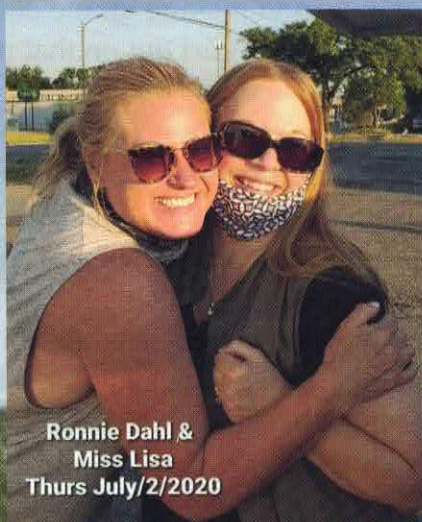


EVANGELISM OUTCRY

Kyle "Joe" & Miss Lisa Hicks - Missionaries
to the streets of Detroit, Jacksonville & Daytona

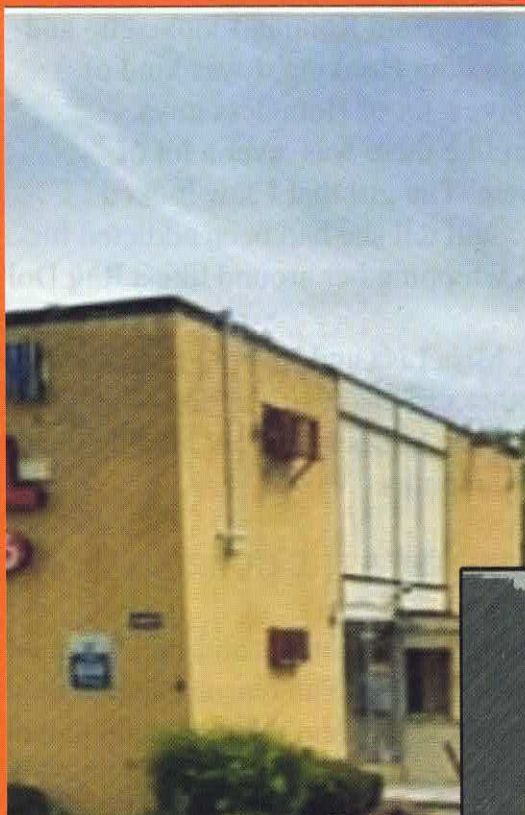


Ronnie Dahl &
Miss Lisa
Thurs July/2/2020



MOTEL HELL #3

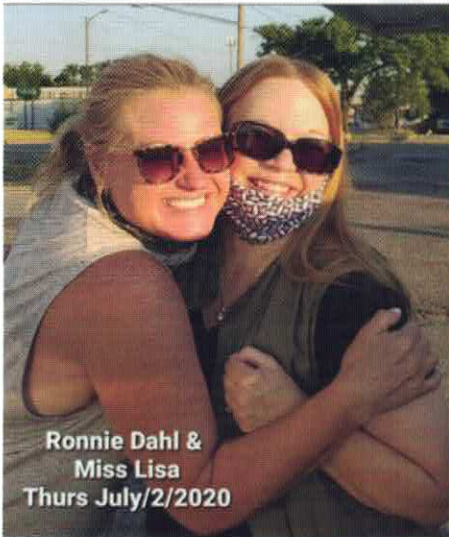
Up In Smoke!



MOTEL HELL NUMBER THREE – “UP IN SMOKE!”

It took old “Joe Genius” here had three different things happen before I actually started going up to the third “Motel Hell” which to me was much like the Apostle Paul’s Macedonian call.

1 RONNIE DAHL’S TENNIS SHOES- I received a message back in 2020 from Ronnie Dahl who is a Detroit area famous News reporter and personal friend of ours and she said had several pairs of Tennis shoes from herself and her Husband Woody Woodruff also an area famous Channel 2 Sports Broadcaster, these shoes were for our Street Outreach and that Summer after noon Miss Lisa and I went up to meet Ronnie.



Ronnie Dahl &
Miss Lisa
Thurs July/2/2020

It now seems that our meeting place at a Gas Station on the corner of Telegraph Road seems providentially of God now! While we were talking and picking up the donations from Ronnie, I looked up and saw a Street Girl out on that main drag Hooking, I was kind of shocked because this area did have a lot of Homeless guys panhandling, but it did not seem like there was ever a lot of prostitution going on around there. The girl that I saw looked rough and with just one look I could tell she had been addicted for a long time, and the Street life had just about worn her out and was whipping her around like a Rag Doll.

THE RED HEAD- After picking up the Tennis shoes from Ronnie, Miss Lisa and I were headed home and while we were talking Miss Lisa told me that she had seen another girl also working the other corner in that same Gas Station parking lot, and that she had dark red hair. I had not seen her but hearing that she had red hair was going to be a real identifying mark in just a few months.

SOME OF THE NAMES IN THIS HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE GUILTY!

In my constant writings all the time I usually leave the names of Hotels, areas, Streets and even change the real names and “Street names” which are knick-names of the Street people. The reason I leave the names off or change them both is for our Hard Core Street people’s protection, and for folks who naively think they can mess around in this kind of ministry, NO JOKE!

We personally knew, fed and clothed the last two major Detroit Serial Killers DeAngelo Martin and Kenyel Brown plus other less notorious Serial killers like Larry Mills who I nicknamed “Bicycle Boy” and also James Quill Cockerham.

Another in irony our ministry is that our ministry provided the food at a candlelight vigil that former City Council President Mary Sheffield (who is now Detroit’s new Mayor) and her staff held a Memorial Service on the Eastside of Detroit for a beautiful young medical student named Elizabeth Candace-Nicole Laird, whose family called her “Candy”. But it was not until a few years later that I actually saw the picture of the man who killed Candy and as soon as I saw his picture I realized that we knew and had fed (Next Page)

and clothed him on the Streets too. It's both sad and unnerving thing when you really realize that we are always surrounded by Serial Killers just waiting to go off!

2 POLICE RAID- The second thing leading us up to "Motel Hell #3" happened when I saw an online report that a Motel on Telegraph Road had been raided by the Detroit Police and that the Police were heavily monitoring that Motel, to fight Prostitution and Drugs. Back in 2017 our Pastor friend David Peacock, who is a former Jacksonville Florida Police Captain told Miss Lisa and I that most of the prostitution of the old days where Street girls were, "on the stroll" on sidewalks or standing on the corners has been changed to both computers and Smart phones, and that now-a-days the "meet and greets" for drug dealing, prostitution and Human Trafficking of Minors are now basically done with phones or computers, So maybe that is why again we were not seeing a lot of that activity there even though it might have been raging behind closed doors.

3 POOR LITTLE BABY- The third thing that got us up to "Motel Hell #3" happened when a story hit the Detroit air waves, in print and Social Media which were all on fire with a viral story about a 23 year old Street girl who was pregnant and gave birth to a baby girl, and then she left her baby in a garbage can in a garage and took off to chase her drug habit addiction. The story said a man named Clifford Perry who just could not let that Baby lay there to die, so he took the newborn baby to the Sinai-Grace Hospital DMC. After that story hit it had gone viral on every form of Detroit area media, the Social Media comment sections were vicious towards this severely addicted young Street Prostitute because there was a Baby involved.



MOTEL HELL #3

My heart sunk when I read that story and I really had been planning on going up to that area and invading there with our ministry near where we had met Ronnie Dahl a few months before. I wanted to start feeding, clothing and preaching there but we were already so busy on all the other corners that we were already going to, so I just had not done it yet.

Then I knew this was like the 3rd Strike and after hearing about all this young woman leaving her Baby, I knew in my heart we were way overdue about getting up there. And as I read all the battery acid like vitriolic hatred that this young extremely drug addicted girl was getting online and how people wanted actually wanted her dead! But there is no doubt that lots of people around that girl from other Street Girls to her "Dates", Pimps to her drug dealers to Social Workers and Law enforcement had seen this young pregnant girl out on the Streets Hooking, but yet somehow either she had slipped through the cracks in the system or she ran away from the help offered to her, and YES even "Brother Joe" here was mad and filled with self-criticism shaking my head thinking... "If I had just gotten my behind up there maybe we could have helped her."

Miss Lisa and I with Larry and Regina Ackerman had fed, clothed and witnessed to all the girls at the old Victory Inn on Michigan Avenue years ago and then years later I still have never gotten over the fact that the Feds and the former Motel owners would not allow me to take that fully functional Motel and turn it (Next page)

into a Rescue Mission or at least a temporary Shelter after Homeland security busted the place. But Alas as the old statement goes, "The saddest words of tongue or pen are the words it could have been."

"DO YOU SMOKE?"

We showed up at Motel Hell #3 on one cool fall night in 2020 and we looked around and I decided to pull into and set up our feeding tables in a vacant parking lot of a closed down abandoned Jazz Club next to Motel Hell #3. I have driven by that once fancy building for years where it had been a Comedy Club then a Jazz Club and I guess it just did not draw the crowds it needed to support it as a business and that building like most of that area was vacant and had fallen into disrepair.

Lisa and I sat up the tables and then I slipped over past the suspicious security at the front desk, and I just started going door to door inviting everybody to come over, I finally got questioned by the front desk people, "What are you doing?" I told them that we had food, clothes and hygiene stuff next door in the front lot. They were actually very excited and then they told me where people were actually staying. Soon there were all kinds of people of all ages walking over next door to the closed down Jazz Club's front parking lot for the food, clothes and supplies that we had. I had already made up my mind to go there without preaching a few times just to get to know people and get them to trust us.

One of the biggest things I realized was that this Motel Hell #3 reminded me so much of the Victory Inn Motel which I called Motel Hell #2 as well as the Cadillac Motel, the Mid Town Motel, The Travelers Motel, Fosters Medical Center, The Auto City Motel which I called Motel Hell #1 and this Motel was like every other "Hooker Hotel" that several the prostitute mothers of some of our Sunday School Bus Kids from the Cass Corridor lived out of back in the 1970's, and how that way too many of those little kids over all these years got caught up in the same life styles of prostitution, drug addiction and drug dealing. Oh Man the hundreds of stories that I could tell about those poor kids whose parents were addicted Street Girls, Pimps and Drug Dealers.



One of the most notable things about Motel Hell#3 were the Youngsters, there were about 8 to 10 young guys driving in and out in their larger Chevrolet Caprices, Lincolns, and Cadillac's with fancy rims that just screamed DEALER and they had that whole "Pull me over Cop because I'm stupid!" vibe about them. I mean all these kids needed was a Neon sign advertising they were all driving mobile drug stores. Their whole Pimp-Dealer identity thing was off the chart!

Miss Lisa and I were by ourselves that first night up there and after setting up the tables she hid out in the van while I knocked on the Motel's doors until several of the Street Girls, a few young guys, several older folks and the Motel employees themselves came over to eat and get clothing, and then Miss Lisa got out to feed and she made instant friends with a few of the young prostitutes (Next page)

there. The first few nights that we went before I started preaching, I helped with the feeding and on that first night something so bizarre happened that it gave even me the creeps!

Ginger that same little Red Headed girl that Lisa saw a few months earlier came over there and no joke so did the same little rough looking little gal that we had seen a few months before when we met with Ronnie Dahl at the gas station. This rough looking little gal was right there up close and personal on the other side of our feeding tables. There was another dark eyed little cutie named and “Millie” and a tall blonde-haired gal whose high heeled shoes were way too small for her feet and her pants, hoodie and tee shirt were all too small also. I wanted to ask that tall blonde gal, “You just got out of Jail didn’t you, and so you’re wearing some other girls clothing right?”

This is not uncommon with this crowd and it usually happens either because another girl steals their clothing, or the place they were staying in throws their stuff away while they are in jail or hospital, but this taller girl looked awkward and she was trying to not fall out of those heels and her toes were cramped and sticking out and her whole heel was way out over the back of the shoe. Thankfully we had tons of clothing and shoes for her and the other girls.

The Red Headed girl, “Ginger” had left her bag of clothing underneath our van and told Miss Lisa and I not to let anyone steal it, and then she stumbled off next door to the Motel. Ginger was already high as a kite and no doubt had already forgotten what she had done or said to us. So later I walked the bag over to the room that some of the girls shared, I took Ginger’s bag over there because we were getting ready to closeup feeding for the night. Ginger was in the room with several of the young guys that I mentioned and when I handed her the bag she said “Thanks”. The “Youngsters” were happy to see me too because most of them had gotten food, snacks and other items from us also.

I walked back over to the van and we started to clean up more and I came across a very heavy bag, I opened it up and I was confused for a second. I was looking inside of this bag and saw a purse and a bunch of other ladies’ things and then it hit me! And I shouted in disbelief to Miss Lisa, “LISA I JUST TOOK HER THE WRONG BAG!” I wanted Miss Lisa to see inside of the Motel anyway but not necessarily this way! So, we started walking towards the entrance of the Motel and remember folks, back then that this Motel and folks were all new to us.



A man walked up behind us and got in between Miss Lisa and I and he said boldly to Miss Lisa, "Girl do you Smoke?" And trust me he was not talking about Cigarettes; he wanted to know if my Miss Lisa got high. Then Miss Lisa looked over at me with a terrified expression and behind her light blue COVID-19 mask, she stumbled verbally and said "Uh No!" but her answer was not good enough for him and he said, "Oh come on do you smoke Girl?" (It is a blessing that Miss Lisa did not even really know what he meant). By then I was already really ticked off, and so I stepped back around him and backed him off of Miss Lisa and said, "Listen I'm the Preacher and this is my wife and NO she does not get High now STEP OFF!" I am not joking when I say that I have spent most of my entire life working in and around what I call the "Hard Core" Street crowd, and it just ceases to amaze me how bad this stuff gets and how bold some of these guys really are!

Then this same Dude walked right along behind us right to the room where Ginger, Millie and Lissa were at. Ginger had still not realized that I had given her the wrong bag yet, and that her purse, I.D. money and all her stuff was not in the other bag that I had given her. When we got to that room and the door opened, and the guy that had asked Miss Lisa if she "Smokes" walked right in. I really could not help to think about what my old Buddy "Rabbit" Burgess said to me many years before, "JOE HICKS NEVER PLAY WHERE YOU DON'T KNOW ALL THE PLAYERS!" I was breaking one of the cardinal rules of the Streets but keeping that rule is a hard thing to do if part of your Mission is going to the Regions beyond and evangelizing, but I could still hear my late buddy Rabbit calling my memories phone number from the past FO SHO!

When I got to their room with Miss Lisa, I said "Ginger Honey, I gave you the wrong bag of clothes!" And immediately I had just really ruined Ginger's whole "BUZZ"! She snapped back to reality and started screaming "OH NO!" and crying immediately, "OH NO MY PURSE, ALL OF MY MONEY, MY I.D. AND EVERYTHING I HAVE WAS IN THERE!" Then she yanked the bag open that I had just handed her and she found her purse and pulled it out and found all her stuff was still in there! She yelled up from a kneeling position, "THANK YOU PREACHER THANK YOU!" and sprang up and stumbled towards us and she hugged both my and Miss Lisa's necks.



Brother Joe & Rabbit

I could see inside the room, and it was just as I had envisioned, it was a monthly or weekly rented room and not just a "Short Stay" room, the beds were surrounded by clothes on the floor with food containers piled up two feet tall out of the trash can, the cigarette and weed smoke looked like something that Smokey Bear should come and put out! The room was basically nothing but a "Squat apartment" that some of the girls shared. The young guys may or may not have been Pimps (they were) but no doubt they were the "Mules" for the dealers too, so their drugs pimped these girls too.

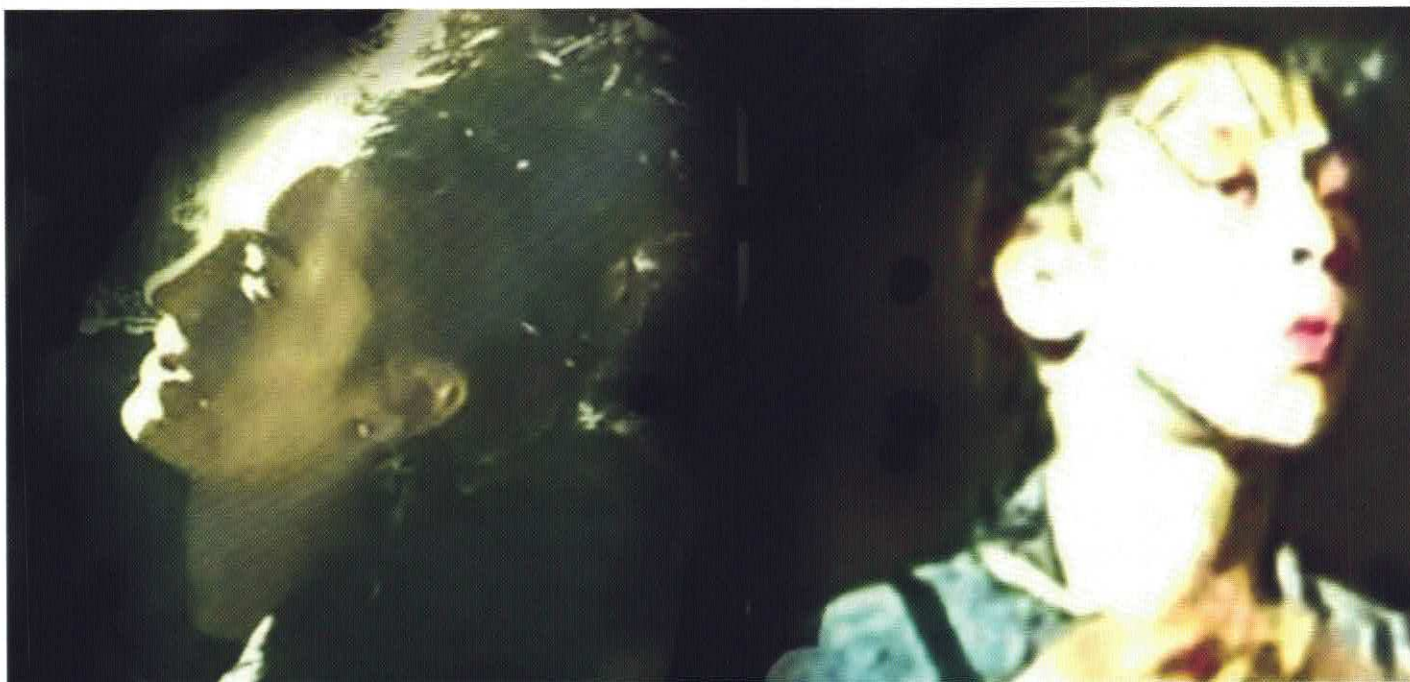
What I'm going to say will shock you, they were just a bunch of immature kids playing these Street games seriously a bunch of "Young-uns" basically just boys, young guys "Wanna Be" Pimps who are a nothing (Next page)

but the whole “Man Child” kind of guys, playing the whole “Pimp - Hoe” thing around a bunch strung out girls that are just a bit older than most of these them.

As you can imagine Brother Joe here thinks about a lot of very dark things and I thought about the guy who had asked Miss Lisa if she “Smoked”, he was bold, assertive, pushy but yet very flirty, and very domineering, so much so that he had even had the bold brave unflappable Miss Lisa stumbling on her words. And I thought I wonder just how many young innocent girls he has flattered, flirted with and “Hit on” with his pushy charm and then got those girls high just to turn them on to drugs and “Turned them out” as drug addicted prostitutes. This guy was a good ten to fifteen years older than the rest of the young guys in that room, and he was definitely their ringleader.

Well, we were looking at a bunch of younger and dumber versions of the dumb young guys who were at the Victory Inn on Michigan Avenue and Wyoming eight years before, but I really saw these young guys not much older than high school “Kids” all staring at a T.V. screen in a filthy Hotel room all hooting and hollering about some video game that they were playing. These youngsters are not the “New Jack City” types of leaders like the Victory Inn guys were, no they were just being used as “Drug Mules” and they were like what they called these young guys back in the 1980’s “Pop Corn Pimps”, but that older Dude he was an extreme danger to women just like the older guys at the Victory Inn were, and that kind of Dude could “turn out” venerable teenaged girls or young women in a heartbeat.

WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE... MY SERPENTINE-



Several months after our first trip to Motel Hell we had one of those nights that was surreal and just defies description. I had been at this Youth and Street Ministry for 46 years at that time and at 50 years on July/17/2026, And needless to say, even though I have seen a whole bunch of stuff, I have learned to never say or think that “I HAVE SEEN IT ALL NOW!” because something else is coming.

I’ve seen Heroin overdoses, Cracked out “Skeezer” Zombies, every kind of drunkard imaginable, I’ve seen Street Girls Run Up “Raw” Heroin by drawing blood into the dry powder in a syringe and “Jack” the blood in and out of their armes, which was enough to make me nearly puke! I’ve seen people kicking dope (Next page)

with diarrhea fits, I've seen people go into convulsions from "Cotton fever", and once I saw a girl whose jugular veins looked like they were going to explode from her neck with every heart beat because of "Bath Salts", and I've seen Heroin abscesses on every inch of a person's body imaginable including under their tongues... But I was with Miss Lisa one hot Summer night in Street Ministry at Motel Hell #3 and we saw something together that even I had never seen before!

We had two of the girls Lissa and Millie come over to the tables to eat and go through the clothing bags, they were talking to us, then we heard them talking and that they figured out that they had about \$20.00 between them, and once again they asked us to watch their bags and they gave us the same old "We'll be right back" speech and then they disappeared back into the Motel. That night was a very hot humid Detroit night, and the humidity was just hanging there in an almost visible mist.

Miss Lisa and I finally carried the bags over towards the room thinking these two young gals would be there, but as we passed by an open staircase doorway, we saw the two of them and the other girl Ginger was with them, and what we saw was actually both horrifying and "Spiritually Spooky!"

Lissa and Millie were sitting on the dirty steps and they were both squirming and seriously writhing around like serpents! Their facial expressions were deranged and looking very non-human. They would violently sit up straight then bow their backs away from the steps, then put their backs against the steps and then slide forward with their bellies pushing down against their inner thighs and then slide down past their knees, their shins and then past their ankles and then sit back up again violently the same way they had just bent over tracing their own legs back up, then do a side to side serpentine looking movement. And during that whole time their arms were flailing around wildly something in between the whole fashion model "Vogue" movements and a Bird or Bat, and their gyrations looked like the possessed girl from the movie The Exorcist. I MEAN IT WAS FREAKY! I could not help but think of the old Guns and Roses song "Welcome to the Jungle" where Axel Rose sang about "My Serpentine" and then the singer Axel Rose would start squirming side to side like a Snake, very similar to what these two girls were doing!

It has often been preached that Drugs and Booze open portals to the Spirit World well I think maybe that the portals mouth was right there on the steps in front of us that night as the world of Drugs and little devils from the Spirit World were dancing around inside the bodies of these Street Girls skinny bodies.

There were two other people in that doorway area another of the young Street girls Ginger on the steps too, and she looked like just had just taken dope and had a "Lift Off" and was also flying towards that same entrance where the Spirit World gets high on the Narcotic world. And then there was another attractive white woman about 40 years old standing against a wall and Miss Lisa, and I watched as two of these young Prostitute girls that we had already become to be like Mom and Dad to, were going through these Serpent like drug convulsions. The whole time that Lady just stood there smiling and talking to us just as "Sober as a Judge" as the old statement goes. But her reaction was just weird and freaky and just WRONG! She was smirking at what we were seeing, and like I said, she just stood there with a happy content look on her face, smiling and grinning from ear to ear almost like she was ready to laugh, but what we were all looking at was terrible and there really was nothing to laugh about at all. There was something extremely wrong and very Devilish about that woman FOR REAL!

She was like the female version of the "Smiling Jack" drug dealer with his big white Panama Hat and silk scarf tied around his neck like someone off of the old Miami Vice T.V. show or some Caribbean drug (Next Page)

movie. I thought about her, “Why You Devil you!” She was acting like little Miss Susie Sunshine so sweet like she was just oozing out sugar, but all of this was all just so seriously wrong! Here are two young girls who were so high you were just waiting for their poor little hearts to literally explode. Another young Street Gal who just had her blast off and was headed there too, and there’s this almost Demonically deranged woman all smiles like an innocent Girl Scouts “Den Mother” except in this case it she was more like a “Drug Den” Mother.

I knew that there was some new very twisted Drug on the Streets and I did even not find out what it was for several months after that, it was a modern day twist on an old Drug devil, it turns out it’s a modern day synthetic “Speed Ball” mix which mixes Amphetamines with Barbiturates or in layman’s terms it is mixing “Uppers with Downers” which gives you the effect of Hallucinogens more like L.S.D. or Acid. Seriously how Devilish can people get to create and sell this junk to someone’s kid, or adult or how could anybody even sleep at night less enough stand there looking like the grinning Cheshire Cat from Alice in Wonderland while actually talking to a Preacher and his wife while that woman trafficked this poison to these young women, and somehow she found humor and enjoyment out of literally watching these girls suffer and squirm? NO JOKE I MEAN DEVILMENT!

DO LORD OH DO LOTD OH DO REMEMBER ME... Mark

Motel Hell #3 was the slowest of our Street Preaching and feeding areas to build up a crowd to feed back in late 2020 to early 2023, but we started to have crowds between 50 to 100 people normally. We had folks that coming over who lived in “Motel Hell #3” and the two Apartment buildings on the other side of the closed down Jazz Club, plus the street traffic that would pull up when they heard my loudspeaker when I sang and preached plus the sidewalk traffic also.



There was one Homeless man named Mark who soon became one of our favorites there, and his story was both weird and a bit scary. He was living in an “Abando” or an abandoned house, and he would cut through the huge graveyard at Six Mile and Telegraph at night as he told us, “I cut through the Graveyard just to make sure that no one is following me.” YEP, that is Spooky and took guts!

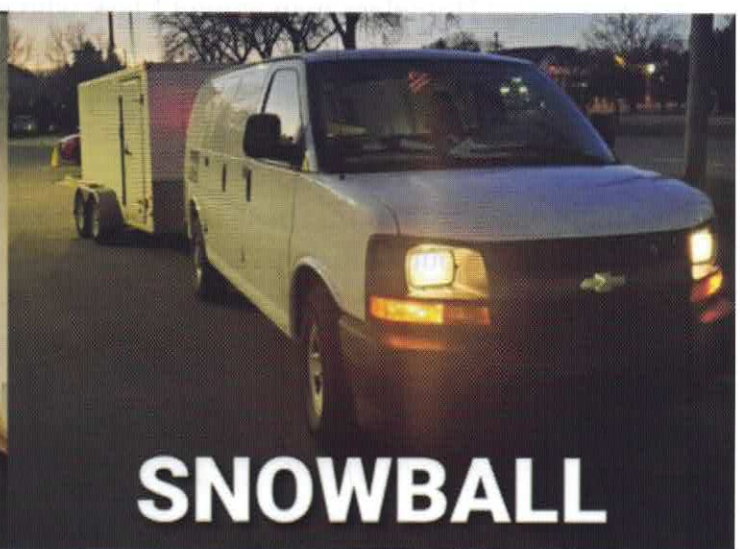
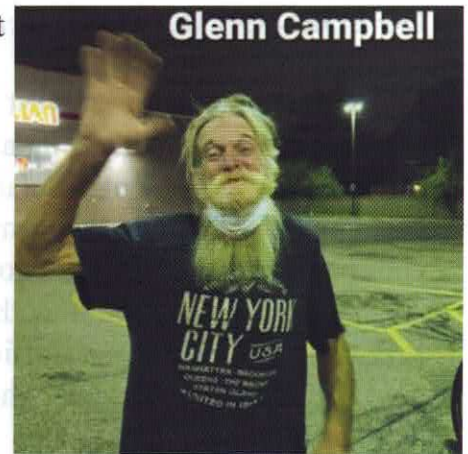
One night Mark told us that he used to go to Church and that he played guitar too, so I handed him my guitar and he let out a rousing version of the old song “DO LORD”. He had not touched a guitar in years then started playing and never missed a lick and sang with a raspy voice that sounded somewhere between Detroit’s own Mitch Ryder, Bob Seger or Humble Pie’s Steve Marriott I mean his gravelly voice was SHOCKING!

He sang DO LORD OH DO LORD OH DO REMEMBER ME and everybody turned around to see who in the World was singing that song, and his Homeless peers, Street Girls and Brother “Curty” Hamilton, Brother Daniel Ewald, Miss Lisa and I were all amazed! I mean he was good and his scratchy voice just fit the Streets too!

Brother Daniel Ewald went down on a Saturday and took Mark a brand-new pair of tennis shoes because Mark’s poor feet were just torn up. We all really liked him a lot but all too soon we could sense and literally see Mark kind of fading away back into his addictions, and he was not taking advantage of the opportunities that work groups were offering to him. Then just like that one-night Mark was just gone and years later now we still do not know if he is alive or not? Or if he got clean and off of Drugs, is in jail or if he is dead? I do hope that he got right and that the Lord did “REMEMBER HIM!”. I believe Mark is Saved but unfortunately, he is one more of the many thousands Prodigal sons out in the Streets who are torn to shreds by the Street’s “Riotous Living”, OH DO REMEMBER HIM LORD AND BRING THAT PRODIGAL HOME!

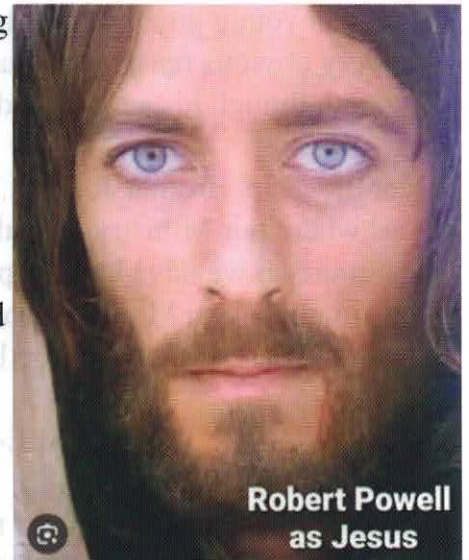
“JUNKIE JESUS” – JESUS ON THE MAIN THE “MAINLINE”.

On Thursday night Sept/17/2020 Brother Curt Hamilton and I went out feeding on the Streets and found a few guys by the corner of Grand River Avenue and Telegraph Road and we talked to several of the homeless guys who were panhandling there. NO JOKE one of them was named Glen Campbell the same as the Country Singing legend, and it was extra weird because Donna Yost who with her husband and author Kim Yost who wrote “Pumpitude” and other books and they started the Life Chest Organization which Donna, Kim and a bunch of her beautiful Lady friends whom Brother Joe nicknamed them “The Fashionistas” surprised our ministry when they bought us a brand new 2017 Chevrolet panel van which Donna named “Snowball” and a trailer also that she named “Black Beauty”, which have kept our ministry (Next Page)



rolling for years now! Ironically before the death Country Music legend Glen Campbell who was a mega talented singer and guitarist, Donna Yost's Life Chest Group got involved with Glenn Campbell and his wife as Glen Campbell was fighting Alzheimer's Disease. And when I contacted Donna Yost to tell her that we had used the Van that she, Kim and The Life Chest Crew had given us and that we had met and fed a guy whose name really was Glenn Campbell that brought Donna a smile!

That same night the guys there told us there was another guy standing down the road but on the Northbound side of Telegraph who they called "JESUS". Right off the bat I thought to myself "Well that's about sacrilegious!" but when we walked over to where he was at NO JOKE he looked just like Robert Powell from the 1977 movie Jesus Of Nazareth. He was a skinny young man who had shoulder length dark brown hair and a close-trimmed beard and seriously he looked just like every Renaissance era painting and statue of the Lord Jesus Christ that you have ever seen FOR REAL!



This young man whom everybody called "Jesus" only had one really life defining problem, he was a Hard-Core Heroin Addict, and the very idea of a "JUNKIE JESUS" just hurts my heart! Just after we began to set up and preach in front of the closed down Jazz Club between "Motel Hell #3" and the Adams Apartments, The Police began to chase off the panhandlers out up by Grand River and Telegraph south of where they had been, and soon this young Homeless dude they called "Jesus" became one of our regulars and one of our favorites too at Motel Hell, to us he was a sweet guy and was always willing to help for a few minutes but his Heroin addiction was absolutely eating him alive.

After the whole Motel Hell days were over this dude everyone called "JESUS" or "Junkie Jesus" became a fixture around there. There's an old song by called "Street Life" by the Crusaders from 1979. The song's lyrics goes, "There's a thousand parts to play until you play your life away.. " and "That's how the life is played a Ten Cent mascaraed...". Sometimes I think about this whole hard core Street Life thing and can't help but think that I see the same "Game", "Play" or "Movie" where different "Players" or "Actors" are all different people playing the exact same rolls just in different places. Meaning almost every corner that we preach and feed at there is one to several notorious Heroin Junkies both male and female, and the same with the Crack heads and Meth heads, and Drunkards too who (Next Page)



some can go from “Happy Drunks” to “Crying Drunks” to “Mean Drunks” in the same conversation. And almost every place we go there are “Street Stars” from the “falling down drunks” and “Skeezer” Crack Head prostitutes to flamboyant Drag Queen “Tranny” Hookers. So many of them with Street names and some have actual personalities that they adopt to “Play their part” in this insane dangerous drama.

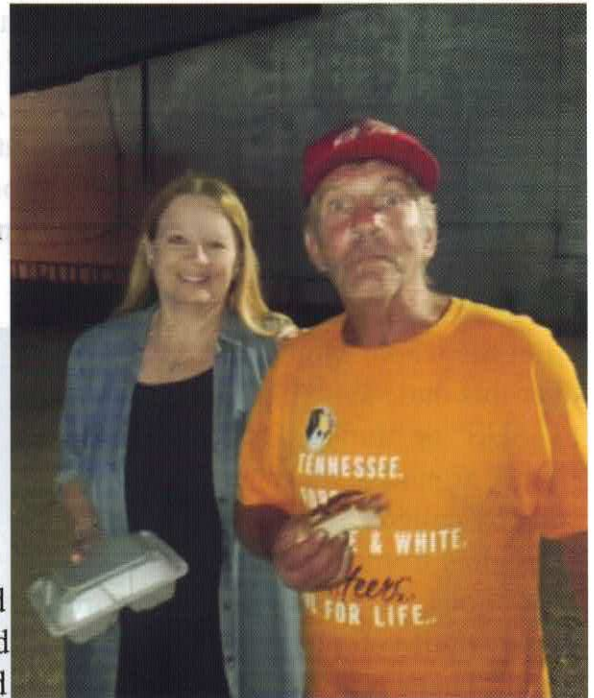
Well, this young guy the folks by Motel Hell #3 that everyone called “Jesus” got that Street name for one very obvious reason and that is because he really did look like Jesus from the movie Jesus of Nazareth though his actions and life were not like the Lord Jesus Christ at all.

Over the years Brother Joe and Miss Lisa have had parts to play too at all the different corners and areas where our Ministry has taken us to, our “Rolls” are both as the Preacher and Preacher’s wife and even more so we have had the part playing “Church Dad” and “Church Mom” to a bunch of kids and teens in our Youth Ministry group and to young folks out in the Streets... please keep us in Prayer because we are creeping up on becoming more like Grandpa and Grandma to so many of these folks.

SWEETWATER TENNESSEE-

It never fails to amaze us and I really do believe that this kind of happening is of God, but one hot summer night a man walked down the sidewalk and over to our feeding tables and clothing bags. He was in an Orange Tennessee Volunteers Tee Shirt. After the preaching and feeding we started talking to this guy more and NO JOKE he was from none-other than Sweet Water Tennessee.

Our ministry has been link up with the Lee’s Chaple Baptist Church under both Pastor Dennis Hicks and now Pastor Jay Scruggs, And that is where we met Dale Dotson and his wife Lisa Dotson who started a ministry called “Hold The Rope Ministry” and they have given our ministry literally TONS of both Summer and winter clothing items, hygiene items, canned goods and other food products as well as Bibles and other supplies... And Lo and Behold here we are standing in the parking lot of the closed down Jazz Club next door to a notorious Hooker joint I nicknamed “Motel Hell #3” in Northwest Detroit and here comes a Hill Billy boy from Sweetwater Tennessee, we met him exactly once and then never saw him again, but he got food and clothing and heard the preaching, GLORY TO GOD for that one!



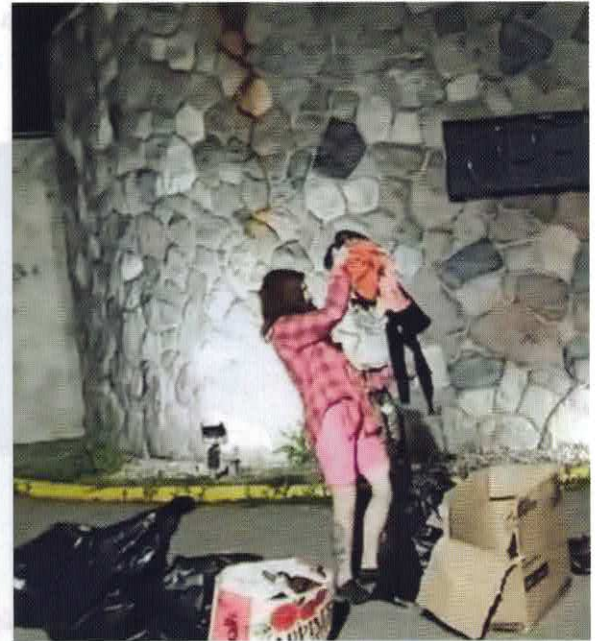
MINTY GREEN- SEEING OUR IMPACT- One of the things that I truly love about our ministry is meeting the needs of people that most folks care absolutely nothing about. To many folks the people that we Minister to are considered a waste of time, money and energy. But I guess that depends on where your TREASURE lies that makes Ministries different.

I somewhat jokingly call our Street Ministry "The Glorious Disaster" but cause at times it is truly GLORIOUS helping the folks that we help, and at other times it truly is a DISASTER with all the overdosing, murders, death and dismemberment that we get to see.

Every once in a while, we get to see something that is just a big old BLESSING to us! Just after the warmer weather started in 2021 I was driving towards my Mom's house and I was driving up Telegraph Road past this newest spot where we were ministering at that I nicknamed Motel Hell and trust me that nick name was fitting.

Ginger one of the girls that I have mentioned was going through all the clothing we had sitting in our industrial strength trash bags and she wanted a pair of tennis shoes because the rotted down looking flip flops that she had on looked like muddy pancakes, that were so thing they barely provided any protection to her feet from the sidewalks, broken bottles and hypodermic needles. We had a real pretty brand-new pair of women's Mint Green colored tennis shoes that she was thrilled to get from us a few nights before.

So while I was driving up Telegraph Road I saw a young red haired young woman walking on the sidewalk up ahead and she was dressed rather nicely and then I could see those Mint green colored tennis shoes from quite a ways away, I knew that the woman walking up ahead was one of our newest "Street Daughters" Ginger, and I recognized those Tennis shoes.



I called Miss Lisa and told her, "Hey I just saw a little Red Headed girl with Mint Green shoes on her feet!" and Miss Lisa said "THAT'S GREAT!" I do not know who Ginger's real parents but if she really was my daughter I would be so grateful that someone somewhere cared enough for my kid to help her out when she was in this bad of shape!

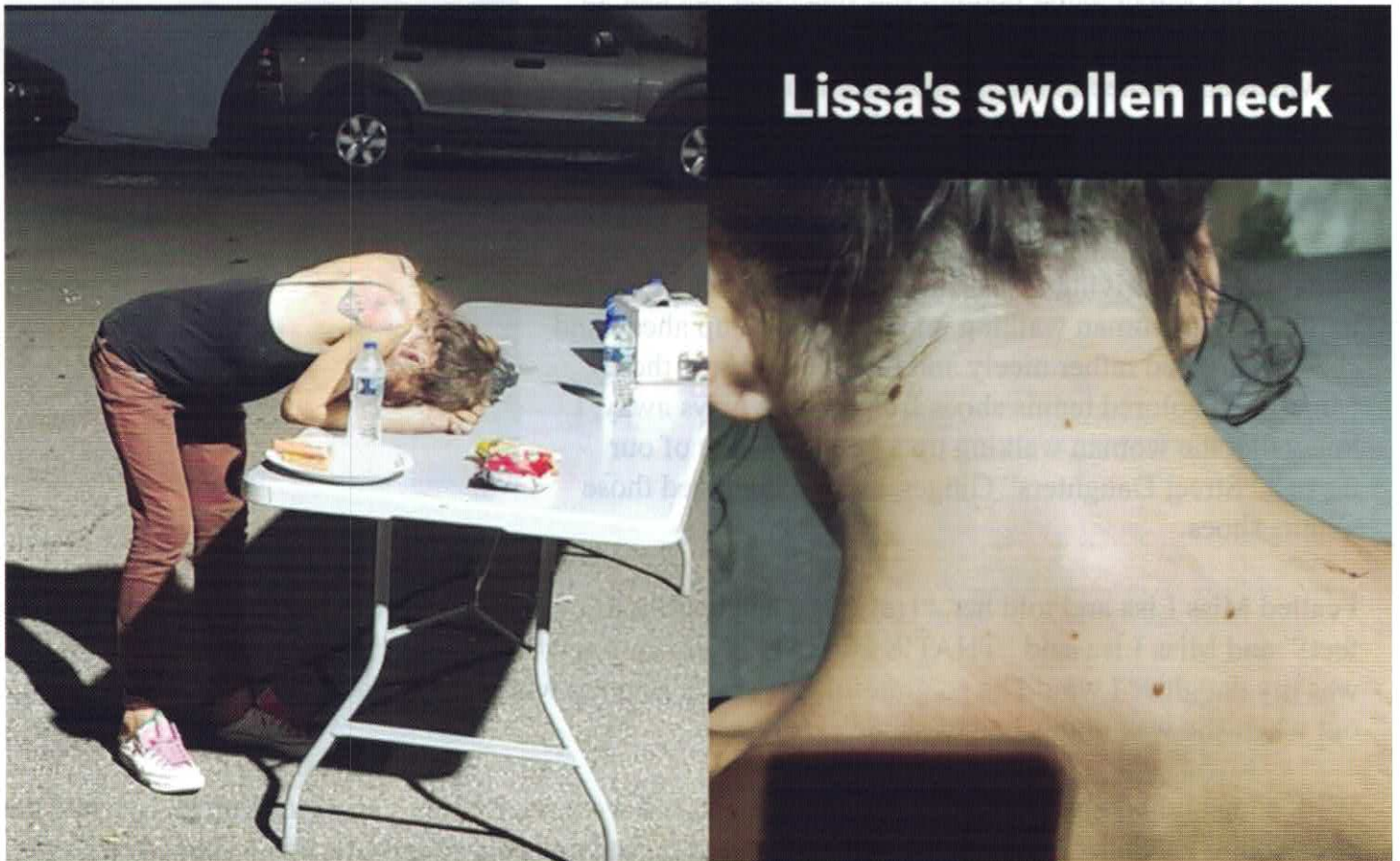
Well, somebody donated those tennis shoes to us, and we gave them to her which helped to make that poor young gals miserable life just a little bit better! And to whoever gave us those shoes and GOD KNOWS and you will be rewarded for that! Miss Lisa and I want to say THANK YOU! And please realize that between that spot at Motel Hell plus the "Death Valley" corner, and the "Spanish Alley" corner and "The Avenue" corner and over in the "Uptown Transylvania-Area 51 corners we were giving out trailer loads literally TONS of clothing to Hard Core Street people and many needy families and individuals.

BUT... While driving up Telegraph Road from a distance, I recognized that one little Red Headed gal and I also recognized those Minty green tennis shoes, she was our little Ginger! Matthew 6:21 For where your heart is there will your treasure be also.

LISSA'S NECK –

One of the very pretty young gals around Motel Hell that everybody called “Lissa”, became one of our favorites very quickly, I was contacted multiple times by her friends and supposedly by some of her family too when folks saw what we were doing on the Streets asking us to help her.

Some of her friends and people would come down to pick her up and try to convince her that she should go into Drug treatment or to just “Come Home” and they would go back empty handed and discouraged and emotionally “Hurt” because the little girl they used to know was no longer the same. Lissa became an extremely Hard Core drug addicted Street Girl, totally possessed by her addiction and it had turned that sweet little girl into a drug addicted lunatic. And until that addiction gets out of her, she could not possibly get out of there at all, her will was gone, She had literally become the human manifestation of her addiction!



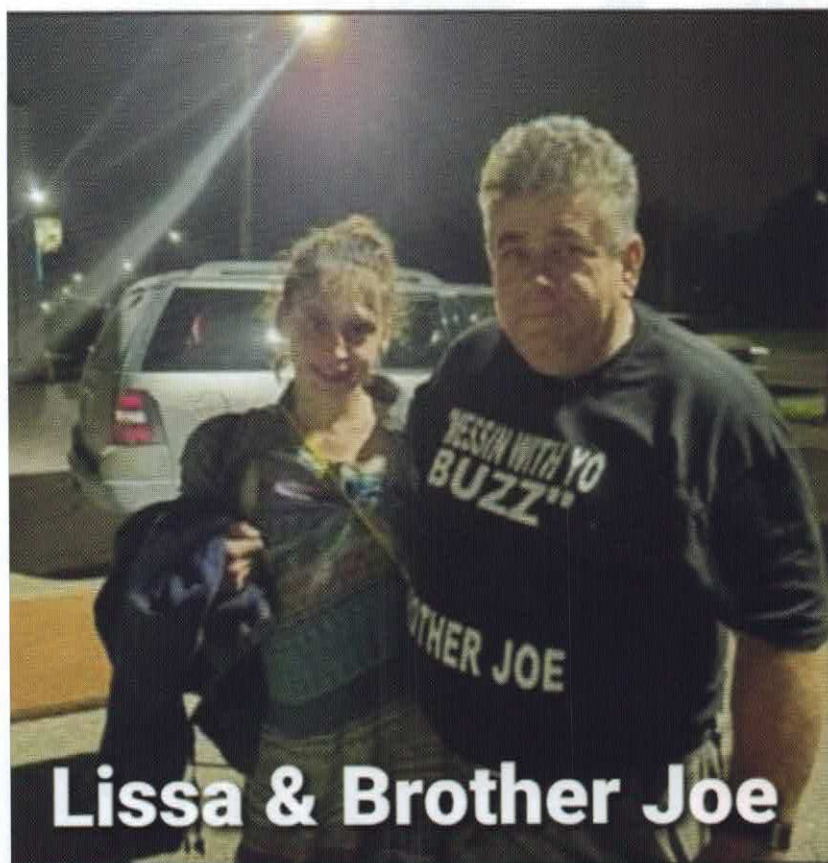
Lissa's swollen neck

We truly got very attached to this gal Lissa and her story is very sad, but some nights she would come out all humble sad and whiney, other times she was wild eyed and flailing around like she was the night I wrote about when she was sitting on the staircase going through drug convulsions.

One night she came out with a huge lump on the back of her neck that was literally forcing her neck down and she walked with her face towards the ground and tried to look up with her eyes. That poor young girl was a WRECK! And that night she just bent over and put her whole upper body on one of our feeding tables and she just wept and cried being in so much pain.

Years before one of our old Gal's “Faith” from over in the “Death Valley” area in Southwest Detroit ended up in the hospital in severe pain from an infection in her spine from her years of prostitution and an (Next page)

extreme Crack Cocaine addiction, Faith's spine was also bent from and infection, but from the time that happened to "Faith" and the time that this had happened to "Lissa" these Street drugs had really become more "Synthetic" and powerful, and God only knows what kind of "junk" was being mixed into the dope that was being sold to these so called "Junkies". But I never thought that I would ever see "Heroin" synthesized and mixed to the point that the typical "Nodding off" Heroin addicts were as wild and running like Speed Freaks and Crackheads from days gone by. This new dope is laced with Fentanyl and high-powered Diet medications was far worse than the old Heroin-Cocaine mix that they called "Speed Ball" back in the 1970's.



We wanted to cry for poor Lissa' but even though she was in severe pain she did not want to go into the Hospital or get drug treatment, the King Kong sized "Drug Monkey" that she had on her back was more like absolute Demonic possession and it was absolutely killing her and no one could stop her.

"RIDING THE MAINLINE" - THE GIRL BY THE BUS STOP...



Ron Leggitt who is the former Pastor of the Lighthouse Baptist Church in Lincoln Park Michigan once contacted me and said "Brother Joe you should write a song called "Riding The Main Line", he went on to explain to me that he had read a story about how that the public bus system was a new Main Line" of both drug trafficking and also hauling addicted folks from where they lived out in "The Burbs" down to (Next page)

“Hot Spots” in the City and that many of the Drug Dealers from the City were traveling out to traffic their Drugs out to the burbs by bus.

So, there was a brand-new sad twist on Heroin Junkies shooting dope into their arms which has been called “Mainlining” for decades now, this new form of “MAINLINING” was not shooting Dope it was the new Mainline transportation of Dope.

Brother Ron who worked with the Reformers Unanimous Ministry and became a Police Chaplin also said in that same conversation, “I can tell at these bus stops who is Dope Sick and who might be holding.”, (Holding meaning transporting drugs). He said when it is 80 or 90 degrees outside and guys are wearing their Hoodies and they look still like look they are freezing while they are sweating, they are Dope Sick!” And he went on to say some of these guys and gals standing there at the bus station all smiles and innocent looking but looking all around like their head is on a swivel are “Holding” looking to dump their dope if the Cops drive up.

I really did not think much more about that conversation or about writing that song about “Riding the Mainline” until one morning when I was driving up Telegraph Road and I saw a heavy-set woman standing at a bus stop and she was in the throes of her addiction with her head back and mouth open looking like she was trying to catch flies.

I drove back around the block to see if what I think I saw was what I really saw, and I watched her snap out of it momentarily and then she started “coping a lean” again as she went to nodding off again backwards. And I could not help but think about what Brother Ron Leggitt had said to me about these City Busses being a “Mainline” link for the Drug world coming and going underwritten by the American Taxpayers, God Help us all.

“YOU’RE GONNA DIE OUT HERE!”

Tuesday February/2/2021 was an extremely frigid winter night, Brother Curtis Hamilton or “CURTY” as his sisters call him was with me at Motel Hell # 3 and it was so cold and windy that we had to park the van and trailer next to the cinder block wall on the north side of the closed down Jazz Club’s parking lot that separated it from “Motel Hell #3” to shield everyone from the freezing winds.



We had a ton of supplies that night and a lot of BOOTS too, my biggest worries for that night was not supplies but if anybody would even come out in that kind of cold or that we would just get frozen out too quickly. But neither of those worries came to pass that night because considering how cold it was but THANK GOD that we still had a bunch of people came out of both Motel Hell #3 and from the Apartments south of it too.

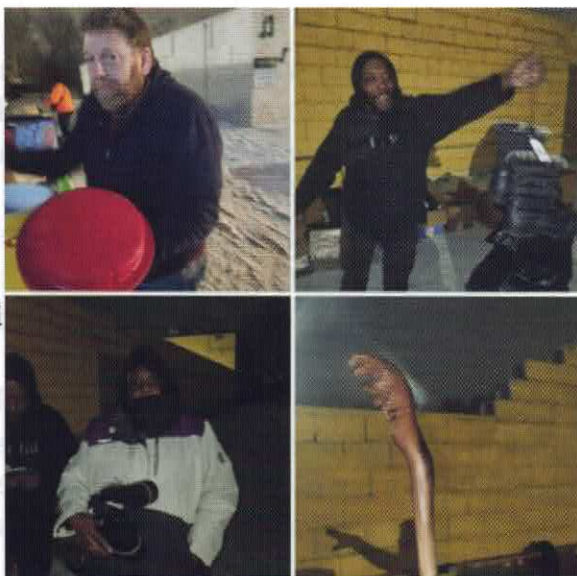
By far the most memorable and wild thing that happened that night was when a man named Harold came over and told us what had just happened to him. He said that he was laying on a bench at a Bus wind shelter and there were people waiting for a bus to pull up and when it did, one man literally snatched Harold up and dragged him to his feet and screamed in his face, "IF YOU DON'T GET UP YOU'RE GONNA DIE OUT HERE TONIGHT!" Then the guy walked over and got on the bus and left Harold standing there shocked.

After being dragged up to his feet Harold was freezing, and he just came down to where we were at, not even knowing that we were there! We gave him BOOTS, socks and every other kind of cold weather gear that he would need, and we fed him too.

I walked over to the Hotel to see if we could get this poor guy a room but the Motel was packed out, a few minutes after I got back Harold contacted a friend of his that was staying in the Motel and that guy came over to eat and get clothing too and he said to me, "You will have to pay the Motel something but he can stay with me!"

So, I went back over to the Motel and paid Motel Hell #3 just \$15.00 for Harold to stay there with his buddy that night too! In my "Dark Thoughts" I really wonder about exactly who (or what) it was that dragged Harold to his feet? And I also wonder if Harold had not walked over to where we were at that night, would we have just read about another Homeless man who froze to death that night by Motel Hell #3? Only the Lord knows.

Besides that, story and the memory of that Harold coming down there, the other things that I remember about that frigid night were the smiles on the faces of the people that we gave supplies to and the picture that I took of our spaghetti fork that was steaming in the winter weather, and also when I shook hands that night with the guy who came over from the Motel room next door his hand was



warmer than mine, and when I shook hands with Harold who had been yanked off of the bus wind shelter's bench, that Harold's hand felt like ice! BUT THANK GOD WE WENT THERE THAT NIGHT!

NO MANAGEMENT- "IN THOSE DAYS THERE WAS NO KING IN ISRAEL EVERY MAN DID THAT WHICH IS RIGHT IN HIS OWN EYES..." Judges 21:25

The two Apartments just south of Motel Hell #3 were going to be taken over by the same people who were going to buy Motel Hell #3 but there was a time that the second building south still had the lights and water on but there was no management in their at all, it was became just a 3 story flop house Apartment building for Hookers, addicts, drunkards and anyone else brave enough to just wander in off of the Streets. Several nights Brother Joe here just "wandered" in there myself and I went door to door trying to get folks to come over and eat and get clothing. One night when Miss Lisa and I were gone out of town Daniel Ewald and Curt Hamilton filled in for us and Daniel told me that he too had gone into that building alone and got people to come out... Yes, folks that took guts!



It's a stinking miracle that the squatters crew right there did not burn that place down or that they were not pulling dead bodies out of there by the scores. The management at Motel Hell #3 placed cameras down at both the former Adams Apartments and the other wild building next to it.

"THEY'RE KILLERS!" I got a phone call from one of the Desk clerks at Motel Hell #3 who was an older woman and she asked me if we could stop by and talk to her and that she could not say anything over the phone. Miss Lisa and I did stop by and she talked in a whisper to Miss Lisa and I and she said, "They're Killers" and she looked from side to side like it was a Spy movie or like Secret Squirrel cartoon. Then she went on to tell us, "The guy they all call "Jesus" dragged Lissa' out of that wild apartment building and then dragged her and he just tossed Lissa on the ground."

She was convinced that "Junkie Jesus" was the worst one of the whole crew! I heard what she said and realized that she really did know all of these folks on a very different level and ways that Miss Lisa and I knew them. But I waited and I told her that I would just ask around. Later I did start asking around and I was told that "Junkie Jesus" did in fact carry Lissa downstairs after she had overdosed. And Lissa was about the same size as "Junkie Jesus" was, and that he was high as a kite and exhausted after he carried her down three flights of stairs and then carried and dragged Lissa out front then he just tossed Lissa on the grass patch between Telegraph Road and the sidewalk.

And I'm sure that what she saw on a security camera looked more like a scene from a Slasher Movie but everyone around swore up and down that the only reason that Lissa was still alive was because of "Junkie Jesus Saved her life!" and they said that he really did "toss Lissa down like a sack of Taters".

During the times we were up there preaching a lot of people did die most from drug overdoses, and it got extremely wild again and I was just waiting for the Police to intervene and they finally did.

I KNEW THAT WAS YOU! We sat our clothing bags and feeding tables up one beautiful Summer late afternoon and I went next door to Motel Hell to go door to door to tell everybody we were there to feed, clothe and Preach. When I came back around the corner, I saw a Police Car that had pulled up and was talking to Miss Lisa, Curt Hamilton and Daniel Ewald.

When I got over there, I saw a Lady Officer driving and she looked up smiled at me and she said, "I knew that it was going to be you!" I was out of the loop not knowing what they had been talking about. Then this Lady Police Officer told me that someone called the Police on us, and they told the Police that we were "Dumping Trash at the old Jazz Club Bar parking lot." She answered the call thinking that it was probably us dropping our trash bags full of clothes on the parking lot for the Homeless folks and needy families. I was so glad that we had such a good testimony with the Detroit Police Department before they finally had to clamp down on Motel Hell#3, the two Apartment buildings and that whole crew that hung out around there.

"LISSA' GOT HIT"

I got a message one night from a man who knows about our Street Ministry, and he texted me that our pretty little wild "Lissa" had been hit by a car in the middle of Telegraph Road, he text me that Lissa' was still supposedly still alive but she was really messed up bad.

Miss Lisa and I went to the Hospital and tried to get in to see Lissa that night but they would not let us in to see her because of the severity of her injuries and because of her addiction too. We heard that she was let out of the hospital later and that she had a "Halo" on her neck with screws onto her skull to both help the bend from the abscess that she had in her neck and spine plus the damage done to her in the car hitting her.

And then suddenly Lissa was just gone, and we have never seen her again.

UP IN SMOKE- THE REVENGE OF CHEECH AND CHONG...

One night when we went up to Motel Hell there was a letter on the front of the old JAZZ CLUB building, I was busy unloading the clothing bags and setting up the feeding tables but Miss Lisa walked over and read it and it was an announcement that they were trying to open up a business there, I didn't believe that would happen and that paper work hung there for months.

Then the Police closed down the Wild apartment building two down from the old Jazz Club parking lot and then the Adams Apartments were supposedly sold, closed down for renovation and the Police tightened down on the Prostitution, dealers "DRUGS" at Motel Hell #3 and our crowds went down from about 100 down to 10 or 20... it was sad and a bit Spooky!

Friday night Nov/9/2023 Miss Lisa and I were out with Bernard and Chrissy Harris, and Brother Bernard set up a tent in the doorway of the old Jazz Club Bar for one of our regulars Carlos who was a monthly renter but got kicked out of Motel Hell #3 suddenly Carlos was Homeless.

UP IN SMOKE



We tried to feed but there was little to no response at all from anybody and we had no idea what was about to happen at all... Little did we know that night would be the end of our Outreach to Motel Hell #3 which suddenly had its name changed, and the two apartment buildings had both been closed and were being renovated.

THEN BOOM- We drove by a few days later and NO JOKE the old JAZZ CLUB was being renovated into a "Marijuana Dispensary". YEP, NO JOKE THE VERY FRONT PARKING LOT FOR OUR PREACHING WAS BECOMING A POT SHOP! And for the past few years every time that we have driven by there are always cars and trucks in the parking lot and it is a thriving business! NO JOKE but there is the STUPID JOKE behind all of this.

Years before when we met Ronnie Dahl in a gas station parking lot, the two young prostitute girls were out there due to DRUGS, and when I read the online article about the Police raiding "Motel Hell #3" it was raided because of Prostitution and DRUGS! When I read about the 23-year-old Street prostitute leaving her newborn baby in a trash can in a garage and the Community was just so enraged about all the Prostitution and DRUGS! And most of the articles that I have written in this booklet have all been about Prostitution, addiction, dealers, Homeless folks is because of DRUGS.

IRONY OF ALL IRONIES – From the first time we went to Motel Hell #3 until the day that old Jazz Club's parking lot was turned into parking for the Pot Shop's renovation and the reason that the Detroit Police Department had clamped down on the Motel and its clientele, and I know beyond a shadow of a doubt because the Motel's staff had told us that the Cops were watching everything going on after the cameras were installed, and so that is how the Police knew us and how that we had a good testimony with the Police out there on the far Northwest side of the City... BUT and it is a big old BUT...

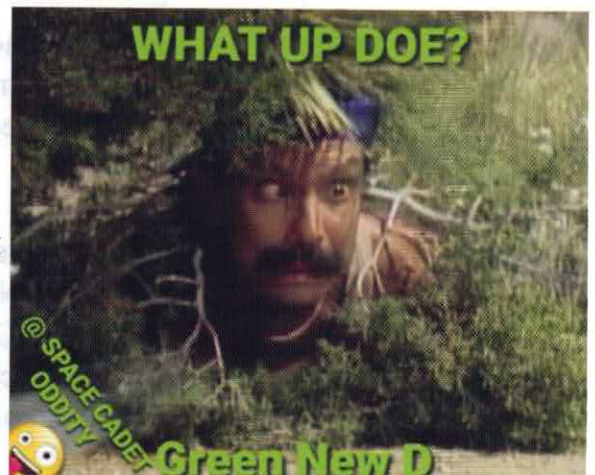
BUT THE BIG OLD IRONY is the City and Community was going to fight Prostitution and DRUGS and "Sorry not Sorry" as the kids say now-a-days, just **THINK** about the **MENTAL IRONY** of the City, County and State of Michigan and Community "Fighting Prostitution and DRUGS" then **OPENING UP A POT SHOP NEXT DOOR!!!**

I can't help but think about all of **CHEECH** and **CHONGS** old "Stoner Movies", LP Albums and 8 Track tapes back in the 1970's and the non-stop fight here to "Legalize It" and all of the promotional "Dark Money" that flooded into the State of Michigan's to promote the Legalization of old "Mary-J".

I do not care about anybody's views on the Legalization of Marijuana no matter if folks opinions are "Conservative" or "Liberal", at the end of the day it's not about Donkeys verses Elephants or Red verses Blue, it's all about the color **GREEN** and I don't mean the color of **WEED** I mean the color of **MONEY!** I Timothy 6:10 For the love of money is the root of all evil

CAN YOU EVEN IMAGINE the very idea of a bunch of folks getting together in City and Community Planning meeting and conversation goes like this, "Hey Guys I've got a Great Idea, Let's **FIGHT DRUGS** in that area by opening up a **POT SHOP!**" That very idea is somewhere between massively **DEPRESSING** and **HILARIOUS!** **NO JOKE** in my mind's eye I can't but help but think of old Cheech and Chong also being in that meeting saying, "Far Out Man!" Well, Ya might as well laugh at the absurd Mental Carnival of it all.

IT'S JUST TOO WEIRD FOR WORDS- We first went up to Motel Hell #3 due to the worst and saddest situations; that being a poor little baby was left in a garbage can to die. And about 3 years later with us Street Preaching, feeding and clothing up there between 25 -30 times at that one spot and then suddenly **BOOM** we lost the little parking lot and feeding area that we had due to a **POT SHOP** legally selling Weed right in the middle of a Prostitution "Stroll" right where the City, County, State and Community had declared a War on the Prostitution and "**FIGHTING**" **DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS** AND NO I JUST CAN'T MAKE THIS STUFF UP!



And folks I know the biggest arguments about Legal Marijuana 1. “Using Weed to lessen dependency on harder drugs” and of course 2. “Weed sales equal tax DOLLARS!” YEP, I know those arguments and about 3. “Medical Marijuana”, plus all the T.H.C., Edibles, C.B.D. and “Wax” arguments also. And all I can say about that is, HOW ABSURD and “Not my Circus Not my Monkeys”.

“LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION” – The most mind-blowing thing to me about this whole thing is WHERE- this POT SHOP is now located at, it is just like the old Real Estate motto of “LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION” and granted they’ve got a Booming Weed business going on there, and that area has indeed been “Cleaned UP” some... But NO JOKE it’s located right where the Police, City, County, State and Community had declared a WAR ON DRUGS and called for a “Cleanup of DRUGS!” At the end of the day our Street Ministry there went “UP IN SMOKE!” just like Cheech and Chong’s old movies title.

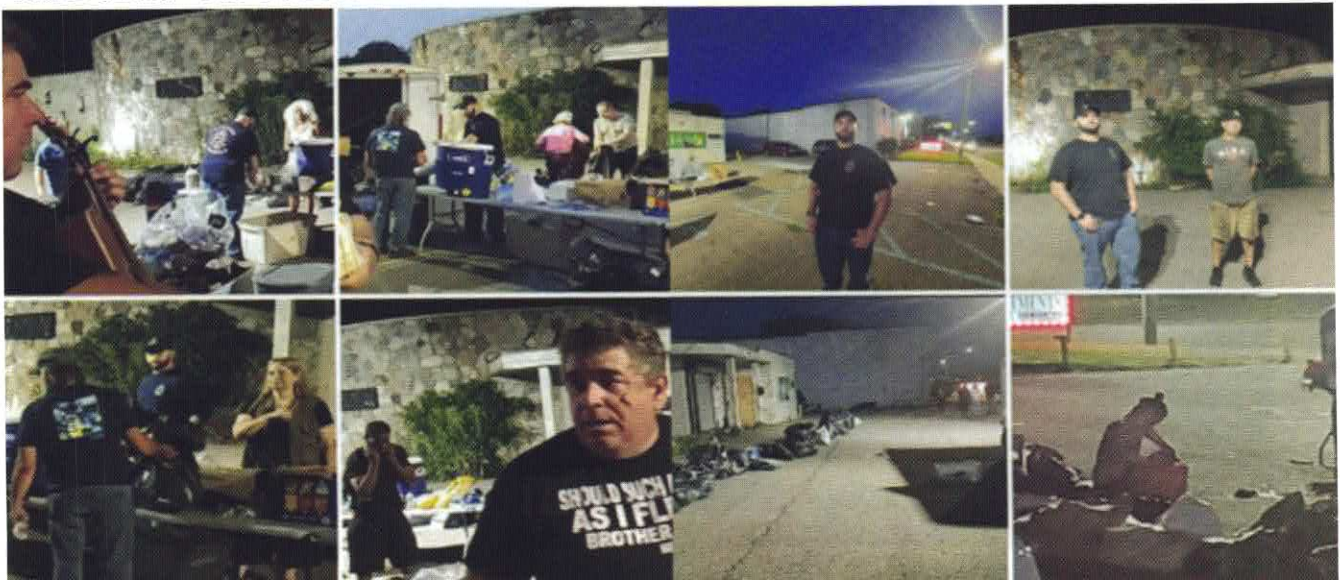
All that I could do was shrug my shoulders, shake my head and be done there... It reminds me of Evangelist Lester Roloff said back in the early 1970’s, “America is an Insane Asylum run by the inmates.”

IRONY OF ALL IRONIES- We used to preach and feed solely in the old Cass Corridor neighborhood just North old Detroit’s business district, and we lost all that because of both demolition followed by renovation causing “Gentrification” and the Cass Corridor is becoming a booming Hipster-hangout, or like I always say, The Cass Corridor has gone from Hookers to Hipsters.”

Then we lost both our old Hart Plaza River Front area outreach due to an international incident and viral sensation called “Tensile Town” in Lafayette Park and now Hart Plaza and the River Front are having Millions of dollars poured into their renovations.

And then on Friday May/26/2023 we got literally kicked off the sidewalks in Southwest Detroit’s 5th Precinct by the Detroit Police because of our huge homeless clothing bags and our violating some old Sidewalk Ordinances, in reality we were just too close to FORD MOTORS 1 BILLION DOLLAR Michigan Central Train Station... NO JOKE.

And NO JOKE then we lost our Outreach up at “Motel Hell #3” because somebody somewhere and others in the Community OPENED UP A POT SHOP WHILE “FIGHTING DRUGS” ...Uhm? Well Uh, O.K. at least I can walk away shaking my head and laughing at the ABSURDITY of this one, due to both the sheer stupidity of it and due also to my Juvenile sense of humor! YEP, and the just like that for “Tax Dollars” our Outreach there at MOTEL HELL #3 went UP IN SMOKE!...





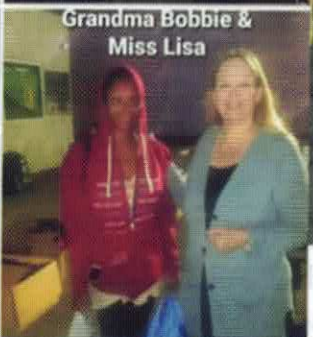
Daniel Ewald, Brother Joe & Miss Lisa



"Curty" Hamilton

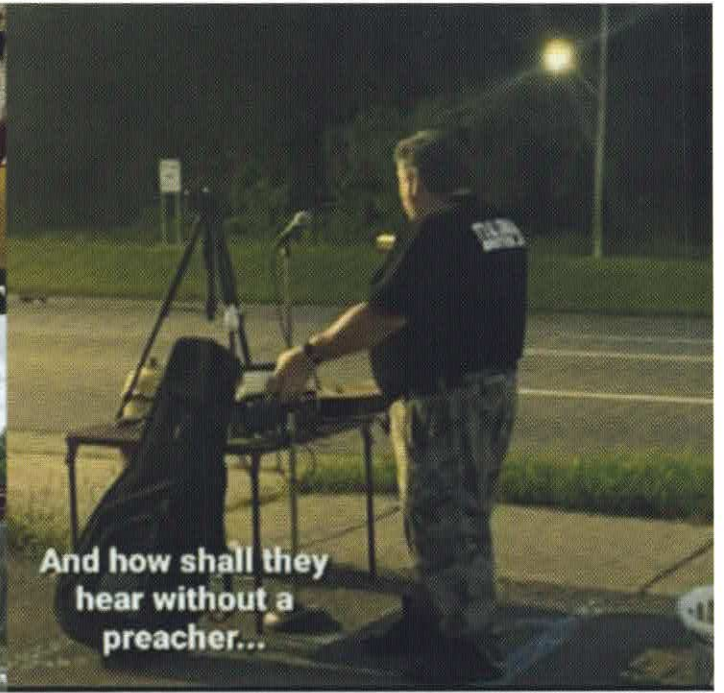


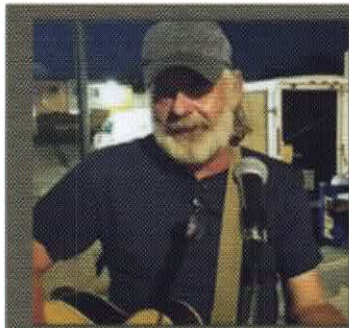
Grandma Bobbie & Miss Lisa



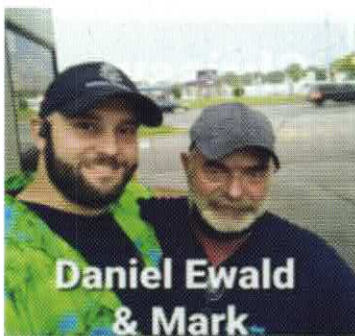
Miss Lisa & Cathy from E.T.R.S. we had almost spring like weather until we got out of the van and we were in almost a win tunnel, No joke!



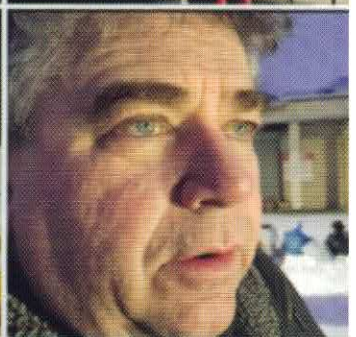
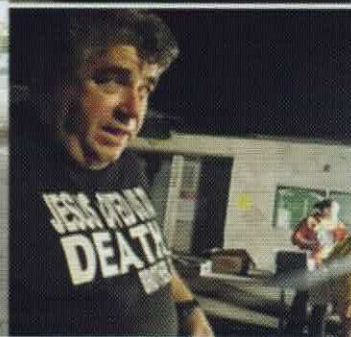
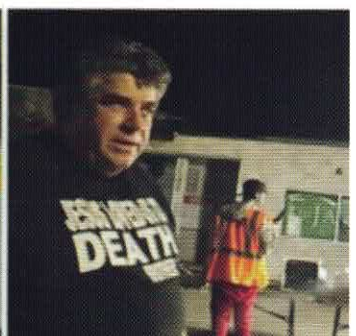




Mark singing do Lord

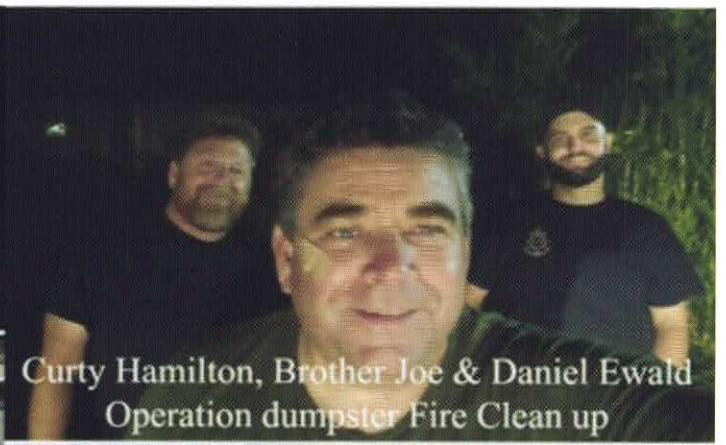
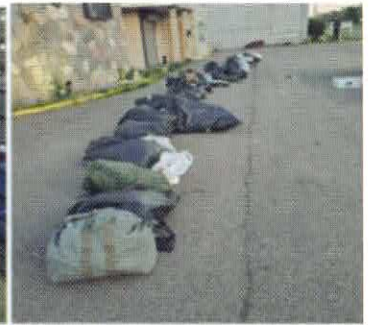
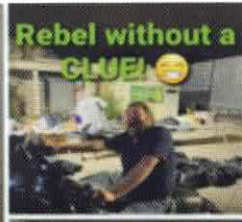


Daniel Ewald & Mark



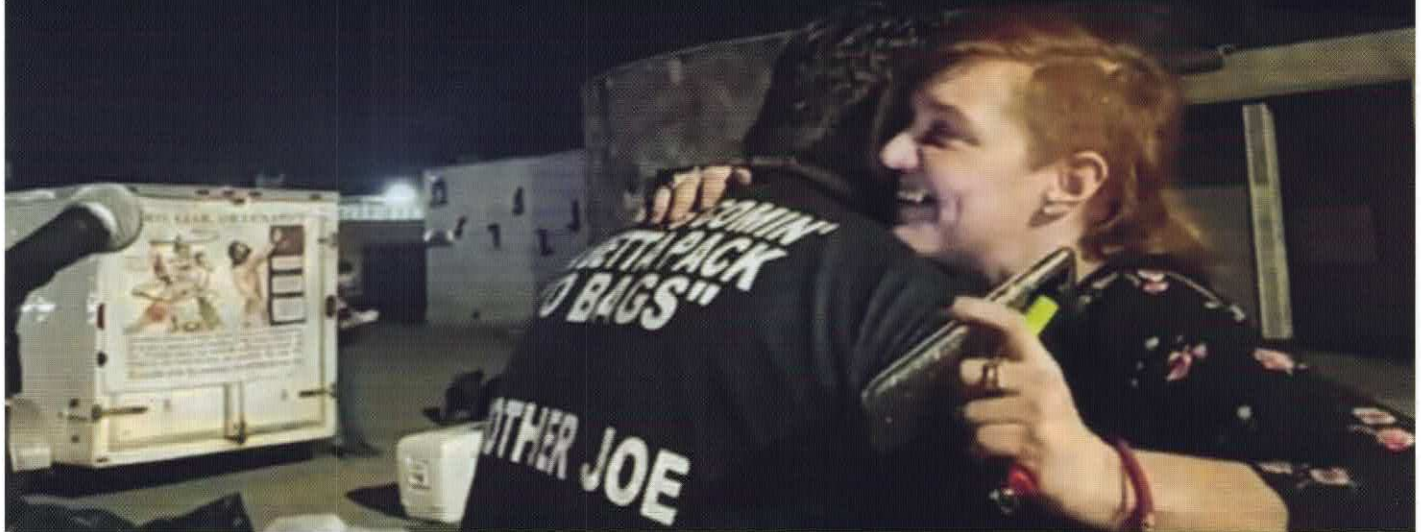
Rest in peace Milly



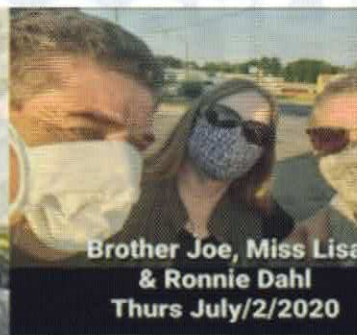
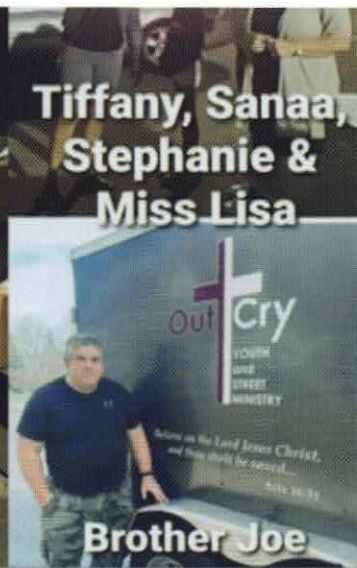
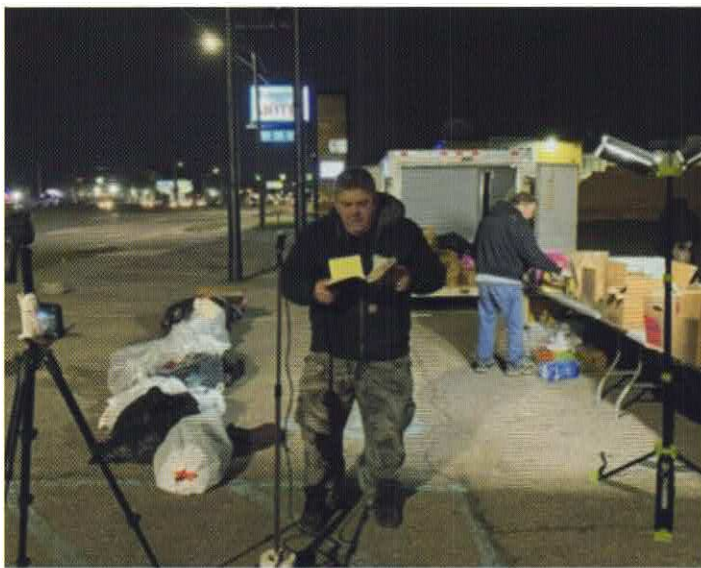




"Sorry Honey, Miss Lisa said I stink!"



**Thank you
Alan Jubak
&
Scotty Brown
for the light.**

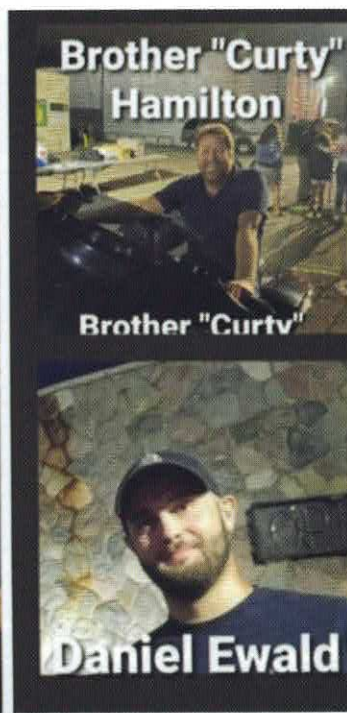




**Thank you Bernard &
Chrissy Harris**

**And Thank You
Miss Lisa**

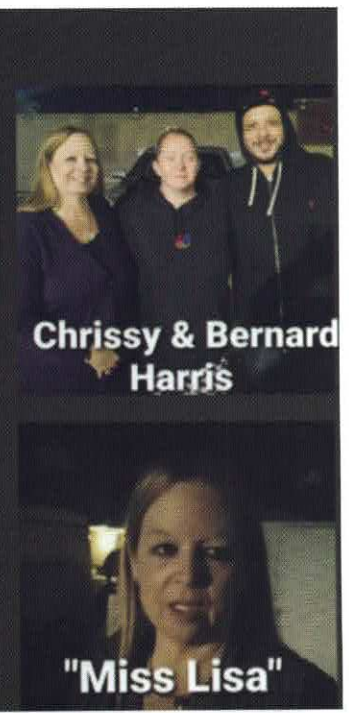
Fri Jan/27/2023



**Brother "Curty"
Hamilton**

Brother "Curty"

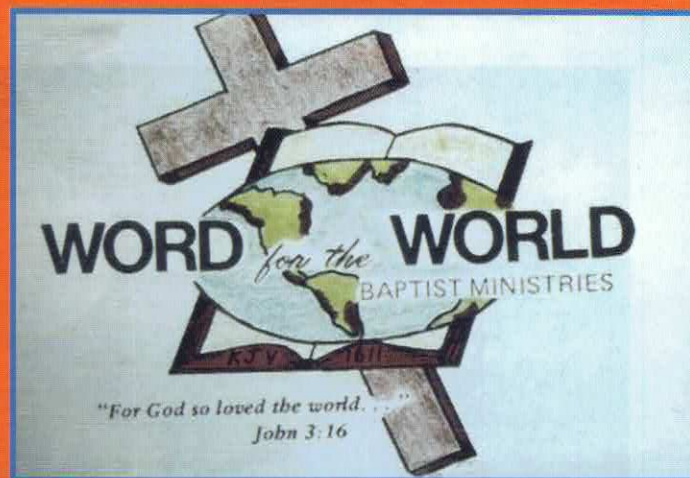
Daniel Ewald



**Chrissy & Bernard
Harris**

"Miss Lisa"

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You can view our monthly newsletter @
www.brotherjoesyouthandstreetministry.com