

Imagine

Imagine a single mom trying to get by in this economy, caring for her kids, putting food on the table, and becoming all that God has made her to be, using the best of herself to serve others.

Imagine a family juggling education, kids' activities and odd jobs, battling depression and poverty, dealing with mental illness, yet leading others to experience freedom and joy in Christ's love.

Imagine a lonely sick man, getting older, sicker, and lonelier each year, battling bitterness and the crushing weight of decades of legalism, yet clinging to God's word and awakening to his grace.

Imagine a couple finding freedom from drug addiction and homelessness, beginning to grow in grace as the gospel penetrates their hearts and moves them to serve God and others radically out of their poverty.

Imagine a young couple, highly educated and skilled, starting a family, burning the candle at both ends to follow God's call to serve in the kind of neighborhood they have been taught to avoid.

Imagine a lost soul, living in the woods, dulling the pain of lost family and lost hope with alcohol, but finally finding a place where a human touch helps him begin to feel God's grace in his bones.

Now imagine each of these families multiplied by a couple dozen, and a few dozen more people of many other types, sharing life together, deeply, against all odds, across all barriers, so much so that each of them has family and friends that are taken aback by some of the people with whom they spend time.

Imagine a couple hundred of these interesting people getting together in small groups during the week to pray, study the Bible, share food and life, spend themselves in selfless service with others, working for justice in their neighborhood and the world.

Imagine them inviting their friends to a weekly celebration they call worship, where they cry out in praise to their King with reckless abandon, gather around God's word to receive and spread His gospel of grace and share how it shapes their life stories, and the whole event is prayerfully designed to best meet the felt and the deeper needs of diverse visitors who ordinarily would not feel welcomed or comfortable in a church.

Yes, you are imagining church. Our church. Bridge of Life.

Can you see it?

It may be difficult to see it when we start in singing with 10 tired voices.

It may be difficult to see when we have a few young kids craving excitement trapped in a sad beige dungeon and told to “ssshhhh!”

It may be difficult to see past the smell. You know, the smell...

It may be difficult to see when some of our leaders have never learned to answer messages or prioritize well.

It may be difficult to see with an A.D.D. pastor who can't remember things and has been known to have trouble leading his way out of a paper bag.

It may be difficult to see, and we may have a ways to go, but I can see it!

Can you? Describe it. What do you see in the years to come?