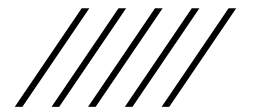
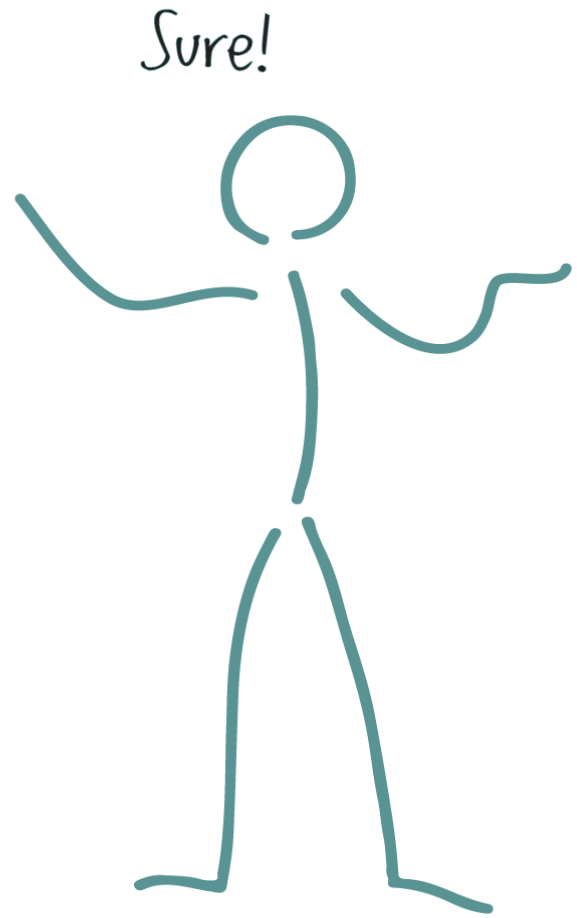
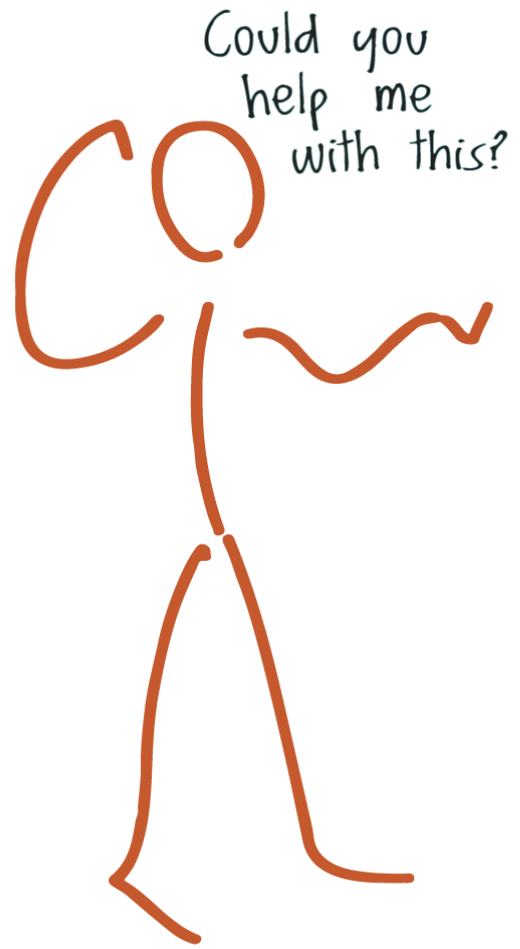
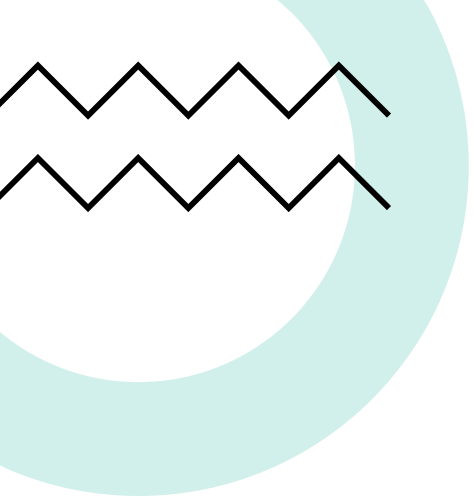


**A S K I N G
F O R
H E L P**

SUNDAY, MAY 12TH
(SECOND BREAKFAST)







I've been thinking that some of the most sacred moments of my life were actually a direct result of people being open to, quote-unquote "help." It has me thinking a lot about Wendy - so this is my dear friend Wendy who died in October - and the year between her diagnosis and when she passed. Despite how precious she knew every single moment was during that time, she just opened her life up to us to step in and walk her through it. And I don't know if it's because she actually needed the transport to the places. But that generosity of being allowed into her life in that time resulted in some of the most profound peace and wisdom and connection that I have found.



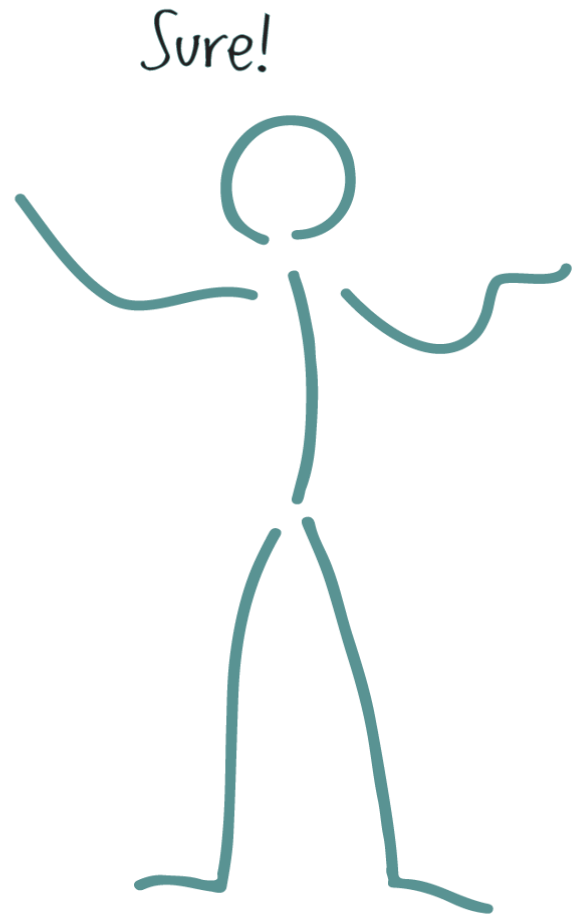
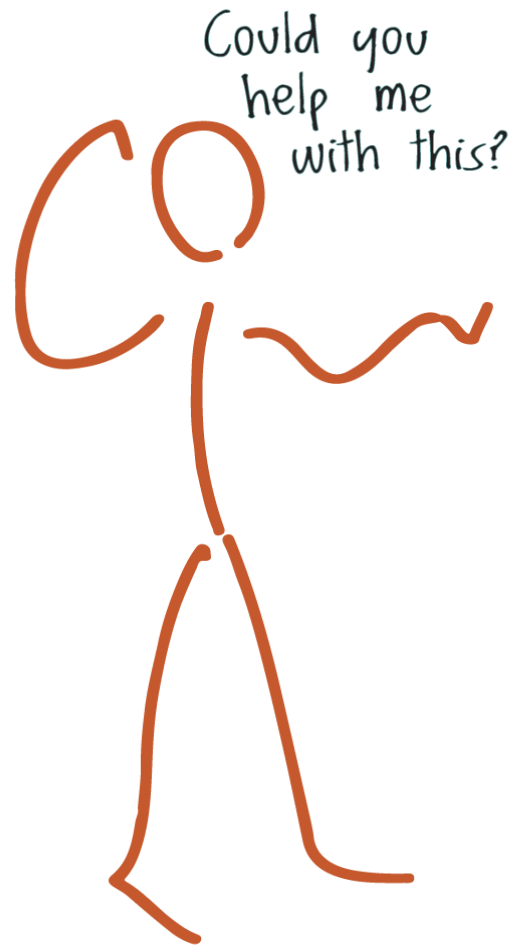
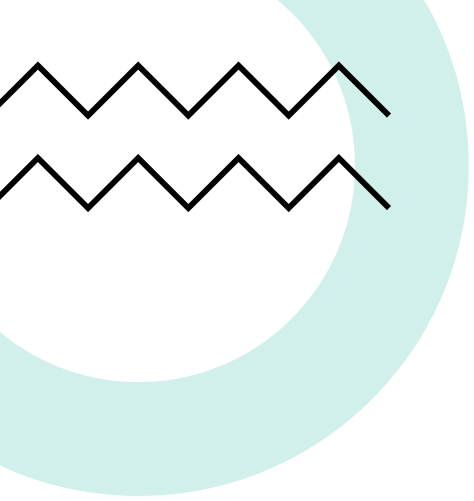
- Being able to, quote-unquote “help” in that time. So it doesn't feel like help is even the right word when people invite you in, it just seems wildly inaccurate. Because her allowing us to be in those sacred moments with her, allowed us to experience gifts and wisdom that aren't possible to find in other places. It feels like it was stepping into a reality and a wisdom that you don't usually have access to in the regular street level, daily life. And I feel like whenever anyone really needs help and you're able to be invited into that, it is like you're not street level anymore. It's like you're tapping into a higher reality of, we're all actually connected to each other. When you're able to accept help or provide help, then whoever's being helped or whoever's the helper doesn't matter anymore.



- It's like you're just tapping into a bigger reality that we are actually all connected and you have the privilege of living on the higher plane there. The farce of us doing anything on our own is blown up. That seems like it's a very direct connection to whatever is happening between us and God. It's just like a portal of that. And it made me think a lot about my discomfort and unwillingness to ask for or accept help and how... It's like a humble brag that people do like, "Oh, I don't ask for help. I don't ask for it, I'm not into that." But in really stark contrast, my life would have been smaller and sadder and scarier had Wendy not invited me into her life. So does that not mean that my not getting over my discomfort with asking for or accepting help is not only making my life smaller, but making the life smaller of people around me?

Amanda Doyle, edited excerpts from the We Can Do Hard Things Podcast, January 9th, 2024





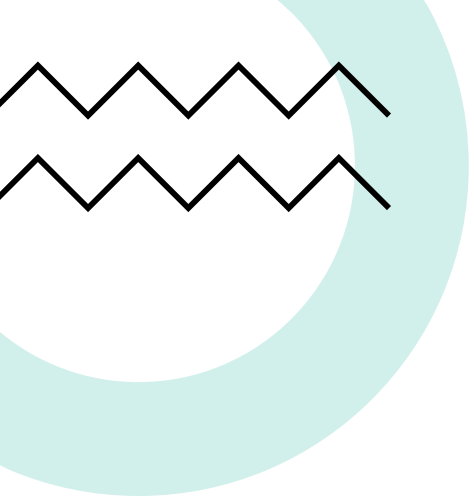


TABLE TALK

1. Why is it so hard to ask for help/what gets in the way for you?
2. Have you had a meaningful experience of giving or receiving help in your life?
3. What stops us from offering help to others?



Ephesians 3:14-17

¹⁴ When I think of all this, I fall to my knees and pray to the Father, ¹⁵ the Creator of everything in heaven and on earth. ¹⁶ I pray that from his glorious, unlimited resources he will empower you with inner strength through his Spirit. ¹⁷ Then Christ will make his home in your hearts as you trust in him. Your roots will grow down into God's love and keep you strong. ¹⁸ And may you have the power to understand, as all God's people should, how wide, how long, how high, and how deep his love is. ¹⁹ May you experience the love of Christ, though it is too great to understand fully. Then you will be made complete with all the fullness of life and power that comes from God.

