



FCPO - CANADA

The Peacemaker



November, 2024

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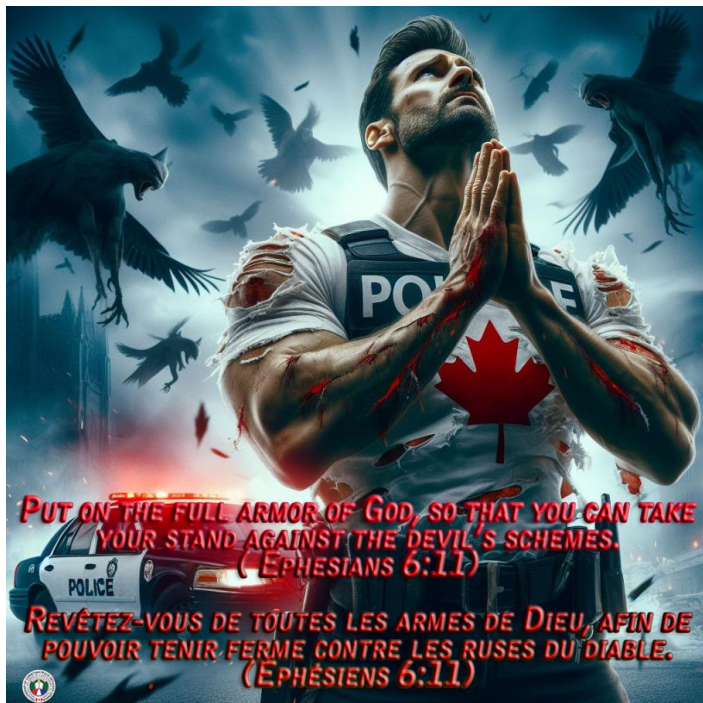
From the President's Desk



I know every one of our readers has a story that if shared with others, would encourage, challenge, and inform. In this issue we have many such articles including an important one from S/Sgt. Ross Macinnes (Ret'd), a former RCMP and Calgary Police Service member. Ross shares his personal testimony as well as an abridged chapter from his new book "[Shadows Come at Midnight – From PTSD to Purpose](#)" – a riveting account of his journey through mental and emotional suffering to a life lived with purpose and joy.

I always enjoy digging into our vault of past Peacemakers. This time I found an article from our dear friend Mike Cassidy, who passed away earlier this year. The words he wrote over 25 years ago are just as applicable today as they were back then. I know some readers just skim the articles, but please don't miss this one.

In September we were present at most of the GTA First Responder Appreciation BBQs. Hopefully next year we will have sufficient volunteers to be at all the sites. These are a great opportunity to share our faith and inform folks about FCPO.



These are troubling times. Daily we wonder "What's next?". The only thing we know for sure is that God is still in control! "Put on the full armor" and be strong in your calling, and shine your light in the workplaces and communities you serve.

God bless,

Ron

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SAVED – For Real

[S/Sgt. Ross MacInnes \(Ret'd\)](#)



My great-uncle, John, stood before me. In his Sergeant Major voice, he said, “Just because you were born in a Christian home doesn’t make you a Christian, any more than being born in a barn makes you a chicken! You gotta

get saved, son, you gotta get saved!”

“JUST BECAUSE YOU WERE BORN IN A CHRISTIAN HOME DOESN’T MAKE YOU A CHRISTIAN, ANY MORE THAN BEING BORN IN A BARN MAKES YOU A CHICKEN!”

We were in the back row at our church’s Summer Revival Meeting. I immediately walked to the front of the church in answer to the alter call. With the congregation singing “Just as I Am,” I knelt, repeated the words offered by the preacher, and “got saved.” That was the first of four times that summer that I walked to the front, knelt, and said the words. There were two more at a Winnipeg Billy Graham Crusade the following winter. I wanted to ensure I got saved – I didn’t want Uncle John to “give me the talk” again!

My teenage years were typical of those raised in a strict Plymouth Brethren home - the odd smoke sneaked from a neighbor, a taste of homebrew whiskey, and an occasional school day skipped.

At nineteen years of age, I joined the RCMP, and it was off to Depot. At the time, only men

became Mounties, so with 32 young guys in the troop, we became a unit - most of us on our own for the first time. And the “macho” life continued into my detachment life.



My life spiraled out of control after the murder of my partner. And I remained in chaos for some years. Yes, I knew intellectually that I was saved, but my life didn’t reflect the Grace of Christ or model the life of a Christian. I was dead spiritually.

I had (and still have) an incredible wife. Our daughter was born healthy, and we were now a family. But my turmoil continued. Until the birth of our son.

He was born as a “failure to thrive” baby, plagued with severe and life-threatening conditions. He was in the hospital most of the time in his first couple of years, and one day, I overheard a doctor discussing my son’s condition with a fellow physician. He was not expected to survive.

At that moment, I knew that I needed God in my life. It may have been selfish, but I didn’t care. I needed Christ. And so, I drove to a little church in the western part of the city. It was late in the evening, but by God’s plan, the door was unlocked. I went in, knelt, and prayed. And at that moment, I invited Christ into my life for real. No drama, no seeking approval of my uncle – just an open heart to receive His love and blessing. And I pleaded for the life of my child.

We just celebrated my son’s 52nd birthday. My God is a Great God.

God bless,

Ross

Carrying Them Home

(Abridged excerpt from Ross's book 'Shadows Come at Midnight – From PTSD To Purpose')

Warning

This article contains a stirring account of a very tragic event which may be triggering for some readers.

I was parked on a tree-lined street, completing my notes on a recent call. I closed the notebook and was about to put the car in gear when the radio came alive. The dispatcher's voice was frantic.

"All units. All units. We have just had a call of a woman throwing children off the Prince's Island

Bridge into the river. Any units close to downtown or the river, please go to the shorelines immediately. The children are still in the water and moving downstream."

The radio was garbled as units from across the city headed to the scene. I drove south along the river to a spot near the Zoo. I felt like that was where I should be.

"All units be advised the caller reports that the woman had lifted one child who had her hands tied together and threw her off the bridge. She threw the second and third child over the railing—a small toddler. Caller reports that the woman was clutching a fourth child—a baby—in her arms and then jumped over the railing as well. Five people in the water. The woman and four children."

Several jogging paths allowed access to the river's edge. However, all were barricaded to prevent vehicles from entering the park. I chose one, jumped the curb, and rammed through the obstruction, shattering the pole. I made it to the river's edge, positioning my vehicle so the headlights would illuminate the water through the pouring rain.

The dim light and falling rain made vision difficult, and the beam from the lights reflected from the droplets of rain. It was a help, but not much. Water was rushing past me, and the river, usually flowing gently, was now extraordinarily strong and swift. The radio was alive with possible sightings, new or updated information, and patrol units requesting location changes. An all-out effort continued as police, firefighters, and volunteers sought to locate the bodies.

The dispatcher's voice broke through the radio babble. "Two of the bodies have been recovered near the Center Street Bridge. The fire department has put their rescue boat in to help in the search and recover the bodies. There are also three paramedic units standing by—one on the north side of the river and two on the south side."

My Police Service Dog, Pax, and I searched the riverbank for over an hour. My eyes were getting tired, and my body felt the cold from the water, but I sensed I couldn't leave my position. I didn't know why I didn't move upstream to search with the other group. God directed my thoughts and actions, so I didn't move from that position.

Then, a flash of white appeared at the edge of the light beam. It was drifting past, low in the water. I began wading out with Pax swimming alongside. It was the baby, still wrapped in a small blanket. I lifted the tiny form, cradled her in my arms, and returned to shore. She was so cold to my touch.

I held the baby close and immediately began CPR. Her little chest rose and fell with each breath I puffed into her mouth and nose, but there was no other response. Between breaths, I radioed my position to the dispatcher to have a paramedic unit sent to my location.

As I directed the responding units, Pax began to bark. I looked to see what he was alerting me to but could not see anything through the darkness and rain. I could not abandon my efforts to revive the baby. I called the dog to me and unclipped his line.

“Bring it!” I ordered and pointed to the water. He disappeared between the willows, and I lost sight of him. I continued attempting to breathe life into the child - I was not about to give up. A splashing noise came from the willows, and I could hear the heavy breathing of my police dog trying to pull something up onto the bank. It was a second child - the toddler.

I held the babies close and began CPR on both. Their little chests rose and fell with each breath I puffed, but there was no response. Shortly, a paramedic team and a police unit arrived and took over the resuscitation attempt.

After failing to revive the children, the lead paramedic called the police officer who had guided the ambulance into my location. “We’re going to head to the hospital. You can drive, and we’ll continue to work on the youngsters as we go.” The officer nodded and climbed behind the wheel. I walked with the paramedics as they lifted each child into the van. I touched each cold body as if my touch alone could bring them back to life.

Lights flashing and sirens wailing, they left the park. I began to pray. I had heard of situations where a person had been in cold water for a considerable time and brought back to consciousness. That was my hope and prayer.

My location was designated a crime scene, so I had no choice but to stay where I was. I sat on the river's shore, my arm around my dog. Investigating officers moved around, snapping pictures, taking measurements, and checking the willows for any remaining bits of information that might help the investigation.

As the adrenaline eased from my body, my emotions began to surface. Self-discipline is a virtue, but this time, it was a curse. I couldn’t control my rage. I screamed and swore; I tore the willows down and threw the branches in the water. My wall of self-control had collapsed. I was helpless. I had a burden I didn’t want to carry, one that conflicted with everything I knew to be human. Taking innocent lives in such a murderous manner was the worst act I could conceive. I had been to murder scenes, fatal car crashes, fires, notifications of death, and hundreds of other calls and tasks. I had never felt such anger and rage as I did there in the rain at the side of the river, watching the ambulance take the children away.

How does one forgive something like that? I couldn’t. The crime was not against me, so I had no power to forgive. The crime was against the children - and our Creator.

* * * * *

The post-event debriefing was excruciating. All officers, commanders, and first responders crowded into the room, evidence presented, and radio transmissions replayed.

When I heard my voice coming from the speaker, the sights and sounds of the night before came rushing back. For me, it was no longer an objective recounting of the facts. It was visceral. I left. I hurried down the hallway to the bathroom and threw up. I was shaking and barely able to stand. In the next cubicle, another officer was sick. We left our stalls and went to the sinks to wash, rinse our mouths, and straighten our uniforms.

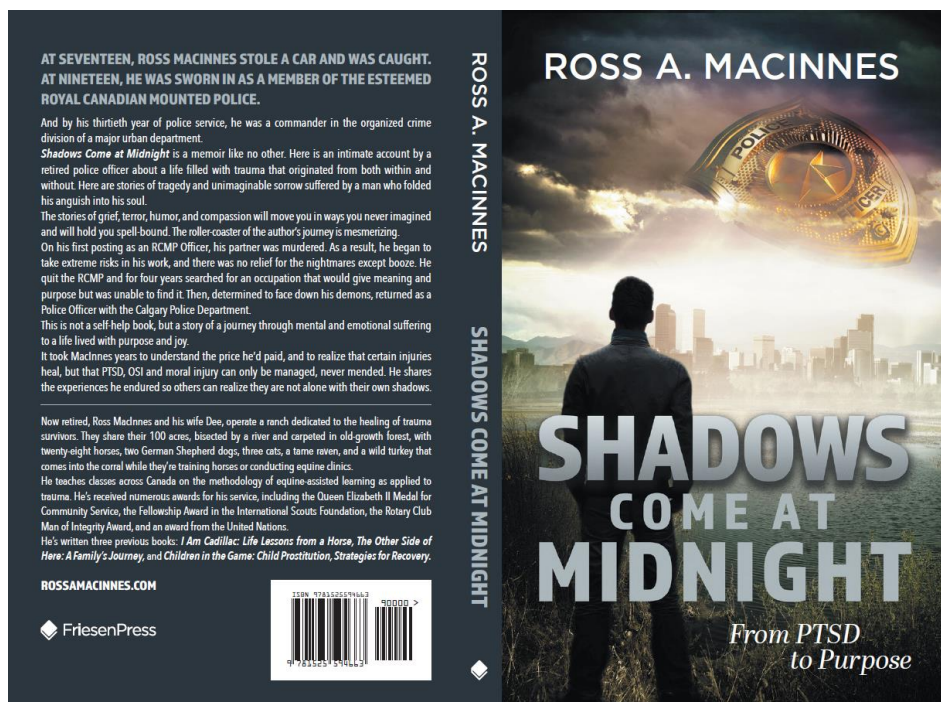
He turned to me with tears running down his face. “I can’t take this anymore!” I nodded in agreement and understanding. He left the building and never returned to police work.

A few days later, I called my mentors - not the “official” ones, but my old streetwise group - men and women I had once arrested but who had turned their lives over to Christ. They all had faced heartache, sorrow, and discouragement. None had university degrees, but each was rich in experience and understanding. We met for breakfast at our usual place. The group was quiet. After finishing the bacon and eggs, we sipped our second cup of coffee.

I related every detail of the night by the river. My race to the park, the search along the riverbank, finding the youngsters floating, and the devastating feeling of holding their cold little bodies in my arms. I shared my anger, sorrow, and absolute bewilderment that a mother could commit such a horrendous act against her children.

I wasn’t looking for sympathy. I just needed to talk, and the group listened. None tried to rationalize or justify what the mother had done. No one spoke of post-partum depression, mental illness, or other possible motivations for the crime. They listened and shared my agony.

As one, they reached across the table and laid hands on me and began to pray. Around the breakfast table, I began to lose my anger and rage. These people could understand my emotions and not try to explain them away or give advice. They were there to listen, empathize, and support. One by one, each came and hugged me - not the handshaking, shoulder-bump kind of hug, but the full-on arms around, squeeze deep, and hold-on-tight hug—the “I love you” kind of hug that lifts the soul.



Kim was the last to wrap her arms around me. Stepping back from the hug, her hands remained on my shoulders. She raised her eyes and looked into mine. Her words gave me comfort, hope, and the beginning of a new understanding of what had happened. “The greatest honor of your life will be to walk someone home. And that night, by the river, you carried two babies home to their Father”.

Starting Over

Sgt. Tabea Schmid, Co-President [CPV Switzerland](#) (Swiss Christian Police Association) (re-printed from [ConnecTcops Magazine](#), August, 2024 issue [International Christian Police Fellowship](#))



Sgt. Tabea Schmid

I grew up in a Christian family. As a child, my usual reality was being surrounded by other Christians, learning the Bible stories, and going to church every Sunday. But when school started, I learned quickly and the hard way that there are people who judge you for

your faith in Jesus Christ and for trying to live the right way. So I realized that sometimes it can be easier in life not to tell everyone right off the bat that you are a believer in Christ. So I didn't hide my faith, but instead became cautious. And my fear of man slowly increased.

Later, I started working as a nurse in a hospital and in that branch of work there are many Christians. That made it easier for me to talk about my faith again. And so, the positive experience became greater and greater and my self-confidence grew again.

Many years passed and I finally started the police academy. A chance to start over.

From the beginning I told my classmates what my faith was based on and that I went to church frequently. Sure, I immediately had a stamp on my forehead, in every new department I changed over the next few years, my reputation preceded me. But, I tell you, once everyone knows, it's easier. Because every time a conversation about a religious topic, ethical issues or simple Christian holidays like Easter, Ascension and Pentecost comes up, they choose to ask about your (my) meaning. And my experience in a tough police environment with black humor: every time someone tried to challenge me with provocative statements and I responded with (self) irony or a self-assured, witty answer, reputation and respect grew.

I see many police officers around me who prefer to hide their Christian faith, because they are afraid of having that "stamp on their forehead". But let me tell you, as I experienced, colleagues will respect you more for a faithful, consistent and upright lifestyle. Just try it!

Measure Twice - Cut Once

S/Sgt. Steve Rowe (Ret'd), RCMP



Recently at our daughter's home I saw a wall plaque that read *Measure Twice - Cut Once*. Measure Twice - Cut Once is an axiom that encourages careful first steps in order to avoid extra work later on. Each of us can remember times when we wish we could have had a "do over" (lol). How many times have we heard of a relationship that ended, because of negative words spoken?

Measure Twice - Cut Once reminds me of a garden and life. What you sow is what you will reap. A garden has to be tilled and protected. Life is a garden just like relationships. We all have heard stories of husbands or dads who were so busy working that they lost their spouse, family and sometimes everything.

Philippines 4:6 reminds us to "be anxious nothing". If we are anxious then mistakes can be made. Isaiah 26:3 is a great solution for being anxious. "You will keep in perfect peace those who minds

are steadfast because they trust in you”. Measure Twice-Cut Once can be another reminder of short cuts. In life there are not many short cuts. Taking short cuts often leads to a longer journey.

In life most people get rewarded for hardworking. In sports those who put in the training usually are rewarded for their efforts. So, the next time you are struggling with an important decision - remember to “Measure Twice - Cut Once”!

Stand

Rev. Jack Crans

***Ephesians 6:10-20** “Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be **able to stand** against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, **to stand. Stand therefore**, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: Praying with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints; And for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel, For which I am an ambassador in bonds: that therein I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak.*



Rev. Jack Crans

In my lifetime, I’ve met so many wonderful and encouraging *servant-leaders!* But, for the sake of respecting such relationships, I would count it all joy to name some of them, especially, those who have spoken timely, encouraging truth into my oft’ frail and needful life. The former Deputy Chief of Los Angeles Police, Mark Kroeker, is one such servant-leader.

Having grown up as a missionary-kid in the Belgium Congo, he graciously earned his way into some of the highest realms in law enforcement in the world. He remains, for me, one who faithfully extends the love of Jesus Christ into my present, daily challenges. It was Mark Kroeker, who introduced me to [Wilbur M. Smith’s timely book: “Therefore, Stand!”](#)

Many years ago, at “Word of Life Bible Conference” in Schroon Lake, New York, Mark Kroeker was the featured keynote speaker. In most recent days, I reached out to Mark and asked him to share again with me, the powerful illustration he used concerning **two old work horses**. With his permission, [here is that story](#), as told by Mark to one of his own children:

“In the early years of the last century, logging in the Canadian province of British Columbia was carried out by a combined effort of man, beast and water. The trees were felled and cut into logs by rugged, hard-working loggers who were housed in logging camps and lived

dangerous lives, balanced between risk and reward. In his younger restless years, your Grandpa, Abe Kroeker was one of those men. The logs were attached to chains and rigs and dragged out of the forests by huge draft horses who were bred for the hard work they performed. The logs were heaved into the rivers and the loggers would hop across them forming them into rafts comprising hundreds of logs. The rafts would be floated downstream to the waiting sawmills where they were converted into lumber for the great demands of the building industry.

*One day, as your Grandpa watched, a raft of logs broke from their moorings at the river's edge and began down river to a course that would have taken them into a wrong fork of the river and they would soon be lost. A quick thinking horse handler grabbed some chains, waded into the water and attached them to two of the huge horses. After attaching the chains to the raft, he scurried back to the horses and stood at their side as the chains got tight. Then as the weight of the raft being carried by the strength of the current began to pull against the horses, the handler softly touched his horses' necks, quietly spoke their names, and gave them a firm command. "**Barney, Rooney, STAND!**" And as the chains became taught and the strain intensified, the horses' hooves sank into the forest floor. Steam came from their nostrils. Sweat poured from their sides, but true to their training and the loving touch of their handler, they followed that one-word command and they simply stood. The raft was rescued and secured, many days of labor were reclaimed, all because Barney and Rooney **just stood**.*

*Then every time he told it, and he told it often, Grandpa would look squarely into your eyes at the dinner table and say something like this: 'You know, sometimes everything around you is moving and the world is changing and it is the easy way to go downstream with everyone else. But there is much to lose, and you just have to quietly stand, nothing more, and nothing less. That is our command from our loving Handler who knows us well and gently calls us to **simply STAND!**'"*

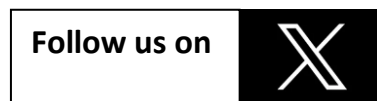
Chief Kroeker closed his recent letter to me with these words:

*"Jack, I am no scholarly eschatologist, but I read yet again, this morning, **2 Thessalonians chapter 2** and I am reminded that the condition we are in is predicted and clear, and that the 'restrainer' is holding back the day of our Lord and that in verse 15 we are enjoined to 'stand fast'...**God has 50:20 eyesight...Genesis 50:20 that is...**and ours, even if 20:20, is so very limited.*

*I am convinced that ongoing perseverance in what God has called us to do, **Hebrews 12:1** is our call and that yes, efforts to gather Godly people including those 'in authority' around our Lord's sovereign command is worthy of pursuing, but **our main call is to stand fast and encourage others to do the same.**"*

Genesis 50:20 "*But as for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive.*"

Editor's note: Jack is a good friend of FCPO - Canada. He is an active Chaplain of the Pennsylvania State Police and serves as Honorary Chaplain of the Chester County Fraternal Order of Police.



Living by Faith

Rev. John Kurish (Ret'd RCMP)



Rev. John C. Kurish

Faith, this is a very interesting topic in the world of Christianity. There are some who have taken this word and misused it which has caused others to shy away from anything to do with the use of the word.

However, as we examine the Scriptures, we quickly realize how important this word truly is in the Kingdom of God. Before I go any further, I would like to thank all of the people who helped me put this presentation together. Thank you and blessings

Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen. Hebrews 11:1 Faith is the undercurrent of everything we do as followers of Jesus. Without faith we lose all that Christ died to give us while here on earth. It is by faith we access the peace, joy, guidance, love, and purpose that comes from a restored relationship with our heavenly Father.

As we seek an increase in faith in response to God's faithfulness today, may each of us experience a



**FAITH IS THE VEHICLE BY WHICH WE EXPERIENCE
ALL THAT GOD LONGS TO GIVE US.**

greater depth of intimacy with our living, Almighty, and loving heavenly Father. For we walk by faith, not by sight. 2Corinthians 5:7 Living by faith is the key that unlocks the door to the fullness of God's promises. There is no doubt that God will always be faithful to his promises, if we are faithless, he remains

faithful, for he cannot deny himself. 2Timothy 2:13

Faithfulness is within God's nature. But, without faith we will not experience the fullness of what is available to us in God's promises. God does not force emotion on us. He does not force us to receive the joy and peace that comes through trusting Him. He does not force us into the fullness of a relationship available to us in faith. And He does not force His purposes on us. Faith is the vehicle by which we experience all that God longs to give us. Specifically, faith is the avenue on which we experience the fullness of God's promises for intimacy with Him, purpose in this life, and freedom from sin.

Therefore, brothers, since we have confidence to enter the holy places by the blood of Jesus, by the new and living way that he opened for us through the curtain, that is, through his flesh, and since we have a great priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, with our hearts sprinkled clean from an evil conscience and our bodies washed with pure water. Hebrews 10:19-22

By faith we walk into God's presence. In faith we believe God desires to be with us. Experiencing the fullness of a restored relationship with our heavenly Father requires a heart full of faith and trust that God longs to tangibly be with us, His children.

Without faith we will live solely for the pleasures that this world has to offer and miss out on all the satisfaction of living this life for and with God above all else. In faith we can experience all the intimacy available to us through the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus.

And what more shall I say? For time would fail me to tell of Gideon, Barak, Samson, Jephthah, of David and Samuel and the prophets—who through faith conquered kingdoms, enforced justice, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the power of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, were made strong out of weakness, became mighty in war, put foreign armies to flight. Hebrews 11:32-34

We have been sent out by Jesus to make disciples of all nations. We have been given a command to bring light into the darkness everywhere we go. You and I have been given a purpose of eternal value and of great importance to our Lord and King. And Hebrews 11 is clear that it is by faith that the works of God are done. When we live by faith we bring the kingdom of God into every dark corner around us. When we live by faith, we invite Holy Spirit to work in and through every situation to draw others to Jesus. It's in faith that we find our purpose. In all circumstances take up the shield of faith, with which you can extinguish all the flaming darts of the evil one. Ephesians 6:16

It is through faith that we walk in the freedom from sin available to us by the promises of God. As children of God wrapped up in the finished work of Christ, we have been set free from the bondage of sin. By the power of Jesus' death on the cross, you and I never have to sin again. But Paul teaches us in Ephesians



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that it is through faith that we extinguish the flaming darts of the evil one. If we don't trust God at His word that we who were completely entangled to the schemes of the enemy by sin are now considered the righteousness of God, we will not walk in freedom. It is through faith that we renew our mind and experience the wonderful freedom from sin available to us. We

all need a greater measure of intimacy with God, purpose, and freedom from sin. Not one of us has experienced all that is available to us through faith.

Here are some ideas that I believe will help all of us in experiencing what Father has available for us.

1. Reflect on all that is available to you in the lifestyle of faith.

And without faith it is impossible to please him, for whoever would draw near to God must believe that he exists and that he rewards those who seek him. Hebrews 11:6

And what more shall I say? For time would fail me to tell of Gideon, Barak, Samson, Jephthah, of David and Samuel and the prophets—who through faith conquered kingdoms, enforced justice, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the power of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, were made strong out of weakness, became mighty in war, put foreign armies to flight. Hebrews 11:32-34

In all circumstances take up the shield of faith, with which you can extinguish all the flaming darts of the evil one. Ephesians 6:16

Reflect on all that is available to you in the lifestyle of faith.

2. Ask God to lead you to a greater measure of faith.

Ask Him to give you the faith to pursue intimacy with Him, His purposes, and freedom from sin. Listen to all that He would say to you in these quiet moments. Let Him give you a fresh perspective of what it is to live by faith. Ask God to lead you to a greater measure of faith.

3. Pursue all that is available to you today in the promises of God.

What new levels of relationship does God long to lead you to? What new purposes does He have in store for you? What freedom does He long to bring you? May you be filled with hunger for the deeper things of God today. May you have the courage and tenacity to seek out everything God has in store for you. If you will pursue Him with all your heart in faith you will discover all that your heart has been searching for.

He has adventure, excitement, joy, fulfillment, and love for all who live by faith. Today is the day to live in the newness of life Jesus died for you to have. Living by Faith.

Rev. John C. Kurish
[Encounter Durham](#)

Choose Love

Det. Jon McKenzie – [Police Christian Support Network \(PCSN\) New Zealand](#) (re-printed from [ConnecTcops Magazine](#), August, 2024 issue [International Christian Police Fellowship](#))



Det. Jon McKenzie

This is how we know what love is: Jesus Christ laid down His life for us. And we ought to lay down our lives for our brothers and sisters. If anyone has material possessions and sees a brother or sister in need but has no pity on them, how can the love of God be in that person? Dear children, let us not love with words or speech but with actions and in truth. 1 John 3:16-18

A number of years ago I was helping out with prison ministry through my local church. I always loved the irony of working as a Detective to put people in prison and then going to prison with my church to love on and share Jesus with the prisoners. My group always brought music, did a skit, shared a message and then took some time to connect with the prisoners individually. On this particular occasion I started talking to a young man called Marco who was 23 years old. I asked him how he found what we shared and he responded by telling me that he felt really bad for what he had done that placed him in prison. He said that he was

contemplating committing suicide as a result. I immediately started to counsel him against this and said that if he committed suicide then Satan would win twice. I talked about God's forgiveness, and then I heard the Lord say, "Tell Marco that I love him". I looked Marco in the eyes and said, "Marco, God loves you".

**IT IS SO EASY TO GET POLLUTED BY WHAT
WE POLICE AND TO THEN JUDGE THE
PEOPLE THAT WE ARE DEALING WITH.**

Immediately I heard the Lord say. "And tell him you love him". Without hesitating I looked into Marco's eyes and I said, "Marco I love you too". Tears started rolling down Marco's face and He said to me, "Nobody has ever told me that before".

That blew me away - 23 years old and nobody had ever told Marco that they loved him. Marco started writing to me after that and he even wrote me a song. My simple act of obedience to Jesus' words had deeply impacted Marco and started him on a new journey of seeking Jesus. The most powerful thing that we can do is love people.



**IT'S AMAZING WHAT GOD'S LOVE CAN
ACCOMPLISH IN US IF YOU LET HIM.**

As police officers we are working in a world starved of God's love. God is the source of love and as we live in Him, we are called to share that love with the people whom He leads us to love. God's promise is that love covers over a multitude of sins (1 Peter 4:8). As police officers it is so easy to get drawn into all of the

ugliness, bitterness, anger, and offence of the people that we deal with. It is so easy to get polluted by what we Police and to then judge the people that we are dealing with. But God calls us to love, to love our brothers/sisters, and even our enemies (Matthew 5:44).

Choose love for it is healing and self-perpetuating. As we walk with Jesus we are plugged into a well spring of love that will never run out. Love will give you longevity to go the distance in the work that God has called you to. I have 35 years' service at the coalface of policing crime. But my goal is always to walk in God's call to love the people He called me to deal with. You must understand it is God's love that empowers me to do this. If you don't spend time with Jesus you will be giving out of your own resource. Plug into Jesus and let Him flow through you. If you do that, you will find a reservoir of love that is not yours. Because of this I have had offenders at my family meal table, sleeping in my home, being a part of my family. I'm even going to an ex-gang members wedding in December (a guy who I sent to prison for an aggravated robbery and shooting at a cop!).

It's amazing what God's love can accomplish in us if you let Him. My boss recently called me into his office and said he and his boss had been talking about me because they couldn't understand my resilience. So I told him about my God who carries my burdens and who taught me to love. I encourage you to go and do likewise.

Rich blessings,

Jon McKenzie – PCSN, New Zealand

Let your colleagues, family, and friends know about FCPO!

Membership is free! Members receive this quarterly newsletter. We have 2 types of membership: Regular Membership (voting) is for current or retired peace officers, while Associate Membership (non-voting) is for any Christian who agrees with our [Statement of Faith](#).

Join online at: www.fcpocanada.com

Remembering my Dear Brother

Cpl/Det. Noreen Waters (Ret'd)



Cpl/Det. Noreen Waters (Ret'd)

of us was how he went through all of it with such grace and peace.

Norman had said that he knew where he was going and that he was just getting there ahead of us. Dorean, Norman's wife and I were praying in the room at hospice while Norman was sleeping. Dorean said something that really touched my heart when she said, "Lord,



Auxiliary Cst. Norman Wolf
Dec. 24, 1942 – Aug. 5, 2024

you were there when Norman took his first breath and you will be with him when he takes his last breath". I told Dorean, at that time, what had come to me when I was praying for him. I said, "Lord it is hard to understand why things happen as they do". What immediately came to me was that when Jesus was savagely beaten and taken to the cross, no one comforted him, bandaged his wounds, gave him medication to ease the pain or a bed to lie on - but He still willingly went to the cross for us. Then I thought, Norman had those who loved him come to comfort him, he was given a bed to lay on, and was given medication to ease the pain.

This past summer was difficult as my brother, Norman, passed away in early August and his memorial was just a few weeks ago.

What sustained all

I remember one of his friends saying, as he was leaving the hospital, that he had come to encourage Norman, and instead Norman had encouraged him. Another friend came to hospice, who said, Norman was his best friend and was such a good friend to him. One of the nurses, came in on her day off to go with Norman for tests at the Vancouver General Hospital. Another nurse, who tended to him at the hospital came over to hospice, walking the 2 blocks to just see how Norman was doing. Norman was loved by so many, both family and friends and those who got to know him at the hospital during his time there and I am so thankful for that.

After Norman died, Dorean read Norman's journal and she asked me if I had told Norman about what I prayed about and what had come to me about Jesus or did he tell me what he had written and I said no, that we had not discussed this at all. She said that Norman had written virtually the same thing. It was so comforting to know that Norman had felt that way as well.

I recalled Norman telling the doctors and nurses that he believed that what he was going through was to be there for them as well. The nurses often came to his room in the evening and talked to him about their lives, and he listened, which is what we all need to learn to do. One of the doctors said that he had learned so much from Norman during this time. I was encouraged to find that so many of the doctors and nurses were also Christians.

When I thought about writing this, the words of an old hymn came to mind. ♪ ["It is no secret what God can do, what he's done for others he'll do for you. With arms wide open he'll pardon you, it is no secret what God can do"](#). We often forget those words and that he is

there and understands what we are going through.

Norman had been an auxiliary RCMP officer in Langley, BC from 1977 to 1987 and he loved his time with the RCMP. A posting was put on the RCMP memorial site and another member that I had worked with sent me the comments that other members had made and

many were from officers that had worked with him.

Norman had a life of volunteering, which also included, 5 years at a hospice, many years at a fish hatchery, 10 years as head usher at his church and lastly, several years volunteering at the chapel at the Vancouver Airport.

48 Years in Policing

Sgt. John Walker (Ret'd), Toronto Police Service



Sgt. John Walker (Ret'd)

Life before policing



I was born and raised in Toronto. I was the second oldest of six children. When I was 12 years old, my mom left the home never to return. My mother had developed paranoid schizophrenia.

My dad who was a commercial artist quit his job and did artwork from home to support his children. His faith helped him make it.

After high school I went to the University of Toronto. I wanted to be a lawyer. I got sick and dropped out. I got a job, a hot car, and a girlfriend. I didn't want to wait 7 years to become a lawyer.

I got laid off from General Motors in Scarborough. In 1975 the Toronto Police had a big hiring effort and I joined. I worked in Scarborough and The Beaches at 55 Division. Two officers on my shift committed suicide and three became Christians.

I was an atheist in high school but my girlfriend had been involved in the occult. She had just become a Christian and after three months she made me realize that if Satan is real then God must be too. I got baptized and became a Christian just before joining Toronto Police.

Starting my Career

At 55 Division I enjoyed the company of several Christian officers and I joined the Fellowship of Christian Peace Officers.

In our group was an Officer called Jeff Williams. One night he had a dream and in it God told him to quit the police force and take his wife and three children to Israel as a missionary. He said, "No God if you want me

to do that tell my wife”, without me telling her anything. She had the same dream and they went to Haifa, Israel!

I transferred from 55 Division to 31 Division. The famous “Jane – Finch” area. I had to walk the beat as I was a newer Officer. Two Officers picked me up to take me back to the station. They said, “I hear that there are a lot of Christians in 55”. I said, “Yes I am one”. They said, “Well we should stop and let you out and make you walk back to the station”. I just smiled.

The next day on parade the Sergeant assigned me to work with the big bad mean one that picked me up from the beat. I said to myself, “Oh God why did you put me with him?” Well as it turns out, he said he was in the military before policing and that he read a book called *The Late Great Planet Earth* by Hal Lindsay. It was about how the world ends according to the Bible. He said he would become a Christian too but he loved women too much for that.

The next day I was assigned another Officer and I shared my faith with him. The following day he came up to me before my shift and said, “I spoke to the Sergeant about you”. I thought oh no. He said. “Yes I like you and I asked to be put with you in the future”. I was relieved.

While we were working, he told me that he liked me and wanted me to hang out with them. He said, “After our week is done we all go to Stan’s and watch the strippers”. I laughed and said, “Didn’t you hear what I was saying about God and all? If I went to watch strippers. I would lust after them and I can’t do that”.

Later I made an arrest with a Sergeant, he told me what to write in my memo book. I said I can’t write that, the accused knows he never said that, I know he never said that. Just to get a solid case for a conviction is not worth it. If

we convict him great, but I am not going to fabricate evidence. He said to me, “Well you will never work in the Detective office”.

The next year on my evaluation this same Sergeant, wrote, “I recommend PC Walker to go into the Detective office and that he is a very honest Officer”.

I worked for six months in the Detective office and was then offered the Fraud office. While there, I applied for promotion and after 12 years on the job, I was promoted to Sergeant.

I later transferred to West Traffic Unit in Etobicoke. I learned how to ride motorcycles. I started my Harley decade until I wrote off my third motorcycle near Wonderland. Thank God only my bike was destroyed!



I later transferred to 22 Division where I enjoyed my colleagues and had lots of fun with everyone. There are so many stories where God helped me and guided me. After 48 years in primary response, supervising 911 calls with very limited manpower, I have to thank God I never was hurt, and the bad guys never shot me and I never shot anyone. So many get stories! Thank God!

The Four G's - The Peacemaker's Pledge

[RW360](#), Ken Sande

As people reconciled by God by the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, we believe that we are called to respond to conflict in a way that is remarkably different from the way the world deals with conflict (Matthew 5:9; Luke 6:27-36; Galatians 5:19-26). We also believe that conflict provides opportunities to glorify God, serve people and grow to be like Christ (Romans 8:28, 29; 1 Corinthians 10:31-11:1; James 1:2-4). Therefore, in response to God's love and in reliance on His grace, we commit ourselves to respond to conflict according to the following principles.

Glorify God

Instead of focusing on our own desires or dwelling on what others do, we will seek to please and honour God - by depending on His wisdom, power and love: by faithfully obeying His commands; and by seeking to maintain a loving, merciful and forgiving attitude (Psalm 37:1-6; Mark 11:25; John 14:15; Romans 12:17-1; 1 Corinthians 10:31; Philippians 4:2-9; Colossians 3:1-4; James 3:17, 18:4:1-3; 1 Peter 2:12).

Get the Log out of Your Own Eye

Instead of attacking others or dwelling on their wrongs, we will take responsibility for our own contribution to conflicts - confessing our sins, asking God to help us change any attitudes and habits that lead to conflict, and seeking to repair any harm we have caused (Proverbs 28:13; Matthew 7:3-5; Luke 19:8; Colossians 3:5-14; 1 John 1:8-9).

Go and Show Your Brother His Fault

Instead of pretending that conflict doesn't exist or talking about others behind their backs, we will choose to overlook minor offences or we will talk directly and graciously with those whose offences seem too serious to overlook. When a conflict with another Christian cannot be resolved in private, we will ask others in the body of Christ to help us settle the matter in a biblical manner (Proverbs 19:11; Matthew 18:15-20; 1 Corinthians 6:1-8; Galatians 6:1.2; Ephesians 4:29; 2 Timothy 2:24-26; James 5:9).

Go and Be Reconciled

Instead of accepting premature compromise or allowing relationships to wither, we will actively pursue genuine peace and reconciliation-forgiving others as God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven us, and seeking just and mutually beneficial solutions to our differences (Matthew 5:23, 24; 6:12; 7:12; Ephesians 4:1-3; Philippians 2:3.4).

By God's grace, we will apply these principles as a matter of stewardship, realizing that conflict is an assignment, not an accident. We will remember that success, in God's eyes, is not a matter of specific results but of faithful, dependent obedience. And we will pray that our service as peacemakers brings praise to our Lord and leads others to know His infinite love (Matthew 25:14-21; John 13:34, 35; Romans 12:18; 1 Peter 2:19: 4:19).

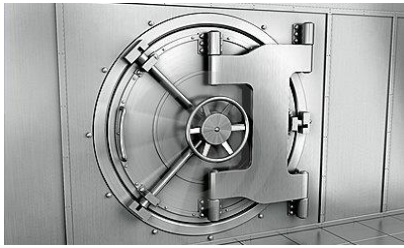
Appreciation

Once again this year, Brian invited us to participate at the GTA First Responder Appreciation BBQs in the GTA. It was a great occasion to connect with police and other first responders.



[Brian Prill](#) has a vision to see these high-quality appreciation events replicated across Canada. Wherever you are in Canada, I encourage you to consider having your local churches look into this. Brian has all the information on how to properly put on such an event. Please contact him at bprill@blplaw.ca





From our Vault

Articles from [past Peacemakers](#) make for a great second read. And for many of you - the first read. They are timeless. We opened the vault for this issue, and hope you will be blessed again by this contribution.

Is Your Ministry the FCPO?

S/Sgt. Mike Cassidy, Toronto Police Service

This article is reproduced from our Peacemaker archives: [October – December 1997](#)

I would like to say a few words to all serving Peace Officers who know THE LORD. This FCPO is one ministry that speaks to the lost Peace Officers with a complete knowledge of what they face each day. Why? Because each and every one of us has BEEN THERE, DONE IT -- or has loved ones that are there now.

The FCPO (Canada) is your tool to reach out to the men and women you work with. Why do so many of you not support this ministry by attending, when you can and as often as you can, the meetings and breakfast fellowships organized by the local chapters? These are done so you can come together and pray for the ones you work with. When I ask this question the answer I often receive is "I'm busy in my church".

Ask yourself could what I am doing in my church be done by others who are not peace officers? Could I then be freed up to give my time to a ministry that touches the workplace? I am not saying that this is the only ministry you should be involved in. I am asking you to give this priority. After all, we are talking about the lost souls that you work with. I am sorry if this sounds a bit too critical to some but I cannot help it when I see the work being left to too few. The few cannot cover all the needs.

In sports, the team that goes forward is the team that functions as a team. At sea a ship is in trouble if the crew cannot push aside their differences and come together in harmony.

Some ships carry food to the starving while others are cruise ships. I liken our FCPO ship to the cargo ship sailing through storms to bring the spiritual food to the lost and dying. Peace officers are the crew of this ship.

WILL YOU SIGN ON AND BE A CREW MEMBER TO HELP GET THE SHIP THROUGH?

May God bless all who read this and take it as it is meant. From one who has a heart burdened for all those peace officers that do not know THE LORD, let us make every effort to reach them. They are searching for Truth and Peace in their lives and do not know which way to go. Many peace officers learn how to direct traffic and people, so let's use this training to direct those lost and looking for the right turn in the road. †

