

## **Luke Lesson 21 Handout**

### **Luke 5:12**

**<sup>12</sup>While He was in one of the cities, behold, there was a man covered with leprosy; and when he saw Jesus, he fell on his face and implored Him, saying, "Lord, if You are willing, You can make me clean."**

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**"Leprosy was a horrendously debilitating, painful skin condition. It starts with red open sores that become porous. This causes great discomfort and pain. You don't want to bathe because the open sores and wounds are so incredibly painful. Over time, this also can cause serious nerve damage. And the result being that if you burn yourself while cooking or injure yourself while working, you don't feel it. And so people could live many years. There are some ancient records of people lasting upwards of twenty years suffering continually with leprosy, but because you would hit your hand or your foot, things of that nature, eventually you'd start losing appendages and limbs, because you were numb and desensitized."**

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***Meet Patricia and Chris ... a middle aged couple without a job, without a car, without food, without money, without a home, and without hope that things will change.***

***As I was walking my Jericho this morning (that is a whole other post), I was on my 7<sup>th</sup> circle when I saw a couple walking towards the building with a shopping cart. As I turned the corner I saw them go behind to an enclosed covered patio of what was once a dinner club that is now vacant and for sale. I am familiar with the building and I knew exactly where they were headed.***

***Meet Patricia and Chris ... they are homeless.***

***I introduced myself as no one in particular. Just someone who took notice and cared enough to ask if they were ok***

***and if there was anything I could do to help. They were very kind and receptive as I spoke of the desperation that so many people feel today and of how so many have lost hope. I shared the truth about how much God loves them. As I spoke the tears welled up in their eyes. They were full of gratitude. Chris said he had never had anyone approach him in the 6 years he has been homeless and ask if he was ok or offer any help. He was so thankful. I hadn't given them anything. All I had given them were words of compassion and encouragement. All I had given them was HOPE !!!***

***Meet Patricia and Chris ... they just want someone to care , enough.***

***They do not have a home or anywhere to stay. Patricia said she owned a home at one time. They are unable to work as they no longer have social security cards as they have been lost over the years. They could apply for new cards but that requires an address that they don't have. They want to work but don't know where or how.***

***Meet Patricia and Chris ... they need work.***

***I asked about whether they thought of going to a shelter or somewhere like the Dream Center? They had and they tried but because they are not legally married they would not be allowed to stay together. To get by each day they panhandle. They don't beg. They just ask. They are asking for just enough to get a room for the night to get out of the cold and to shower.***

***Since not being married had presented itself as a problem I told them that I knew a pastor that would marry them. Patricia looked down and smiled with a slight chuckle of a "yeah right". So I turned to Chris and asked if that was even a possibility. He didn't even hesitate in his response as he said, "I've wanted to marry her since the very first day we met."***

***Meet Patricia and Chris ... they need a place to sleep at night ... a place to call home.***

***Where I met Patricia and Chris was not downtown or in South Phoenix. It wasn't in a park or in a rough area of town. I met them in an upscale northwest community of the valley. Some of the finest hotels and restaurants on the same street full of people coming and going. Walking by on their way to the spring training baseball field, vacationing and enjoying the beautiful Arizona weather. I wondered, is it possible that as they walked past that no one noticed them pushing a shopping cart with the few belongings they owned. Or their sun scorched faces from being unsheltered for so long.***

***Meet Patricia and Chris .... They are real and they are living amongst us. How is it that we do not see them?***

***When we begin to see the world through His eyes then and only then will we see Patricia and Chris.***

***Brandon Heath wrote the following lyrics:***

***Give me your eyes for just one second  
Give me your eyes so I can see  
Everything that I keep missing  
Give me your love for humanity  
Give me your arms for the broken hearted  
The ones far beyond my reach  
Give me your heart for the once forgotten  
Give me your eyes so I can see***

***I don't know who will read this. But God does. I don't know how I can, or we can, help. But God does. What I do know for sure is that God wanted me to meet Patricia and Chris and that I promised them when I left that I wasn't leaving them. I told them I would be back and that I would find a way to help them. I told them I didn't know how but that God did. I gave them all I had to give and I gave them my phone number so they could reach me.***

***Patricia called this morning. I missed the call as I was at a Bible Study.***

***The voicemail was:***

***Donna I just want to thank you. We were able to get a room for the night. Please let us know if you found a way that you can help us.***

***Caller ID – the Motel 6.***

***The time of the call – check out 11:00 am.***

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**Matthew 25:31–46 (NASB95)**

**31<sup>“</sup>But when the Son of Man comes in His glory, and all the angels with Him, then He will sit on His glorious throne.**

**32<sup>“</sup>All the nations will be gathered before Him; and He will separate them from one another, as the shepherd separates the sheep from the goats;**

**33<sup>“</sup>and He will put the sheep on His right, and the goats on the left.**

**34<sup>“</sup>Then the King will say to those on His right, ‘Come, you who are blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.**

**35<sup>“</sup>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<sup>“</sup>naked, and you clothed Me; I was sick, and you visited Me; I was in prison, and you came to Me.’**

**37<sup>“</sup>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<sup>“</sup>And when did we see You a stranger, and invite You in, or naked, and clothe You?**

**39** 'When did we see You sick, or in prison, and come to You?'

**40** 'The King will answer and say to them, 'Truly I say to you, to the extent that you did it to one of these brothers of Mine, even the least of them, you did it to Me.'

**41** 'Then He will also say to those on His left, 'Depart from Me, accursed ones, into the eternal fire which has been prepared for the devil and his angels;

**42** for I was hungry, and you gave Me nothing to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me nothing to drink;

**43** I was a stranger, and you did not invite Me in; naked, and you did not clothe Me; sick, and in prison, and you did not visit Me.'

**44** 'Then they themselves also will answer, 'Lord, when did we see You hungry, or thirsty, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not take care of You?'

**45** 'Then He will answer them, 'Truly I say to you, to the extent that you did not do it to one of the least of these, you did not do it to Me.'

**46** 'These will go away into eternal punishment, but the righteous into eternal life.'"

## **CYMBALA'S EASTER STORY**

**Jim Cymbala preaches at a church in the slums of New York. He tells the following story: It was Easter Sunday and I was so tired at the end of the day that I just went to the edge of the platform, pulled down my tie and sat down and draped my feet over the edge. It was a wonderful service with many people coming forward. The counselors**

**were talking with these people.**

**As I was sitting there I looked up the middle aisle, and there in about the third row was a man who looked about fifty, disheveled, filthy. He looked up at me rather sheepishly, as if saying, "Could I talk to you?"**

**We have homeless people coming in all the time, asking for money or whatever. So as I sat there, I said to myself, though I am ashamed of it, "What a way to end a Sunday. I've had such a good time, preaching and ministering, and here's a fellow probably wanting some money for more wine."**

**He walked up. When he got within about five feet of me, I smelled a horrible smell like I'd never smelled in my life. It was so awful that when he got close, I would inhale by looking away, and then I'd talk to him, and then look away to inhale, because I couldn't inhale facing him. I asked him, "What's your name?"**

**"David."**

**"How long have you been on the street?"**

**"Six years."**

**"How old are you?"**

**"Thirty-two." He looked fifty--hair matted; front teeth missing; wino; eyes slightly glazed.**

**"Where did you sleep last night, David?"**

**"Abandoned truck."**

**I keep in my back pocket a money clip that also holds**

**some credit cards. I fumbled to pick one out thinking; I'll give him some money. I won't even get a volunteer. They are all busy talking with others. Usually we don't give money to people. We take them to get something to eat.**

**I took the money out. David pushed his finger in front of me. He said, "I don't want your money. I want this Jesus, the One you were talking about, because I'm not going to make it. I'm going to die on the street."**

**I completely forgot about David, and I started to weep for myself. I was going to give a couple of dollars to someone God had sent to me. See how easy it is? I could make the excuse I was tired. There is no excuse. I was not seeing him the way God sees him. I was not feeling what God feels.**

**But oh, did that change! David just stood there. He didn't know what was happening. I pleaded with God, "God, forgive me! Forgive me! Please forgive me. I am so sorry to represent You this way. I'm so sorry. Here I am with my message and my points, and You send somebody and I am not ready for it. Oh, God!"**

**Something came over me. Suddenly I started to weep deeper, and David began to weep. He fell against my chest as I was sitting there. He fell against my white shirt and tie, and I put my arms around him, and there we wept on each other. The smell of His person became a beautiful aroma. Here is what I thought the Lord made real to me: If you don't love this smell, I can't use you, because this is why I called you where you are. This is what you are about. You are about this smell.**

**Christ changed David's life. He started memorizing portions of Scripture that were incredible. We got him a place to live. We hired him in the church to do**

**maintenance, and we got his teeth fixed. He was a handsome man when he came out of the hospital. They detoxed him in 6 days. He spent that Thanksgiving at my house. He also spent Christmas at my house. When we were exchanging presents, he pulled out a little thing and he said, "This is for you." It was a little white hanky. It was the only thing he could afford.**

**A year later David got up and talked about his conversion to Christ. The minute he took the mic and began to speak, I said, "The man is a preacher." This past Easter we ordained David. He is an associate minister of a church over in New Jersey. And I was so close to saying, "Here, take this; I'm a busy preacher."**

**We can get so full of ourselves.**

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**1 Timothy 6:17–18 (NASB95)**

**<sup>17</sup>Instruct those who are rich in this present world not to be conceited or to fix their hope on the uncertainty of riches, but on God, who richly supplies us with all things to enjoy.**

**<sup>18</sup>Instruct them to do good, to be rich in good works, to be generous and ready to share,**

