

Urban Harvest Ministries

Tom and Lidia Grassano, urban missionaries



MAY 2007

How Long Will We Wait?

There is a cry of desperation from the streets.

February 11, Christian Sanchez, 13-years-old, was shot and killed in a gang-related shooting in Detroit. The assailant was 14-years-old.

February 23, 11-year-old Darren Johnson and 13-year-old Orlando Herron were shot execution-style in a suspected drug house on Detroit's west side while playing video games.

January 22, a 34-year-old mother strangled her 16-month-old son.

**There is a cry of desperation from the streets . . .
Who will answer?**

Who will go into the streets and dark places of the city and stand against oppression, injustice, and deception? Who will bring truth to the streets? *Who will cry in the wilderness and spiritual wasteland with the broken heart of God, sounding out the desperate cry, "There is hope! There is an answer!"*

How many children must be sacrificed before we — *His church* — collectively hear and respond to God's call to pray for the city and to minister with His hands and feet in the city?

Who will reach the youth of our cities? Who will reach hurting children who have seen their mothers beaten and strung out on drugs, brothers arrested and killed, and sisters abused in their homes? Who will reach these children who have lived lives that no child should live and experienced things no child should ever encounter?

Who will walk the streets as Christ did, penetrating darkness and oppression with the only True Light?

The words of the song *It's Time!* loudly sound our cry that **it's time for change in America's cities!!!**

It's time!

Time for the broken ones to live again!

...Time for the numb to feel!

Time for the wounds to heal with songs of freedom!

It's time! Time for the tide to turn!

Time for our hearts to burn with desperation!

Time that we paid the price for our generation!



13-year-old Christian Sanchez
and his 14-year-old killer Caleb Sosa.

DETROIT FREE PRESS

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Excerpts from:

Marred graffiti costs teen's life

BY Jack Kresnak and Alejandro Bopido-Memba

FREE PRESS STAFF WRITERS

The penalty for defacing the gang's graffiti is death.

Shortly after midnight Feb. 11, a masked teenager known as Little Capone set out to punish such blatant disrespect of his gang's name and symbols, Detroit police said Thursday.

Police said 14-year-old Caleb Sosa, accompanied by two or three other young gang members, was carrying a semiautomatic pistol when he chased down a 19-year-old man for painting over the gang's tagging on buildings in southwest Detroit.

As the 19-year-old ran to a friend's house in the 7000 block of St. John, Sosa opened fire, wounding his target, police say, but also wounding 13-year-old Christian Sanchez in the head as he opened the door. Christian died instantly.

It's time for change in America's cities!

Will we weep with the broken heart of God, and *reach out* with His hands of compassion and truth?

Will we respond? Will we be moved into effective prayer and action to bring true transformation?

Can we hear the cry from the ghetto? Can we turn the page of the newspaper dismissing the tragedies in our cities that we read about? Or will we become His hands to touch people with the love of Christ?

Deryl Horton, son of Detroit baseball great Willie Horton and member of the UHM Detroit City Board and UHM Board of Directors, wrote the following a few months ago:

"Pastor, your vision is needed more than ever in Metro Detroit. Just in the last seven days, an 8-year-old boy was standing in the window while two gang members were shooting at each other; neither of them were hit but the little boy was, and died. A few days later, a 12-year-old was shot execution-style in broad daylight in the middle of the street. Two days after that, a husband shot his wife in the head in front of their 12-year-old daughter. Yesterday, a 21-year-old man went into a church looking to shoot his ex-girlfriend. He didn't see her and shot the girl's mother during the service. And this is going on everywhere ... We recognize who the author of this darkness is and we must continually strengthen ourselves through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ to fight these battles head on."

*No wonder we face so much opposition in the work God has called us to do. The enemy does not want to relinquish his hold on the souls of the inner city. **We know the Answer. We must fight this battle.***

The popular song from Casting Crowns says, *"If we are the body, why aren't His arms reaching? Why aren't His hands healing? Why aren't His words teaching? If we are the body, why aren't His feet going? Why is His love not showing them there is a way?"*

It's going to take **prayer**. It's going to take ministries like UHM who build **relationships that lead to salvation and discipleship**, who **train leaders** and **walk the streets of the city**. It's going to take **Christians being active** in inner city neighborhoods. It's going to take **sacrifice**. It's going to take the **equipping** of the church. It's going to take the **networking** of suburban and urban churches and businesses, groups and individuals . . . *It's time!*

What can we do?

- ⇒ Begin praying **daily** for restoration, healing and salvation of individuals and families in America's cities.
- ⇒ Send a gift **today** to support this work of touching people with Christ's hands and His truth.
- ⇒ Come **serve** on the streets of Detroit and New York with UHM.
- ⇒ **Partner** with UHM to reach out in **your city**.

Thank you to those of you who are already part of the UHM Prayerforce, who already give sacrificially, who give up a week or more to work alongside local inner city churches through UHM. Thank you to those of you finding creative ways to raise awareness and resources for this ministry. Thank you for your faithful partnership!

"Oh God, open the ears of Your church to hear the cry from the ghetto and go to the source of that cry with Your hope, healing and transforming love."

The following poem was written by Christian Sanchez about a year ago.

Where I'm From

Where I'm from you don't mess around
Because if you mess around,
You might get killed.

Where I'm from you can see drugs
and wannabes
Throwing gang signs.
And tryin' to hustle.

Where I'm from kids drop out of school,
Tryin' to work to raise a family.
But my mom tells me to stay in school
and learn from her lesson.

Because *la vida es dura*.
The world is a game.

You do something stupid
You will regret it for all of your life.

Where I'm from
It's like a jungle
The people are like wild animals.

Where I'm from you're scared
to go to the corner
Wearing the colors you're not supposed to
Because the folks might get you.

Where I'm from
You can see tears falling on my *abuelita's*
face

Because where I'm from
It's just not safe.

