

## Ruth's Missionary Newsletter

Christmas 2021

# The Fog & The Fallow



The other night I was driving home in the densest fog I've ever driven in. I couldn't see more than 30 ft in front of my car and at most times the only thing I had guiding me was the faint white lines painted on either side of the road. With the darkness and the fog cover, I could barely make out the trees that bordered my drive. I'm afraid to say at one point I passed through an intersection without stopping; I wouldn't have known at all if this wasn't my drive home- a route I've been driving since I was sixteen. It was maybe a mile past that intersection that I realized my mistake. It was at that point I decided I needed help navigating through the fog so I asked Siri for some assistance. Almost immediately I realized I was at my turn and was able to make it just in time. Then came the hardest part, in the last leg of my journey, as I had turned onto a road with no lines to guide me. I continued, slower than ever, relying heavily on the familiarity of these final turns home. Finally, I made it. Home at last.

To be honest, the last two years have felt like driving through that fog to me. At many times I feel like I can barely make out the street signs as I pass them. The journey is familiar, so thankfully, I know the way even when I can't see well. But even so, I rely heavily on the guidelines on either side, because though faint, it's the only constant I have. And as I get closer to home, even those seem to have disappeared. I move forward faithfully, knowing that even though I can't see it, home is near.

I need to say that although this might sound dim, I ensure you that I know the value of these last two years. I want you to believe me when I say that I know that after hard times comes good. I don't think it's a formula. There is no vending machine of pain, where you put in your struggles and in return get the rewards of your choosing. But I know that through struggles comes patience, empathy, motivation, appreciation, and often a clarity of vision.

In conversation, my father gave a name to a practice I remember learning of years ago in school. The practice of a Fallow field. As Google would tell you, a fallow is a stage of crop rotation where the land is deliberately not used to grow a crop. It's used to allow the soil to recover its nutrients vital for future growth and to reduce population levels of pests.

From the road, a fallow field looks like an empty patch of dirt. But, under the surface, nutrients are being restored and the results will be a harvest that is full and plenty. I say all this to say, that my description of the past two years may sound empty. Karol's stroke, canceled camps, an empty schedule, and distance from our campers and volunteers is empty in many ways. This I know, which is why I often have a hard time sharing about it. But what I do know, is that from this fallow season, where the field has lay empty, there will be a rich harvest somewhere down the line.

I will say that I have shed my need for a timeline of when this harvest will come. I know that even when we are able to have camp on this campus again, there will be much to learn & with learning comes struggle. But here's what I do know. I know that even when I feel like I'm driving through the densest fog I've ever seen, I know I am headed to the right destination. It will take me longer than I want. I may miss a stop along the way. I might not have much guiding me as I go. But I know that an end exists. And I know that when I get to the other side there will lie confidence that the fog does not last forever. I know that a ground that lies empty just might be restoring nutrients vital for a healthy crop in the years to come.

So with this being said, I want to thank you deeply for sticking with me throughout the fog and the fallow. Every prayer sent my way, every encouraging word, every financial donation has helped to guide me when the fog seemed thickest. Good things are in the works, and I simply couldn't do it without the support of my community. I know that through fog, fallow, and harvest we're not meant to do this life alone, so I feel so grateful for those who walk with me. So thank you.

**Thankfully,  
Ruth Hucek**

### **Prayer requests:**

#### *Energy for what is to come-*

We are all so excited about the programs we are going to provide this next year. It may look different still, but we are planning on having a full schedule starting with a grand opening and summer camp this summer! So many blessings in this! Pray for the energy of our team as we enter into this next adventure.

#### *Community-*

Pray for that this next year holds the new friendships that an extrovert like me depends on for energy. I am hoping our opening schedule will help with this!

#### *Finances-*

I am currently not raising the bare minimum for support. Right now I am substitute teaching and nannying to make ends meet. This next year I will begin freelance writing and may begin assisting with my friend's small business. These are huge blessings that will help meet my financial needs, but I must admit it can be tiring to keep up with all of the side gigs. Pray that I can find teams to partner with me in this journey as a missionary. Pray that I find churches that will partner with me to support me monthly.

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