

A Day in a Life

Life is not easy in the inner-city. The traumatic events that occur for most people only once in a life time happen to people living in the ghetto almost on a daily basis. This creates sort of high strung tensions that leads to frustration and ultimately despair. Thank God the Gospel brings the hope they need. Let me illustrate a few of the events that two moms shared with me recently.

At two o'clock in the morning a single mom is awakened by the sound of a huge explosion. Looking out the door a fireball rises in the sky above her apartment. She grabs her kids and runs to an inner bedroom. A gas truck has crashed on the freeway killing the driver and blowing up the bridge above her complex. Later that night she hears gunshots outside her door. The next morning she opens the door to take the kids to school and she finds empty shell casings on her back step.

A woman hears a hard knock on the door. As she answers it the police crash through the door looking for her husband who has parole violations. They nearly knock her to the floor as they frantically ransack the apartment looking for him. The woman has cancer of the uterus and bleeds profusely all day long is weak and barely walk at times. She has four children and is forced to work while she is dying to feed those kids.

Another woman has several kids, one of which is constantly in trouble with the police. She tries her best to raise her family by herself but those efforts aren't good enough. As the pressures increase her health fails. Two mornings ago her kids try to wake her up to get them ready for school. Instead they find her lifeless body still and turning cold. She literally worried herself to death. The kids now have to be taken into foster care because there is no one else in that family responsible enough to take care of them.

You know I could go on and on about these situations. These are just a few that were reported to me in just one day within a fifteen minute period on my daily visitation route. Can you imagine the total suffering in this community? The only one I think that can understand it is Jesus himself. How important is it for us to be in these communities? It literally could mean for many the difference between life and death.

A few years ago during a low point of our ministry I thought, "Well if we don't do this someone else will." I've got to tell you if we quit, there is no one else. I've been in the inner-city twelve years now and I've got to tell you I can count on one hand the number of Christians I've run into while going door to door that were out there trying to make a difference. You see folks if we don't do this nobody else will and we are literally, as Pastor Bill Wilson once said, standing between the living and the dead.

We need to keep doing this. This is not an option in our lives this is God's commandment. "Go into the world and preach the Gospel!" Will you help us do it? If we have more people praying and giving we could do a lot more. Thank you so much for your generous support. Tell others about it. There are kids out there waiting for us to show up in their lives. See you next time. Love you all.



The Children's Activity Center – Children's Activity Truck, part of Walking Faith Ministry, is a non-profit faith based organization dedicated to sharing the love of Jesus Christ to children and their families in Houston's crime and poverty ridden inner-city. We use a number of colorful fourteen foot storage trucks converted into a portable stages to bring weekly presentations of the gospel in skits, dramas, puppetry, and video right to the very doorstep of the children who so most desperately need it. Weekly visitations to the homes of attending children help us to share the life changing message of Jesus with the entire family and help the ministry to identify current needs both spiritual and physical that can be met in a timely fashion.

Come visit! **YOU ARE WELCOME!**

5801 Edgemoor St.

Houston, TX 77081

(on the corner of Edgemoor & Atwell between Bellaire and Bissonnet)

TEL: (713) 667-0442

FAX: (713) 664-3624

WEBSITE: www.childrensactivitycenter.com

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Mario

Because we had no place of our own for our kids when we first launched the Children's Activity Center about twelve years ago, we borrowed a small Christian Church on Saturday mornings. On one particular morning I remember seeing a young Hispanic kid walk through the door. What I remember most about him is that he never smiled but in his eyes was a willingness to receive the things of God. Those were the days we brought kids to church in broken down vans without seats with kids piled up on the floor. I recall one time as a van rounded the corner the sliding door shot off and fell in the ditch. Thank God there were no kids in it at the time! But in those days you had to do whatever it took with very little support and much less interest from those observing. In the beginning of any great move of God you have to do everything with almost nothing like making a stage curtain by sewing together shower curtains from a burned down hotel or making a stage with old shipping boxes found behind a dumpster and covering them with used carpet. Those were the days when an twelve year old named Mario walked into our lives and ministry. Let's pick up his story as he recounts it from the beginning.

My first experience with the Children's Activity Center was when I was twelve. My friend at the time already had been going for a few weeks and he talked me into to going with him on Saturday. I went expecting to hear the same lukewarm sermon and uninspired jargon; that's my experience with religion before and because of that I was reluctant to go but I went anyway. I didn't know it yet, but the minute they crammed me and about a dozen other kids inside a van the message I thought and somehow knew was about to come alive in a strong and vivid way.

When we arrived at the church it looked like a copy of an imitation of something. I thought it would look complete with the pews and stained glass, but it wasn't. There was Pastor Scott preaching and describing the crucifixion of Jesus Christ in the most agonizing and heart wrenching way that I have ever heard planting the Gospel seed firmly in my mind that I still can remember clearly to this day. The message was this: True love and salvation can only come from Jesus Christ. The blood was what separated the saved and the damned and by his stripes we are healed. I left enlightened and still am to this very day.

Folks, this is the power of God. One lost and lonely kid invited to come to a meeting on Saturday morning. Instead of finding the same old same old he runs straight into a God that loves him and cares for him and his life is changed forever. Not only that we have continued a relationship with him through our personal visitation program but he has become like a son to us.

Several years back his mother died of a heart attack suddenly in front of him in the kitchen of their apartment. Our staff was used by God to help him through this crushing experience. Again in his own words he recounts this.

Adversity; always a player in my life started hurling it's spears ever the more. My mother's death when I was seventeen marked the disbanding of my family and the beginning of great hardships in my life. My dad took it exceptionally hard; my mother being his wife of over twenty years. He dove deeper into his alcoholism using it as the only relief of his pain almost killing him a year later. It was at that time that the Lord started bringing people into my life. Pastor Scott being one of them influenced me with his jubilant spirit and happy demeanor took me in as one of his own flock. He accepted me the way I was: an anti-social angry kid mostly with fresh wounds to bear and with animosity against the world.

Since then the Children's Activity Center became my Godly family teaching me the things of God and encouraging me to continue on through tough circumstances in my life. I have learned how to love and be loved, how to worship, how to fellowship. I was no longer on the outside looking in. I felt as though I belonged in the Kingdom of God because of Jesus and the wonderful staff of the Children's Activity Center.

What is Mario (See cover photo. Mario left and Pastor Scott right) doing with life today at age 23 eleven years since he first walked in the Children's Activity Center? Well, he is working a full time job at a restaurant to earn enough money to support his dad who no longer can work because of health problems. He is attending Art School at a local college and plans on working as a graphics designer for advertising media and web page design. He attends church regularly and helps out when he can with street missions. You see this is a far cry from the life of drugs, alcohol and desperation that many turn to when presented with similar situations. What makes the difference? The difference is when ordinary people like you and me who you will never read about in a newspaper or magazine step out in faith and decide to get involved in the lives of others and stay involved. There's no many that do. But for those who do the reward are great but also are the challenges. Mario's life hasn't been easy. It has passed through drugs, jail and even homelessness. There have been times when we wanted to give up on him but we never did. You have to hang around long enough to get to the end of the story. Mario's life worked out by the grace of God. Thank you so much for giving to the Lord. Aren't you glad you gave? God bless you!

Pastor Scott

