



# FCPO - CANADA

## The Peacemaker



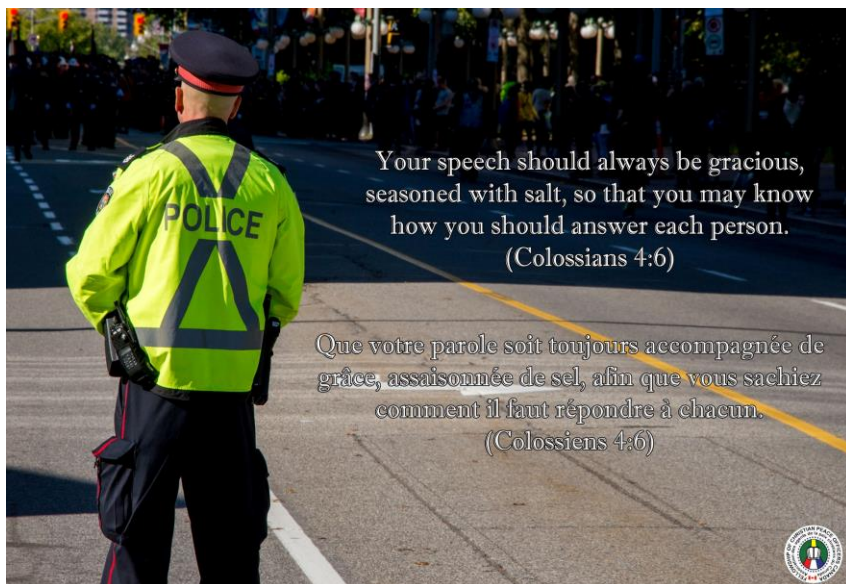
February, 2020

### From the President's Desk



If every issue had a theme, this issue's would be: "Fulfilling the [Great Commission](#), on the job". As the old gospel song goes: [Everybody Ought to Know](#) (who Jesus is). When I was young, it was common for most children to go to Sunday School. There, they learnt [Jesus Loves Me](#) (for the Bible tells me so). Many today do not know that.

In [Matthew 28:19-20](#), Jesus told us all to spread the Gospel (the Good News). For those in law enforcement, we know the culture, and we know often it "takes one to reach one". If one of your comrades left the station or detachment without their duty belt, would you not say: "Hey you forgot your equipment!"? You would say that because you care about them and their safety. You would only say that because the opportunity presented itself. When you saw them walking out the door, you knew you had to say something. The same goes for sharing the Gospel. When you know you have to say something, don't be afraid to share the Good News – Everybody ought to know! You can read more about this in my article "*Spreading the 'Good News' on the Job*". Ken Smith's article "*From One Cop to Another*", tells how his life was radically changed, after his corporal shared the Gospel with him.



Your speech should always be gracious,  
seasoned with salt, so that you may know  
how you should answer each person.  
(Colossians 4:6)

Que votre parole soit toujours accompagnée de  
grâce, assaisonnée de sel, afin que vous sachiez  
comment il faut répondre à chacun.  
(Colossiens 4:6)

In our "From our Vault" feature, you will read a testimony from an old FCPO stalwart, Garry Nickle. [Garry passed away last year](#), but I am sure his story will again inspire folks to be open to sharing the Gospel, when led by the Holy Spirit to do so.

Finally, check out this link to a stirring video, which has over 9 million views! (English subtitles will appear).

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m-Udb0pX2jU>.

God bless,  
Ron

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# His Love Endures Forever Psalm 118: 1- 4

By: Sgt. Dino Doria (Rtd.), Ontario Director

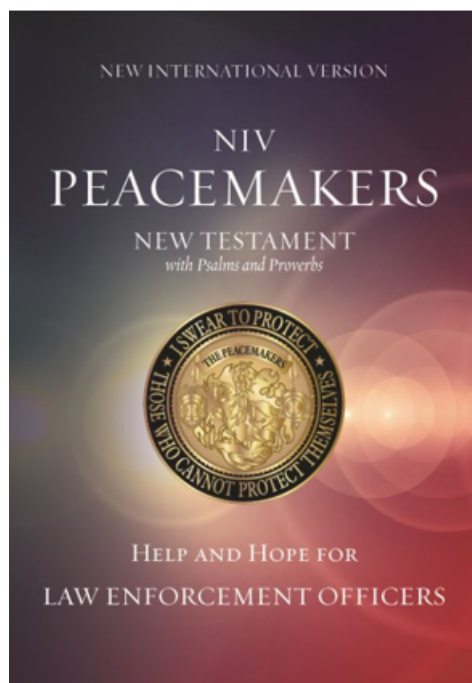


God's Love has not changed. He does not redefine "His Love" with every changing season - His Love endures forever. God is love (1 John 4:16). Some might avoid this seeming sentimentality, because believers often exalt this attribute of God while at the same time minimizing his holiness, sovereignty or justice. Additionally people can misuse the phrase God is love and impose a culturally shaped human-centred definition of love, thereby redefining the very character of God. However, it must be said that if the other attributes of God are true, that is: if this God is inflexibly just, and infallibly righteous, humanity's only hope is that He is love.

**Sgt. Dino Doria (Rtd.)** The psalmist made sure to repeat the truth of God's love throughout the book, and this psalm is especially focused on repetition, Israel, the house of Aaron, and all who feared the Lord were to join in the chorus "His love endures forever". *Oh give thanks to the LORD, for he is good; for his steadfast love endures forever! Let Israel say, "His steadfast love endures forever." Let the house of Aaron say, "His steadfast love endures forever." Let those who fear the LORD say, "His steadfast love endures forever.* Psalm 118:1-4 (ESV) The phrase "His love endures forever" finds constant refrain throughout Scriptures as the people's way of expressing their gratitude and hope. *As the Father has loved me, so have I loved you. Abide in my love.* John 15:9 (ESV) *These things I have spoken to you, that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be full.* John 15:11 (ESV) Reflect on how His enduring love has blessed your life. Come and get acquainted with His Love, Mercy and Grace. If these words are tugging at your heart, recognize that it is His love at work urging you to repentance. His love forgives and shows us His Grace. *Praise the LORD, all nations! Extol him, all peoples! For great is his steadfast love toward us, and the faithfulness of the LORD endures forever. Praise the LORD!* Psalm 117: 1-2 (ESV) *Out of my distress I called on the LORD; the LORD answered me and set me free.* Psalm 118:5 (ESV)

God bless,

Dino



## For those who Serve & Protect

The Fellowship of Christian Peace Officers – Canada is an officer to officer ministry – run by officers – for officers. **Project Sword:** We are offering free copies of "Peacemakers", a pocket-sized New Testament to all Canadian peace officers.

This book is designed for people serving in law enforcement. It includes pages of personal stories about our challenges, written by police officers and chaplains, with topics such as: suicide; substance abuse; and, helping police families deal with stress. **Get yours today!**

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Sgt. Frank Jang

# Discovering FCPO

By: Sgt. Frank Jang, British Columbia Director

One evening this past November, I was idly scrolling through my Facebook news feed when I came across a random post by FCPO - Canada that piqued my interest. Being a Christian and a police officer, I was naturally curious and I next found myself surfing through the FCPO website and learning about things like '[Project Sword](#)' and other important work FCPO was doing in the law enforcement community. The Lord had recently placed a burden on my heart for evangelism to my colleagues in law enforcement and I knew my crossing paths with FCPO was the work of the Holy Spirit. I found Ron's contact information and fired off an email expressing my desire to help distribute 'The Peacemakers' books and to serve in whatever capacity the FCPO required. Not long after I sent off my email, I received a response from Ron who connected me with BC Director Henry Tso and the rest is history - well not exactly - it was only the beginning.

**LIKE ALL OTHER COPS, I HAVE SEEN  
MY FAIR SHARE OF PAIN AND  
SUFFERING IN A BROKEN WORLD.**

section and homicide. Like all other cops, I have seen my fair share of pain and suffering in a broken world. I credit my overall good health to my faith in Jesus and the love of my wife and two young daughters.

And just like at the beginning of every RCMP course, I will start with a short introduction about myself. My name is Frank Jang and I have been a regular member with the Mounties for 16 years. My entire service so far has been in the Lower Mainland of BC and previous work includes general duty, drug

I currently serve as the media relations officer for the Integrated Homicide Investigation Team (IHIT) at E Division (BC RCMP) HQ in Surrey, BC. This was a role that was never on my career bucket list but in hindsight, it was unequivocally God's will for me in this season of my life. It has allowed me to build relationships with officers from various police and government agencies but most importantly, it has given me a glimpse into the perpetual journey of homicide survivors towards healing. It has given me somewhat of a ministry to be the hands and feet of Jesus to a group who often feel stigmatized and whose pain and 'complicated grief' are seldom understood by the general public. In entering into their suffering, I have been blessed with several 'God moments' with the most extraordinary example being that of my friend, Jill.

I met Jill a few years ago at a year-end celebratory dinner for a homicide support group.



Everyone took turns sharing their story including Jill. She came that night with her parents and went on to explain how her younger brother was briefly incarcerated at a pre-trial center for a relatively minor offence. But a petty spat with a cellmate turned deadly and Jill's brother was killed. She went on to describe hers and her family's disbelief of what had happened and the myriad of emotions that followed since receiving the grim news. The astonishing moment in her story came when she identified as being a follower of Jesus Christ and how she and her family were working towards reconciliation with the offender through restorative justice.



***I FORGAVE A STRANGER FOR KILLING  
MY FATHER AND RELEASED ANY MALICE  
I HARBORED TOWARDS HIM.***

I recently followed-up with Jill and was told the meeting with the offender went very well. She had forgiven him for what he had done. I then shared with her my own story of forgiveness; of how my father was killed a few years ago in a hit-and-run while

vacationing in a foreign country. I took the first flight out of YVR in the early morning hours to a country and a city I knew barely anything of. To my amazement, not only was the driver identified in the first 48 through video surveillance but he was brought before me and my family for reparation at the house where we were temporarily lodged. My North American-centric mind could not grasp what was happening but I felt the nudging of the Holy Spirit to do the unexpected - forgive. In that moment, I forgave a stranger for killing my father and released any malice I harbored towards him. God, in response, filled me with his all-transcending peace and moments later, a 5.8 earthquake shook the house we were in and the surrounding areas. God is so awesome and so good! Amen!

My prayer is that we continue to seek the Lord in our day-to-day roles as peace officers because we are all well-positioned to experience these God moments by virtue of the nature of our work. It is quite apparent from the seemingly daily news of police suicides and general erosion of respect for authority in today's culture that the gates of hell has waged war on the thin blue line. It is incumbent on us as Christian peace officers who represent the body of Christ in our detachments, departments, headquarters, sub-offices, to dutifully pray for our colleagues and to pray against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms that seeks to destroy them.

I am exceedingly proud to be a newbie in the FCPO Canada family, and I look forward to serving alongside our BC Director, Henry Tso, and others as the newest BC representative. Please pray for us, your co-labourers in the Lord, on the west coast.

Blessings,

Frank

Editor's note: We are blessed that Frank agreed to be our BC representative. We thank Tom James who recently completed several years of service in that role.



# Spreading the “Good News” on the Job

By: C/Supt. Ronald Mostrey (Rtd.), President



C/Supt. Ronald Mostrey (Rtd.)

As followers of Jesus, we have found that which all people seek: The meaning of life; a reconciliation with God; peace; and, comfort in knowing that God is with us. We place our trust in that which we know - **that Jesus is the one and only way.**

Canadian society in general is acceptable of all religions (or none). However, in an increasingly secular nation, the Gospel (which means “Good News”) is seen by some as offensive, given that a tenant of the Gospel is that Jesus is the way - the one way, and the only way.

A lot of people believe there are many paths to peace and ultimately to heaven, and basically find it offensive for Christians to believe that following Jesus is the only way.

Jesus said: *I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. John 14:6.* Thus, the idea of many paths, although appealing and pleasant sounding - is false!

Thus, some folks view Christians as not being inclusive. Well... they're right. There

is only one way, and that is through Jesus! However, that does not mean that we are intolerant of others and their beliefs. Quite to the contrary - the true Christian loves their neighbour and respects all people. However, because of its importance, our desire is that all people know and find Jesus as their personal saviour.

With that in mind, I am sometimes asked: as a Christian peace officer, how can I properly share the Gospel in the workplace – “how can I share the Good News”? Or, to be more specific: “What can I do on the job, without a trip to Internals”?

Clearly, being in a unique position of trust (and power) carries with it great responsibility and the need to be neutral and to not abuse the position to “push” your beliefs onto others.

In general, one does share the Gospel simply by living the life in front of colleagues and the citizens we serve. As Christians, we do “stick out” – our lifestyle is different. Others see the peace we have and the trust we place in our Lord. What you do, and how you conduct yourself on the job, is more of a witness than what you say - your life speaks volumes. Charles Spurgeon said:

*“A man’s life is always more forcible than his speech. When men take stock of him they reckon his deeds as dollars and his words as pennies. If his life and doctrine disagree the mass of onlookers accept his practice and reject his preaching.”*

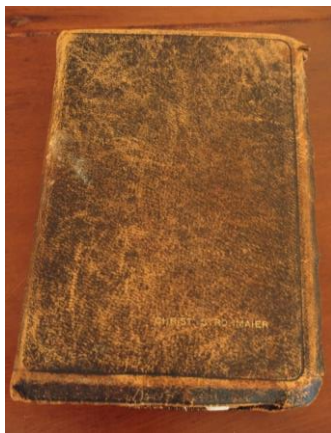
Having said that, besides just being yourself, what else can you do to more overtly share the Gospel at work?

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*Can you carry a bible in your duty bag  
or your shirt pocket?*

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Let's start with examining your service's or agency's policies. It is important to be obedient to policies. For example, such policies often direct that only approved items can be worn on the uniform. Therefore, it would not be appropriate to wear a cross or an FCPO pin on your uniform.



Can you carry a bible in your duty bag or your shirt pocket? Again, if it's not against policy, why not? For years, I kept my grandpa's old bible on my desk, I never heard any objections, and it did open the door

to some great conversations.

When I first started in policing, I was impressed that there were Bibles everywhere in detachments. Unfortunately, they were just being used for swearing charges.

When it comes to sharing the Gospel with colleagues or the general public, it's all about common sense. If you don't have common sense - you're in the wrong profession! You need to be cautious if you are dealing with an investigation or someone who is in a vulnerable position. Because you are in a position of authority, you have a great deal of influence.

It has been said that there is a time and place for everything. If you are led by the Holy Spirit, you'll know the time and place. *"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver"*. (Proverbs 25:11).

*"The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary: he wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned".*  
Isaiah 50:4

I remember on one occasion while on patrol, I came across one of our regular "clients". It was the first time I had ever encountered him when he was sober. It was a cold snowy winter night, so I offered him a ride to his friend's shack on the outskirts of town. We talked in the long dark driveway for about 10 minutes. He told me he started drinking when he was 6 years old. He was then 18, and was already having major health problems because of his drinking.

We spoke at length about his drinking problem and how he needed to do something about it. I said: "Your drinking is going to kill you". I told him to go see the "Captain" at the Salvation Army Men's Hostel. He agreed that he needed help. I encouraged him and told him there was help for him - I felt led by the Holy Spirit to say what I said. My only regret is that maybe I did not say enough. The next day, in an intoxicated state, he was struck by a vehicle and died.

Had I not taken the time to have a good conversation with him, I would have felt terrible. I was probably the only one that could have had such a conversation with him at that particular time - my words were "in season". I recognized he was not just another drunk, but a soul - a precious soul in the sight of our Lord and Saviour.

Such occasions did not come often, in the rushed world of going from call to call, and file to file. I encourage everyone to always listen to that still small voice, and respond appropriately. **What is just a call or file for us, can be a life-changer for some soul.**

# News from Our New Brunswick Chapter

By: Sgt. Ken Smith (Rtd.), President, Southeast New Brunswick Chapter



Some of our chapter members meet weekly at a local McDonald's. We do this because we believe that fellowshiping with fellow believers makes us stronger in our faith. God's word in Ecclesiastes 4: 9-12 says: *"Two are better than one, because they have a good return for their labor: If either of them falls down, one can help the other up. But pity anyone who falls down and has no one to help them up. Also, if two lie down together, they will keep warm. But how can one keep warm alone? Though one may be overpowered, two can defend themselves. A cord of three strands is not quickly broken."*

At our gatherings, we often talk about how difficult it is in policing to break down the doors of those closets where those of faith often seclude themselves. We are sometimes reluctant to step out of and allow our light to shine for Jesus. I am certain that there are many in law enforcement who practice their faith in other areas of their life, but for some reason feel very isolated and alone when they put on the uniform. So, if you know of anyone who might think they are alone and need encouragement, tell them there is a group that meets every Friday morning at McDonald's, Magnetic Hill Moncton. Tell them: *"there is a friend for them who sticks closer than a brother"* (Proverbs 18:24). Tell them that there is a group of believers who will pray for them at McDonald's every Friday!



From left to right: Bonnie Smith, Cst. Ryan Daigle (Rtd.), Sgt. Ken Smith (Rtd.), Cst. Bob Moore (Rtd.), S/Sgt. Roger Chlow (Rtd.), Cpl. Tom Lorette (Rtd.), Insp. Alex Mills (Rtd.)

On September 18, 2019 some of our members participated in the Unity Now worship concert held at Moncton Wesleyan Celebration Centre. Their participation included greeting attendees, information table, and as a colour party during National Anthem. The event featured various artists, worship pastors, musicians, community leaders and regional pastors (from various denominations) as the Maritimes united together in "the hub" as One voice to worship the One true God.

Captain Greg Sparkes (Canadian Armed Forces), who is also a member of the Fellowship of Christian Peace Officers was

one of the speakers for the event. This event served as an opportunity for believers of many Christian denominations throughout the Maritimes to join together and pray for our country (Psalm 72) at such a time as this.

The event was presented by Operation Bible, a [Canadian Bible Society](#) program that partners with Military Chaplains in the Maritimes (and across Canada) to support the mental and spiritual health of our brave men and women in uniform serving in the Canadian Armed Forces.



# From One Cop to Another

By: Sgt. Ken Smith (Rtd.), President, Southeast New Brunswick Chapter



Sgt. Ken Smith (Rtd.)

Recently, I had the privilege of saying a few words at the funeral service of my dear friend and colleague in the Moncton Police Force, Ross Hickey. I spoke of how Ross impacted my life and introduced me to my Lord & Saviour back in the fall of 1978.

Ross was my corporal at the time. He had gone through his own personal revival and was not shy in sharing his faith. It was the start of our shift, as usual, we waited to see who Ross would pair us off with. Those were the days when there were two man (or person) vehicles. Ross assigned me to work with him. Little did I know, this would be his first attempt at sowing God's seed in my heart - and he did.

A week or so down the road, he assigned me again to work with him. I remember my thoughts being "Oh no, not again!" It meant that I once again had to be at the receiving end of his "preaching". It seemed rather strange to me that on an evening shift in a busy area of the city that we did not receive one single call to take us away from what he was speaking into my life. Ross drove as he usually did, and I listened - somewhat reluctantly. I cannot remember getting from point A to point B that evening. Simply put, he and God had my attention - my undivided attention. As I look back today, I see God's hand was at work - he was in fact doing a work in my heart.

The next time we worked together was a Saturday night on October 14th, 1978. A night that would normally be busy, and yet it was the same as the last time we had

previously worked together. Our time together was protected by God. I remember him driving me down what is called the "Old Hump Yard Road" in a very rural secluded area of Moncton. He stopped the car, turned to me and said: "Ken, you can accept Jesus as your personal saviour right here, right now. I will tell you what to say when you pray. I will even get out of the car so that you can do it yourself."

Ross did get out the vehicle, and I could see him walking ahead in the car lights. I sat there and thought to myself: "What am I doing here? What is this all about?" I did not say that prayer at the time because I simply wasn't ready to do so. However, I was starting to change in my thinking and my behaviour. I went home after my shift that night and said to my wife Bonnie: "it is time for me to make a change, but I want to do it publicly in a church."

Needless to say, without saying those words Ross asked me to say, I had already accepted the Lord. The change wasn't in my head - it was in my heart. So the next day, I went to a church and went forward during an altar call to accept Christ into my life. And now you know the rest of the story! Ross planted the seed and others watered it throughout the years, right up to the present day.

If Ross Hickey had not spoken into my life, at that time in my life, I am not certain where I would be today. My life at the time was spiraling out of control, and it was evident in my marriage and at work. So, how many others out there need someone like a Ross Hickey to speak God's word and share His love with them? Will you be that vessel? It's time to step out and proclaim your faith in God to others.





**S/Sgt. Ross Hickey 1943 - 2019**

# In Memorium

From [The Telegraph - Journal](#)

## **Ross George Hickey**

June 12, 1943 – November 24, 2019

It is with deep sadness that we announce that Ross George Hickey, of Moncton, NB, peacefully went home to be with his Lord and Saviour on November 24, 2019 at the Moncton Hospital, surrounded by his loving wife and daughters. Ross was born on June 12, 1943 in Moncton, NB, the son of Edith (Bishop) and Marvin Hickey. He was the oldest of seven siblings. He married Paulette (nee Stone) on July 24, 1965, who survives him.

Ross grew up in Lower Cape, Albert Co. NB. He joined the Canadian Armed Forces, serving overseas in the Middle East in the Signal Corp. After discharge, he briefly worked for CN Railway in the signals department, before pursuing his calling to be a police officer, and joined the Moncton Police Force in 1966. Ross achieved the rank of Staff Sergeant before his retirement in 1998. He enjoyed being a police officer and collected many tales to tell over the years, some humorous and some tragic. He was deeply affected by the [murder of his two friends and fellow officers who lost their lives in 1972](#), but he carried on holding the torch for them, leading the officers under his supervision to be all they were called to be. As a result, he is still deeply respected by his comrades for his ability to lead by example with grit and dedication. He was an active member of his local police association and secretary of the police union. After his retirement, he worked in the Canadian Corp of Commissionaires for over 10 years, both at the Moncton airport and at the Canada Federal office building.

He was a member of the West Lane United Baptist Church, where he served as a deacon and on other committees throughout the years. He was bold in his witness for Christ, and would tell you how his life was changed (and how yours could be too) whenever he had an opportunity. He was longtime supporter of World Vision with many sponsored children over the years. Ross loved to spend time in his garden, working on carpentry projects, game hunting and spending time at his beloved cottage in Linden, NS. He was always willing to help friends and neighbours.

He loved to “visit” whether with a phone call or in person. People loved Ross as much as he loved them for his jovial and teasing good nature. He loved to spend time reading, researching and listening to documentaries about the World Wars, and enjoyed going to museums and historical sites. He loved children and was completely delighted by his grandchildren.

He is survived by his wife of 54 years, Paulette, daughters Sandra (John) Beukeveld, and Peggy (Charles) Santerre, grandchildren Erin, Adam and Emilie, sisters Lynn (Malcolm) Fife, Joan (Gary) MacConnell, Deborah (Rick) Butland, Ellen (John) Hughson, Julie (Jeff) Groundwater, as well as many loving nieces, nephews and extended family. He was predeceased by his mother Edith and father Marvin as well as an infant brother, Paul.



## 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.

### *The Voice of Hope* – Metro Toronto Cst. Garry Knickle

*This article is reproduced from our Peacemaker [archives](#): September – October, 1985 issue*



Garry Knickle 1951 - 2019

***Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live. John 5:25***

I am presently employed as a Community Relations Officer, and part of my duty is to return to the scene of "domestics" after they have "cooled off", and try to determine the problem to prevent a reoccurrence. Sometimes a referral can be made to family services for counselling, or Alcoholics Anonymous, if that is the problem, or whatever agency is necessary. Sometimes when everything has been tried it is difficult to find any kind of help, especially when the complainant is unwilling or unable to help himself. In those situations uniform police often have to return to the scene time after time until finally the situation is resolved. Sometimes that means one of the parties going to jail, leaving the area, or sometimes committing suicide.

The story I'm going to relate will illustrate that there is another kind of help available which many people ignore. Being a recent Christian, I'm often unsure about when to witness to someone or even when to tell someone that I'm a Christian. The situation I got involved in left little doubt that I was to speak up.

While I was working afternoons I attended a callback in an apartment building in the division. This was one of the better ones and, as usual, other than the brief 275 (Domestic Occurrence) filled in by the investigating officers, I didn't have much to go on. It was the usual father/daughter domestic.

The father, it turned out, was a self-confessed alcoholic. He was self-employed and, from his story and the look of the apartment, he had once been fairly well-to-do. His attitude was one of dejection and despair. His daughter, the product of his recently failed marriage, had been laid off and, due to problems of her own, had been under a doctor's care. The doctor had prescribed the usual array of anti-depressants to help her cope with her problem. In addition, she had begun to drink with her father. It wasn't long before they began blaming all their troubles on each other.

Then I come into the picture. It wasn't long before I ascertained that this was one of those situations where there wasn't much to be done that hadn't already been tried before. It was easy to imagine

the father as an overdose and the daughter eventually spending her life in a mental institute.

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*All of a sudden a strange thing happened.*

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All of a sudden a strange thing happened. This old drunk starts to tell me how he has tried everything to help himself but can't seem to find a solution. He tells me he's been an atheist all his life. Then he starts talking about the church near his apartment and how he sometimes sees up to 200 cars there on a Sunday. He tells me about how he watches all the T.V. evangelists. Finally, he says, "Since nothing else has worked, I'm thinking of turning to God."

Could any Christian ask for a better cue! I began telling him I was a Christian and how God had helped me. He was a little surprised but asked many questions, some of which I couldn't answer, so I left him my New Testament and encouraged him to seek for himself. I've been back since and he's been reading at a furious rate.

From there I finished my tour of duty and nothing much happened until the second night. No one was home at one of the appointments I had made, so I decided to do a callback at a mother/daughter domestic near the first appointment. This was the 28th of February during the worst storm of the year and I didn't want to drive too far. I had been dreading this callback a bit because it was over a month old, and the daughter was apparently undergoing psychiatric treatment for violent attacks. The fits of rage the daughter was having were escalating to the point where the mother had been assaulted and lived in fear of her daughter. Part of the problem in getting back to this appointment was the fact that the mother works during the day and couldn't be reached.

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*I thought to myself, "What have I done this time?"*

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In any case, when I arrived at the house unannounced, I guess it was a bit of a "shocker" to both mother and daughter. I could sense that the atmosphere was very tense. I don't quite recall what it was the mother said, but I know I wasn't in the house more than a couple of minutes when I began telling this woman that I was a Christian. At this point the mother broke into tears and the daughter ran upstairs. I thought to myself, "What have I done this time?" Eventually the mother began to relate that she and her daughter were also Christians and that they had prayed for a week for someone to come and talk to them. The situation had come to the point where at 15 years of age the daughter was moving out (assisted by Student Welfare). Both the mother and daughter were very frightened by what could possibly happen as a result of the daughter's condition. I was able to refer them to a Christian Psychologist I had met recently, but just the fact that I had showed up seemed to be all they needed. I had never been the answer to a prayer before!

In the time that I was there, we all shared several verses from Scripture. I was offered Christian records to take home, loaned a Christian book and even given a New Testament to replace the one I had given-away. I explained that I had no trouble getting a Bible as I knew a Gideon who would be happy to replace mine. The lady's answer was, "Well then, maybe someone else can use it."

I left the house feeling very good, and headed back to the station. As I had previously mentioned, this was the worst storm of the year, and major streets were not yet completely plowed. Sidewalks

were non-existent. As I approached a main intersection, I saw someone walking in the roadway near the curb. As I came closer, he stuck his thumb up in the classic gesture of a hitchhiker. Having done my share of it in the army, I stopped and gave the guy a lift. It soon became apparent that he had been indulging in the "juice of the grape". I was whistling a little bit and he said, "Are you always like that?" I replied, "No, but it's better to have the world smile with you than to cry alone." Just then the dispatcher spoke on the radio, and he became quite agitated and asked if he was in a cab. I explained, "You're in a police car." Since we used unmarked foreign cars, I could appreciate his not recognizing that it was a police car, even if he had been sober. The thing that surprised me was that, when he found out it was a police car and not a cab, he relaxed.

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*I told him I had the best of both worlds, being a policeman and a Christian.*

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We turned into the station lot and I explained that I was going off duty, but if he cared to wait a few minutes I would drive him home (he lived in my neighbourhood). He agreed, and when I came out of the station, I found him cleaning the snow off my car. He started to ramble on about how he wished he could have been a policeman. I told him I had the best of both worlds, being a policeman and a Christian. He told me how he felt his sister (who was a missionary) had wasted her life. He said he came from a religious family who would have nothing to do with him because of his drinking problem. He shared about his son who was abusing drugs, and about his own lack of friends. Best of all, he told me about being picked up by a Christian cab driver about two weeks prior and the reason for his panic when he heard the car radio. He, too, felt that he was on the edge of despair. Having met a Christian cab driver, and now a Christian cop, he felt God was seeking him out. To make a long story short, I gave him the Bible given to me by the lady at the previous call. He thanked me and promised to look for his solutions in God's Word. I hope that he has now found the "Life Changer"!

Many of you reading this will say these things are just coincidence. Perhaps you think I'm a victim of wishful thinking, or that I'm deluding myself into seeing things that are not there to support my belief. I can only tell you that as far as I'm concerned, these dear people partially fulfill the Scripture at the start of this story. All over this world the "dead" are hearing Christ's message of hope and are being brought to life. To God be all the honour, glory and praise!

Garry Knickle - Cst., Metro Toronto

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**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.

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