

RADIO ME DOWN A BLESSING

FAITH FLASH ARTICLE

AUGUST 21ST, 2008

This nickname is Sergeant. And that he really is! He is a sergeant of a crack anti-crime squad in southern Brazil: a tough cop for a tough job.

Yet, when "Sergeant" walked into our Sunday night service three weeks ago he looked so...vulnerable. He looked lonely... or was that really fear that I saw in his eyes? Yes, it looked deep fear... dread of facing one more day of no-win war against crime.

As worship flowed through the Temple, I saw the first tiny root of Divine peace take hold of "Sergeant"... then he moved forward a bench or two.

The next Sunday he was back... the tears of peaceful worship now ran freely down his face. No shame, no fear... just Holy peace! Where does "Sergeant" live? Because of security reasons, no one really knows... but we DO know where he goes to church now!

However, this last Sunday was a unique event for "Sergeant" and for everyone else that night.

You see, "Sergeant" was set on coming back to church that night, but (regretfully!)..."Sergeant" was on duty this last Sunday: his job was riding shotgun on the back of a rapid-response police pickup truck.

What to do? He WANTED SO BAD to go to church!

When was the last time YOU had an INTENSE desire to go to church?

David put it this way: "I was glad (GLAD!!!!!!!!!!) when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the LORD (Ps. 122:1).

Later that evening while in hot pursuit of rough gang lords, the police team raced up the service road by the church. "Sergeant" screamed for the driver to stop. Thinking that a fleeing gang member had been located, the driver hit the

brakes... hard! "Sergeant" jumped off the truck and told them to continue the chase... HE WAS GOING TO CHURCH!

"Sergeant" grabbed a walkie-talkie off the seat and told them to call him if there was any major trouble. "I AM GOING TO CHURCH"... those were the last words as "sergeant" turn to race up the sidewalk into the Sanctuary!

"Sergeant" raced down center aisle with the walkie-talkie blaring the police chase down the road. With one hand high unto the Lord and the other hand holding the walkie-talkie to his ear, he began praising the Lord with a SHOUT! Midst tears that wet his uniform, his soul was (AGAIN!) washed in Holy peace!

He knew that he would be court-martialed if the chase went sour, especially since he was the head sergeant... yet, he also felt that DEEP call of his soul.... His prayer that night was "Radio me down a blessing Lord!"

About thirty minutes later he rushed back out to get back into the pickup... the other cops had captured part of the gang and he had to be present to read them their rights...

So this last Sunday night "sergeant" left the building with BOTH ears hot: left ear glued to the walkie-talkie... right ear glued to Jesus!

Be INTENSE about church!



With Rev. John Bradley Lambeth