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A Good Samaritan Story [as told by Dave Sefcik from the Wednesday Waterboyz Table]

I was walking into the restaurant and looked over and saw someone that looked like he was sleeping in a car. I said to myself, “that looks like Mark Scuderi.” But Mark doesn’t usually attend on Wednesdays and he wouldn’t be in his car. This is where the story really starts.

Unbeknownst to me, Mark saw a man [Kenny] in the parking lot on the way in and as he often does, struck up a conversation [Mark is known as our table’s Evangelist]. He found out that Kenny is homeless, took money out of his pocket and gave it to him. Then Mark went to his car and gave Kenny a daily devotional. I still had no idea about this at the time.

About ten minutes into our meeting, Mark got up and disappeared. Then he came back in and sat down. Later, I found out that Mark saw Kenny walk by and peek his head in at our table. Mark had gone out to invite him to our table. A few minutes later, Kenny came in and took a seat. He briefly shared his misfortune...the breakup of his marriage and rejection from his family. He lives in a tent in the woods across the street from the restaurant.

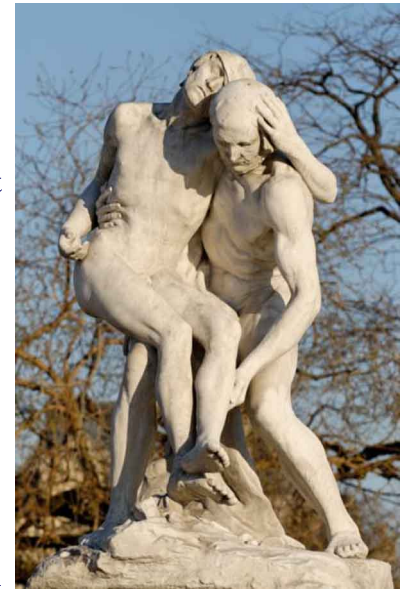
Mark again left the meeting and we found out later, he had gone up to the waitress and told her to be sure not to let Kenny go hungry, and that if he came in on Thanksgiving, Mark would cover him. To top this off, I saw Mark talking to several men out in the main dining area. I thought he was out there inviting more men to the table. What he was doing was letting several regular diners know that this man needed help and was asking them if they wanted or could help out in any way. Can you believe it?

We finished the lesson with Kenny, bought him breakfast and spent a few minutes afterwards getting to know Kenny a little better. Honestly, I had no idea what to do or how to help him. I pleaded with Mark...please do not leave me by myself. I need your help on this. The only thing I knew how to do was ask Kenny whether he was saved. In fact, he has been a believer for years and he said that knowing the Lord is the only thing that has helped him get through this. Again I was not aware, but several men at the table also dug down and provided Kenny with some money.

I left and Mark stayed. This is where the story begins again. I called Mark a half hour later to confess my inability to know how to help someone in this situation. He told me that he gave Kenny a Bible, made arrangements for him to stay in the motel next door, was taking him to Walmart for clothes and already had some idea on how to get him a job. He found a church that will take Kenny in for six months.

I asked Mark, “How did you know what to do?”. He simply remarked, “I just did what it says in the story of the Good Samaritan. I did what I could and now it is up to Kenny.”

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Just like in the biblical story, Mark took care of Kenny 's physical needs, as well as his spiritual needs. Now it is up to Kenny!

When I shared my awe of Mark 's actions with Mark, his only response was how thankful he was for the opportunity. I couldn 't believe it...he was just thankful for the opportunity. I need to learn from this man, I thought to myself. I am so grateful that I know Mark Scuderi and what he taught me this day.

Report from Baltimore Block Party *"Each one should use whatever gift he has received to serve others, faithfully administering God's grace in its various forms." 1Peter 4:10*

Young people from Damascus Road Community Church and the Waterboyz took this text to heart when they made their second trip this year to Baltimore. Donated clothing was distributed, the Waterboyz provided the food, there was lots of



music and praying going on. Over 700



people were served on this trip.

Here is a report from Matt Holbrook:

I was part of a group that had the pleasure to see Christ in action in Baltimore. We had the opportunity to be Christ's hands and feet in a place devoid of much hope. The Spirit was everywhere. Folks were worshipping, learning and committing their lives to Jesus. God even had us comfort and pray over a man who fell into a severe seizure right in front of us. While sorting donated clothing, I was blessed to have met a guy named Lee. Lee was in his late 30's and tattoos crept out of his collar

and cuffs. Lee had recently been released after eight years in prison for distributing narcotics. Lee is in a life or death struggle with drugs. He lives on the street and sleeps in abandoned row houses. His worldly possessions are stored in a single garbage bag. He is under constant threat from dealers, other users, thugs and disease, not to mention the chemicals he pumps into his body.

God used me to love Lee. I got to pray for him and with him. I got to care for him and get him fed. I got to talk with him about a Savior who loves us enough to give his own life for all of our sins, including the ones he had committed and the ones he was going to commit. We all met our own Lee's while in Baltimore. We fed and clothed hundreds of them. We prayed for them, worshipped with them, preached to them, and "administered God's grace in its various forms."

