



## January 2009

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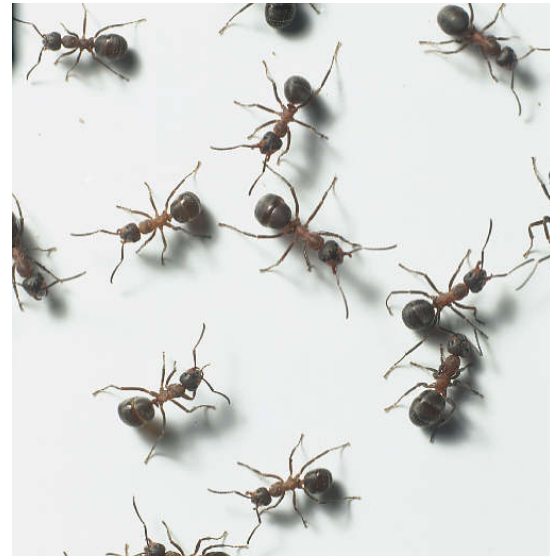
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### WE ARE THE ANTS

Humor me for a moment. I throw weights—like the shot put, hammer, and discus. It's interesting to see what happens when a weight lands near an ant pile. The force and vibration send the ants scurrying. They go off into all directions. If they're fire ants, I can attest that they're out for blood.

Just last evening, I was watching this phenomena with great interest. I threw a weight, and it landed about a foot from an ant hill. The ants poured out, but not one was on the weight. They were scurrying in every direction, but not one was in the crater created by the weight.

It made me think about how often we act the same way. Something catastrophic happens, and we jump to take immediate action. We're born to want to fix things without understanding the source or underlying causes of the problem.



When the NASA Shuttle, Challenger, was torn apart, we were devastated. The TV spectacle of watching the Shuttle break apart was mind numbing. In days immediately following, Congressional leaders called for the end to manned space travel. It was a total overreaction by some of our leadership. It wasn't that space travel was at fault, rather it was human error and faulty manufacturing that led to a horrible accident.

The point is that people go scurrying after a disaster. Wanting to do something immediate. We make poor decisions. When we overreact, we confuse or ignite people's emotions in these times of stress.

People acted the same way when Jesus was arrested and crucified. They were confused. They ran, denied, and were silent. Jesus died. How could God let such a horrible thing happen?

We act like the ants. Something large happens, something catastrophic shakes our world as we know it, and we run around looking for answers, looking to fix the problem, but failing to examine the true cause.

The ants couldn't do anything about the weight I threw. And they didn't seem to realize that it was not really a threat to their anthill. It landed a foot away and shook them up, but that's about it.

The death of Jesus shook up the world, but the resurrected Jesus helped the disciples turn and face its full weight. He met them in the garden. He visited them on the shore of the lake. He walked with them to Emmaus. And his disciples saw the weight of God's glory.

The Resurrection established the veracity of Jesus' message. Time and time again, the people closest to Jesus really didn't get what he was talking about or who he truly was. After the Cross and Resurrection, that changed. The promise of the Messiah was realized through a seemingly common man who suffered deep humiliation, physical abuse, and a painful death. But he was not just a man.

He rose again, so we can't ignore the weight of his words. We can't ignore the weight of God's glory anymore. When we do, we're no better than the ants— Dan Roloff

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## Christmas at the Margins

Our 3<sup>rd</sup> Annual 'Christmas at the Margins' was a smashing success! We arrived at Centennial Methodist Church Saturday morning to find a basement FULL of toys, clothes, food boxes, and a God-excitement that always produces 'God-bumps' and a fresh clear view of who Jesus is. It was so cool to see men

arriving, some with their families, some with other men from their tables, and I know of at least one man who had only been to his first 10MEN table the day before who came. They all came in with bags of presents and big smiles on their faces.



We sang a few Christmas carols, remembered that we were giving two kinds of presents – a) our actual presence like the shepherds and b) gifts just like the wise men, and then the semi-organized chaos ensued. Three Santa Claus, Newspaper reporters, and gathering up presents and matching up deliveries, loading up cars, vans and off we went. **It was SO much fun.**

As some of you know, a reporter from the Frederick News-Post arrived at Centennial and interviewed several of the Boyz as well as Juanita with 2<sup>nd</sup> Street and HOPE (our partner in this adventure). He talked with a guy who used to ride in a motorcycle gang, a scientist, and a retired police detective about how the Waterboyz for Jesus had affected their lives. On Sunday morning I ran out to the curb and opened the paper to a front page story about our adventure.—Paul



Here is an email from one of the single moms who was blessed: *Good Morning Dave, I thank you for sending the link to this (the newspaper article), I am so proud of you. You have come so far and changed so much! I was so blessed by you guys. You have no idea what it means to me. Yes I was one of those families in need. I was very choked up yesterday as they arrived with the gifts and food, by Gods grace, I now can give my kids a Christmas, it has really been rough for me this year, I still haven't found a job in a year, Merry Christmas.. Thank you so much for being a part of fulfilling someone's Christmas... love xxx*