

12 DAY HOSPITALITY CHALLENGE

By Kristin Schell
Author of *The Turquoise Table*
With excerpts from Sarah Young's devotional
Jesus Always: Embracing Joy in His Presence



Jesus Always

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The Turquoise Table

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Hello! I'm Kristin Schell.

And I'm a Front Yard Person.

What does that mean? It's simple, really. Everything we do in our backyards, I decided to do in the front.

And it all started with a Turquoise Table.

Accidentally.

Because it was dropped in the front yard by a Lowe's deliveryman.

It was the happiest accident that could have ever happened to me. Through this accident, and my stubbornness to move the table, I am closer to my neighbors than I ever would have thought possible. People I would have waved to on the street without ever asking their name? Now they're some of my dearest friends.

The table has brought together people in my neighborhood from all walks of life: different backgrounds, genders, upbringing, faiths, careers, generations. It's a tool that I use each week, along with a can of nuts and a listening ear, to be an ambassador for the Kingdom.

Oh, I make it sound easy, don't I? That hospitality is as simple as putting some coffee cups and a carafe on a picnic table and sitting down, because if you build it they will come. And that's sort of true—but sometimes hospitality can be *so hard*.

Because we're hurting. Because we're busy. Because we have so much weight on our shoulders we don't know how we can possibly begin to help ourselves and our families, let alone how we can help others.

Enter *Jesus Always*.

I can't tell you how much I love this small-but-mighty book. Each day I get a reminder that my Savior loves me more than I will ever know, and He will never leave me to face my problems alone. And if that's not fuel for the journey, I don't know what is.

So here's what we're going to do, girl. It's summer. It's time for barbecues, late nights, kids playing from dawn til dusk. We're out and about more than we've been in quite a while, so we're going to spend the next twelve days thinking about how we can be better guests and hosts to those people walking around. We're going to think about how we can love our neighbors right where they are.

Because you can do this. I know you can. You don't have to hop on a plane and cross an ocean to be a Kingdom ambassador. You can do it right where you are.

And to fuel you along the way, I've tucked in some devotions from *Jesus Always*. Because this is why we're opening our lives and our homes: we're doing it because we've experienced His lavish love, and we want to pass that along to our neighbors, who need it as much as we do.

So grab a cool beverage and hop on the couch. We're going to think about how to love our people right where we are.

Day 1 - Beware of Overthinking Things

When your mind is idle, you tend to go into planning mode: attempting to figure things out and make various decisions before you really need to do so. This is an unproductive way of trying to grasp control, and it's a waste of your precious time. . . . Seek to live in the present moment, where My Presence awaits you continually.

from Jesus Always, January 10

As someone who struggles with wanting things perfect, I fall into the trap of making things harder than necessary.

For years I suffered from analysis paralysis—overthinking, over planning, overdoing things. When I entertained guests, I would try so big and so hard. And all of this trying would lead to a such a huge wave of overwhelm that I'd eventually throw up my hands and do nothing.

We live in the digital age—the most connected era in all of history—yet statistics show we're lonelier than ever. We're starving for connection that can't be found in a tweet or text, but only face-to-face in community.

We don't have to try so hard to impress people—that's not what they want, anyway. People need someone to show up and care for them, to offer a listening ear and a safe place to land. I learned this from an eighty-four-year old widow in Prague named Ludmilla.

Every day Ludmilla opens her home to friends and strangers who need to talk. Sometimes she knows the people who come. Sometimes strangers show up, led by word of mouth. She offers them something small, nothing overdone or extravagant. Tea. A cookie from a tin. A warm, simple gesture of welcome to her table. In a way that is quiet and genuine, Ludmilla listens and prays, and in doing so communicates that her guests matter. At her table, they belong.

Fully present, Ludmilla serves more than just cookies and tea. She offers her heart.

Through Ludmilla, God showed me how to love my neighbors. Her actions were so simple—the antithesis of the frazzled lifestyle I was living. Ludmilla modeled how simple hospitality could be through her ministry of being present.

And to practice the ministry of presence, we must first learn to be present. Only way to do that is through accepting Jesus' invitation to join Him at His table of grace.

Let's practice the ministry of presence.

Think of one person who could use your heart today.

Reach out to them—a text, a phone call, sending a box of cookies—and let them know you care.

Day 2 - You are Fully Known

Many people are searching for greater self-understanding and self-acceptance. Underlying their search is a desire to find someone who truly understands them and accepts them as they are. I am the Someone who can fully satisfy this deep-seated longing. It is in your relationship with Me that you discover who you really are.

from Jesus Always, January 14

The word hospitality comes from two Greek roots: *philos*, which means “love,” and *xenos*, which means “stranger.” Simply put, hospitality is the love of strangers.

One of my favorite Bible verses is Romans 12:13: “Take every opportunity to open your life and home to others.” (The Voice). When we take this verse literally, we are to take every opportunity to open our lives and homes to people. We are to love others— friend, foe, neighbor, and stranger. Love and hospitality always go together.

Before we can create a place of belonging for others, we must believe we belong. For that, we must first know to whom we belong. We are able to love because we were first loved.

I always thought I would go far and wide on missions. Never in a million years did I imagine God would ask me to serve in the most ordinary place of all: my front yard.

Out of love and out of grace, God gave me a table. We know when He gives a gift, it’s meant to be shared. Once I was excluded, and now I belong. That’s what I want to give others. We live in a world where people profile and label each other, size each other up. What if we shifted our focus to similarities? To welcoming one another, listening to stories, learning from one another? I believe most social ills can be healed or prevented by the simple act of talking to one another, face-to-face, at a common table.

It’s time to change the conversation.

*Sometimes it can be nerve-wracking to have new faces at the table. What do you ask them?
What do you talk about? Never fear: here are some questions to break the ice.*

What brought your family to this neighborhood?

What’s your favorite part of living in this city? This state?

What was your favorite dessert when you were a kid? How about now?

(File this away for a future gathering!)

Day 3 - Before You Begin a Task, Pray

When you're feeling rushed, you find it hard to slow down enough to seek My perspective on the work at hand. . . . When you request My involvement before you begin, I can point you in the right direction—saving precious time and energy. I delight in helping you with everything, even simple tasks, because you are My beloved.

from Jesus Always, February 16

Thursday morning, I have what I call “table hours.” I show up at the table every week at the same time, much like a college professor who keeps office hours. My neighbors know I’m going to be there, and the routine keeps me accountable.

Some mornings I plan to have friends join me. Other mornings, I go outside not knowing who may show up. Sometimes no one does—it’s just quiet time at the table for me. And that’s no small thing for a mom with four kids.

I learned that mornings alone at the table are special gifts. In order to be present for our family and friends we must not ignore the importance of making room for quiet time with God. So whenever I get that opportunity, I grab my journal and head outside. I take some time with my Bible or a short devotional (like Jesus Always), savoring the words while I take in the breeze rustling the leaves, the dogs playing in the distance. Other times I sit and pray, knowing I may not get time to talk to God later as I’m rushing to get everyone transported, cleaned, and fed—and not in that order.

It can be hard to find time to pray during the day, can’t it? I think that’s why I enjoy using my journal to record my thoughts. It doesn’t have to be anything elaborate—just something quick to get the thought out of my head and onto paper. Seeing the words drawn out of my heart and onto the page quiets my spirit and fills me with His peace.

Have a second? Grab a hot cup of tea, a pen, and a small notebook. Let’s spend some time building your spirit back up through prayer. Here’s what you can pray for:

Your family

Your neighbors

Courage to establish new relationships in your community

Wisdom to set boundaries

Tangible ways to balance your time

Day 4 - The Light of My Glory Is Shining on You

When you're struggling with difficult circumstances or painful feelings, awareness of My Presence offers courage and comfort. I can use everything in your life for good—transforming you into My likeness with ever-increasing Glory. . . . The more you keep your gaze on Me—in quiet times and busy times—the better you can reflect My Glory to other people.

from Jesus Always, February 25

I remember the first time I sat at the Turquoise Table—I was determined to meet just one new person. Fifteen minutes passed by before I saw a woman I didn't know. That morning I learned her name was Susan, and we spent a few minutes chatting about normal, everyday things. It was ordinary. It was wonderful. I couldn't wait to call my friend Kimberley and tell her about it.

"I did it! I sat at the table and met a neighbor!"

"Of course you did," she said, much more confident than I was.

"I didn't do anything but show up. When Susan walked by it was surreal, almost like out of a movie."

"Be careful what you wish for," Kimberley said.

"What do you mean?" I wasn't processing the morning clearly yet.

"Looks like your obsession with Ludmilla is turning into reality. The Turquoise Table is your answered prayer."

That's the beauty of friends. Kimberley was already two steps ahead of me, seeing clearly what was still a blur to me. Ludmilla had painted the picture of how simple hospitality could be; taking it outside to a picnic table simplified it even more. I didn't have to do anything fancy. What if the answer was just to show up? I certainly didn't solve world peace or master the art of hospitality, but I did meet Susan. And that was a start.

And guess what? God can do extraordinary things through us, but we have to show up in order for Him to use those ordinary moments through us ordinary people. We have to make room in our lives for Him to do His work.

Is there a time in your week where you can show up for someone else? Take fifteen minutes and text five friends, telling them you're available to talk if they need you. Even if no one take up your offer, use the quiet time to pray.

Day 5 - Man Looks at the Outward Appearance

The ability to see is a great gift. I grant glimpses of My Glory via visual beauty in nature. Great paintings, sculptures, and cinematography can also help awaken your soul. Rejoice in these glorious gifts, but do not become enslaved to appearances. I am primarily interested in the condition of your heart, and I work to create beauty in it.

from Jesus Always, February 26

We spread more light in a dark world by opening our doors than hiding behind them.

Why is it so hard to admit our weaknesses? There is nothing better than the moment you hear a friend say something that resonates so deeply within you that you reach out with relief and say, “Thank you for sharing that . . . I thought I was the only one.”

And it’s more than just confessing superficial flaws—we all have laundry piled up, messy kitchens, and too many nights spent in the drive-thru line for “family dinner.” It’s the brokenness of our own humanity we find so shameful to share.

Vulnerability requires honesty. Simple, right? If only it were that easy to be honest with ourselves about the true condition of our hearts. Yet we live in a culture that bombards us with a mirage of perfect—perfect Instagram feeds, perfect bodies, perfect jobs, perfect children, perfect marriages, perfect homes, perfect, perfect, perfect. If perfection had a slogan, I think it would be something like: “Perfection, the preferred hiding place of people everywhere.”

It’s a lie.

The most beautiful people I know wear their imperfections with grace and confidence. It’s not pride or false humility, but a self-assurance from well-earned battle scars. There’s a reason we aren’t attracted to “fake” or “shallow” people. Perfect is boring!

Our flaws and idiosyncrasies are what make us interesting to one another. Rather than let our differences define and divide us, we must celebrate them.

Make a point to celebrate unconventional “beauty” in others: compliment someone’s thoughtfulness, leadership, wisdom, a listening ear.

And don’t try to cover each of your “cracks.” Sometimes people come over and dishes are in the sink—no big deal!

Day 6 - No Matter How Inadequate

You tend to waste energy trying to determine whether your resources are adequate for the day. . . How much better to simply acknowledge your insufficiency when you awaken! This frees you to rely on My boundless sufficiency. If you stay in touch with Me, I will place enough Power at your disposal to meet your needs as they arise.

from Jesus Always, March 24

God invites us to the table. When we show up, He provides everything we need to extend that same invitation to others.

In the beginning of the Turquoise Table, the day the unpainted picnic table arrived at our house, I had a hunch—to simply move our backyard activities to the front—but I had no plan. I had no idea what loving my neighbors like this would mean, no Front Yard People strategy, no 10-point action plan. Heck, I didn't really even think about it.

Everyone asks me about the first day, the very first moment at the Turquoise Table. It's one of my favorite stories to tell—how Susan showed up just a few minutes after I sat at the table. But as much as I love that story (and Susan!), it is not the most significant moment. The defining moment happened long before the Turquoise Table was a twinkle in my eye. It was the moment of surrender when I desperately asked God to show me what hospitality looks like to Him, to show me how to love others in real community.

I was broken. I cried out for help. God showed up. And I heeded the call.

It's that simple, really.

There's no one-size-fits-all formula for life at the table. But in my experience, there is a pattern: notice the needs of others. Pray. Show up. Love. There are days when it's blazing hot outside, or I am tired, but showing up—even for fifteen minutes at a time—matters. Love adds up. Love spreads. Love builds community.

All you have to do is open your door and open your heart. God will take care of the rest.

Are you wrestling God for control of your life? Are you looking for a way to help others, but don't know where to begin? Take a moment right now to pray. Acknowledge you need His help—we all do. And ask Him to help you find the best way to love your neighbors.

Day 7 - Fix Your Eyes

The sense of sight is a wondrous gift from Me, but it can become a source of bondage if misused. . . . Media images of people who look perfect [make] it tempting to be overly focused on your appearance. The same can be true of your home or family. This focus on appearances distracts you from the soul-satisfying pleasures of knowing Me.

from Jesus Always, June 2

The Good Earth Farm to Market in San Antonio builds community and brings health and life to its neighborhood. Pamela, the lead organizer, saw the needs of the community and believed a farmer's market could bring health and vitality to the neighborhood while building community.

"We like to think of the Good Earth Farm to Market as an invitation for the whole neighborhood to our collective front yard every Saturday," Pamela said.

The market's organizers donated six Turquoise Tables to provide welcome spots for neighbors, friends, and visitors to gather. So on the market's opening day my mother, my girls, and I table-hopped, meeting new people in between shopping for fresh veggies and herbs and eating breakfast tacos. The people-watching was amazing. An older woman wearing a hat to shade her face from the sun enjoyed a moment to rest and relax at one of the Turquoise Tables. She was soon joined by a young family with a baby who was just learning to walk. The little girl wobbled down the picnic table holding on to the bench for support. The woman in the hat greeted the baby with a big grin and invited the family to join her at the table where a conversation ensued.

At another table a man covered in tattoos sat next to moms with children in strollers, enjoying conversations and breakfast tacos. A policeman leaned up against a table chatting with neighbors in a casual way. Each scene showcased how we're all welcome at the Turquoise Table.

I was struck by the simplicity of it all. Everyone played a role doing what comes naturally—farmers brought food, neighbors shopped and strolled, and everyone ate. They didn't have to plan something new or be different from who they are. The tattoo guy, the woman with her hat, the policeman, the parents with hungry children—it was a melting pot of what community looks like when you come as you are.

Beautiful gatherings are nice, aren't they? But the decorations aren't the point. Maya Angelou once said, "People will forget what you said, and people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel." Those decorations, the place cards, the lavish food—they don't matter. You don't have to do anything but provide a gathering space and a listening ear—that's how you build community right where you are. Take your gatherings outside and leave the laundry on the couch.

After all, it's amazing how much love and beauty can come from a picnic table with fake flowers perched on top. Especially when breakfast tacos are involved.

Your table doesn't have to be in your front yard. Think about places in the community where you can host a simple gathering—the park, a farmer's market, a church parking lot. Ask everyone to bring their own food, games, and lawn chairs, and just enjoy each other's company.

Day 8 - Do What You Can, and Leave the Rest to Me

Your relationship with Me is collaborative: you and I working together. Look to Me for help and guidance, doing whatever you can and trusting Me to do what you cannot do. Instead of trying to force things to a premature conclusion, relax and ask Me to show you the way you should go—in My timing. Hold My hand in confident trust, beloved, and enjoy the journey in My Presence.

from Jesus Always, June 5

For me, it's easy to free-fall into the perfection pit and allow the holiness of hospitality to revert to entertainment. And trust me, there's a big difference between the two.

Entertainment puts the emphasis on me. Does my house look okay? Gosh, I wish we had different kitchen cabinets. I should paint them. NOW. I hope I bought the right cheese for the appetizer tray. Do cheddar and grapes really go together? Maybe I should have splurged on blue cheese too. But it's so stinky. I should have gotten the blue cheese; stinky is good.

Pride prompts a spin cycle of worry. And it's an endless cycle because when entertainment is the goal, the house will never be ready. There will always be "one more thing" to do, and you'll never be able to step off the hamster wheel of crazy.

On the other hand, hospitality takes the posture of humility, no longer seeking to impress but to serve. The heart of hospitality is to make people feel welcome and at ease. We can go through the motions to entertain, or we can adopt a way of life that opens us up— good, bad, and ugly— to others.

When we acknowledge and understand the places in our lives that are broken, there's less room for judgment of others. We're breaking patterns of perfectionism and letting things just be. That loss of judgment frees us from pride.

In keeping things Pinterest perfect, we're entertaining everyone but fooling no one. Hospitality starts with our acknowledging our weaknesses, strengths, and shortcomings. That's how we empathize with others (because who's going to want to trust their brokenness with someone who seems perfect?). Grace can only flow freely through cracked pots.

Girl, it's okay to have people over when your house isn't spotless. Here's how my friend Shauna Niequist gets her house ready for drop-in guests: she grabs a basket and picks up anything a guest could step on or anything they could sit on. Oh, and she cooks some bacon. Genius!

Day 9 - Sometimes You Need Help

As you try to do several things at once, you find yourself moving faster and faster—interrupting one thing to do another. If your phone rings at such a time, your stress level rises even higher. The best way out of this turmoil is to STOP everything. Take a few deep breaths and whisper My Name. Acknowledge your need for My guidance through the moments of this day. I will lovingly lead you along paths of righteousness—for My Name's sake.

from Jesus Always, July 13

Being in community means depending on other people.

Our weaknesses reveal our dependency on God and others, which is countercultural in our society, the country that celebrates independence in the land of the free. We strive for independence—we fight for it. Even when we're running around with our hair on fire, we'd rather fumble for the hose ourselves rather than ask our friend to douse us with the glass of water in her hand.

But we were not meant to live as lone rangers. We'd miss the opportunity for others to step in and fill the cracks. Belonging is an act of receiving and giving.

My friend Jenni and I had a conversation recently about how it's so much easier for us to give than receive. Whether it's receiving a gift or asking for help, we both acknowledged it's a challenge for us.

"Why is it so hard for women—or maybe it's just us—to receive help?" I really wanted to know.

"I feel like it's an imposition. Everyone is so busy," Jenni started. She shared that her neighbor recently asked to borrow an egg. Of course, Jenni was delighted to give her neighbor an egg. In fact, she said it made her feel good, nostalgic even.

"When we were growing up," Jenni said, "if Mom needed an egg she'd ask me to head across the street and get one from Miss Leah. I'd dash out the door, ask for an egg, thank my neighbor, and then scurry back across the front yard cupping the egg gently in my hands. Why don't we do that anymore?"

Needing an egg doesn't reveal a vulnerability or expose our brokenness, but it's a great reminder that part of loving others is allowing them to love us too. When we practice asking for help in small ways, we come to believe we are not a burden but a blessing.

Hospitality can be hard, but it's a lot easier (and more fun!) when you ask your friends to help. Think of three people who could help with your next shindig. What are they good at—cooking, conversation, activities? Write their names in your phone and beside them, write what they're good at. The next time you need to throw a party, you can whip out this list and put your mind at ease!

Day 10

When People Bare Their Souls, You Are on Holy Ground

Your responsibility is to listen and love. . . . To function effectively on holy ground, you need the help of the Holy Spirit. Ask Him to think through you, listen through you, love through you. As the Spirit's Love shines through you, My healing Presence goes to work in the other person. While you continue listening, your main role is to direct the person toward Me and My bountiful resources.

from Jesus Always, September 2

I've found one of the most important ways we can show up for friends is to listen.

And this much I know is true: whether people are invited or spontaneously show up to the Turquoise Table, they arrive ready to sit and talk. Real conversation is an invitation. It's the most authentic way we can say, "You matter."

I have to be honest, listening isn't a skill that comes easy for me. I'm a notorious interrupter. Sometimes instead of focusing on what the other person is saying, I'm planning what I'm going to say next. How awful is that? It's something I'm trying to work on, because I don't want to miss an opportunity to let the Spirit's Love shine through me and onto my guest.

The Turquoise Table is a visible reminder of God's love. An invitation to welcome others into the mundane, everyday moments of our lives. The beauty of the table lies in its simplicity, making an easy way to be present and available to listen. People want to be heard. You will connect if you open your ears and your heart.

Being present and listening is the foundation to hospitality. I had it backward for so long. I thought I had to master the art of fancy French cooking to make people feel welcome. I thought hospitality was about entertaining and preparing a fine feast. Don't get me wrong: delicious food will always be my love language. But learning to listen and be present is paramount if we are to take every opportunity to open our lives and homes to others.

Practice being an active listener. These seem so obvious, but sometimes we need a reminder.

Maintain eye contact

Don't interrupt

Don't try to solve or fix the problem (sometimes this is so hard)

Pay attention to what isn't being said

Don't be afraid of silence

My neighbor Nicole loves to use the phrase "tell me more." It gives permission for people to go beyond polite conversation and share deeper.

Day 11 - You Are A Letter from Me

Because you are one of My followers, the Holy Spirit is in you. He equips and empowers you to do far more than you could ever do on your own. . . . The Spirit writes on the tablet of your heart not only to bless you but also to draw others to Me. When you are with people who don't know Me, He can make you a living letter from Me. One of the shortest but most effective prayers is: "Help me, Holy Spirit." Use this prayer as often as you need, inviting Him to bring gospel truths alive through you.

from Jesus Always, September 24

Lately I've been sitting at the Turquoise Table overwhelmed with gratitude that people who were once strangers I now call by name. We've celebrated births, cheered at graduations, mourned the tragedy of illness and death, and in between it all we've shared the gift of ordinary days. I know we belong in this neighborhood, with these people and at this table.

But sometimes it isn't that way.

We've all felt it: the sting of not being included, the yearning to belong. As the mother of teenagers, I hear my fair share of social woes—who's in, who's out, the hurt of not being invited to the party, or the rejection of "there's no room for you" at the school lunch table. I don't have the heart to tell them this won't be the last time they face exclusion or rejection.

Whether the pain of the circumstance is short-lived or long suffered, the loneliness of exclusion is hard to shake. Community is a basic need of humanity and the table—all tables—should be a place of inclusion.

You are an ambassador for the kingdom of God, a living love letter that shows others how important they are to Him. It hardly feels that way when all you're just inviting someone to sit and have coffee. But when there's laundry on the couch and kids to shuttle to and fro and deadlines and marriages and parenting and so much stuff that needs your attention, on top of any hurt you may be feeling in your heart—adding anything extra can feel Herculean. It may feel impossible. How could you possibly care for one more human being when you already have so much on your shoulders?

Girl, I get it. But you know what? You're not doing this on your own.

Thankfully, we have a Holy Spirit living within us that will give us wisdom if only we ask, wisdom that will help us know Him better and show Him better (Ephesians 1:17). And I'll tell you, I need my fair share of wisdom on a daily basis.

When you invite others to share their stories at your table, you invite them to belong. You invite them to be part of God's love story, so they too can become a love letter and show others how much He loves the whole world. That makes laundry on the couch seem pretty trivial, huh?

It's easy to forget that we have deity sitting inside our souls. Set a daily reminder in your phone that says, "Help me, Holy Spirit." When you see that message pop up each day, pray those words. You may be surprised by the results—and the instant peace that comes with knowing you're not doing all this alone.

Day 12 - I Want You to Comfort Others

No matter what circumstances you are enduring, My Presence and comfort are sufficient for your needs. As a Christian, everything you endure has meaning and purpose. Suffering can build your character and prepare you to help others who are struggling. So talk freely with Me about the difficulties in your life, and ask Me to use them for My purposes.

from Jesus Always, November 10

Every time someone sends me a note or shares a photo of their Turquoise Table, my jaw drops and my heart flutters. Whodda thunk? I say it every time. Not out loud, though. Because I am always truly dumfounded. Never in my wildest dreams could I have imagined Turquoise tables multiplying like rabbits.

But then I remember the need: people are hungry for connection and a place to belong. And the truth—we were created to be in community by a God who loves us extravagantly. He loves all of us, each and every one. In order for us to even get a glimpse of what that kind of majestic love looks and feels like, we have to experience it through connection with others. So God gave us one another.

Today there are Turquoise Tables in nearly every state from California to Maine and five countries. All over the world people are gathering at Turquoise Tables in all kinds of front yards and even on Main Street! We crave community—authentic connection to do our one and only crazy lives together. What's better than living it out with the people right where you live, inviting them to your own front yard?

Front Yard People, I am so proud of what y'all have accomplished these past twelve days. The love you've shown, the stories you've heard, the hands you've held, the holy ground you've walked upon—I could burst, knowing how much Kingdom work you've been doing and how many lives are better for your brave heart. And you didn't need a formal ministry strategy or a verified Instagram account or someone to give you permission to start. You just did it.

And You did it with cookies and coffee. That's a movement I can get behind.

I hope you've enjoyed these activities and these words. I know I enjoy Jesus Always—it fills me up every day. Remembering how much my Savior loves and how He's with me every step of the way are an invaluable part of keeping me the wife, mother, daughter, sister, and friend I want to be.

I invite you to keep opening your home and heart to your neighbors. They need your love for more than twelve days—they need it as long as you're willing to give it. And don't forget: there's beauty in asking for help. You're helping someone else on their journey, helping them to feel valuable and wanted.

You are never alone, dear one. Let's keep on being people who build their lives around each other, who open our lives and homes to one another, one Turquoise Table at a time.

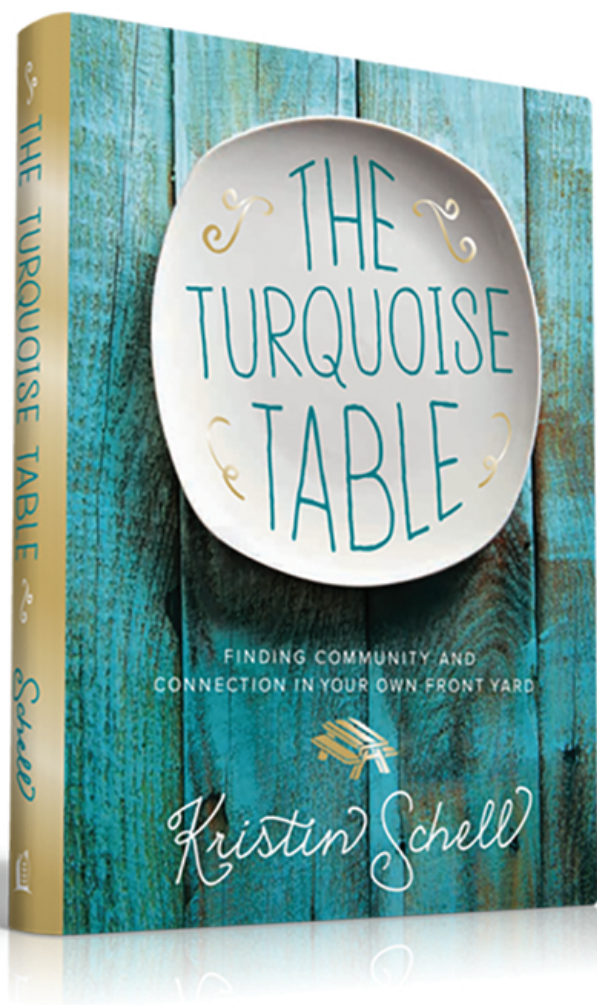
It's journal time! Grab a pen and your favorite notebook or open a Word doc on your computer, and answer a few questions.

What did you learn about hospitality in these past twelve days?

How did you feel when you started?

Do you feel more confident as a guest and host?

How can you keep your hospitality going on a regular basis?



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and connection
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