



...from the heart of Quinn Anderson

Ten Years!

I anticipated a big ah-ha moment as I sat down to properly share the way it felt to reach the 10-year anniversary of Babies of Juarez. Load after load, year after year, we have watched God provide through you and so many others. Surely, there was an earth-shattering story to tell. Then it hit me. The story is less ah-ha and more like a step by step, day by day one. It's both bigger than and smaller than one person could possibly tell. (And that's about as deep or philosophical as this simple girl gets.)

One of the reasons we stack supplies in Mexico and take a picture for you all is to illustrate this very thing. Every can of formula and package of diapers tells a story. An actual person gave it. You used valuable resources of time, energy, or money—sometimes all three. And an actual person is receiving it. A mom and her child or children make their way to the team center, stand in line with others in community, hear from Pastor Martin, express gratitude, and make their way back to where they live now able to feed and diaper their baby. Because of you. Ten years in and this connection still astounds me.

Step by step, day by day. We do whatever small part God has asked of us—and he brings it all together in great beauty. God put a big ribbon around our 10-year anniversary with back-to-back loads in October. It was the sweetest

thing of him to do, and took nearly everything I had to hold it together when standing once again in Mexico looking at God's abundant provision. Then, God put a cherry on top. (A big-ass cherry.) (And I'm not even apologizing for using that word.) God let us be there for a distribution. Look at this.





And if that wasn't enough, a friend from church used his time and talent to create this recap video from our trip. It's so good and our babies are in it, so I'm sharing it with you. And hey—if you've toyed with the idea of going on a house-building trip, let this push you over the edge to make 2018 the year.



We owe a great deal of gratitude to Hayden and Jacque French. For 10 years they've made it possible for us to have non-profit status and all the donation benefits that come with that. "Anything for the babies" is Jacque's answer to any and every BOJ request. We couldn't have done it without them, and we couldn't be more thankful for their generosity and partnership over the years.

Loads 62 to 66

After sharing the standard “oh happy day” pictures, I’m including a (long) excerpt from a talk I gave awhile back. In honor of our 10-year anniversary, I thought some history might be helpful for those who weren’t with us in the beginning. For those with less patience, like me, or not enough time to read a lot of words—I’ll close and say thank you for partnering with us. May God bless your life. Enjoy the pictures!

Load 62...



Load 63...





Load 64...



Load 65...





Load 66...



What's next?

We head back to Juarez on March 11, kicking off year eleven with load 67 in tow. If you'd like to put more supplies in the hands of these dear moms, our address is 23010 S 201st Street, Queen Creek AZ 85142. Target, Walmart, and amazon deliver right to our door. It would be an honor to take your gifts down with us!

Some history...

(the long excerpt...)

God has given me a story to tell—and I am privileged to stand here before you as one very ordinary person with a great big God. I'm living proof that God uses unimpressive people with

highs and lows, successes and failures, to serve his purposes.

Part of this story began the summer of 2007 when my husband and I heard God calling us to lead a home-building team to Juarez, Mexico. So we did all the typical things—training, fundraising, prayer, team building exercises.

*It was really such an exciting time for us. We had a small, but fantastic team, and we all enjoyed the anticipation of our first trip to Juarez. God really turned our excitement up a notch when Missions Ministries sent us a picture of the family for whom we'd build a home. That really changed everything as we began to pray specifically for them and to shop for household and fun items with them in mind. Little did we know God had **so much more** for us than we had planned.*

When we arrived in El Paso, Texas, before heading over the border, we started hearing stories from the missionaries—stories of hardship and survival. We learned of babies with no formula in their bottles, moms trying to pacify them with sugar water or bean juice to buy a little time and fill their bellies with something. (Literally, they would take the water from the top of boiled beans and feed it to the babies, trying to get some nutrients into them.)

We heard stories about moms who would save enough money for a single diaper. Their babies would wear that diaper for days until it couldn't possibly hold anything else, and the parent would go back and buy one more single diaper. That's when God started working on my heart for this cause...and for these dear people.

During our short time in Juarez we continued to hear story after story of babies in dire need. Parents not naming their babies until they were 6 months old to protect themselves from the very real chance they'd lose this child to starvation. They believe it's easier to bury a baby who doesn't have a name yet.

We heard stories of the general situation in that area—the wages not nearly enough to afford the most basic necessities. Formula is even more expensive in Juarez than it is here, so you can just imagine!

A factory worker does a 12-hour shift and makes \$7-10 a day. We learned that many women are so malnourished they can't breastfeed. Many families in that area eat one meal a day, and it's usually rice and beans. Babies die of infection caused by wearing filthy diapers for days on end.

We saw these situations and needs firsthand on our trip to Mexico. We also saw the overwhelming gratitude for any type of help. These were incredible people who worked hard and loved with such abandon. I knew right away this community was somehow meant to be part of my own.

As we built and as we painted over those few days, one song continually played in my head—John Waller's "The Blessing." The part God stuck firmly within me was "Let it be said of us, that our hearts belong to Jesus. Let it be said of us, that we spoke the words of life. Let it be said of us, that our heritage is blessing for life."

We were on our drive home—all five of our family emotionally spent, physically drained, and just plain exhausted. It had been the most rewarding journey of our lives. I'd been on other mission trips and nothing ever before had quite this impact on me. In a few short days we had met an amazing family, been the hands to give them God's gift of a home, and loved on a group of people in Mexico as they loved right back on us.

We were overwhelmed with what God had allowed us to see and be part of. On the 10-hour drive home my tired mind raced and raced. I just couldn't shake the stories. Over and over my mind and heart just kept saying, "This is not okay

with me.” Now that I knew the situation, I had to do what I could to help.

This community was SO close to us in proximity and their need was overwhelming. It was a different world just across my country’s border, and they just felt close enough that somehow we should be able to help them. Two days after our return I felt God very clearly speaking to my heart. He was calling me to start what has become Babies of Juarez. I remember the moment he said, “Here is what I have for you to do. This is what I’m asking you to do.” All I did was say okay... yes...and God birthed the project.

We were asking for diapers and formula—brand new supplies, expired formula samples, open bags of diapers, anything. I spread the word, my friends spread the word, my friend’s friends spread the word.

God has blessed this ministry. Most days I shake my head and wonder how or why God would give me the privilege of watching him feed his babies in Mexico. I get to pray blessing on total strangers who have given to the cause.

We’ve received large checks and small checks along the way. Large drop-offs and small ones. Just when I think the ministry is going to die down or people are losing interest, God knocks me over the head and reminds me how little I know. It’s just my job to obey him. The provision is his alone—and make no mistake about it—God intends to feed those babies! I have watched it happen again and again with my own two eyes.

Since we started collecting supplies, we have seen the infant mortality rate drop significantly. We have met people who tell us their children starting school now are much brighter and do better academically than their older siblings who didn’t have access to formula. We’ve heard stories about dramatically better health. We see chunky, alert babies at church now in the

colonias instead of lethargic ones.

In the early days, we'd arrive at the team center with supplies, and the pastors would come late into the evening to get diapers and formula for their communities. They knew of babies who were so desperate for nourishment they might not make it through the night without the formula our team carried across the border. So, with tears in our eyes, we would load up their cars and watch them head off to distribute these gifts to the people who needed them so desperately. One pastor's wife, Elizabeth, told us how these supplies saved her granddaughter's life. Then a missionary friend standing with us proceeded to tell us about a time before regular donations of diapers and formula when they were so desperate for formula, Elizabeth took the only can the ministry had and divided it up into baggies to distribute. Portions of two tablespoons were given out, hoping this would sustain the babies until more formula was found.

Here's the bottom line: all I did was say yes to God back then and continue to say yes today. In the process, God has changed who I am, how I look at him, how I see the poor, how I even see my own home, as well as many other gifts and treasures I wouldn't trade for anything—and he has allowed me the tremendous blessing of a front-row seat as he feeds the Babies of Juarez.

Thank you so much for your time today and for being part of this ministry. You're making a life-changing difference.



Our mailing address is:

23010 South 201st Street
Queen Creek, AZ 85142

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