



Happenings April 9th . . .

Easter Sunday morning dawned bright and sunny with old man winter, rather old jack frost still doing his artwork on whatever surface he could find to do his magic. For the Ministry, again it began with sorting clothing and preparing food for our homeless clientele. Six volunteers sorting clothing, and four volunteers preparing lunches with special donated Easter treats included in the lunch bags.

Our 2:30 pm departure time arrived in quick order; time waits for no one, particularly those who have a purpose to fulfill. After a few brief instructions on how things should operate that day, a demonstration of our new signaling device, and a word of prayer for safety and guidance, seven volunteers set off on a mission that was to encompass not only a feeding program but one of greeting, sharing, compassion, and even a hug or two. One of our volunteers, who had been on some of our first trips but suffered a heart emergency, was back, and even brought a boxful of New Testaments in a pure white cover.



At our first stop we found the children, who have increased in numbers at this motel, all engaged in an Easter egg hunt. It was a joy to watch them running, laughing, and chasing each other around the front yard and parking lot. There were smiles on the mothers' faces as they told us of the change from other venues where this would never have happened. The owners of the motel had even parked their big SUV in a way that blocked the front driveway, to protect the children at play.

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Today I saw You . . .

My Dear Father In Heaven,

I thank You for the privilege of calling You my Father. As my Father, you daily guide and teach me Your way. Today, Father, You led me down a path I had not yet traveled. I am truly grateful for what You taught me while on this journey. Today I saw You as I have never seen You.

Today I saw you hungry.

Hungry for physical nourishment to quiet the gnawing hunger pangs You felt in the empty pit of Your stomach. You eagerly reached out Your hand and gratefully accepted the hot soup and sandwich prepared for You. Your face lit up with a smile of gratitude. It was a blessing to know Your physical hunger was satisfied.

Today I saw you thirsty.

Clean, fresh water is hard to come by on the streets. I was thankful we had cold water to quench Your thirst. The twinkle in Your eye told me your parched lips were no longer dry, Your body has been rehydrated. You whispered a shy but grateful “thanks.”

Today I saw You nearly naked.

There You stood, ragged jeans, baggy dirty shirt, no laces in Your wholly shoes, no socks. You were drawn to the van, outfitted with warm clothes that actually fit. Shoes and socks to keep Your feet warm and dry fulfilled Your needs. Your downcast face lit up with thankfulness. You felt human once again. Maybe now You could apply for the job at the corner store You always wanted.

Today I saw You shivering in the cold.

You were laying on the bare cement sidewalk, curled up like a baby trying to conserve the last bit of heat from the rays if the evening sun. You had nowhere to lay Your head but on a plastic bag You'd found on the street. No warm duvet covered your shaking body. I knelt beside You, tears filling my eyes as I looked into Your glazed eyes. You assured me You were fine; I knew You weren't.

I ran to the supply van and was given a warm, colorful blanket. Back at Your side, I covered Your small body. You whispered, “Thank you. I'll be all right.” I squeezed your arm, and told You, “I love you; Jesus loves you.” The van was about to leave; I had to go. I lingered by Your side a moment longer, tears now streaming down my face, wishing with all my heart I could pick You up, take You to a safe place. As I ran back to the van, I asked God to keep You in His care; “Let Him live to see the morning light,” I prayed.

Today I saw You Hungry for Spiritual food.

Your tiny form (“95 pounds soaking wet,” You laughed.) was shaking uncontrollably; withdrawal from a prescription drug You had run out of. In Your hand You held a tiny white “Hope” New Testament Bible. You told our missionary-volunteer You once had a full Bible but had given it away.

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Today I saw You . . .

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You expressed a desire to have a “full” Bible. Carl found a beautiful small blue Bible on the van and when presented to You, with awe and reverence, You clutched it to Your heart and assured us You would read it every day!

You also expressed a desire to come to church next Sabbath. Before leaving, several of our missionary-volunteers gathered around and prayed for You. It was such a blessing to share God’s unconditional love, and know Your Spiritual needs were met.

NOTE: One of our kind volunteers donated a case of these white New Testament Bibles. Each person ministered to that day received spiritual food as well as physical nourishment.



Today I saw You in need of emotional support.

You are struggling. You have three young, growing boys. They are fine, well-behaved young lads. You have trained them to be kind and respectful children. You shared some of the challenges you encounter as a single parent. We hugged and shed some tears; I prayed with You and we hugged again before leaving. I was grateful to give You emotional support when you needed it most, as well as food and clothing for You and Your children.

And now Dear Father, You may ask, “How do you know you saw Me today?”

The answer is simple!! In Matthew 25:35-36 You tell me, “I was hungry, and you gave Me food, I was thirsty and you gave Me water, I was a stranger and you welcomed Me, I was naked and you clothed Me, I was sick and you visited Me, I was in prison and you came to me.” Verse 30 continues with Your promise, “Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these My brothers, you did it to Me.” So you see, my dear Father, today You have taught me to see through Your eyes, Gospel eyes, Jesus Eyes. Today You have changed my life in a way I can’t explain in words. I am truly grateful for this journey You’ve taken me on. God be praised!! AMEN

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Now, dear readers, as I close, my prayer for each one of you is that, through my experience, God will touch your heart. JC’s Place Ministry is the very heart of our mission on this earth.

I am reminded of Christ’s closing words in Matthew 25:42-45, “For I was hungry and you gave me no food, I was thirsty and you gave me no drink, I was a stranger and you did not welcome me, naked and you did not clothe me, sick and in prison and you did not visit me. Truly I say to you, as you did not do it to one of the least of these, you did not do it to me.” ~ CLMW, a missionary volunteer

## Happenings April 9th . . .

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One of the mothers told us that at their former motel which had a smaller room, the children were not allowed to play or make any noise and this was such a delightful change. Our 3 boys who generally are waiting to meet the truck were so involved that they had to be called and told the Ministry had arrived. Along with the lunches, the boys were given two large coffee-table books on space exploration and a National Geographic book and some clothing. Then they dashed back to their friends to enjoy the play time.

At this stop, a lady approached me, stating that she had just moved in and needed some help but was unsure of how things worked. With timidity she asked me, "How much does it cost to get a little food?" When she was told that the food and treats were free and that she should participate, tears welled up in her eyes.

While standing by the van, she heard a small girl ask for a bit of sugar; the girl was told we had no sugar on board, only some chocolates. This lady volunteered to share some with the little girl. Later this lady, who was touched by the gift of a Bible and food and a hoodie, came back to the truck with a cake mix in a sealed box. I told her she should keep it for herself, but she insisted that she wanted to share; the cake mix was given to a resident with children.



At our next stop, a motel in the worst of conditions, one in which you would not even let one of your animals live, we tested our new signal device and residents were immediately telling us, "We heard the signal! It works!" In one of the rooms that I have visited here, the roof is leaking and the adjoining wall is black with mold growing on the drywall. We were able to serve about 5 people at this location. Our volunteers were busy giving out the new Bibles and receiving smiles, despite the deplorable situation.

Our next stop is the challenging one where we have to approach the tents and trailer encampment from a back road to appease the Via Rail Police restriction of not crossing the live tracts. Our new signalling device was tested to its fullest here; the distance is probably close to 1500 feet. Our volunteer who walked in to be sure the signal worked came out with many homeless. These truly are homeless without much shelter. They live in tents, old camping trailers and wretched motor homes in an open field. One of the residents here froze his toes this past winter because during the bitter cold he had no heat. His toes are black, and even though at the hospital they wanted to amputate the black toes, he refused and is today still limping around as best as he can. (This story has been confirmed by one of our drivers and one of our senior leaders). We had another guitar troubadour serenade us and we gave out lots of blankets, sweat shirts, sweaters, jeans, lunches, hugs, smiles and too much to list all the details here. Our volunteers did a wonderful job from the back of the truck, trying to find the right sizes of clothes. It's very heart-warming to listen to all the encouraging words that are exchanged and the love that is shared.

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Our next stop was in the area where we are forbidden to park, on Canada Customs property. So far, after the Customs agent two weeks ago told us to be quick and that he would look the other way, we have been accessing the homeless living in the bottom end of tent city, living in tents, from this yard. (See picture) A couple came out and one of our volunteers who is a recovered drug addict began to chat with the them. The gentleman had been clean from drugs for one year and the lady had just been off fentanyl for 8 days. We all cheered! Our volunteer encouraged both to continue and stated that though the journey is not easy and not without failures, they should keep on walking and looking up. This couple accepted a Bible and clothing, and then we gathered in a circle around them while prayer was offered on their behalf to aid them on their journey.

Our next stop was to see a gentleman living under a railway overpass and a couple living on top of a railway pass on the next block. Our homeless folks are usually not greedy and the first gentleman asked only for a soup as he already had a sandwich, and for a warm shirt as the season is passing for heavy coats. Our second gentleman came down with good news. He had reconnected with a brother from a scenic northern island. His brother had invited our gentleman and his girlfriend, their four dogs and five cats to come and make a new home on his farm. The brother would help him build a tiny home and allow the couple to use the woodworking shop and tool shop to manufacture steel and wood items that could be sold at a nearby flea market so that they could earn enough to support themselves. The area is about 100 meters from the lake and, with the ability to fish and earn a living, this couple is extremely excited to be able to leave their encampment and begin a new life of productivity and usefulness in a rural northern community. A prayer circle was formed and blessings were asked for, on this couple as they begin a new journey.

Our stop at the library brought many to the vans for food and clothing, and more Bibles were distributed. One person made a date to come to church with one of the volunteers. One of our first-time volunteers from Nova Scotia came to the van and asked for



a warm blanket for a homeless fellow sleeping under the portico. I was able to find her a warm multi-coloured woven Mexican blanket. It was a joy to see that she not only delivered this gift but with love tucked the edges of the blanket around

the man. After saying some kind words, she turn and shed a few tears of love. Oh, what a joy it would be if we were able to video tape scenes of such love and be able to show them to you. Our street folks hate cameras and will avoid being photographed, so you will have to wait until in heaven you will be able to see a replay of the kindness being shared.

## Happenings April 9th . . .

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After we had parked the vehicles at our last stop of the day, we discovered that we had not made enough lunches; we had encountered many more folks than expected



on our previous stops that day. It is heart breaking to say we only have soup left, that there are no more cheese-lettuce-tomato sandwiches or pbj's left over. However, the Lord had provided a Tim Hortons that had donated bagels, ciabatta buns, and croissants; these were given out by our volunteers along with the remaining soup.

At this location a little lady came out who was staying with a friend; short of stature and 95 pounds soaking wet, she said. She requested a Bible. When she was offered the white pocket New Testament that we were giving out, she hesitated. "Do you have a full Bible?" So a nice leather-bound large Bible was found. No, that wouldn't do; it was too heavy to carry. So I took a second look in the truck and found a brand new in-the-box blue suede-bound Bible just the right size, and with

tears in her eyes this was accepted with extra hugs and smiles.

Well, this is a condensed version of our Easter Sunday, a sunny one in many ways. Thank you for your prayers. As I look at the Ministry's financial reports for the first quarter of 2023, without doing a detailed analysis, I believe we have averaged \$1000.00 per month **over** budget. This is creating a challenge, but is also stretching our faith that the Lord is going to provide more than sufficient funds to support the need that we find on the streets. Blessings. ~~Carl

### **Ways to Give:**

- 1. Electronically: [www.jcsPlace.org](http://www.jcsPlace.org)**
- 2. Mail: JC's Place 2408 Smithville Road Smithville L0R 2A0**
- 3. Phone: 905-975-6394 or 365-880-7229**



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