

WHAT THEN IS HUMILITY?

#TeacherAppreciationWeek #UnassumingAward #hospitality

What then is *humility*? I hope I have an answer, or at least some insight, considering to **walk humbly** is in our mission statement at Bridge City. Great question... wish I would've come up with it but, alas, I didn't. Nathan, thank you. I could launch off on some Biblical exposition of humility. I could erupt with disdain against pride. Or I could simply share some humbling moments in my life recently. Yeah, let's do that.

#TeacherAppreciationWeek began today, which meant that my preparations began yesterday. You see, we appreciate the love, care, energy, patience, and dedication that the teachers at our inner city

schools display. So, it only made sense for us to offer them some condolence of support through tacos. Last year we made tacos and brought with us a side of banners, invite cards, business cards, and summer send-off goodie bags. My goal was to impress and redirect the devotion of these teachers to the efforts of the pre-launch preparations of BCC. Let me save a few paragraphs and admit that the bottom of that taco supreme fell right out. What then is humility? While braising pork shoulder and chicken thighs until midnight I concluded that humility is being hospitable in honor of these teacher neighbors with no ulterior motive than love. I brought no banners. Handed out zero cards. Introduced myself and the church less than 5 times. Why...? Because I was humbled by the solitude of serving lunch to over 100 weary educating souls.

[*#UnassumingAward*](#) For two full school years now I have been making weekly visits to a 5th grade class where I'd like to believe I'm succeeding on some level of mentorship. While the jury is still out on that one I was humbled when a few weeks ago teachers were congratulating me for an award I didn't know I had been nominated for, much less received. Yet, there I was standing on a playground hearing from Mrs. Graves that she and a few other faculty had nominated me for the Hamilton County Education Association "Friend of Education Award". Humbling yes, but illuminating to what humility is... almost. I expressed my surprise and gratitude but felt no pride or joy really. Honestly, I said aloud that I hadn't really done anything to deserve it. That's when she informed me that every single 5th grader had written a letter of endorsement citing reasons why I should be given the award. "He comes every week..." "Mr. Josh always asks me how I am doing and cares about me..." "He loves us..." "He cooks good food for us at the center..." What then is humility?

#hospitality By now you should realize that I like to cook and hospitality is a big deal here at Bridge City Community. I love to cook because I find serving food to others an exercise in humility. I hate to be cooked for. Not because I'm a picky eater (although I was the worst as a child). Not because I don't enjoy a meal prepared by someone else. I hate to be cooked *for* because it is a humbling experience to be served by someone else. More than anything that has happened since the birth of BCC this experience was the most humbling. We were invited to lunch in the hood. Cora, Man Man, LaTasha, and QJ insisted we come over after church for some good southern cookin. They did not disappoint. More than the BBQ that stained my mustache crimson, or the bubbles that floated blissfully unaware from the breathe of the kids, it was the hospitality of these once strangers turned friends that humbled me. With an Orange Crush in my hand; ribs, slaw, and greens on my plate; the sun beating on my brow; I sat and stared at the cracked concrete. I gazed upon the overgrown lot across the street, and reminisced about the blocks I had walked months before praying for trust and acceptance, and here we were - my family and I - kickin it with the Jones's (for real, that's their last name). What then is humility?



welcome to our hood.

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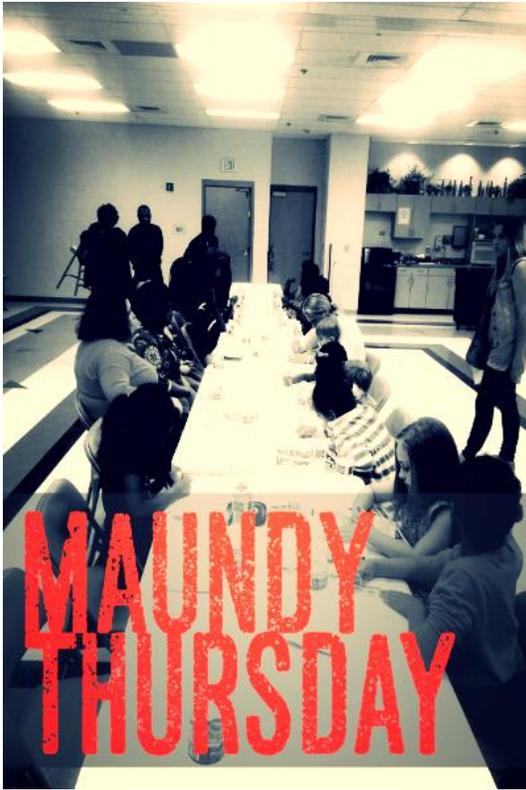
egg hunt + pancake breakfast

EASTER SUNDAY

10:30AM

south chattanooga rec center





An Interesting Inaugural Easter

How exactly do you pronounce the word 'maundy' anyway? I contemplated this as I was introducing the observance of Jesus' last supper a few weeks prior to holy week. One of our members, Rev. Taylor, admitted he'd never heard of it. Awesome. Well, we gotta start somewhere, right? It was our first Holy Week/Easter this year, and as you can imagine, it was full of surprises and "learning opportunities". Let me give you a rundown...

Maundy Thursday - we had more children than adults so pretty close to the original Last Supper. I convinced a few kids to try the Lamb, many of them were more interested in the chicken legs than the body and blood of Christ, but in the

end we shared a sacred moment of absolution and remembrance. As a child of God it is truly humbling to share a meal enveloped in divine mystery with actual children.

Good Friday - we have a young tradition at BCC where we remember the suffering and death of Christ by prayer walking the neighborhood. For our 2nd Good Friday Prayer Walk I decided to post banners at certain corners in the community to guide us in our reflection - a pseudo stations of the cross. It was a beautiful evening and the banners survived the afternoon. Nothing more sacred than dope deals, drunk dudes, trash blowing like tumbleweeks, and the symphonic melody of honking horns and passing traffic while reciting the final events of Jesus' life. As we *walkprayed* people waved, honked, gawked, yelled, stared, ignored or straight up told us to go home. Humbling to say the least. More humbling = my kids prayer walking like it was nothing new.

Easter - pure chaos. I should just stop there. We had over 100 people (mostly under the age of 13) make their way to the rec center for pancakes, candy-filled eggs, and the proclamation of the resurrection. Truly incomparable to the sacred solitude of the first Easter morning when the women traveled solemnly to the tomb of the risen Jesus, but not unexpected for us. Next year I'm praying for the parents of those children not to roll up like a drive by but come inside to hear that Jesus rose to roll the stones away from their tombs and deliver them from death.

What then is humility? Experiencing the magnitude of the resurrection in totally unexpected ways.

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as we humbly pursue reconciliation in alton park through acts of justice & works of mercy.

As we continue our journey online giving is the best way to support the mission of Bridge City Community in Alton Park. Your financial contributions enable us to engage in exciting forms of community outreach and development. Thank you for donating to our mission!

SUBSCRIBE

to receive updates from Pastor Josh and Bridge City Community

Subscribing to receive our monthly updates is the best way stay informed with what we are up to on the southside. Each month we will share stories about how God is reconciling lives in Chattanooga and how communities are being transformed.



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Our monthly newsletter is a great way to stay up to date with the efforts of Bridge City Community to act justly, love mercy, & walk humbly.

Our mailing address is:

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