

So for more than a week I was quite pleased with how well my mind and body reacted to this grueling schedule of taxing work, but it wasn't until my final day in Ukraine that I truly felt the cumulative impact of the entirety of our Mission work. On that final day we only had one Mission objective to accomplish: drive the nearly one thousand miles from the Ukrainian southern front lines to Warsaw, and from the minute I settled-in for the drive, I felt my mind and body "crash"; physically and mentally I was totally drained, something that I had never felt before on this Mission trip. It was new, and I needed to figure out why.

Having many, many hours to digest that strange new feeling, this is what I concluded, about why for more than a week, I awoke re-charged and literally excited and insanely energized about the work that lay ahead – and yet on this last day I mentally and physically collapsed from exhaustion.

What I determined was that the source for my intense energy on Mission days was what had to be a massive amount of adrenaline that my body produced in inherently psyching-myself-up for the grueling, dangerous that we were facing – but on that last day, without any missiles to dodge, without any people to save, there was none of that adrenaline pumping through my veins.

Thank God for that adrenaline.



Long line after long line waiting to leave Ukraine, beginning 27 miles from the Polish border.



...and it was here that I bid farewell to my incredible fixers/interpreters, Theo and Markkian.

