

# Angela Zimmerman



## NEEDLES AND HAYSTACKS

I think my life used to be simpler. I woke up in the morning, tried to spend time with God before rushing to work, then headed home after the day with my to-do list for the evening. On weekends I tried to catch up on what I hadn't gotten done during the week, and then rested and went to church on Sunday. Rinse and repeat.

It may be over-simplifying things, but really, "structure" was something that I took for granted.

And then Moldova. The days were just as long (or short), but there was no structure apart from eating regularly and church on Thursday and Sunday.

The first few years here, I was trying to figure out what the needs were ag-wise and also just following up on the projects that Ag Connect had been doing already. It was rather chaotic, but I was pretty independent, and no one bothered me. At least at first ;)

Over time, we have developed a vision for a demonstration farm, and more of an over-arching approach to ag outreach. As a plan has emerged in our work, I am able to now look ahead to what needs to be done with more focus.

However, now being here 5 years, I have accumulated a myriad of commitments and relationships. I find that day-to-day, instead of being a "free spirit", I now need to keep my focus on what should be done. Interesting ideas and requests need to be filtered. People I love and those I am trying to love appear, and wisdom is required to love well (Phil. 1:9-11). And my own desires call me hither and yon!

The needle is in my hand, but then bits of hay start to fall around me, building up and forming a stack, and my focus, my needle, gets lost. There are many voices that tell me where to find it. But my call, my prayer, is that I would listen to and live with my face toward the Son.

## PRAISES!

- **Growth and community among the youth group.**
- **14 students signed up for UDG ag training.**

## PRAYER POINTS

- **Clear focus on God as my Audience of One.**
- **Communication and efficient teamwork among Ag Connect.**
- **Trusting and waiting on God for deeper community and friendship, especially when I feel lonely.**

Tomato seedlings—1,500 of them—sprouting on the Rosulschi family's kitchen table.

Tvorog—an unsalted farmer's cheese from cow's milk.

While "helping" one of the girls shop for a coat, we stopped by the hat section.

