

“We Do Poo.”

One day as I was out driving, I saw these words on the back of a van in front of me: “We Do Poo.” Below the words was this phone number: 1-800-DOGPOOP. It dawned on me that “We Do Poo” is the name of a local business engaged in cleaning up unwelcome canine deposits.

As I pulled alongside to pass, I saw these words on the side of the poo-mobile: “Scoop It. Bag It. Haul It Away.” Could any mission statement be clearer than that?

I wonder if any of our congregations would consider adopting those words as their mission statement. “We Do Poo: Scoop It, Bag It, Haul It Away.” Maybe the phone number could be: 1-800-MANMESS.

We human beings do make a mess of things in this world, don't we? Ministry is about helping people clean up the mess in their lives. To do that we have to get into that mess ourselves, not to roll around in it, but to help people “scoop it, bag it, haul it away.”

That can be a long, tedious, sometimes boring, sometimes hazardous, often intense, always challenging process. The only thing that's tougher than “doing poo” is NOT doing it, but just letting it lie there and become a resting place for even more “poo.” The faster we “scoop it, bag it, haul it away,” the less difficult it is to do so. Need I elaborate?

I get encouragement to “do poo” from two sources.

One is from the people in my life who help me to clean up the messes I make. I have made some very unwelcome deposits in my journey through life. While I hope I'm becoming better trained, I haven't completely stopped doing that, I'm sorry to say. I thank God for people who are willing to help me “scoop it, bag it, haul it away.” I owe them a debt of gratitude I'll never be able to repay. Do you know the feeling?

The other and most important source of encouragement is our Lord Jesus Himself. I would not be so irreverent as to say that Jesus “did poo.” But it's safe and Scriptural to say that He identified Himself with us sinners, took our sins upon Himself, got dirty with us, and got bloody for us. He “scooped, bagged, and hauled away” our guilt and shame by bearing it in His own body on the cross.

How to respond? I can't think of better words than the last two stanzas of the old hymn “Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed”:

*“Thus might I hide my blushing face  
while His dear cross appears;  
dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
and melt my eyes to tears.*

*But drops of grief can ne'er repay*

*the debt of love I owe.  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'tis all that I can do."*

Do poo. Scoop it, bag it, haul it away. It's ministry. It's the way of Jesus.