



# Chasing The Devil 2022-23



[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT

### OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE

*Dear Friends and Supporters of Missionaries Kyle Joe and Lisa Renee Hicks and our Outcry Youth and Street Ministry friends, I will be retro fitting several of our "Evangelism Outcry" News Papers as well as a few "Picture Pictorials" that I'm sure you will enjoy soon.*

*COVID-19 was brutal on Miss Lisa and Brother Joe. Between my lack of computer skills and yet another Flood and another building loss we have never worked so hard in our lives, and then the passing of Miss Lisa's Dad to COVID 19 was life altering.*

*This News Letter is going to be rough and again not for the faint of Heart! All of these stories are from just one of the seven areas we preach, feed, clothe and feed at. Please keep us in prayer Brother Joe.*

MOST OF THE NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED  
TO PROTECT THE GUILTY AND SOME OF THE PICTURES HAVE BEEN "STEPPED  
ON" TO CONCEAL IDENTITIES.



[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)

## **KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**

### **OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**

**"I WANT TO TEAR YOUR WORLD APART"- BLOOD ON THE WALL #2-**

From Feb/16/2022 - I had two young men from the moving company called "Two Men And A Truck" haul some of my late Father In Law Claude Gilbert's furniture to Squat House #3 in the Uptown Transylvania District and to Squat House 4 in Area 51.

"SQUAT HOUSE"- I'm a "Chip off the Old block" and just like my Dad did I knick-name almost everything from cars, to areas and sometimes I even knick-name people who already have knick-names. A "Squat House" is a knick-name I gave the Semi - Legal residence where renters or Land Lords allow "Street People" from addicts to female prostitutes and male "Tranny" Hookers, to mentally ill people really just about anybody come in and stay so they don't freeze to death, simply because they have been out there freezing on the streets with no place to go themselves.

The "Squat Houses" are not like the abandoned houses called "Abandos" or Abandominiums, and not like the drug dealing "Crack Houses", "Trap Houses" or "Shootin' Galleries" these houses or building are more legal and often with tapped wires, no water or water turned on illegally, it's just survival. Several of our "Squat Houses" have L.P. Gas heaters which we've provided for them or electrical heaters but between sketchy wiring and lots of folks walking in and out electrical heaters do not stay around very long.

When we got to Squat #3 early that morning one of my dear old Buddies "Peppie" awoke to help the moving guys and I move things around. This Buddy of mine is often my biggest adversary around after he hits a Crack Stem and temporarily goes to "Blazen". I really do love him but as my old friend Rabbit Burgess used to say about the drug induced whack jobs, "IF YOU WANNA GO NUTTY, LET'S GO NUTTY!", So I'm willing to go as far as he wants to go when he wants to go off on me, the issues is not really him it is the Crack Cocaine in him.



**KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**

**OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**



"Peppie" told me that morning that "KNIGHT" had died, I did not recognize that Street name so I could not connect a face with that name neither did I realize that "Knight" was also "Peppie's" Brother.

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT

### OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE

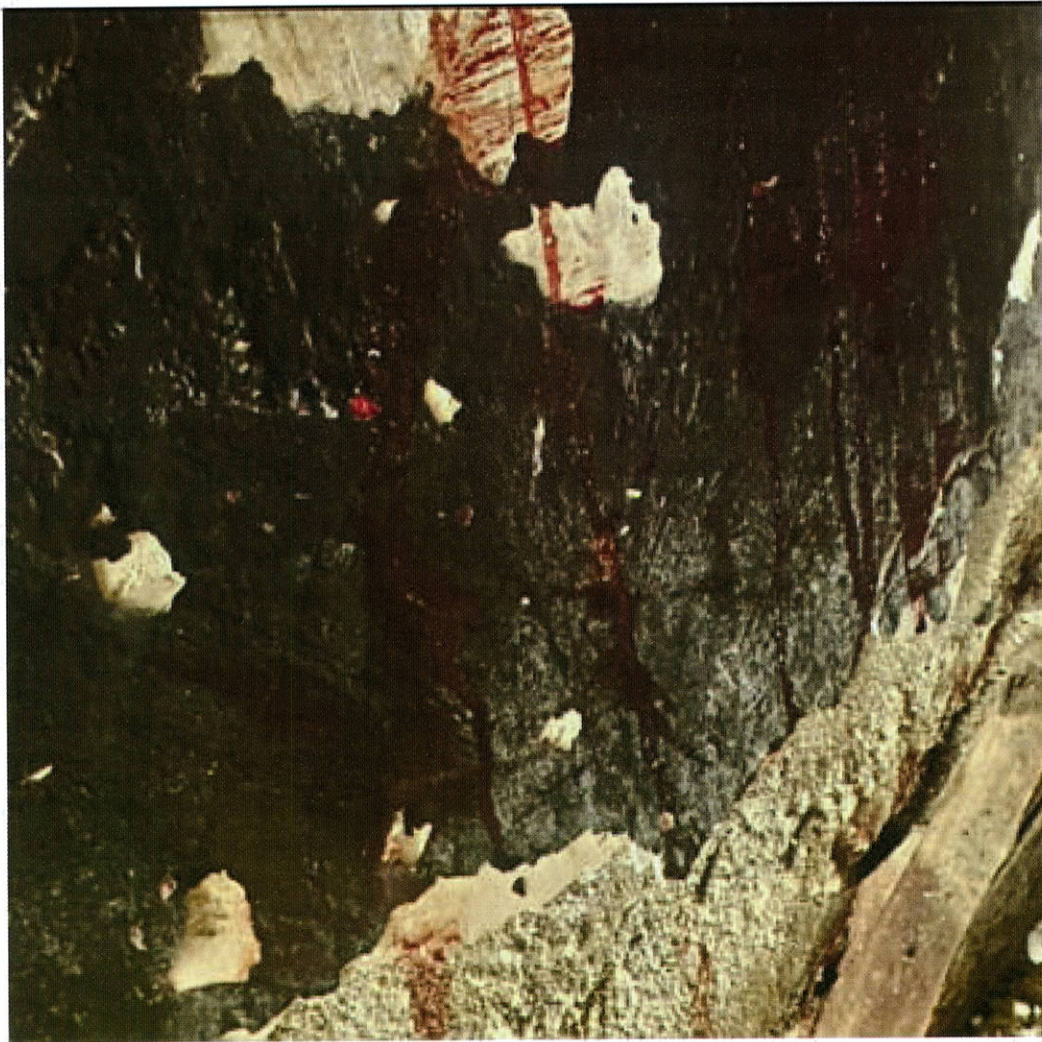
I had planned on an easy drop off on the side of the house but both "Peppie" and the owner of Squat House #3's nephew had talked the 2 young guys into moving the couch, chairs and items inside. I thought "OH NO" those two Young'uns are going to have to have nightmares for weeks.



BLOOD ON THE WALL - I grabbed some of the stuff in their truck from my Father in Laws Apartment to wade through the urine soaked snow by the door to carry into Squat House #3. The "Motif" of this Squat House is like a dank, dim 1980's Crack House, and with the blood spray on the wall in the doorway it now had the whole Heroin :Shootin' Gallery" Chic' going on too.



**KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**  
**OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**



I noticed more broken out windows in this Squat and it looked far worse in the daylight than it does at night when we usually drop off food, clothing, furniture or other supplies to this Squat House which on the coldest nights houses up to around 20-25 people.

We made two more drop offs at Squat #1 and Squat #4, then I headed for home to have lunch with Lisa and take care of more of her late Daddy's business. Plus later that day I had to feed, Clothe, preach on the Street there, and then to attend a meeting at the V.F.W. Post 6691 in Frasier to plan for their upcoming "Steak and Shrimp fundraiser.

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT

### OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE

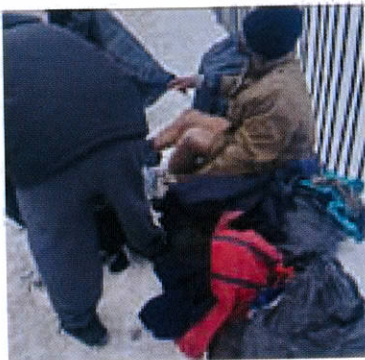
I got the food items together, hooked up the trailer and headed back up early setting up clothing and then the food tables before it got dark. On my way to the Up-Town I got "Bum Rushed" twice by highly aggressive "Cracked Out" Pan handlers all bugged out with eyes like Hoot Owls. I said to myself out loud "HELLO CRACK COCAINE" after the second man who was one of our regulars who asked me for money while staring right through me not even recognizing me.

I always thought this "Regular" of ours was mentally ill but it was not until right then I realized his issue was not mental it was "Chemical", he is almost always highly agitated and aggressive like "Peppie" is when Peppie is cracked out.

This was just days before the "Government Crack Pipes" fiasco and then the "Plausible Deniability" cover up that followed. But as I said this was right before the Feds were offering a Fed version of Detroit's "Chore Boy Bag" "CRACK IS BACK AND CRACK IS STILL WHACK!

I was out Solo that night Daniel Ewald got seriously healed of his heart issue and went back to work at his secular job, Curt Hamilton had a Puking Flu and Miss Lisa had to deal with issues from her Dad's recent death.

FEEDING FRENZY"- I sat out the clothes bags and boxes and then the food tables and the feeding frenzy began. It got down right frantic when the Cracked-Out pan handler arrived and just pulled off his pants in public trying to pull his pants over his shoes, our tall skinny pan-handler friend sat down all BARE BUTTED in a snow pile! Then he tried to put on a few pairs of pants over his wet tennis shoes. We were telling him to "TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES FIRST!" But he got all belligerent and agitated so I said "O.K. do it yourself then!" and walked away to de-escalate his behavior.



"STEM"- The content of his pockets dumped out of his pocket which was some "Chump change" he had begged from Panhandling, a small metal tube or "Crack Stem" and then some of the copper scrubbing wire mesh. He had the contents of a "Chore Boy Bag" right there.



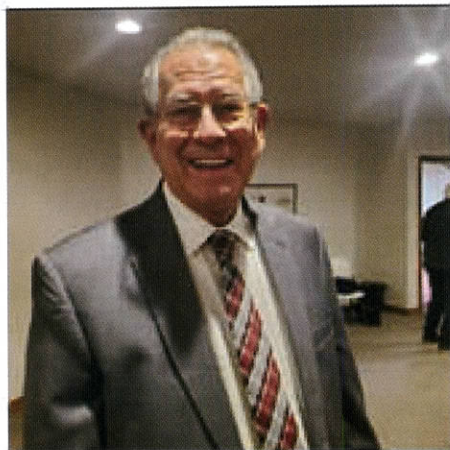
## KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT

### OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE

I stood there by the trailer and looked up and down that sidewalk wanting to WEEP looking at these people that the Lord has sent us to, many just dirt poor, the tall skinny Crack Head was still sitting there BARE BUTT in a snow pile trying to pull several pairs of pants on over his wet tennis shoes, then there are Heroin addicts the Alcoholics, and all the Male and female Hookers. MAN WHAT A SAD MESS AND HUMAN TRAGEDY, and I cannot stop them from literally killing themselves on Dope and Booze. Malibu was right, "BROTHER JOE THESE STREETS DON'T MAKE NO SENSE!"

"UNWASHED HANDS"- That was the first night I was able to get out and preach since our delivery trailer had broken all of its leaf springs. Then Lisa got sick, then I got SICK, then her Dad got sick again, then he went back in the hospital, then Brother Claude Gilbert passed away, then the funeral one day and the burial the next.

I had preached the night before at the Metro Baptist Church in Belleville Michigan for Pastor John L. Vaprezzsan and many dear friends had helped gather a trailer load including Linda Simpson Vaprezzsan, Brother Andy Sonntag and others. The people on the streets that night were loading industrial sized trash bags of clothing for themselves and doing self-service on the food.



PREACH- I had finally gotten back to live streaming and I preached Mark Chapter 7 about the Pharisees complaining to the Lord about His disciples eating with "UNWASHED HANDS." The Lord had to explain to the Religious, the common people and His Disciples that getting cleaned up on the outside doesn't "get it done", you gotta get cleaned up on inside!

I was late to the meeting at V.F.W. 6691, after the meeting I picked up a load of clothing at Mike and Bobbi Sand's house from his cousin Kenneth Paul Thiel Jr. Thank you!

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## **KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**

### **OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**

I said out loud "Your Stem fell out!" his peers on the sidewalk all laughed, many of whom are addicts of different types and those who don't smoke all know what a stem is for. But I think most of that crew thought because I am a Preacher that I would not know what a Crack stem is so they were amused at me being Street Wise.

"THESE STREETS DON'T MAKE NO SENSE BROTHER JOE!" One of the transvestite / Male Trans-girl prostitutes "Malibu" who is a long-time friend of Miss Lisa and myself came down where I was feeding. He began to tell me the story behind "Knight-Knight" being dead and that Gerard another of the Cracked-Out Pan handlers had been shot dead. And that the Blood on the wall we had seen earlier that day was not from folks shooting dope in the doorway, it was actually Gerard's blood as he slide against the wall after he got shot.

FROM BAD TO WORSE- I asked Malibu (not "her" real Street name) which guy "Knight-Knight" was (not his real street name either) and she told me he was the Baby Daddy/Boyfriend of "Natalie" one of our all-time favorite gals up there in "Transylvania".

BLOOD ON THE WALL- "TRANSYLVANIA" as I knick-named it was living up to its name! Blood on the squat house wall, blood on the side walk where Gerard was shot, and the Vampire of Addiction sucking the life's blood right out of so many of the people in the poorest area that we work with.

MAN MY HEART SUNK! Suddenly it became CRYSTAL CLEAR... We had held two "OPERATIONS" in November and December #transylvaniaarea51 and also #sidewalkcelebrations2021 to help folks in that area prepare for the Fall of 2021 and Winter of 2022 and right in the middle of it I had heard Natalie the Boss Lady of Squat House #3 was not living there and that everyone had gone DRUG NUTS literally! Natalie the pretty little white girl who was the "MOM" and the driving force to try to keep Squat House #3 clean and up and running was staying out in the Burbs with a terminally ill friend.

ON THE TOILET- I asked Malibu what had happened to "Knight", and my heart sunk again! "Oh they found him in one of these Motels around the corner overdosed dead on the Toilet!" Then this male Trans-girl went on a dissertation on how "BROTHER JOE THESE STREETS DON'T MAKE NO SENSE!" I said to him/her "Yeah tell me about it!"

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT

### OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE

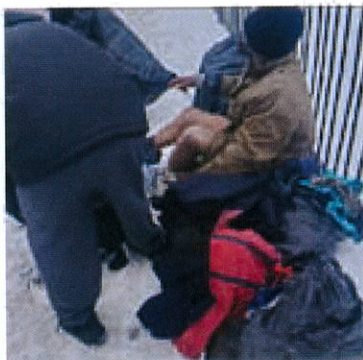
I got the food items together, hooked up the trailer and headed back up early setting up clothing and then the food tables before it got dark. On my way to the Up-Town I got "Bum Rushed" twice by highly aggressive "Cracked Out" Pan handlers all bugged out with eyes like Hoot Owls. I said to myself out loud "HELLO CRACK COCAINE" after the second man who was one of our regulars who asked me for money while staring right through me not even recognizing me.

I always thought this "Regular" of ours was mentally ill but it was not until right then I realized his issue was not mental it was "Chemical", he is almost always highly agitated and aggressive like "Peppie" is when Peppie is cracked out.

This was just days before the "Government Crack Pipes" fiasco and then the "Plausible Deniability" cover up that followed. But as I said this was right before the Feds were offering a Fed version of Detroit's "Chore Boy Bag" "CRACK IS BACK AND CRACK IS STILL WHACK!

I was out Solo that night Daniel Ewald got seriously healed of his heart issue and went back to work at his secular job, Curt Hamilton had a Puking Flu and Miss Lisa had to deal with issues from her Dad's recent death.

FEEDING FRENZY"- I sat out the clothes bags and boxes and then the food tables and the feeding frenzy began. It got down right frantic when the Cracked-Out pan handler arrived and just pulled off his pants in public trying to pull his pants over his shoes, our tall skinny pan-handler friend sat down all BARE BUTTED in a snow pile! Then he tried to put on a few pairs of pants over his wet tennis shoes. We were telling him to "TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES FIRST!" But he got all belligerent and agitated so I said "O.K. do it yourself then!" and walked away to de-escalate his behavior.



"STEM"- The content of his pockets dumped out of his pocket which was some "Chump change" he had begged from Panhandling, a small metal tube or "Crack Stem" and then some of the copper scrubbing wire mesh. He had the contents of a "Chore Boy Bag" right there.

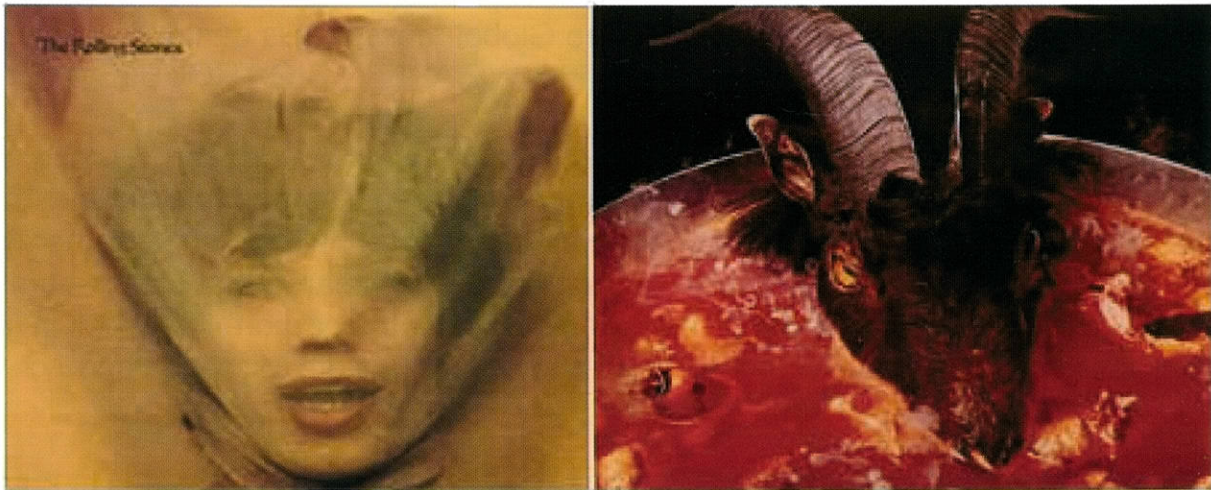


## KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT

### OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE

While dreaming I thought MAN I'D LIKE TO JUST TARE THINGS UP... and just like that I woke up and laying there thinking about that old Rolling Stones song "HEART BREAKERS".

I could remember Mick Jagger's gravelly voice singing in a screaming pitch "HEART BREAKERS I'D LIKE TO TARE YOUR WORLD APART!"



The first verse is an early 1970's anti Police protest anthem the second verse is about a 10 year-old Heroin addicted girl who died face down in the alley from sticking a PIN in her heart, whose Mom said "She never stood a chance!

Well I was up now, exhausted and absolutely FURIOUS! I know that's not "Normal" whatever "normal" is? But I've been in the ministry to the "Hard Core Addicts on the Streets of Detroit starting on a Bus Route since I was a teen ager I was almost 61 that night and TRUST ME I'M SO WEIRDED-OUT BY THESE STREETS that I'm just not "Normal" whatever normal is?

I got up and indeed I WAS FURIOUS! I know all about the whole "Personal Responsibility" thing, and that "Knight" stuck a needle in his own arm, but I'm also aware that Americans are dropping dead all over the place and this Globalist mess that is flooding our Nation with high powered Mexican Heroin and Chinese Fentanyl that is taking Daddy's and Mommy's away from a whole generation of American kids and parents and families who are who are loosing their loved ones in droves... and it makes me FURIOUS!

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT

### OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE

PRAY FOR ME... I have been intentionally directing that anger towards positive energy and results for folks on the Streets and for little girls and boys whose parents are the folks on the Streets where our ministry is... But the only way I can "LEGALLY" "Tare dealers worlds apart" is to preach to both the dealers and the addicted and preach against DOPE!

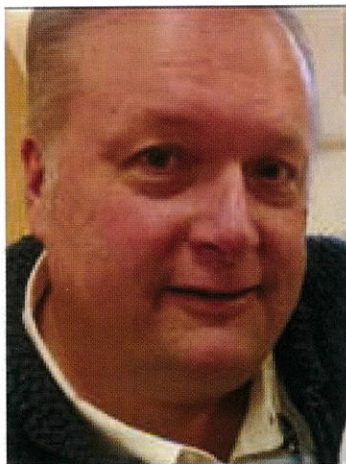
But without going all political this whole Geo Global mess that is destroying our people on the Streets and families nationwide, WE ARE IN BIG TROUBLE!

NO JOKE- The following Friday night Miss Lisa and I went out and fed, clothed, sang and preached on the Streets, when one gent came up to Lisa and told her that there were four people found overdosed dead in an abandoned building and another who got shot in the head and killed during a drug robbery in the area that I knick-named "Death Valley... If all of this is true that would be 7 deaths or more in a week in just two places of the 7 places where we feed and preach... Both Miss Lisa and I cry A LOT... Because it is so sad and too real!

But I do get FURIOUS at these killers... Mick Jagger's lyrics were fitting I'D LIKE TO TARE YOUR WORLD APART!

P.S. That song was from an album called "Goats Head Soup" The Devil is all over the Demonic drug trade... SO FIGHT!

PLEASE PRAY FOR ME AND MY BROKEN HEART, TROUBLED MIND AND SWEET ATTITUDE!



#### "CHASING THE DEVIL"

Years ago now a long-time friend of ours Andy Sonntag was talking about the difference between Brother Joe and Miss Lisa's ministry and normal Churches, normal Ministries and normal Missionaries when he said that most Churches, Ministries and Missionaries are not "Out there chasing the Devil."

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## **KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**

### **OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**

Strangely enough that is a pretty good description of the darker side of our ministry that goes out trying to find crowds and individuals who have been taken captive at the Devil's will. II Timothy 2:26.

On Saturday Morning April/16/2022 I received an early morning message from "Malibu" a transgender male prostitute or "Tranny Hooker" as they are called on the Streets. "She" said had been robbed and hit over the head with a pipe while going into a Squat House #4 in the Area 51 District, and his purse and I.D had been stolen.

The message went on that the female drug addicted prostitute whose boyfriend had overdosed and died "Natalie" and Malibu needed to get out of the area because of the violence and that "Natalie" had a Dope Man who was out to hurt or kill her.

So later that afternoon Miss Lisa and I very boldly stepped off into the Devil's domain once again in an area close to where we work with a very hard-core crowd of addicts and prostitutes or now the politically correct term "Sex Workers".

When Miss Lisa and I pulled around the corner of the Motel that "Malibu" told us that they wanted to stay at, there was an effeminate looking and acting male prostitute or a "Fem" standing out in front on the corner. He was not in drag but he had all the mannerisms of many of the "Trannys" that frequent that area. We parked our white ministry van "Snow Ball" and the white midsized De Shano trailer on the side of the Motel. Our van and trailer combo are probably 30 foot long so we took up long stretch next to the Motel.

Miss Lisa and Brother Joe here walked inside the lobby of this notorious Motel and we were greeted with an loud excited voice "OH HI BROTHER JOE AND MISS LISA!" the whole spooky idea of invading the Devil's territory was gone when we saw the smiling face of one of the female prostitutes that we have been feeding and clothing for at least three years.

"Sahara" was standing there with a "trick" or John who was paying the bill through the hick plexi-glass shield to a short heavy older man, who if this was a movie he would be a perfect fit for his own role in it. And most of the people who came in and out knew and called him by his knick-name.



## **KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**

### **OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**

This older man had a heavy Eastern European accent and was chewing on and re-lighting a wet cigar, it reminded me of an actor off of the movie Taxi Driver or a bit like a white version of "FATS" from the T.V. series Baretta.

I had a sickening feeling because I wanted to defend our little friend from the man paying for the room and knowing the extent of this little gal "Sahara's" addiction she would do anything to feed the drug devils inside her. I wanted to get stupid and make a scene with the guy paying for the room but you simply cannot do that unless the guy is beating the girls. Lisa and I gave them all tracts and that made Sahara's "trick" even more nervous.

I told the manager that I needed him to sign off on the receipt that he was renting to a ministry even though I was using a personal credit card, but he refused immediately because following the law and being legit is not what these places do.

He called a sharp looking Bi-racial guy in his late teens or early 20's to try to help him better understand what Lisa and I were saying to him, and I had to wonder what this sharp kid was doing living in this place and my worst fears for him are probably true, people get used up in this never-ending cycle of drug addiction and sex trade all the time. And sadly many are not "Victims" they are self-destructive "volunteers" at first until addiction takes control of them then addiction whips them around like a Rag Doll.

Another really rough looking girl entered the foyer and she was already checked in, the man who was with her was not nervous but looked disgusted and annoyed. The girl went in the door and sat down almost collapsing on the stairs as the man with her brought in two armloads of clothing and a noticeably new sleeping bag still in its round clear plastic wrap.

Miss Lisa leaned over to me and said "I want to go back out and sit in the van until Malibu and Natalie show up", I walked out and unlocked the van door all of this Vice upsets my beautiful wife Lisa. I grabbed an arm load of bags of chips and bottled water. I gave chips and water to the effeminate guy working the corner, then went back inside the Motel and I passed them out to the folks that were in and out of the foyer, and little Sahara asked me if I had more bottles of water that she could take home to Squat House #1 which I gave to her.



## **KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**

### **OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**

As I walked back in the Motel, the man who had walked into the Motel with the clothing was outside with the trunk of his car opened with a good size load of clothing sitting behind his car with an out of state plate on it. I opened the door for him he walked back in and the gal with him was asleep on the steps in a drug steeper. He yelled at her "OH COME ON I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO CARRY ALL YOUR SXXX IN FOR YOU!" She got up and stumbled back out with him to get more of her stuff and it was then that I recognized that they were definitely family members. She looked like a very drug discolored hardened addicted Street Girl so I could not really tell if the man was her Brother or her Dad because she looked twice her real age.

I went back out to get more bottled water and the effeminate male prostitute had just walked passed our van as a car pulled up, the passenger door of the car opened up and as clear as day this male prostitute pulled money out of his front pocket and handed it to the passenger who handed the money to the driver who in turn handed a pack of Dope to the passenger who passed the dope back out of the car door to the effeminate male prostitute on the sidewalk. I was shocked how open and stupid all this was! There were multiple outside security cameras that saw everything going on there from our ministries name on the magnets on the van to this open Dope deal. I walked over to Miss Lisa and said did you see that? She said you mean the Drug deal? I just gave her the Big Eyes and nodded my head yes in disbelief.

Malibu finally showed up Miss Lisa came back inside and the older man behind the desk still refused to rent a room to Malibu and Natalie and suddenly the excuse was "I do not have any rooms left" He was lying big time but he was in charge.

As we walked our friend Malibu who is a large black man wearing a blonde Dolly Parton looking wig who had argued with the old Boss man at the Motel, made another loud statement to Miss Lisa and I, Malibu said, "I don't know why he won't rent to me and Natalie, they haul at least one dead body out of here every week!"

We decided to try to rent them a room down the road which is actually just inside another City within a City inside of Detroit. I was so fired up by then I felt like I did when I was just a young preacher boy in the Cass Corridor back in the 1970's when I watched girls that I know being bought and sold within a few feet of me. Seeing family members trying to help their loved ones get out of the grasp of the Drug devils. Seeing the open drug dealing which is what causes most of this form of human trafficking.

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT

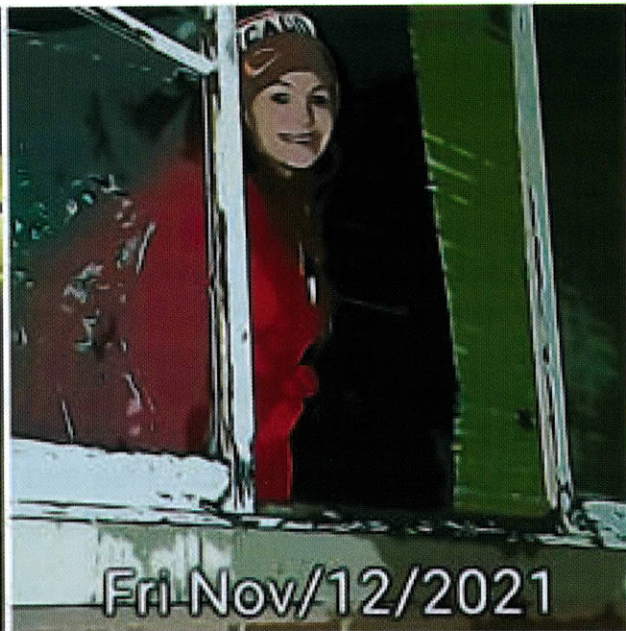
### OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE

But back in the 1970's we saw occasional male prostitutes down in the Cass Corridor, but this is so bad now in this area that there are as many if not more male prostitutes here than there are female prostitutes and Brother Joe, Miss Lisa and our team know almost everybody up here from preaching to and feeding and clothing them all the time... and it is really far worse than anyone thinks.

**SECOND MOTEL-** We entered the courtyard of the second Motel just south of the other Motel that we had tried to rent at, when we got inside it immediately reminded Miss Lisa and I of the notorious Victory Inn that used to be at Michigan Ave and Wyoming. We tried to sign Malibu and Natalie in but this time it was the Credit Card Machine was down, "You know like Mc Donald's Ice Cream machines!" was the explanation that Malibu gave us. I was frustrated but I had to laugh thinking "I hope it is not Ronald McDonald who is Clowning with this stuff!" So once again we were stopped from trying to protect these two folks from the ones who had attacked Malibu and the Dope man who was after Natalie.



Malibu with Miss Lisa



Fri Nov/12/2021

As the three of us were standing there talking about what we were going to do, suddenly from the far side of the courtyard of this second Motel a slender young black gal yelled, "IS SHE O.K.?" I had no idea who she was talking about, so I pointed at Malibu and said, "Who her?" She yelled back, "NO THAT GIRL UPSTAIRS!"

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT

### OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE

I ran upstairs and there was a chubby white street prostitute lying face down in the doorway. I stood in the doorway looked at her and asked her if she was O.K. She looked up and said, "I can't breathe." I asked her what drug she had taken, but no answer. Then I asked her if she wanted me to get her an Ambulance and she gasped, "No!" Then she stood up gasping and shut the door on me.

After I came downstairs Malibu ran up the stairs banged on the door thinking "She" might save the day and be able to get through to that gal, but she got the exact same answer. We left having failed a second time to secure a place for Malibu and Natalie.

Miss Lisa and I were both shocked by what all we saw and disgusted by these "legal" businesses that are neck deep in prostitution and human trafficking. As we drove home we were talking about what all we saw, the Effeminate man working the streets, then seeing him buying drugs in broad daylight, the "Manager" who is really in his own way a Pimp, one of our little gals with a trick going inside with some guy, a worn out street girl being assisted by a family member. Then going to a different notorious dump only see a girl overdosing but refusing our help, Man it was wild! And all this in less than an hour, TALK ABOUT CHASING THE DEVIL, well we found him! The closer I got to home the madder I was getting that our Mission for that day was not accomplished.

THIRD TIME'S A CHARM- I had to finish the taxes for our ministry and I did. Then I got a call at about 9:45 p.m. that the second Motels Credit Card Machine was back on. (I do hope Ronald Mc Donald was rejoicing!) Miss Lisa was less than thrilled but we traded vehicles and jumped into "SCARLET" our project truck and it took off like a Banshee. Forgive my carnality but the growl of that 350 Chevrolet Motor through headers and dual pipes and jamming through that five-speed manual made me feel like a rowdy kid!

We got there, the Motel's courtyard parking lot was packed, the friendly helpful night time Motel staff agreed to sign the receipts that this was a ministry renting this room and that we were not criminals. As we drove back home Miss Lisa was listening to music on her phone Wilburn and Wilburn's song "I Want To Be That Man" and also "Somebody Like Me" by Jason Crabb were playing. I was in tears we had pushed hard to try to help Malibu and Natalie and just knowing that temporarily safety was available for them put my heart at ease for the time we rented that spot for them! Special thanks to the individual donor who made that financially possible.

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



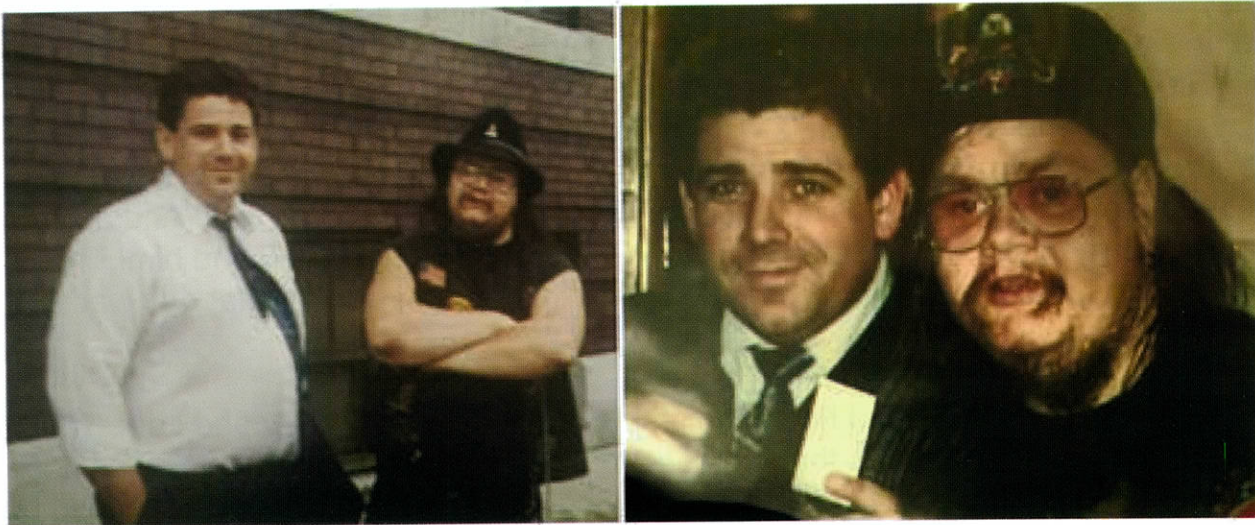
## **KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**

### **OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**

All I can say about "OUT THERE CHASING THE DEVIL" is what I say about our entire ministry, WHAT A TERRIBLE GLORIOUS MESS!

"THE GAME NEVER CHANGES ONLY THE PLAYERS!"

My old buddy "Rabbit" Burgess was a Sage and Philosopher on the streets, we met when I was 16 years old and Rabbit was 17. We were total opposites in so many ways but some how we still instantly connected. Rabbit was afflicted by Cerebral Palsy but it never stopped him from spending most of his life walking the sidewalks and hanging in the businesses and Apartment buildings in the Cass Corridor area of Detroit.



**EDDIE AND THE CHUNKY DRUNK-** Rabbit became my unofficial "Body Guard" in 1988 after I got smacked in the head by a half full wine bottle that was actually intended for Eddie Karinin who got a street drunk all riled up.

**BACK STORY-** He threw the bottle at Eddie who screamed "LOOK OUT BROTHER!" immediately I "Put my Duck on" bending down at the knees with my behind almost on the sidewalk, but the bottle still hit me glancing off of the top of my head! It glanced my head just enough to leave a small knot but the spinning bottle drenched me with a dark purple stinking sticky liquid that I think was wine. I was almost as mad at Eddie as I was at the old drunken Vietnam Veteran who threw it.

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## **KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**

### **OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**

We were walking away from him after Johnny Wershe who claimed to be "White Boy Ricks" cousin had blasted that old drunken Vietnam Veteran right in the mouth! It hurt Johnny's hand but did not even phase that old drunken Veteran who just stood there GLARING and Johnny yelled, "MAN YOU KNOW I HIT YOU MAN!" Then Johnny pulled his 45 out pointing it at that drunken Veteran because his face hurt his fist when he punched him.

"Johnny" who had proclaimed to Eddie and myself, "See I don't sell Rocks I sell Boulders!" as he pulled chunks of Crack Cocaine out of his tall tube socks, these chunks of Cocaine were each about a quarter of a 8 Ball of Crack each. Johnny pulled out that 45 and was going to cap the fat little Veteran after he'd punched him in the mouth for interrupting Eddie and myself as we were Street Preaching NO JOKE! And then hurting his hand after he blasted him in the mouth, But Eddie and I pled with him not to shoot him. Thinking back 34 years now Johnny could have turned that gun on Eddie and I too that night leaving no witnesses.

On our way back to my 1971 Hot rod pickup truck, the little "Chunky Drunk" kept following us and Eddie kept messing with him, shuffling his feet side to side and yelling, "WELL GLORY TO GOD BROTHER!" at this drunk who had a busted lip and blood flowing from Johnny hitting him in the mouth. Finally in fury the little Drunken Vietnam Veteran charged at Eddie and threw the bottle at Eddie who ducked and then Eddie yelled at me, and I "Put my duck on" and TING I got bopped on top of my head and drenched with Booze. That whole situation almost got really bad again. I do not think I have ever been that mad before on the Streets and for about 5 minutes there I had bad thoughts in my little Bird Brain when I swear I heard my Dad say "Joe" in my mind. I truly but I learned something God protecting us that night.

I went over to the once famous Burgundy Lounge that was located in the old American Hotel where "Norma Jean the Queen" used to hold a youth show back in the early 1960's. The American Hotel was owned by Ed Munroe who was an extremely morbidly obese backslidden Methodist Preacher. The whole Hotel was just another better controlled "Motel Hell" with the same type crowd that I've been working with since I was a kid. It was 1988 and I was 27 years old then and had become a Baptist Missionary to the streets of Detroit.



## **KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**

### **OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**

I asked Ed Munroe if I could go into the bathroom of the Burgundy Lounge and wash this sticky purple mess off of me, He yelled "WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?" the purplish mess made it look like I had blood all over me. I walked into the Bar area and every eye was on me and every one of the folks in there knew "Brother Joe" from both my Sunday School Bus Route days and us Street preaching these very corners and in this dark bar room I really looked like I was hemorrhaging blood.

Rabbit jumped to his feet and walked and hopped his way into the bathroom behind me and Eddie Karinin. "MAN JOE HICKS WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?" Rabbit demanded. Oh I had a drunk hit me with a bottle, Eddie repeated for the hundredth time to me "I'm sorry Boss Man!" I was frustrated at Eddie and with all the sweet spirit of Jesus I could muster I said "Shut up stupid!" Man I was MAD, this was a physical assault and I wanted to whoop that drunk but my Dad had taught me better than to fight staggering drunks.

Eddie tried not to laugh but as I washed that purple red hooch out my hair, then I got kind of tickled about it too, then I saw my grey leather jacket and I was shocked I really looked like a walking Murder Scene. Rabbit on the other hand was not amused! He started cussing and said "Let's go find that XXXXXX XXXXXX and kick his XXX! I told him that the guy who hit me was a drunken Vietnam Vet and that slowed Rabbit's roll a bit. Then Rabbit said something that would change both of our lives, "Joe Hicks you're one of the best guys I've ever known out here and people still treat you like this?" I looked over at Eddie and he was mouthing the words "I'm Sorry" again. It's a constant fact people just don't listen to old "Brother Joe" about these Streets, my preaching or anything else and when they don't they get "Bit on the Butt" and on this occasion I was the one who got bopped over someone not listening to me! Then Rabbit proclaimed, "HICKS IF YOU WILL TAKE ME WITH YOU I PROMISE THAT THIS WILL NEVER HAPPEN TO YOU AGAIN!" And I had a new Street associate and one of my best friends for decades.

Amongst the hundreds or maybe thousands of things I learned from Rabbit about the streets one was "NEVER PLAY WHERE YOU DO NOT KNOW ALL THE PLAYERS" He got mad at me over that one often, because I was always "INVADING" areas where I didn't know any of the "players". I tried to explain to Rabbit that "Evangelistic Street Preaching and Soul winning" is built on going to the regions beyond, Rabbit did not like the concept, but the fact that he might get into a fight over me, then he was all for it! SILLY RABBIT!

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## **KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**

### **OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**

"THE GAME NEVER CHANGES ONLY THE PLAYERS" Rabbit died of cancer a few years back but another similar statements in his voice still haunts me, and man was he ever right.

Late in the Summer of 1979 I had just graduated from Bethany Christian High School in Troy Michigan, I was a bit dumb, a rookie and still very green about the Hard Core Street Ministry but I had a heart full of desire to win all of Detroit and the whole world to God.

THE PEGASUS- I started picking up two little girls that were kids of a notorious Slum Lord, I had become the Bus Captain of the Rochester Hills Baptist Churches Bus Route 17B in Detroit's Cass Corridor at only 17 years old. This "Slum Lord" Jerry was a tall fat white dude and a black belt in Karate. I think he was a Veteran too and he was not afraid of anyone or anything and he knew how to cash in on Welfare rents and prostitution proceeds from "Short Stay Rooms". He owned one legitimate Hotel on Peterboro and one very illegal Hotel on Second Boulevard which was across the street from one of the worst "Hooker Bars" in the old Cass Corridor of Detroit.

He believed Prostitution should be legal but all of his thinking was centered on the male customers and had nothing to do with the wellbeing of the girls at all. He was THRILLED when I asked him if I could rent his downstairs video game area to start a Sunday afternoon "Chapel Church" in. I was just an excited 18 year old "Preacher Boy" a kid fresh out of High School but I was just full of PREACH I'm telling you I wanted to get everybody saved. I seriously though I was the "Secret Sauce" and that I was going to be Detroit's Lester Roloff.

Jerry and his beautiful wife and daughters loved the teen aged version of "Brother Joe" and I think Jerry LOVED the very notion of the extreme DRAMA of the streets against this excitable kid "Preacher Boy" who was willingly going up against the dregs of prostitutes and tricks inside of his own building, Yes it had to have been just hilarious to him. So he said, "I will rent you our Video Game Arcade for ONE GALLON OF MILK PER WEEK!" NO JOKE you read that right that was about \$1.59 a week back in 1979 if I remember right.

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## **KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**

### **OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**

From my first service "Church" service on a Sunday afternoon after running my Sunday School Bus Route out to the Rochester Hills Baptist Church. I was threw myself into a learning experience I'm grateful for, but would never suggest any adult man should go through less enough an 18 year old kid, but hey it was Brother Joe here and there wasn't anybody who could tell me anything about anything back then! It was me against the World, I was 18 fresh out of High School and in neck deep back then and I'm 61 now and in 2022 and I'm still out there invading the Devil's territory, still out there chasing the Devil and doing things all the time that would have made that brave 18 year old version of me faint!

Every service in 1979 was the same thing I could see up the stairs and see young prostitutes bringing men inside, most of these men were older white and black guys. They would come inside to rent a "Short Stay Room" and there was this nutty 18 year old firebrand goofball Preacher Boy down stairs preaching on Revival, soul winning, and Salvation by the blood of Jesus Christ and of course Heaven & Hell. I swear I had as many folks in Church upstairs as I did down stairs, everybody heard everything! Folks sat in the lobby and everyone from the Hotel attendant to several others were gathered to see the shocked faces of the nervous old men after they came in being reminded that God was watching! As a Business Man I'm shocked Jerry wasn't selling Popcorn and Soft Drinks at that show!

The girls would bend down look down the stairs and say in happy giddy tones "Hi Brother Joe!" Some of the prostitute Mother's of our Bus Kids that rode our bus to Church at Rochester Hills Baptist would also look down and wave but they were ashamed of what they were doing. I was young but I was down there on the streets passing out tracts every time I could and I had never yet preached on the Streets back then.

I had a light blue sheet with a painting on it that I did to cover up the dragons and devils on the black walls of the video arcade in this dangerous notorious building. NO JOKE I was so young and dumb I did not realize at all why every single adult in the whole area was not lining up to hear this 18 year old firebrand preach. Well after they told me about a thousand times "I'm not going into that building its too dangerous!" I finally figured it out!

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## **KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**

### **OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**

**HOMEMADE HOMOCIDE-** The biggest lesson I learned there was there was a whole family consisting of 2 teen aged boys and 2 pre-teen girls who were from West Virginia, they had all been on our bus out to the Rochester Hills Baptist Church but the teen boys were taking on the culture around them and Church was not “cool enough” for them. Little did these innocent white Hill Billie boys that were hanging with the older teen boys from the Cass Corridor know that very soon they would be living right over “The Church in the Hooker joint!” Which I called the “Cass Corridor Fundamental Baptist Temple”... OH BOY!

The younger boy about 16 had fallen madly in love with one of the 20 something year old street prostitutes that was always in that motel or in the notorious Hooker Bar across the street. She got into a fight with her Pimp and was hiding behind this 16 year old kid, his family and the staff at that Hotel. The Motel had a “NO PIMPS ALLOWED” policy. Pimps were another reason the Slum Lord Jerry thought that Prostitution should be legal so that the girls could keep the money.

I watched as these two long haired Hill Billy boys strutted around like they were absolutely INVINCIBLE that summer. Some days I would see the infamous “Baby Bull” or “BULL” the shaved headed Pimp on the sidewalk across 2nd Boulevard. Bull sang the blues at the Bar and wore a Bull Whip around his neck and he would crack that whip while singing to put fear in the girls and dominance over the other pimps there. Bull had been on the news often when the girls from that Bar were found strangled to death but somehow he always beat it.

I was standing by Jerry talking about his girls going out to Rochester Hills Baptist Church on the bus the next day and I looked up and saw Bull and Jerry the Slum Lord had locked eyes they hated each other! Bull had a Fedora hat on and looked like a huge muscled up Huggy Bear from the Streets of San Francisco or Rooster from Berretta, but Bull was short and muscular. What is weird just a few years before I loved those 1970's Police shows now I'm staring the real deal in the face and as a teenager! I felt a ripple of fear and intimidation run across my soul!

Well... One Sunday I showed up for Church at the building and was told we could not hold services there. It turns out the younger of the boys who thought he was Tarzan trying to protect Jane. That little “Girl Friend” of his got him shot, he was just a kid and he got himself murdered!

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## **KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**

### **OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**

I only saw that family once more, in tears as they were packing up to get themselves out of there and back to West Virginia. Like so many millions over the years the young people get drawn into the different areas of Street Life but not for long. I can't help but think every adult should have stopped that whole little "LOVE" affair. The little Hooker went right back across the Street to that Bar and into the lifestyle and the 16 year old went down into his grave. Even at my tender age of 18 I knew there are just certain things you just don't do and so there is no misunderstanding STREET LIFE IS STREET DEATH unless you get out of it quick!

There are none of that crowd who are still around, almost all are long since dead, that old apartment building and that Bar have both been torn down decades ago now. And I only saw the terrifying "Baby Bull" twice after that, once with Rabbit after Bull became a street drunk himself and got Saved at the old Salvation Army Harbor Light and another time at Cass and Temple one night in the 1990's while my old Prayer Baptist Church Street Preaching group were out were Street Preaching with me. But as for 'THE GAME' it's alive and well and absolutely exploding! Most of it is now higher tech and done by phone and computer but it is no longer just in the Ghetto's it is everywhere.

I told Miss Lisa the biggest difference between the old Pegasus Motel on Second Street back in 1979 and the two Motels that we put tried to put Malibu and Natalie in was the old days it was Orange shag carpet as opposed to the modern day tile on everything, in this case I guess it's just easier to wipe the blood off of the tile!

After the murder of that 16 year old boy my 1st "Church Building" was burned down and then torn down and the Slum Lords other "Legit" building was also burned down then torn down. Not sure but Fire Insurance was famous in the old Cass Corridor too and fire got rid of a multitude of Sins, Fires also got rid of a lot of problem crime scenes and paid pretty well too, All part of "The Game."

But when it comes to the Streets Rabbit was 100% right "THE GAME NEVER CHANGES ONLY THE PLAYERS!"

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT

### OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE

THE BLUE GUITAR... "BROTHER JOE DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING FOR ME BESIDES ..."

Brother Curt Hamilton and I went to a Blue Guitar Concert event up at the Double Tree Kingsley Inn Hotel in Bloomfield Michigan. The setting was in what the Hotel calls The Living Room it's the huge landing between the 1st floor and the Basement, It is brilliantly lit and beautiful I mean visually amazing!

Robert Dempster and his crew of musicians play a mix of Jazz, Soul, Easy Listening, Mo-Town and British invasion oldies. The whole thing was relaxing until the singers try to motivate the crowd into a bit of rowdiness with the old Monkees tune, "I'm a Believer".



Two beautiful ladies  
Susanne Forbes Dickers  
and Tracy Passmore Allen  
whom I met through the  
Beautiful Donna Yost and her  
Life Chest Organization who  
bought our ministries van "Snow  
Ball". These Ladies are all  
"Fashionistas" and they had  
invited us to come to these  
beautiful events and took on  
our ministry as a project for  
donations, I kid you not the  
setting is beautiful and the  
singing and music is both  
relaxing and filled with youthful  
memories.

Curtis and Brother Joe here left the event one night and drove several miles right straight down Woodward Avenue into a totally different world, I have often closed my Missionary newsletters with the phrase "IT'S NOT A DIFFERENT COUNTRY BUT IT IS A DIFFERENT WORLD." And never was that more of a reality than that night.

Miss Lisa and I had just gotten back from Bike Week in Florida where we had preached, passed out tracts, went to Church at the Bible Believers in Jacksonville Florida hearing Pastor David Peacock and I finally caught a Shark!

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)

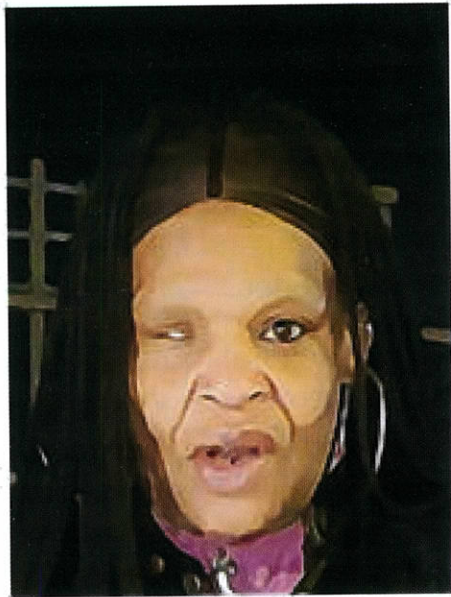


**KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**  
**OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**



Five of them to be exact! I was still under the spell of the Sub-Tropical beauty of the Daytona Beach area, and then we went to the beautiful "Living Room" at the exquisite Double Tree Motel and then down Woodward Ave to the Uptown Transylvania/Area 51 District which really is "A different World."

We got out to set up Brother Curtis walked behind the trailer as I was coming around the front of the van and I heard a loud bawdy voice yelling "BROTHER JOE, BROTHER JOE, BROTHER JOE DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO HELP ME OUT WITH BESIDES ME BEING A WHORE!"



Man my heart sunk, it was like I got slapped in the face so hard with the reality, the wickedness and the sorrow of the Streets hit me, it was like WELCOME BACK! I was stunned and looked over towards Brother Curtis in shock and he looked back at me with a stunned look on his face too.

We were unloading the clothing bags, tables and food for the folks and we got a rush of needy people showing up quickly, kind of a feeding frenzy again. The person who made that statement had a blonde wig on and was dressed in a see through white mesh out fit with "her" or "his" bare behind very visible to God and everybody else as is "His" usual attire, and tall white platform shoes that don't fit "her" blistered feet at all. This "girl" is medium brown cocoa brown skin and I hate to admit it after over a year of knowing her I really do not know for sure if she is male or female.

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## **KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**

### **OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**

"I need a size 11 women's tennis shoes please tell me you have a pair for me!" Man I felt like a "HEEL" PUN INTENDED! I suddenly felt so guilty about my "Work-Cation" in Sub Tropical Florida plus the crazy sense of disparity being just a few miles from the Beautiful event we had just been at to come to this poor, terrible area filled with violence, murders, overdoses, male and female prostitution, burned out buildings, Abandos, and "Squat Houses" such a total opposite from wealthy area we were was just at.

We could not find pair of size 11 women's shoes for this "Trans Girl" Hooker, which made me feel even worse! I had made a decision right there that I was going to try to ask the Blue Guitar Crew and others to get Brother Joe a "bunch" as in hundreds or thousands of Tennis shoes for our street crew.

Our ministry is way too spread-out preaching, feeding and clothing in seven different spots at that time, the "Uptown Transylvania" is the poorest area and it received the most attention from us during the Fall and Winter of 2021-2022 and is it so extremely "HARD CORE" it is absolutely like the old Cass Corridor but with a ton more Male prostitution mixed in, a real live modern day Sodom and Gomorrah.

Our friends at the Blue Guitar event have agreed to it! We have been given a totally rehabbed Royal Blue Trailer from Jeremy Evans who got help from Pastor Paul Heaton, Pastor Tim Lambert and Pastor Mike Regan and we are working on a time with the Blue Guitar Family to hold the shoe drive. As a Baptist Street preacher who was going on 46 years then on the Streets of Detroit, my heart is more broken and my eyes are filled more with tears than ever before. Last summer while I was preaching one night, I could hear Brother Daniel Ewald and Brother Curt Hamilton snickering about something and I turned to see them standing together shoulder to shoulder trying to shield the live stream video from this same person's bare "Moon" behind me! I told them "Don't try to Sanitize it guys it is what it is!"

But no matter if the person asking for the shoes is a Female or a Male I can't even begin to even think how She or He must feel in self humiliation putting Her or His self out there like this. Well God knows THAT IS OUR MINISTRY and I don't care if she is female or He is a Tranny male Hooker, Old Brother Joe here this Baptist Street Preacher as always is going to care about and preach to people RIGHT WHERE THEY ARE JUST AS THEY ARE! I'll let the Lord separate the wheat from the tares I'm just going to try keep doing my best to reach and preach and help any kind of people anywhere right where they are just as they are, and try to reach these people for the lord!

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



**KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**  
**OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**

**“EVERYBODY NEEDS A RAMBO!”**

LAST BLOOD- “I can see why people are into that Rambo stuff” Miss Lisa said to me just a few days after she and I spent one whole day running “Missions of Mercy” trying to get one Drag Queen male “Tranny” prostitute “Malibu” and one female prostitute Natalie into a room and off of the streets avoiding the violence that was chasing after them.



All the evil we saw that day doesn't quite motivate Miss Lisa like it does me because she was much more tenderly raised than I was, plus I know God calls different folks to do very different things and just knowing all the stuff we saw is going on, I just want to dive in and try to fix it. While my poor wife “Miss Lisa” often wonders “What in the world are you getting us into next?”

Miss Lisa was resting in the basement as we were having tons of renovation done on our upstairs now after our last flood and she began to watch a few minutes of LAST BLOOD the end of John Rambo who was Sylvester Stallone's creation supposedly modeled after the Vietnam Veteran Bo Gritz.

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## **KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**

### **OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**

RAMBO was not just a movie it became a Franchise as was Stallone's ROCKY, or like the JAWS or STAR WARS movies and so many others. Rambo was an instant "Cult Classic" and it was so big that it begged for sequels.

Lisa began to tell me about the movie, I had only seen part of the last one, it and the content of a really tough guy going in and beating up and blowing up all the bad guys is really appealing to me. And the fact the final story was that John Rambo had a niece who was taken by force into prostitution and that he went in and took her back by force is like a fantasy dream come true for me.

Speaking of "TAKEN" the Liam Neeson movie series called TAKEN was a predecessor to Stallone's final Rambo movie where a family member gets taken but it ends up they took the wrong guys family member and the Bad Guys all get whooped by a combat specialist! GLORY!

Miss Lisa got all big eyed and a bit thrilled as she talked about Rambo going right in and taking his niece out from a Latin drug and prostitution Cartel, then the niece ends up dying in Rambo's pickup truck on the way back to her Mother's house.

Then as my beautiful bride was all aglow about RAMBO setting that girl free, I said to her, "THAT'S RIGHT EVERYBODY NEEDS A RAMBO!" Then I said to Lisa that little gal "Sahara" that we saw standing at the counter in that seedy Hooker Hotel just a week or so before with that "Trick", John or "Date" she R-E-A-L-L-Y NEEDS a RAMBO. Then I said or maybe a "BROTHER JO-BO!"

For perhaps the 15th Millionth time I said to Miss Lisa that's why I have been saying for decades we've needed a Woman's home! That's why I tried to get the City of Detroit, the Feds, Wayne County Courts, and no Joke even Homeland Security to let Brother Joe start a Rescue Mission and Shelter in the notorious Victory Inn on Michigan Ave. I know I sound like a broken record but the Street Girls and Victims of Human Trafficking, addicts are still out there. And I have to constantly surrender all of this to the Lord and just get my silly self to the Street activity on the Hot corners to feed, clothe and preach at as much as possible or I'll continue to LOOSE MY MIND! Why because EVERYBODY NEEDS A RAMBO!

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT

### OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE

I was even warned by a high-ranking Lady Detroit City employee when she said "Those Pimps might hurt you Brother Joe!" Well... I knew and fed and clothed those Pimps at the Victory Inn for years and I was not overly impressed with them at all, I smiled and told her, "Yeah well then I might hurt them back!" I know that sounds carnal and I know that a preacher is not supposed to be a striker and "As much as in you is to live peaceably with all men." Romans 12:18.

I all get that I really do... BUT... There have been times in the past 46 years I have seen a Pimp or Dealer whooping a girl and I HAD TO STOP THEM! I got real physical real fast and stopped a man or men from "Whoopin" or "Beast-ing" on a girl.

In the RAMBO Last Blood movie of course the niece had to be pretty a little gal, but the little girl "Sahara" who was selling herself at that Motel for Dope money that day when Miss Lisa and I walked in there, that little gal is a chubby, disheveled kind of an average looking little gal and it seriously scares me to think what her growing up must have been like because she's self-medicating herself to death to cover her pain for sure.



And I kind of made Lisa think when I said if that "Trick" had beating on her or if he was her Pimp slapping her around, then what do you THINK I should done? Miss Lisa had a different look come across her face then a grin, I'm 61 now and unfortunately Lisa has seen me handle situations when a man is abusing a woman and there is nothing good about it, it is just bad.

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



## **KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**

### **OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**

The other little gal we were trying to get a place for Natalie is a very pretty little gal whom the night I first met her I said to her "Girl what in the world are you doing out here?" She was honest enough to say "Messing up." I asked where she was from, She told me and I said to her. "Girl you should be back Home in a Home Coming Queen event or at a Beauty Pageant." She blushed and was flattered but that did change anything at all. But this pretty little needs a "RAMBO" to pull her out of the mess too, sounds "Corny" but you know I'm right!

Yes with all my Saber rattling is basically Machismo and I still would "Do what I gotta Do" in such a situation, but we really need such a "RAMBO" and a place of safety for these girls... and DARE I say it... yeah for the "Girlie-Guys" too. I am not justifying anybodies "Life Style" but if She or He were your kid... Would you want them to have somebody with enough RAMBO in them to pull your kid out of the mix?

Again please forgive me if I seem overly "Carnal" but my desire to "Punk Out" the abusers runs 46 years deep, I love people more today than ever before but I really get the whole Amos 3:12 As the Shepherd taketh out of the mouth of the Lion two legs or a piece of an ear... in direct context that is talking about The Shepherd being the Lord taking His Children out of the mouth of the Lion, the Devil.

God knows we really need the Lord to do things in this generation. And we need a bunch of William Booths that reached down and got people up and out of their mess! We need another or several more Lester Roloffs' to Rescue the perishing! We need Christian drug rehabs in this generation like crazy!

One very sad thing about getting older is playing tug of War with the Devil and his Army of Lions it isn't quite as easy as it used to be... But I still say when situations arise... EVERYBODY NEEDS A SPIRITUAL VERSION OF RAMBO...

"Company leader calling Raven come in Raven, talk to me Johnny. This is Colonel Troutman talk to me Johnny..."

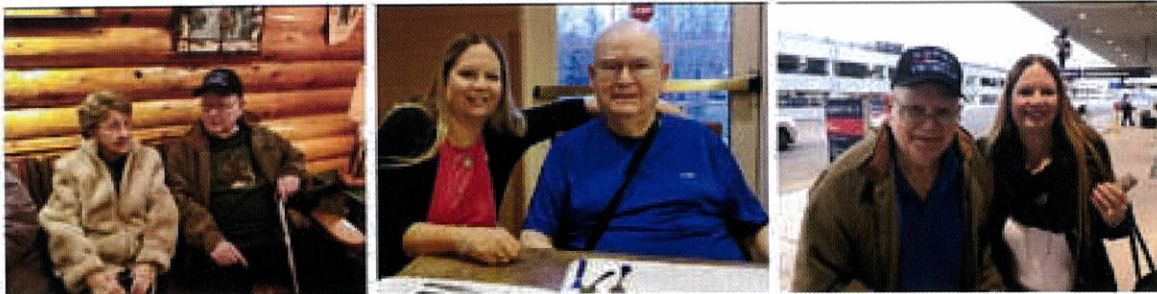
The Lord is still seeking an occasion against the Philistines - Judges 14:4



**KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**  
**OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**



Dedicated to Miss Lisa's Dad, Calud Gilbert - Rest In Peace!



Donna Yost & Miss Lisa, Thank you to  
the life chest and The Blue Guitar!

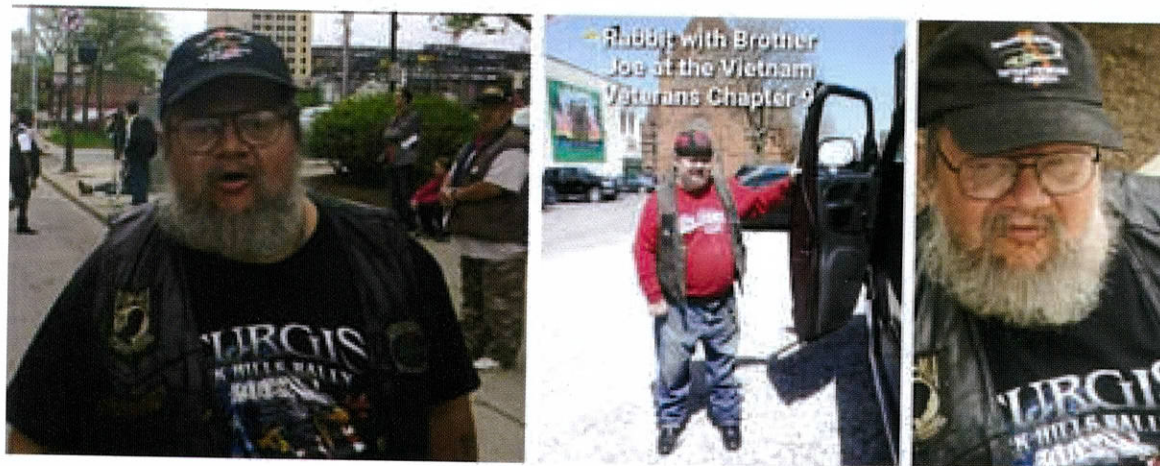
[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



**KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT  
OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**



Thank you to Robert Dempster, Susan Forbes Dicker & Tracey Passmore Allen for the invitation to The Blue Guitar events

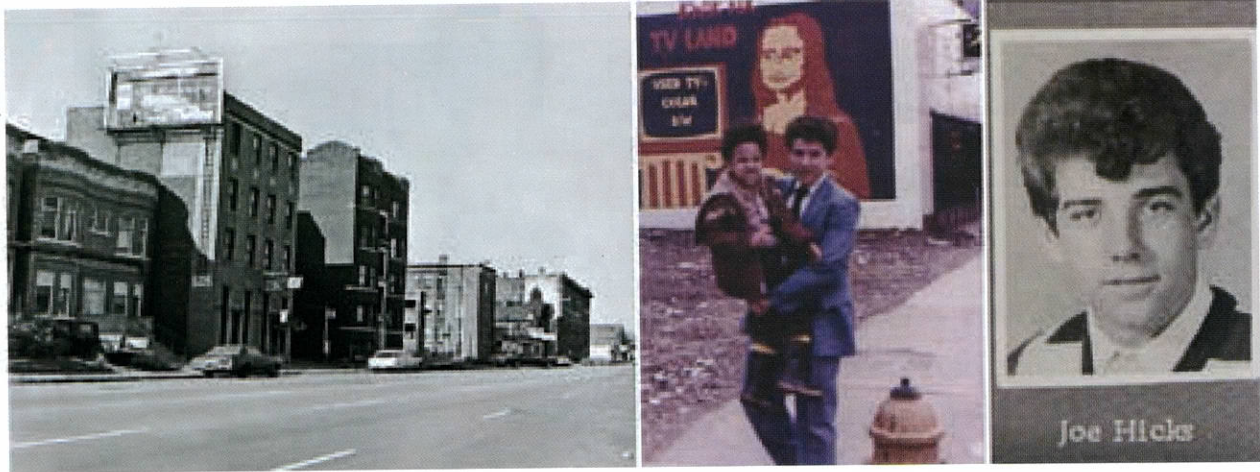


Remembering "Rabbit," or Barry Ray Burgess

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



**KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT**  
**OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**



The pegasus apartment building, Manu Kelly and Brother Joe.  
 RIP Manu! Brother Joe as a teenager.



Eat your heart out Rolling Stones. Special Thanks to Keith and Susan Ingerman. Lisa & Dad



Brother Joe's mom Marion Hicks, Aunt Mildred Scott, Brother Joe & Miss Lisa.

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



**KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT  
OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**



Blood on the Wall. Tear your world apart! Below; 47 years of chasing the devil!



[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)



**KYLE JOE AND LISA HICKS MISSIONARIES TO THE STREETS OF DETROIT  
OUTCRY YOUTH AND STREET MINISTRIES DETROIT - JACKSONVILLE**



"Miss Lisa Hicks" - Contact Brother Joe @ 313-414-8190

[www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com](http://www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com)