be unsupportive of our work. This lack of support from the local church influenced some who had previously backed the ministry to waiver. In addition, our conviction to stand on the Word of God also ruffled some feathers. Leaders at a neighborhood church were greatly excited by the opportunity to partner with us on the northside until, in talking with them, James mentioned the trinity, which they flat-out denied. Thanks, but no thanks. We'll move on. For us it was a time of great confusion. What are you doing Lord? Do you want us to

stop the ministry? We doubted at times. Yet, again and again, He blessed the ministry by meeting financial and material needs – often through very unlikely sources in our eyes – and by bearing fruit through the various activities of the ministry. What are we to do?

The Lord really used this time to draw my husband and me nearer to Himself and one another. We gained greater insight into the admonition not to lean on our own understanding. As we discovered during past trials, these situations that the Lord orchestrates are great opportunities to see the Scripture come to life. “Reckless words pierce like a sword, but the tongue of the wise brings healing.” “An anxious heart weighs a man down, but a kind work cheers him up.” “Each heart knows its own bitterness, and no one else can share its joy.” “. . . gossip separates close friends.” “The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous run to it and are safe.”



In the spring another blow was dealt to our now fragile frames. An ultrasound revealed that our new little one was suffering from a very serious heart defect (AV Canal) and would need open-heart surgery within the first months of her life. It was also likely that she had Down Syndrome. The Lord gave me much grace that day and following to not be overwhelmed but to see His good hand in all that He was bringing in my life and the lives of my family. Baby Hadassah arrived in early July one week before Titus' third birthday. She did, indeed, have Down Syndrome and a complete AV Canal. I loved her dearly this precious, tiny babe so tired she could barely eat or stay awake for prolonged periods.

Just prior to baby's arrival the physical difficulties of back problems and fatigue for both James and me were in full force. It was during this time the body of Christ came alongside us in ways that exemplified Jesus' words to the disciples the night He was betrayed, “Now that I, your Lord and Teacher, have washed your feet, you also should wash one another's feet. I have set you an example that you should do as I have done for you.” (John 13:14-15) Sisters did our laundry, cleaned our house, made our meals. Brothers mowed our lawn and whacked our weeds. We were blessed in great measure and once again turned to the Lord in thanksgiving for His great mercy upon us and for instilling our brethren with the love of Christ.

Thinking through all of this reminds me of the maxim oft quoted in worldly circles: “Life is hard and then you die.” Upon further pondering I see that unbeknownst to most who utter these words, this is biblical fact. Peter tells us in 1 Peter 3:17, “For it is time for judgment to begin with the family of God; and if it begins with us, what will the outcome be for those who do not obey the gospel of God? And, ‘if it is hard for the righteous to be saved, what will become of the ungodly and the sinners?’” For me and all believers, God gives us hope in His Son. “Life is hard and then you die,” takes on a new meaning according to the Apostle Paul. “For to me, to live is Christ and to die is gain.” Life is hard and then there is great, heavenly gain!

Praise the Lord that His trials are tinged with mercy as Dr. Piper reminds us. I see from His word and through the providential experiences He brings into my life and the lives of my family that the Lord uses them to wean me more and more from the temporary things of this world and place me where I belong resting in His loving arms. Though I continually struggle with eyes that focus on the seen, by God's grace, my vision is turning quicker and longer to Him and the unseen. I am grateful.

Tempted to rest on my own understanding, the Lord repeatedly ups the ante causing me to return to Him and renew my trust in Him for all things everyday. On a seemingly quiet spring afternoon I had just put Titus and Phoebe down for a nap and thought I'd take a minute to sit on my comfy green chair in the living room and read. Moments later I heard the now all-too-familiar pop, pop, pop of a gun. Dropping to the floor I stopped breathing for a moment then got up and turned to look out the windows behind me only to see a car diagonally across from my house at an odd angle in the road and a young man crouched down low to the ground running along our fence line. I ran to check on the sleeping children. Satisfied that they were fine, I breathed a prayer of relief. By then James was in the house. He had witnessed it all from his table at the store – heard the shots, saw the splash as a bullet hit a puddle in our yard, watched the fleeing boy disappear down the alley. Praise the Lord that no one appeared to be hurt.

Not long after that incident the city closed down the store where James had the CSM table. Citing code violations as well as the bigger issue of loitering and being a magnet for so much activity most of which was illegal there at

the corner of 26th Ave. N. & Knox. With the Big Stop closed and police presence increased the corner quickly quieted down as the gangs and dealers made their home elsewhere. In light of the fall off in activity near our home and the increase in killings on the northside, James was compelled to reach more people with the saving message of Christ. He took to the road and divided his evangelism time between the table and driving around to the different neighborhoods in our community and approaching the pocket group of troubled youth with Words from the Lord.

Perhaps the greatest example of this recently was this past summer just after Hadassah was born. At the end of June when spiritual opposition to the ministry was at a pinnacle, the Lord arranged a meeting between James and a young man we'll call Corey (His story is detailed in our October 2006 newsletter.) With a devastating background as a gang executioner in Chicago who now lived in Minneapolis, this young man who had murdered a lot of people, robbed armored cars and operated a drug network was now a brother in Christ who needed love which he had never known before. Lord, now what are you doing? I have a new baby and two other children. What about my husband driving around with this guy? What if people are looking for him to avenge a past wrong and James is with him? Not again!!! This is too hard. Can't we just close up shop and return to California? Join a church, come and go all the while remaining anonymous? Obviously, I was once again struggling with sin: anxiety, unbelief, selfishness. By the way, in God's perfect and clever design, the Mullens are not usually inconspicuous.

The Lord blessed my retreat to Him with regard to this new situation. Corey showed great fruits of conversion. He desired the Word, wanted to go to church with us, loved us and wanted to serve us. Soon Sundays would come and he would be carrying diaper bags and checking Titus and Phoebe into the nursery. Praise the Lord that we are all new creatures in Christ.

North Minneapolis can be a frightening place. Though I grew up in New Jersey just twenty miles outside of Manhattan and right outside of Newark and later lived in New Brunswick then Jersey City prior to my move to California where I spent a short while living in Los Angeles I was not indoctrinated into this facet of city life – crime, poverty, violence and death. An unbeliever until August of 1998 when I was 36 year-old, I'm not even sure how to describe myself in regard to city life. I wanted to think I was a "city girl," but in reality I think I'd have to say that I was a suburbanite who longed for the glamour and the calculated risks of the city that I was willing to take which is clearly different from those people who live and reside in a world of poverty, broken-homes, crime and violence.

As I wrote about earlier, prior to moving into our home in April 2005, I wrestled with great fears about the neighborhood. The Lord drew me to Himself and comforted me through His Word and all was well until the first time I experienced gunshots close by, real close by. One Saturday evening this past spring, James and I were sitting in the living room, the children were asleep and we were enjoying some downtime and conversation. Suddenly, there were shots just outside the living room windows on 26th Ave. "Get down on the floor," my husband directed. What? It all happened so fast, I was a bit disoriented. My way-too-much-media-saturated mind filled with images of soldiers doing that crawl that they do along the ground. In all my fantasizing about life as a homeowner, I never dreamed of the directive "take cover" being part of the scenario! We didn't hear any more shots and soon I learned to tell the difference between the sound of fireworks and gunshots.

Not long after this Saturday evening James learned that one of the young men who he saw very often on the corner and at his table, Antonio, along with another boy had been shot and were in serious condition at North Memorial Hospital. He went to visit and the Lord opened great opportunities for James to share the gospel not only with Antonio and his family but also with a number of other guys from the neighborhood who James drove to the hospital for visits. He visited Antonio twice a day for the week or so that he was hospitalized. The bullet had gone through his chest, but the Lord had spared him. One day I joined James and visited Antonio after getting an ultrasound at the same hospital. Only 17, he was in the pediatric ward. The juxtaposition of the colorful fish painted on the walls to cheer up the children and a bed with a young man harboring a gunshot wound from a gang-related incident was a bit surreal. Here was this boy young enough to be my son involved in this violent world of gangs and crime yet sampling CDs while talking about recording music with his younger brother. He listened as James shared about Jesus and prayed for him. When finished, Antonio asked James if he would be returning later that evening. Then, he turned and asked me if I would come back later and visit him also. He was just the image of a scared kid in over his head. The Lord used this encounter to really soften my heart toward

these young men my husband ministered to on the corner and at the table. Hearing of their lives and prayer requests and watching their joy at being loved through James' hugs and desires to share Christ with them in practical ways like bringing them home cooked food, drinks and cookies made me see that these were people made in God's image – sinners, yes, but God's children in a universal sense as well.

More and more I felt love for the people God called us to minister to – these seemingly hardened youth, the empty eyed prostitutes who appear spent beyond belief and the homeless carrying folded up cardboard signs announcing their needs. In the summer I first saw her. A woman with long, brown hair in thick French braids with a bright face and smile. She was at the corner of Lyndale Ave. near the 94 freeway and the Basilica of St. Mary, a constant home to the homeless looking to get some money. My eyes filled with tears. She didn't look homeless. What does that mean? She looked like me – a Caucasian woman, perhaps in her forties – she could have been in any mall or grocery store or church. It was unnerving. I recently saw her again after a long while. Here face isn't as bright. Her hair is frazzled still tied back but not as manicured. The streets are taking their toll on her. The traffic light was changing as I gave her some cash and encouraged her to look to Jesus. She said thanks and told me that she was Catholic. And there she stood in the shadow of this ornate, huge, dead monument, the Basilica. I pray for her. I don't even know her name. Forgive me, Lord, for not trying harder to pursue her. Please give me another opportunity and the grace to embrace it.

Well, our good and gracious God has brought us full circle. The first official year of Christ Satisfies Ministries has come and gone. Now, we embark on year number two. It began once again with fear and trepidation about what the Lord has in store. Hadassah's open-heart surgery was performed on November 7th. The Lord blessed and blessed. He answered the prayers of many saints. The Great Physician, Our Lord Jesus, brought our precious one through this surgery and hospitalization with great care. One week later, she was home resting in her own crib. Once again, the Lord drove us to ponder His great and mighty hand and submit to His sovereign government of all things. We praise Him and are thankful for His tender mercies to our family. Now, we await to see what the Lord has for Hadassah with regard to her hearing. She has failed some tests and is scheduled to undergo more.

What lies ahead? The Lord knows, and I'm grateful for that. He continues to give me opportunities to trust Him and submit to Him even though I continue to struggle. Praise Him for His patience and tender, lovingkindness with us all. "For I know the plans I have for you, plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you a hope and a future." Running through my mind reminding me that Jesus saves and gives solace to His own are the words from my latest internal soundtrack,

*"Wonderful Savior, Beautiful Jesus,
Bending down to lift us up,
Out of our darkness, into your brightness,
Calling us your own."*

(*"Wonderful Savior"* from *"Songs for the Cross-Centered Life"* Sovereign Grace Music)

Oh, Lord, bring your northside children into your light and give us the grace to be a part of that miracle.





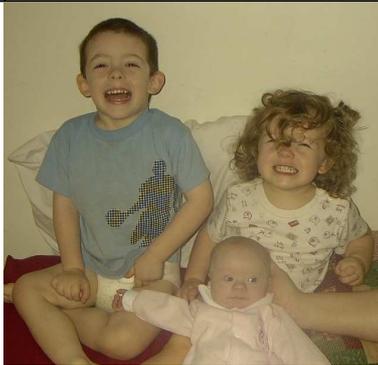
"Enter his gates with thanksgiving and his courts with praise; give thanks to him and praise his name. For the Lord is good and his love endures forever; his faithfulness continues for all generations." Psalm 100:4-5

Highlights from Christ Satisfies Ministries' first year:

- Over 1,000 pieces of literature – Bibles, tracts, godly books and tapes – have been given to people in North Minneapolis.
- Fifteen men have been involved in one-on-one discipleship and teaching throughout the year.
- There have been several outreaches to our common neighbors including:
 - Boxes of Love (Thanksgiving)
 - Christmas carols & cookies
 - Christmas gifts for families
 - 3 yard giveaways
 - Easter Bags
 - Power Packs (school back packs)
- There have also been individual outreaches to the homeless (2), prostitutes (2) and gang members/drug dealers (1).
- The neighborhood Bible Study began meeting on Tuesday evenings at our home this past August. Weekly 5-10 people attend.
- We have partnered with Here's Life Inner City on a number of outreach efforts to the homeless, students, and our neighbors.
- Forty people have partnered with us financially over the year to bring the gospel to North Minneapolis.
- James has been able to attend and pray at a number of vigils sponsored by City Councilman, Don Samuels, at murder sites throughout North Minneapolis.
- The opportunities to share the gospel verbally and relationally have been abundant and prosperous. God has even brought forth visible fruits of salvation! By His grace, we will continue to persevere in love and share the powerful gospel.

Administrative Praise!!!

The Lord has provided a way for Christ Satisfies Ministries (CSM) to regain our non-profit status. All donations to the ministry as of November 1st, will once again be tax deductible. CSM is now operating as a non-profit program of Congressional District Programs (CDP), which is a charitable organization under the umbrella of the National Heritage Foundation (NHF). As NHF did in the past, CDP will administer the finances and other organizational aspects of CSM. This organizational change is in compliance with current tax codes. Praise the Lord for His grace in providing this answer to prayer.



Prayer Requests

- Praise the Lord for His gracious answers to our prayer in bringing Hadassah through her open-heart surgery. Please pray for continued recovery and no complications. We also have concerns regarding her hearing. Further testing will be done at the end of the month and in December.
- Please pray for the salvation of our children: Trace (14), Titus (3), Phoebe (2) and Hadassah (4 months).
- Please pray for fruits of the ministry here in North Minneapolis. Pray that the Lord would grant salvation to many.
- Please pray for continued financial support and growth for Christ Satisfies Ministries.
- Please pray that James and I would love one another with such depth that Christ would be seen by everyone in our marriage.

CONTACT THE MULLEN FAMILY

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