

FAITH LUTHERAN CHURCH NEWSLETTER

Volume 4, Issue 05 May, 2019 928-535-9575 2750 Mogollon Drive, Overgaard, AZ 85933

www.faithlutheranovergaard.org

WORSHIP SERVICES – 10:30 am & 6:00 pm Sunday
Solid Bible-Based Preaching & Teaching

JOSHUA – CHRISTIAN STREET part II



I don't remember exactly when he showed up. It was somewhere late in that first week when I was working on the house ... and street. Mrs. Cigarette Lady had by now taken up a daily seat on her stoop to watch my lunch-time routine of cleaning the street, when one day, stiff push broom in hand, I felt a tap tap tap on my left hip from behind. I turned around and beheld a skinny little kid in flip-flops, stained khaki shorts, and a stained white and blue striped t-shirt to match.

"Hey Mister, what ya doin'?"

Hot, tired, behind schedule, I replied (a bit short), "Sweeping! Haven't you ever seen anyone sweep before?"

"Sure, but never out here." He paused, considered me, paused again and considered the street. Then he returned to his measurement of me and matter of factly asked, "Why?"

Mrs. Cigarette Lady coughed then sniggered.

"Because it's dirty!" I exhaled in exasperation.

The skinny kid walked over to Mrs. Cigarette Lady, sat down next to her, put his arms over his scraped and dirty knees, and stared at me.

"WHAT?" I almost bellowed at him.

"Just watchin'" he replied. Next to him, Mrs. Cigarette Lady sniggered again.

"Just watchin'!" I echoed under my breath as I turned around and leaned once again into the broom. "Just watchin'! 'be nice if someone 'just helped'!" I further mumbled as I pushed further down the street.

"REALLY?" I heard his voice squeak from behind me. "Can I help?" I turned around. He was now standing next to Mrs Cigarette Lady with sincere enthusiasm in his eyes.

"You *really* want to help?" I grilled him.

"Sure. Got nothin' else ta do."

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Joshua."

"Tell you what, Joshua. If you take that bag over there and pick up all the empty bottles and pop cans on the street ahead of me, when we finish, I'll walk with you over to Mr. John's place and buy us both a soda."

"Sure!" he fired back. Then he ran off the stoop, swept up a trash bag as he flew by, and raced ahead of me dutifully scooping up empties in front of me. "What's *your* name?" he called back to me.

"You can call me Vicar Wirtz."

"OK Mister Victor" he called back. In Baltimore, being a southern town, it was customary for everyone to call each other by their first name, and for the younger to call their elders by their first name with a respectful "Mister" or "Miss" in front. On Christian Street, no one had ever heard of a "vicar" before, so they all assumed, after Joshua had christened me, that "Victor" was my first name. Hence I was thereafter known not as "Vicar Wirtz", but simply as "Victor", or "Mr. Victor".

Upon completion of the work that afternoon, I was true to my word and we visited Mr. John and bought a couple of sodas. We returned to my stoop, sat down next to each other, and sipped and talked awhile. I asked him if he knew anything about his name and where it came from.

"My mom." He replied. "My mom gave me my name."

"Did you know that your name is very old and very famous?" I asked him.

"Nope"

I then proceeded to tell him about another Joshua who lived more than 3000 years ago. I explained that that Joshua was also a good helper to a man named Moses, and how Joshua led the people of God into the Land that God had promised to give to them. "Do you want to know something else?" I asked. "The name 'Joshua' means 'Salvation from God'. Come back tomorrow and I'll tell you about ANOTHER Joshua."

Continued on the last page)



Women's Ministry

Open to ALL women who attend Faith Lutheran Church!

Upcoming "Handyman's Special" Yardsale – April 27

(epilogue: the sale was a great success netting \$1,792.00. Many thanks to ALL who helped!)

Rummage Sale – May 31 & June 1

Upcoming Silent Auction in September

Next Meeting April 15

Sunday Evening Services at 6:00 PM



IF YOU SHOP ON AMAZON, BY LOGGING INTO SMILE.AMAZON.COM 0.5% OF THE PURCHASE PRICE CAN BE DIRECTED TO FAITH LUTHERAN CHURCH, OVERGAARD. ONCE ON SIMPLY CLICK "CHANGE CHARITY" BUTTON THEN SEARCH FOR "FAITH LUTHERAN CHURCH OVERGAARD"



Birthdays

- May 1 Don Grotberg
- May 5 Jenny Grotberg
- May 5 Diane Jacobsen

Anniversaries

- May 27 Mike & Joyce Gill
- May 27 Bill & Helen Pebler
- May 29 Pastor & Patty Wirtz



CHURCH COUNCIL UPDATE



- Discussed and reviewed proposed By-Law changes to be presented at the Voter's Meeting.

MONTHLY MEETINGS & EVENTS



May 07 – Church Cleaning
May 14-17 – Pastor in Detroit for Conference
May 19 – Congregational Meeting
May 20 – Elder’s Meeting
May 20 – Women’s Ministry at 1:30pm
May 21 – Council Meeting at 9am



Practice Tuesdays - 4:30 PM

Pastor's Office Hours

Mondays - 10am - 4pm In the Office
Tuesdays - 10am - 12pm In the Office
Wednesdays - Visitation Day
Thursdays - 10am - 12 pm In the Office

Call for appointment -
928-535-9575 or 323-717-4390

revnwirtz@yahoo.com,
or just drop in, or call anytime

BIBLE STUDY

Sundays – 9 am

Hebrews

Thursdays - 9 am

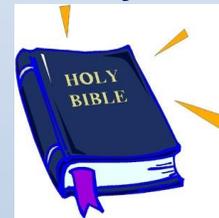
Joshua

Sundays – 4pm

Adult Confirmation

Wednesdays – 4:30pm

Youth Confirmation



SUNDAY SCHOOL

Bible Lesson
for Kids



Sundays – 9 am

Sermons and Bible Studies can
be listened to on the website.

www.faithlutheranovergaard.org

(Pastor's Corner: continued from page 1)

Early the next morning, after breakfast, I headed over to the Iron Man store to pick up another set of mule-skinned gloves, in case Joshua showed up to help again. Not only did he show up, but he brought another even littler skinny kid with him. "Mr. Victor, this is my little brother Tim. He wants to hear the story about my name too. Oh ... and he also wants a soda."

I inhaled one deep breath. "Sooooo. Does this mean that he's going to help us too?"

They both nodded in the affirmative. As I handed Joshua his brand new gloves he beamed. I looked at Tim, pulled off my gloves and gave them to him ... with the same result. I think work went just a little bit more quickly that afternoon. Then we made our obligatory trek to Mr. John's for sodas, then back to my stoop ... for "sippin' and story time".

This time I told them about the other "Joshua" of about 2000 years ago. I told them how this Joshua was a helper for his father and mother first, and for many, many others after that. I told them he came to help people who couldn't help themselves and how he loved everybody so much that he would do anything, even die for them, so they could live forever in the place God promised them. This Joshua, I explained, didn't just **lead** people into the 'promised land', he did and does **carry** each one who trusts him with his strong and loving arms into that place because none of us is strong enough to do it on our own. I explained that because "Joshua" is really a name from a foreign language, people who wrote about him spelled it in a way that people who spoke Greek could pronounce ... what we, in English, pronounce as "Jesus".

"If we come back tomorrow, will you tell us more stories? ... and get us sodas?" Tim asked.

"Will you help with the work again?"

"Sure!" Joshua said. "You know, if **I** also had a broom like yours, work would go faster and we'd have more time for stories."

"Uh huh." I nodded warily. "I might be able to make that happen."

"I also have some friends I could bring ... to help the work go even faster" he continued.

"I suppose they'll be requiring gloves ... and sodas too?"

Smiling broadly, he nodded in the affirmative, then ran back home with Tim. Looking at them disappear down the street I thought to myself, "This is going to get expensive."

We had a record number of kids attend the youth program, 'Hot Summer Cool Club' at the church that summer, in no large part because of the neighborhood kids Joshua first invited to my stoop for 'Story Time with Mr. Victor', then later to Cool Club itself. He was proud of his name and grateful to his namesake. He, too, was a good and faithful helper, and a leader. He led many children from his neighborhood to the place where they could hear of and believe in a God who loves them more than life itself.

One afternoon while in my house, I heard a scream from down the block. It was Joshua's mother. Joshua and Tim had been playing in an abandoned house on our block, next to a heavy brick fireplace mantle. The mantle had become unsecured from the wall and tipped over, crushing the breath out of Joshua.

Joshua's was the first funeral I ever performed. The church was packed to overflowing. As I mounted the pulpit, I could barely see through my tears the many faces of my neighbors and Joshua's little friends. I heard Joshua's voice in my memory, "Tell **them** too the story about my name."

"for [Joshua] shall go over at the head of this people, and he shall put them in possession of the land that you shall see." (Deuteronomy 3:28)

"I am the resurrection and the life. Whoever believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live, ²⁶ and everyone who lives and believes in me shall never die. Do you believe this?" (John 11:25-26) ... Joshua believes