

Living a Simple Life with a Back Porch View

Dear Listener:

Thank you for stopping by for a visit at Living a Simple Life with a Back Porch View podcast! To make it easy, you will find a transcript of each episode. I hope you enjoy the visit!

Episode 53 - The Biscuit Wagon: Adding a Ministry to your Simple Life

When it comes to faith and having a Ministry, a few of us prefer a quiet approach. We're the ones who sneak in and leave a package of food on the porch of a family struggling to make ends meet. We're the ones who push our lawn mowers past our own yard and straight to the home of a neighbor who has been ill.

I'm one of those who prefers the quiet way of doing things. But several years ago, I kept getting a feeling I was missing something. There was something else I felt led to do, but for the life of me, I couldn't figure out what.

Now, hang on tight – this podcast takes a little more explaining than most of them. So, stick with me, and I promise I'll get to the point soon!

One Monday morning, I was in the kitchen baking biscuits. This particular morning I was reminiscing about baking biscuits for the Country Boy, Mr. Jasper, and Brother Jack. For some reason, Jasper and Jack showed up one Monday morning to visit. It was early and I had just put a pan of biscuits in the oven, so naturally I invited them in to eat. One thing led to another, and the Monday Morning Visit became a regular thing.

Jack, as a preacher, eventually moved to another congregation. When Brother James, the new preacher came in, it just seemed natural to invite him. And wouldn't you know it. He was only able to come once. Later that week, Mr. Jasper became ill, and as a new preacher, James had other things to do. Then life got busy for everyone, and the Monday Morning Visit faded into the twilight.

Just as a smile crossed my face with that memory, I decided to take a few biscuits down to James. And as that decision came into full focus, that little nudge I'd been having started pushing on my heart even harder. While I was cutting out the biscuits, I realized I had my hands right in the middle of my new ministry. I would take biscuits to a few folks on Monday mornings and serve them up with a Bible verse on a sticky note.

When I delivered the biscuits to James, I explained what I wanted to do, and asked him if he knew of anyone who needed a little lift of faith. He did and gave me a few names. And as I was leaving, he chuckled and told me he was going to look forward to seeing the Biscuit Wagon coming every Monday morning!

As each week passed, I had a few folks I delivered to, but I still felt as if I was missing someone. And early one Monday morning, while mixing biscuit dough, this sweet little face appeared in my mind.

Oh, I was bad that morning, because I stopped what I was doing and said, 'Really, God? I've barely met the woman. That was a year ago, and our entire conversation consisted of yelling 10 words to each other – five of which were 'Behind you!' and 'Get the gate!'. And you really want me to go over there? She'll think I'm crazy and meet me at the door with a shotgun!"

But God has a way of getting you to do what He wants you to do. So, with shaky knees, a knot in my stomach, and all kinds of horrible scenarios running through my mind, I braved that dusty road and pulled up in her yard.

Now, let me give you a bit of backstory here. I'd been coming back one day from taking lunch to the Country Boy at work. As I drove down that dirt road, I encountered a cow. Knowing it belonged to someone, I started looking for a gate. And as I eased down the road, I met more cows.

I couldn't find where they belonged, so I approached one of two houses on the road, knocked on the back door, and asked the woman who answered if she knew who they belonged to. She figured they were her son's, who lived next door.

Now, this woman had to be in her nineties, and looked a bit frail, but together, she and I herded the cows back into the pasture. She waved thanks and returned to her house. I waved back and continued home.

Now, a year later, I was at that back door again, but this time I didn't have cows as a reason to be there. I knocked, but there was no answer. I ended up leaving a bag with a container of biscuits and a note introducing myself and my purpose. I explained I would be there again the following Monday, and if she didn't want me to bring biscuits, I wouldn't. If she did, then I would deliver each Monday morning.

I have to tell y'all, I sweated, trembled, and tried to find a way out of that all week long. In today's day and age, finding a complete stranger at your back door isn't something you want. But when Monday morning arrived, I knew I didn't have a choice. Still, I made sure that would be the last place on my delivery list. I wanted to make sure all the other biscuits were delivered first – just in case.

As I approached that back door, it swung open before I could even get to the steps. This little pixie of a woman was standing there with her hands on her hips. My heart dropped and I was prepared for the worst. But what I got was, "What took you so long? I hope you got my biscuits in that bag. Get in here so we can get to know each other!"

And that, my friends, is Mrs. Velma. It didn't take five minutes of conversation with her for me to fall in love with one of the most wonderful, delightful, Jesus loving women I have ever met.

Too many things have taken place over the last few years, and the Biscuit Wagon is not longer active. But my visits to Mrs. Velma are. We backed off a bit during the pandemic, and for a short time she stayed with her daughter. But she is home again, and our visits are getting back on track.

With 94 years to her credit, she is a wealth of wisdom, full of laughter, and I now have the privilege to call her 'friend'.

I was at Mrs. Velma's recently and happened to look at her refrigerator. The Biscuit Wagon may have been parked for several years, but every one of those sticky notes were taped up, as a reminder of just how great God is.

You don't have to go all out to serve God. Sometimes, all it takes is a willing heart, and the ingredients to make biscuits. God can take a simple Ministry called The Biscuit Wagon and find a way to use it to reach people's hearts.

Even with just a few biscuits and a Bible verse on a sticky note, you will be planting a seed. It may not sound like much to you, but to those you serve, it may just be the start of an even better friendship than what I have with Mrs. Velma. It may mean those you are serving discover the beginning of a friendship with Jesus Himself.

If you want to learn more about the topic at hand just visit my website at www.thefarmwife.com.

If you have questions or just want to stop in for a visit, you can do that through email at thevirtualporch@gmail.com. And be sure to subscribe – you don't want to miss a single conversation. I'll be sitting on the porch every Monday morning waiting for your visit!

Thanks again for stopping in. I will see you next week on Living a Simple Life with a Back Porch View. And while you are waiting on the next episode, grab that glass of refreshment, pull up a rocker, and sit back for a while. It's time to Relax & Enjoy!

Julie