

The Poor House

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This is a revision and rewriting of the book "The Purpose In The Way" written by the same author.

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The characters and events in this book are based on fact and fiction. In some cases names and places have been changed to protect the identity and the lives of those involved.

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Anthony Perry Jr.

Dedicated to the Greatest One

Introduction

What is a Christian? Is a Christian a follower of Christ? Are they practitioners of a diverse Christian religion? Maybe they are those who live a certain Way, believe and follow a certain Truth, and participate in a certain Life.

Throughout the history of Christianity movements in the church have begun when the church placed emphasis on particulars within the Christian faith. Many times these particulars grew out of a certain cultural or sociological need.

Industrialism brought out the need for Christians to meet the modern man in his new environment and changing culture. The great awakening brought life to a lifeless religion. The focus on justice and equality took reign during the civil war and the civil rights movement.

What about today?

This book originally was intended to focus on another emphasis in the Christian religion of my day and time. This was the emphasis of purpose and meaning. It was also meant to help the non-Christian understand Christian views of life and belief.

Part of the desire to write this book grew of my own disdain for our culture's misrepresentation of all Christians and the religion we live.

Once again I have felt moved to alter the focus and direction of this writing. I needed less of me and my pet peeves and more of Him. In fact this is my new, but old direction of emphasis.

It is a main scriptural emphasis. "We are being built into a spiritual house," and "Blessed are the Poor," are a few scriptures behind this new, but old emphasis.

Part of my inspiration for writing comes from a group of teens that met at my church on Saturday nights for a service

sponsored by what I called the "Poor House Ministry." The emphasis was for us to learn in these meetings what it means to be a Poor House for the Lord.

This is a story of people who learn what it means to become a Poor House for Christ, as they face the culture and world views that have been impressed upon them through the educational system and multimedia of our day.

It is the painful process of learning to decrease, so Christ may increase in their life. It is painful because we must die to ourselves, so that we can be resurrected in Christ.

Ultimately this book is about the healing and life found in surrendering to God. It describes in story form what I believe Western Christianity has become, what it needs to become, and how our church and world might change if we let God transform our lives.

It is my intention for this book to challenge you and teach you, but most importantly to change you.

Pray for me and I will pray for you. Pray that God will grant us the grace and fortitude to become Poor Houses, so that together we may become rich in Him.

Anthony Perry Jr.

Chapter 1The Problems

Joe stared blankly out of the kitchen window above the sink, as he leaned his hip against the counter. The sun's rays entering through the window pane warmed him and subdued his morning chill.

The laughter of his twin daughters Camry and Camille sounded from the other room, as he enjoyed the smell of his brewing coffee.

Their shrieks and giggles made him wonder what could ever be that funny. Nothing for him seemed funny anymore.

Out of the corner of his eye he noticed his teenage son inspecting the two dollar coffeemaker he bought at the junk store yesterday.

Little Joe spoke. "So dad, they thought this coffee maker was broken and that's why they sold it so cheap?"

"The note said the water sometimes overflows out of the top if you don't position the pot right." He knew what little Joe was doing. This was his way of asking for coffee without actually asking. The aroma from the percolating brew had lured him away from watching morning cartoons with his younger sisters. He also knew what was coming next.

"When am I going to be old enough to drink coffee dad?"

"When you're old enough to work and buy it for yourself." Joe turned his head and gave his son a silly look to accompany his teasing words. His young teenager let out a snort of disgust. He watched amusingly as his son turned to exit the room. The snort was little Joe's typical reaction to all those things denied to him because of his age.

He actually had a list of smart aleck responses he used on his son when moments like these arrived. No matter which one he

used little Joe gave the same old snort as a response. He returned his gaze back to the snowy country scenery outside of his window, and chuckled at his son's inability to adapt to his antics.

On the verge of tears little Joe spoke as he walked through the doorway leading into the living room. "It isn't fair!"

Joseph looked down into the kitchen sink at the cup of partially drunk tea and thought to himself, "Who told you life was fair son?"

The cup belonged to his wife. She never finished drinking all of her tea in the morning, because too much of it made her nauseous. Tanya stayed the night even though they were officially separated.

Her reasons for leaving him filled his head again. "I need my space for awhile. I need time away from the fighting to figure things out."

"Things are not fair in this world son." He said under his breath. The past two years proved that to him. During this time Tanya had ripped out his heart and stomped on it.

This is why he couldn't understand his kindness towards her. Despite the pain she caused him he gave her deposit money to turn on her utilities, moved out all of her things, and paid her trailer rent. There was nothing fair about any of this.

"What's a matter with me?" He thought. He reminded himself it was for the kids and not her. Somehow this thought was supposed to make his actions justifiable, but he wondered if it was just an excuse to cover up the fact that he still cared for her.

Nothing happened even though they slept in the same bed. All she did was ask the same old dread inspiring question she had asked for the past three months.

He could hear her voice in his head. "Do you miss me not being here?"

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