

# not alone

## Milcah Loki's Story as told by Merry Valentine

Her name is Milcah Loki. She is 97 years old and lives in a mud house, dung-colored with blue shutters, a dirt floor, a few simple bits of furniture, two chairs, a bed with rope mattress, a small mirror on the wall, a corrugated tin roof. Waves of heat rise from the roof beneath the hot African sun. She has been widowed more than half of her long life. She inhabits a lonely world, her only child died very young. She is one of the lives God brought to us, even as we are brought by God's grace into hers. In such moments, sitting with her, sharing, laughing, praying, sometimes with tears, my sister Grace, Milcah, and me, we experience how profoundly, because of the love of Christ, we are not alone.

*"I refused to become a beggar," Milcah says, "even though my friends, other women who had become old like me, had begun to do that in order to live. Every morning when I wake, I talk to Jesus about my needs. He has never failed me."*

Simple faith. We help clean Milcah's tiny house, my sister and me. We leave her with some small gifts and the promise to return soon. Our hearts are happy and sad at the same time as we walk away. Happy that God has allowed us to be His love to the poor who the world has set aside. Sad, thinking of how many dear souls like Milcah are still waiting for that knock on the door, to hear someone say, *"You are written in God's book. Your name is known in heaven. You are the child of a loving God. We are here to bring you this good news. You are not alone."*

Merry Valentine