

# The Word Among Us: Becca's Blog

"The Word became flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."  
John 1:18

November 11, 2015.

How does one actually begin a blog? I guess with an introduction. My name is Rebecca (Becca) McDougall, and I'm a 54-year-old American woman. Some of my earlier stories and life I've chronicled in Letters From Africa and Devoted, so I won't say more about that history here. This blog is my attempt to review the large work of God during the last three years we've lived in Africa.

Our part of the work was simple. My husband, Colin, and I like to call it tabernacling.

The Greek word for "dwelt" in John 1:18, Colin tells me, is "tabernacled," a reference from the Old Testament to the tent in the Sinai wilderness where the Jewish people offered sacrifices and met with a holy God. When Jesus came to earth from heaven, He took on a body (His "tent" or "tabernacle") and lived among His neighbors as a human being. Because He was visible and present, people learned how God acts, how He talks, how He loves, what He offers. Everyone around Him saw God's glory, full of grace and truth.

We go, like Jesus did, and "tabernacle" among another people group. They are isolated by their unique location, language, or religious barrier. They are not going to know Him any other way, unless people go to their part of the world as His representatives and stay with them. We learn how to live as men and women do in that culture and environment. Our tongues trip over the unfamiliar language. Our brains struggle to remember phrases, sentences. We live in local houses. We figure out how to dress appropriately, how to behave in social situations, how to make friends. Our big overarching assignment is to stay in personal touch with Jesus every day and share Him freely with the people we

live among. One day, we trust, we'll see a joyful multiplying church of people who have accepted Jesus' salvation and follow Him.

For Colin and me, the defined task we were given in the last three years was to guide and teach the small group of students who came to live and work with us in a small rural Tanzanian farming village I'll call Cana. (Cana seems like an appropriate nickname for it. That was the place Jesus began to do His first signs and unveil His glory.) All of our team wanted to come to Africa to share Jesus' love and life with people as we learned their culture and language. All of the team wanted to learn how to do that through our program. We purposed together to be faithful to God's daily tasks for us.

But what would God do as a result? None of us knew. That is by far the bigger story.

