

# Positively Speaking

By Mark Wilson

## The Firing of the Missionary

She was a good worker alright. Nobody would dispute that. In fact, she worked her fingers to the bone from early morn to late at night -- helping the sick at the African mission hospital.

No one doubted her commitment. Through thick and then, she was always there -- without apology or excuse. She fought valiantly in the grim cause of human justice.

She was a good thinker alright, with an uncanny gift of administration and organization. Many missionaries can't administrate their way out of a paper bag. If she wanted to, with her organizational abilities, she could launch a paper bag factory. She ran a "tight ship."

She was passionate alright -- and felt the urgency of mission every day. Men and women came to the clinic for miles to receive help for their many diseases. Mothers brought their languishing children with hopes of a miracle cure. Providing comfort for the sick was her foremost thought every day. This was her top priority. "Whatever it takes" was the motto she lived by.

But, unfortunately, she was asked to leave. They told her to pack her bags and head back home to America. Her services were not needed any longer.

This wasn't merely the workings of some screwy headed supervisor, either. No, the problem went far deeper than that. The decision was pretty much unanimous by all the parties concerned -- the nationals at the clinic, the doctors, the administrators back in the home office, and the co-workers who served beside her every single day, and even the patients. All of them said it was a good idea for her to go.

Why would somebody with such gifting, ability and passion be expelled from a place of such desperate need? What was the bottom line reason? What drove the nail into her vocational coffin?

Simply this: She couldn't get along with other people.