



The Sharing Organization

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Ministry Moment...

Every Monday my grandmother joins me for services at a few of the homes. She is a joy to me and to the residents as she does what I don't do, and that is to greet people with a kiss on their forehead and a hug. Right or wrong of me, I avoid contact with residents (well, anyone, really), offering no more than a handshake and a squeeze of the arm.

One day during a service, there were four or five of us singing the worship songs, and I noticed one of the ladies fidgeting in her seat. It wasn't normal for her to be so fidgety or so distracted, and though it was slight at first, eventually she began seriously shimmying all around in her seat. It finally dawned on me that she was trying to scratch an itch in the middle of her back.

I mentioned that I avoid touching residents outside of a handshake, right?

Immediately I began to struggle against myself. You would have thought that I was preparing to do open heart surgery on her, but all I was trying to get myself to do was to stand up and go over to scratch her back. I have no idea why I struggle with touching people. I seem to have an undefined phobia and am always amazed at how readily the dentist or the doctor willingly touches me.

I remember years before when there was a guy at one of the homes. He was a very pleasant man, always smiling, but he was on oxygen and just sat there passively in the service. One day during the singing, I noticed that a four-inch snot was dangling from his nose where the oxygen was being pumped, and I was aware of the need to wipe his nose to spare his dignity. I quickly looked around for an aide to alert of the need for a Kleenex and could find no one. I realized what I had to do. I remember finding a tissue and preparing to wipe his nose, and I actually gagged a few times like one of those stupid dads on YouTube who gag when changing their baby's stinky diapers. But I wiped the nose, washed my hands, and that was that. His dignity was mended, and I had done what needed to be done.

After a few moments of self-deliberation, I walked over and scratched the woman's back. She thanked me, and as I sat down, I immediately thought about how much I am not like Jesus.

⁴⁰ *A man with leprosy came to him and begged him on his knees, "If you are willing, you can make me clean."* ⁴¹ *Jesus was indignant. He reached out his hand and touched the man. "I am willing," he said. "Be clean!"* ⁴² *Immediately the leprosy left him and he was cleansed. (Mark 1:40-42)*

~John

Prayer Letter...

Dear Prayer Partner,

I told you last month about how we were seeing a therapist with our son. The therapy itself wasn't all that productive, but the resulting discussions between Megan and me have been quite helpful, if that makes any sense. Anyway, this summer the boy has gone to a two-week junior police academy and also a week-long Bible camp in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. We are both very proud of him handling these new experiences so well and are thankful for God's blessing in helping us help him. Thank you for praying with our family for this. Now it seems that we are going to have to seek help for our nine-year-old as she is showing some OCD tendencies, as well as severe separation anxiety. Pray with us that she can address these challenges and learn to deal with them in a faithful and healthy way.

September 7, 2018, is the 15th year anniversary of the very first day we began doing services at the nursing homes! A few of the people we met then are still alive and with us today! In fact, on that first day, one woman met me at the door and asked if I was Reverend John Rock. When I confirmed it, she told me how very much she had looked forward to us coming. Now, 15 years later, she is often fuzzy about who I am, but after a few seconds she remembers me and is again happy for my visit.

To celebrate this 15th year milestone, we are having a ministry birthday party on September 8th. It will be held at the Haven Place in New Haven, and our keynote speaker will be Suzie Aheimer, Operation Christmas Child's Area Coordinator for the greater Detroit area. As part of the event we will be having cake and ice cream sandwiches, painting rocks to help decorate the Haven Place Park in New Haven, and enjoying s'mores around a bonfire (weather permitting). Please see the enclosed invitation, and please be sure to accept or decline with the RSVP card.

Thank you for loving the nursing care residents with us,



John R. Rock

Matthew 25:35-40

³⁵ *For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in,* ³⁶ *I needed clothes and you clothed me, I was sick and you looked after me, **I was in prison and you came to visit me.***

³⁷ *“Then the righteous will answer him, ‘Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you something to drink?’* ³⁸ *When did we see you a stranger and invite you in, or needing clothes and clothe you?’* ³⁹ **When did we see you sick or in prison and go to visit you?’**

⁴⁰ *“The King will reply, ‘Truly I tell you, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me.’*