



SOLD OUT

MINISTRIES

NEWSLETTER

ISSUE V

WWW.IAMSOLDOUT.COM

JULY 2026

OUR MISSION STATEMENT

We strive to bring the Love of Jesus into a broken world to those who struggle, and feel lonely, helpless, and abandoned. We achieve this by bringing together people who would otherwise isolate or are alone through outreach, social events, serving holiday meals, meeting physical needs, and providing emotional support

**SOLD OUT COFFEEHOUSE
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
AT THE CONTINENTAL INN
12810 US HWY 19N
CLEARWATER FLORIDA
8:00AM TO 11:00AM
(no minors)**

WHO WE ARE

We are a group who through our personal hardships and mistakes, have gained the ability to meet people where they are in all aspects of life. We deeply desire to share the Love of Christ, which has been a beacon for us in our darkest times, with all people regardless of belief, appearance, or social standing just as Jesus Himself came to save all people.

To be more concise, we are SOLD OUT to JESUS

We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice to insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defense, Promote the general welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Erasing the Labels

The Father's response

When the Prodigal Son returns home, his father doesn't wait for an apology or issue a list of probationary rules. Instead, he immediately commands: *"Bring out the best robe and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand and sandals on his feet."*

With these gifts, the father instantly restores his identity. He covers the dust and rags of the son's past. Before the community can label the young man a failure, the father labels him *restored*.

The Burden of the System

In our world, paying the legal price for a felony rarely clears the debt in the eyes of society. Long after a sentence is served, the "system" leaves a heavy, permanent stigma. This label impacts housing, employment, and relationships. For families reuniting after incarceration, this stigma can feel like an extra prison wall built right in the family living room. It falsely tells the returning loved one that they are defined forever by their worst mistake.

God's System of Grace

Our faith operates on a completely different system. God is not a bureaucrat holding a permanent record; He is the loving father running down the road to meet

us. Reunifying and forgiving after a felony means actively fighting the labels the world tries to stick on your family. It means refusing the stigma and remembering that a person's worth comes from God, not a background check. We must metaphorically put the "best robe" on our loved ones by celebrating their return and honoring their future. Where the world sees a criminal record, God sees a blank page.

I have been thinking about families torn apart and burdens laid upon the shoulders of a person who experiences the hardships of an unforgiving society.

I have family that never could forgive. People that have no idea who I am today. And won't take a moment to find out. I have reached out to my two daughters with a negative response. I hear occasionally how family will appear back into the life of a person trying to get past, the past.

Closing prayer: *Heavenly Father, lift every family up navigating the road of reunification. Break the chains of worldly stigma and silence the labels that dictate their future. Give them the strength to forgive, the patience to rebuild trust, and the courage to face the world together. May our church always be a running father with arms wide open, ready to welcome, cover, and restore. Amen*

Jim Ellis 



WHEN: Last Sunday of every month **July 26th**

WHERE: My Home Church, 10202 131st St. N., Largo, FL

33774, mhc.life Come as you are and join us for worship, fellowship, and fun! My Home Church Website: mhc.life

S.O.A.R.

Sold Out and Restored**When:**
Every Monday Night



6:00 Fellowship 7:00 Meeting

Where: Sold Out Studio

1339 Park Street

Clearwater FL. 33756

Come as you are for worship, a message, and good fellowship!

Dance Saturday July 18, 2026, at My Home Church, 10202 131st N, Largo

Trivia Night Friday July 10th Doors Open at 7:pm

Workday TBA



The Sold Out Newsletter is looking for anyone who enjoys writing as much as I do. I call it the Blank Page. The Blank Page is an artist's canvas to paint a masterpiece; it's a sculptor's lump of clay to be molded into something magnificent. It's a place for a writer to assemble the right words in the right order to create an unforgettable story. It's a musician's silence waiting to be filled with melody.

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

By Rudyard Kipling, circa 1895