



What is a Church?

For where two or three gather in my name, there am I with them.”– Matthew 18:20

I went to church today. There wasn't a sign out front telling me when the services are nor who the preacher is. There was no foyer, fellowship hall, Jesus pictures nor a baptistry. There wasn't even a steeple. Most of you wouldn't dare come here at noon on a Saturday. You wouldn't come on a weekend night especially. Some of you won't like that I went. It won't fit in your "box" neatly. It wrecks the "clean picture" most have of what a church should be. No, it's not a normal place to meet.

It was a bar. A popular bar with many of the OKC Thunder players, I've heard. To defend myself with many of the "neater" believers, it was at noon before drinks will be served (we had water though). That night drinks will flow and it will look much more like the show Cheers than Newcastle Christian Church. But at noon, it was church.

There was worship lead by a young man sitting at the end of the bar. Songs lifting high the greatness of Christ and the love He has for us. Most listened because they probably didn't know the words. But you could see on their faces the peace and joy of a Messiah many had heard of in their youth. Everyone sat around tables; even the preacher. He is a good friend of mine with a heart for those who don't see Jesus as He really is.

The crowd (15-20) didn't look the "Sunday morning" part, nor would they want to. They looked, well, like people lost. Searchers looking for something or someone to love them. To meet them right where they are and lift them into His presence. Some grew up in church but something happened and they don't really want to go anymore. Some have never thought the church had anything for them. A crowd that probably looked like a hillside in Galilee. A crowd Jesus seemed to attract. And here they are. At a bar in Oklahoma City.

What do you do? These people don't fit in a cookie cutter. They don't see the world like I do. They may not have even been raised like me. Most of their burdens don't look like mine, nor mine, theirs. So what, again, do we do?

The same thing Jesus did. He met with them. He loved people. All people. People like you. Like me. People unlike us. But they look like Jesus. And he helped people see the Father. Helped them see Him. He invited them to a "better way". He knew that where He was, was church. When He was invited, He went and loved them as only Jesus could. He was at the bar today. And people saw Him. I saw Him.

And heaven smiled.

From My Heart,

Billy