

# **What is Jesus Doing?**

## **WHAT GRATITUDE LOOKS LIKE TO GOD**

Let me start this blog off, by saying that now that “Thanksgiving Day” 2015, is past and the leftovers are in the refrigerator to be scarfed, or not, at a future date, I find that I am more grateful than ever, for the work that the Lord has done in Christ Jesus and that He is still doing in me and those around me who are submitted to Him, through the power of His Holy Spirit, and whom I am blessed to say are my spiritual family.

The day before Thanksgiving, three days ago, the Hope of the Valley Rescue Mission had their Great Thanksgiving Feast at their new facility in Van Nuys. An entire city block on Tyrone Ave. between Victory Blvd. and Gilmore Street was cordoned off, and gracious hosts Ken and Laurie Craft and their amazing staff and incredible army of volunteers served a delicious turkey dinner with all the trimmings and gave away a mountain of clothes, backpacks and blankets to over 1000 homeless and hungry of our friends that were bussed in from Sunland/Tujunga, Sun Valley, Winnetka and North Hollywood, and to many of the local residents in Van Nuys that had need.

As I am blessed every year at this meeting of many tribes, I was able to greet, bless, pray with and love on, hundreds of folks that I see separately and only occasionally throughout the year, and many whom I have not seen in many years, as well as meet many new friends among God’s elite, the poor. There were so many memorable moments packed in the three hours I was there that it felt like being on an incredible ride at the greatest amusement park in the world with every moment packed with revelation and joy and love between the saints. I had brought three of my good friends from the Simi Valley flock to enjoy the party and they felt all that love as well.

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One moment that stands out in my mind was when one young lady threw herself at me out of the crowd and hugged me fiercely. It took me a moment to recognize her, but it was my dear friend Sandra, whom I had not seen for at least three years. She looked wonderful and her eyes shone with joy as she told me of all the great things the Lord had done to her, with her and through her in those years since we last had been together. Sandra had been a volunteer with the San Fernando Valley Rescue Mission for a number of years before they stopped serving meals in the Valley, and although she herself was very poor, and on and off homeless, she always served with a whole heart. Sandra would often translate the Word for me in those days. She was a very good ambassador of the Word to those in the flock who were Spanish-speaking, and it blessed them and me to know that they were getting the benefit of God's revelation in real time, as the rest of us who speak only English.

Sandra was SO happy. She told me that she now had two jobs, was living in a nice place, her grown children and grandchildren were doing well, all were going to church and serving in the community, and she had regular interaction with the Holy Spirit and spoke of the miracles that He was doing in her and through her. I told her how proud I was of her and her continued dedication to the Lord and His people. She told me that all the years of translating God's Word had let His words live in her in a very unique and lasting way, and she thanked me for allowing her to be my translator in those days. We both cried a bit at the goodness of God.

Another moment that stuck out was seeing my Sunland/Tujunga friends whom I hadn't seen for almost two years. I had had a very close and fruitful interaction with this flock on two separate occasions, each lasting about a year, between 2009 and 2013.

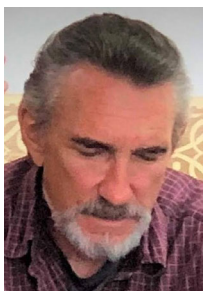
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The first year they were a very unruly and dysfunctional flock, much like the early years of Sun Valley, in that they were extremely abusive to each other and the neighborhood that “hosted” them, and they were addicted, angry and prone to idolatry, fornication and Spiritism (witchcraft) through pernicious generational curses that had remained unchecked because most of the local pastors in that area, were more interested in their Sunday-sitting, tithing flock (with some notable exceptions among those churches, including a beautiful saint who had herself been homeless but became a shepherd among them after the Rescue Mission pulled back). The second time, two years later, I found them much improved, but still many were lost to drugs and alcohol, although they, by then, knew and loved Jesus and listened more attentively when the Word was given. When I saw this group, about ten of them, at the Feast last Thursday, I was amazed to see that all of them were clean, sober and most importantly, evidencing the fruit of the Spirit. We had a truly joyful reunion as they all told me what God had done, and was doing in their lives and in the rest of the flock in Sunland that had survived (a number had died in their addictions). We all prayed and gave God the Glory.

When my buddies and I left Van Nuys, we were all glowing with the Joy of the Lord and on the drive back we were all excited, loving each other and brimming with gratitude for the greatness of God. Two of my friends, themselves homeless, are encouragers of the flock in Simi Valley, and I know they will spread the love they experienced at the Feast throughout the holidays to the rest of the flock at the Samaritan Center.

Again, let me express my gratitude to the Father of Lights through Whom all blessings flow, and for the opportunity that He has given me to know, be a part of and love the Family/Israel of God, the called according to His purpose, my friends both poor and well-off, who love Him and love each other. May this apply generously, with my blessings, to all who read this blog and agree with the Holy Spirit, in Jesus’ Name.

# What is Jesus Doing?



*In His Love, Beyond Imagining,*  
- John Henry Raskin, Roadhouse Rabbi