

We The Church

Picking up from last time - - about 3:30 Sunday afternoon we went to “be the church” with some friends. There were 11 plus Jesus.

Our Bible study leader had had a rough week and hadn’t prepared a lesson this time. Instead, she printed off some scriptures and put them in a basket that we passed around, and each took one.

We shared on the scripture we drew, and love and tears flowed as we talked personally about the verse and how it fit our life. It was I Thess. 5:11 in action, “Therefore encourage one another and build each other up, just as in fact you are doing.” niv

Then we prayed together before enjoying a meal that centered around that fried turkey. (Remember?) What could be more “Church” than this?

ALL PIOUS PONTIFICATION ASIDE. . .

Regardless of how pious we appear, we all need settings where we can be real with others as we grow in Christ and work through life’s challenges and our weaknesses. None of us are whole in our humanity but all are becoming more so. None of us are fully sanctified but all are being transformed to be more like Jesus.



So, what if someone has a smoke at church? I’d sure rather be with them, than with those whose self-righteousness allows them to judge (thus, condemn) them even as they hide their own addictions.

Could someone have a barley pop at your church, or must they stick with your high fructose corn syrup-laced colas?

We won’t genuinely welcome anyone into the church whom we won’t welcome into our personal life.

In leaving, the host family gave me the turkey carcass to bring home to make bone broth. Life is better than I deserve!

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October 13, 2021