

MEADOWBROOK BAPTIST CHURCH

Worship this Sunday

March 10, 2024 – 9:00 AM

For Information - meadowbrookbaptist.cc

For printed messages

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FOOD ITEMS Please remember to bring food items with you when you come to church and leave them in the vestibule. When each person does a little the result is a whole lot.

JOE THE WINEO

Tony Campolo tells the story of “Joe the Wino.” He was a drunk and a dirty street person who was powerfully saved in a gospel mission. To get out of the cold he worked in the mission and gave it his best effort.

He swept floors, arranged chairs, and cleaned toilets. But most of all he cared for the people who came there for help, people nobody else wanted. He would fix their supper if they came in late. He would bathe the filth from their bodies and would give up his bed if they all were taken.

One night an evangelist preached at the mission and as the service was closing, a man came forward saying, “I want God to please make me like JOE!” The evangelist said to him, “Don’t you mean, make me like Jesus?” The man looked at him and said “IS JESUS LIKE JOE?”

BIG JOE

Several years ago, the *Reader’s Digest* carried the story of a young woman, horribly burned, who was taken to the burn center in Galveston, Texas. There she kept praying to die and refused the treatment.

Into her room came the horrible shell of a man burned beyond recognition from head to toe. They called him, “Big Joe” and his mutilated face broke into a big grin and his voice was full of love, joy and hope. He said, “What’s’ wrong little lady? You are going to make it, and me all these fine folks, are going to be with you every step of the way.

He built a friendship with her and helped her make it through the long ordeals of skin grafts. He joined with her family members, holding her hand when she screamed.

After months of this, when her husband came to take her home, they went by Joe’s room to say “Good-bye”. There, by his bed for a visit, were his wife and children. Seeing them, her mouth fell-open. “Joe,” she said, “I didn’t know you were. . .”

The word didn’t come. Joe said, “That’s right, Jane, I’m black.” She wheeled over to him, hugged his neck and said, “That doesn’t matter to me, Joe. You’re the best friend a girl ever had and my family and I love you.

In their crisis and concern they were not black and white. They were human beings, sharing a common bond of pain, helping each other. Outward differences disappeared behind inward love and appreciation.

This is how it should be among God’s people and the people of the world. Every one of them is loved by God; is someone Jesus died for and is a potential brother or sister we will meet in heaven. Saint Augustine said:

“Opportunities to witness for Jesus come every day. If necessary, use words.”