



FCPO - CANADA

The Peacemaker



May, 2021

From the President's Desk



We have another “thick” issue for you! I always hope the articles will touch the life of at least someone. For this issue, I asked for an article from Jonathon Matula. He sent me a lengthy article. I told him I would have to edit it down to be able to use it in the Peacemaker, as it was too long. So... I tried and tried, but I thought his article was so enlightening that I just couldn't. It touches on a subject that we don't often have someone share with such intimacy - one's own mental health. I have always thought that a correctional officer's job is one of the toughest that I can imagine. Correctional officers have my deepest respect.

We are also featuring an article of tribute to Mr. Ernie Hollands who impacted the lives of many peace officers and others across Canada, and around the world. I encourage all to click on the links included with the article, and watch Ernie tell of how he was “born again” and became a totally different man.

Our Nova Scotia Representative, John D. Allen, wrote about his experience growing up as the son of a police chief, and the toll that policing took on his father's life, as well as the impact on his family. He further pointed out some helpful research and some useful tools for assessing one's job-related stress level.

With this issue we welcome Cst. Bayden Austring as our new Arctic Canada Representative. We thank Cyril for his many years in FCPO leadership most recently as our Arctic Rep, and before that as our vice president.



He will command his angels concerning you
to guard you in all your ways;
Car il ordonnera à ses anges de te garder dans
toutes tes voies;
(Ps 91:11)

Have you ever been called a pig or a bull? Help is on the way - checkout “Pig ≠ Police Officer”!

Finally, in “From our Vault” feature, we revisit an article from Harold Johnson who wrote about hypocrites. Although that was written in 1994... they're still around - but pay no heed ☺.

God bless,

Ron

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Hard Times Are Over! (soon)

By: Ronald Mostrey



I want to share what I consider to be an anthem for putting this Covid-19 pandemic behind us. Obviously written for a different time and purpose, but I think *Hard Times are Over*¹ kind of hits the mark of looking towards better times ahead.

“Life will be brighter than noonday, and darkness will become like morning. You will be secure, because there is hope; you will look about you and take your rest in safety.” Job 11:17-18 (NIV)

<p>It's been very hard But it's getting easier now Hard times are over, over for a while</p>	<p>Hard times are over Hard times are over Hard times are over Over for a while</p>	<p>Hard times are over Hard times are over Hard times are over, over for awhile</p>
<p>The leaves are shining in the sun And I'm smiling inside You and I watching each other on a street corner</p>	<p>It's been very rough But it's getting easier now Hard times are over, over for awhile</p>	<p>Hard times are over Hard times are over Hard times are over, over for awhile</p>
<p>Cars and buses and planes and people go by But we don't care, we wanna know Wanna know in each other's eyes that hard times are over, over for some time (yeah)</p>	<p>The streams are twinkling in the sun And I'm smiling inside</p>	<p>Hard times are over Hard times are over Hard times are over, over for awhile</p>
	<p>You and I walking together 'round the street corner</p>	<p>Hard times are over Hard times are over</p>

And... what a wonderful world!



¹ Songwriter: Yoko Ono

Hard Times Are Over lyrics © Ono Music, Emi Music Publishing France, Lenono Music C/o Downtown Dmp Songs, Ono Music C/o Downtown Dmp Songs

² Springtime rainbow photo by Kenneth Mallard, CC BY-SA 2.0, <https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=102221124>

Taking Inventory

By: Sgt. Dino Doria (Ret'd), Ontario Director

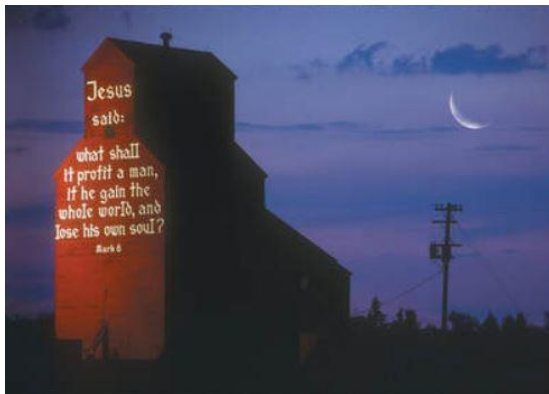


Sgt. Dino Doria (Rtd.)

Are we still on the narrow path and doing all we can to serve the Lord? Spring is slowly making its appearance, and we will soon have the Covid-19 mess behind us. A new season brings hope, and a renewed outlook to endless possibilities of serving Our Lord & Saviour Jesus Christ. The environment awakens from its long winter sleep bringing colour to our gardens. This is the season for us to revisit and take inventory! This is the season to carefully examine anything that may be diverting us from obeying His will for our lives. So how do we know for sure we are obeying God's will? When we take time reading "His Word", we begin to see the revealed will of God, through the Power of the Holy Spirit that lives within us.

As we continue to spend time in God's Word, the Holy Spirit guides us to discover what the unique will of God is for our life. It's time to take inventory of our life by asking ourself: Are we still walking the narrow path serving our Lord Jesus, or have we lost touch with our Lord?

Another simple question is - how is our time being spent? Is it spent pursuing treasures here on earth or treasures for the Kingdom of God? In 1 Timothy chapter 6:6 states *"And it is indeed, a source of immense profit, for godliness accompanied with contentment - that contentment which is a sense of inward sufficiency - is great and abundant gain."* Mark 8:36 reads: *"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"*



There are numerous definitions of what a soul is, but the most common biblical translation is the spiritual and immortal part of a person. To God, the soul defines who we are as individuals. *"Gain the whole world, and lose his own soul"* describes the sacrifice of spiritual well-being in favour of worldly goods and pleasures. A basic paraphrase is: What good does it do someone to gain the whole world and forget about God in the process?

Our Lord is calling us to take inventory and realize that there is much more to life - and much more to do for the kingdom. *"For we brought nothing into this world and obviously we cannot take anything out of the world."* 1Timothy 6:7 *"But those who crave to be rich fall into temptation and a snare and into many foolish - useless, godless, and hurtful desires that plunge men into ruin and destruction and miserable Perishing"* 1Timothy 6:9

Remember, our God is prepared to bless us, and has blessed us already with many good talents and material things. He wants us to recognize Him as the author of all good things that are bestowed upon us - but most important He wants us to ask ourselves - how are we using our time, talents, and blessings? Are we being good Stewards with what He has given us...?

Dino

For many years, this grain elevator graced the landscape for folks travelling alongside the Queen Elizabeth II highway at the south entrance to Edmonton. The painter of the elevator, [Henry Vanderpyl](https://www.henryvanderpyl.com), shares his story in "Lighthouse on the Prairies". *"Sometimes, God calls people to do big things. For Henry, big things done with calligraphy became his calling unto God."* <https://www.henryvanderpyl.com>. In the 24 years that the "Jesus Elevator" displayed scriptures, 198 million vehicles passed by it (that is a lot of views!).

Pig ≠ Police Officer

By: Ronald Mostrey



Words can create a more inclusive world, or perpetuate oppression.

Calling someone an animal as an insult reinforces the myth that humans are superior to other animals & justified in violating them.

Stand up for justice by rejecting supremacist language.

USING ANIMALS AS INSULTS PERPETUATES SPECIESISM.

Instead of	→	Say
"Chicken"	→	"Coward"
"Rat"	→	"Snitch"
"Snake"	→	"Jerk"
"Pig"	→	"Repulsive"
"Sloth"	→	"Lazy"

PETA



Animal-related slurs used to debase humans reinforce inaccurate & harmful characterizations of animals.

PETA is asking @MerriamWebster, @Dictionarycom, & others to help combat speciesism & reduce animal abuse by removing derogatory definitions of pigs, snakes, & dogs.

DICTIONARIES: REMOVE YOUR SPECIESIST INSULTS!

Dictionary.com dog [dawg, dog] a despicable man or youth.	Collins Dictionary snake a treacherous or deceitful person	Oxford Dictionary pig A greedy, dirty, or unpleasant person.
Merriam-Websters pig noun a dirty, gluttonous, or repulsive person	WordReference dog /dɒg, dæg/ a despicable man or youth;	American Heritage Dictionary snake (snak) A treacherous person.

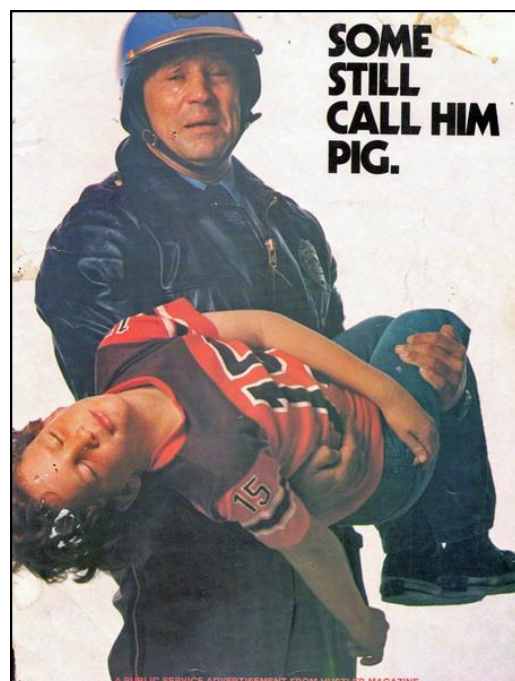
Help end the normalization of the use of 'pig,' 'snake,' and 'dog' as insults.

Sometimes we never know where the support for those who serve and protect is going to come from. Recently I saw that People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA) is now urging people to [stop using animals' names to identify people](#). I immediately thought of how many times I had been called a pig over the course of my service. Then I thought of my comrades in Corrections concerning how many times they have been called "bulls"!

I remember one time arresting a young lad for public intoxication. He kept calling me a pig as I hauled him to the police car to take him home to his parents. He kept yelling "Pig, pig, pig!" When I gave him no reaction, he changed his chant to "Cow, cow, cow!"

Honestly, name calling never bothered me one bit. I always remembered that childhood saying: "sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me". However, I'm sure if we had a dollar for every time we were called a pig, some of us would be quite rich!

Although I must take my hat off to PETA for encouraging people not to call us pigs, from the pigs' point of view, I think they were honoured to be associated with our God ordained profession.



Ernie Hollands

By: Ronald Mostrey



Some of you may remember this man. There are many in our fellowship who encountered [Ernie Hollands](#) over the years, and I'm not just talking about those putting handcuffs on him!

Ernie's amazing testimony of how he found the Lord influenced many Canadian peace officers to seek a relationship with Jesus.

Law enforcement officers know when they see and hear the "real deal". Ernie was the real deal! He freely shared his life's story in countries all over the world.

I had the privilege of meeting Ernie at a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship event in McLennan, Alberta a couple years before he passed away in October 1996. At that event, we both shared our testimonies - it was sort of billed as "the good guy - The Cop" and "the bad guy - The Bank Robber". However we both shared that we were just sinners who had found the Lord and were saved by grace. *"For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God;"* Romans 3:23.



One of his most memorable actions was how he loved to hug police officers (after his conversion!). Many of us received an "Ernie hug"! On the 25th anniversary of his passing, I thought it fitting that we spend some time to listen to Ernie again. If you know anyone who wonders if there is a God, if they can find forgiveness, peace, and reconciliation please pass on the video link to them. Jesus changes lives! *"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."* 2 Corinthians 5:17

Click here to view → [Video Ernie Hollands' Testimony](#)

Our Ontario Director, Dino Doria, has a fond memory of Ernie.

I met Ernie for the first time at the Canadian Forces hospital in Kingston, Ontario. Ernie was an inmate from Milhaven penitentiary. At that time, I was a medical assistant with the Canadian Armed Forces (CAF), and Ernie was one of my patients. I introduced myself to Ernie. He was busy making fishing lures. He offered me some of the fish flies but I told him I didn't fish. (As members of the CAF I could not accept any gift from the inmates).

As I declined his offer for fish flies, he caught my eyes looking over his bedpost sign which read "Milhaven". Ernie quickly told me *"we are not all as bad as you may think, I have accepted Jesus."*

I was puzzled by Ernie's statement because I was not a believer at the time, although I had a religious background. Ernie asked me for my home address so that he could mail me the lures, and I told him that I'm really not a fisherman, and he replied I hope that one day you will become a fisher of men. Again I wasn't sure what he meant, I thanked him and went about my medical duties for the day.

This was the last time I saw Ernie as an inmate and patient. After a year or so I left the CAF to become a Metropolitan Toronto Police Officer. Fast forward - I had a coach officer who took the time to introduce me to who Jesus really was and how he died for our sins. I became a believer in Christ during my patrol shift.


Almost 2 years had gone by since I had met Ernie. I had forgotten my encounter at CAF with him. At that time my wife and I were attending the Christian Fellowship Assembly church in Toronto. As we walked into church I heard a male voice talking with other church members praising the Lord. That morning we were supposed to have a guest speaker who had been an inmate for over 25 years in both US and Canadian prisons. I said to my wife, I recognize this voice he sounds familiar to me but I still could not see him. When I finally locked eyes with this man - he stopped talking and his eyes locked into me and said in a loud voice - *"I know You!"* I remained silent. He started thinking as he looked down and back at me - he shouted *"CAF you're the medic who refused my fish flies - what are you doing now?"* He said, *"You look like a police officer!"* I finally told him that indeed I was a police officer. Ernie shouted *"Praise the Lord!"* as he gave me a bear hug, again shouting *"I love police officers"!!*

I finally told him that indeed I was a police officer. Ernie shouted "Praise the Lord!" as he gave me a bear hug, again shouting "I love police officers"!!

As he let me down - I was so touched that we had met again and his words that he had blurted back at the CAF hospital came rushing into my memory. Ernie's prayer had been answered. I had become a fisher of men, just as he had

shared the day we met. Ernie had served his time in prison and was now a free man to serve the Lord. I told Ernie, you know this is not an accident that we meet again. Let us pray that the Lord reveals to us why we have met again. By the time the service was over the Lord revealed the reason. I was to organize a breakfast for police officers and peace officers and have Ernie share his testimony. I shared this with Ernie and he told me he would be delighted to come and speak.


As members of the FCPO we began to pray and organize a breakfast at the Ramada Inn, in North York. As our Christian officers began to organize this event for Ernie Hollands we came under persecution from within. Officers who were non-believers were appalled that we would invite an Ex-convict to come as a guest speaker. As servants of the Lord we persevered and stayed the course. The event finally arrived and Ernie began to give his testimony and the room became very quiet. We had over 400 people in attendance. There was a group of officers who were there for the sole purpose to prove that Ernie was a fake.



Fellowship of Christian Peace Officers

BREAKFAST

Saturday, April 25, 1981 — 8:30 a.m.



Guest Speaker

ERNIE HOLLANDS

- former professional bank robber, house breaker, car thief, armed robber, etc.
- 5 escapes from prison.
- served a combined sentence of over 25 years in U.S. and Canadian penitentiaries and prisons.
- Ernie was also convicted of attempted murder in Los Angeles, California in 1971 for shooting and wounding a Los Angeles Police Officer.

**CHIEF OF POLICE
JACK FOSTER**

THE STIRLING GOSPELAIRES

AT THE "RAMADA INN"

185 Yorkland Blvd., Willowdale, Ontario
(Opposite Police Association Building)

TICKETS \$5.25 Per Person

As Ernie began to share his early adolescent path into criminality and how he was taught by his mom to shoplift which later escalated into B&E and bank robbery, the room became very quiet. Ernie was known as the most wanted desperado in North America. As I looked around the room I noticed some of the officers who were non-believers, began to listen intently. At that time I prayed that the Lord would touch the hearts of these unbelieving officers. As Ernie was completing his testimony I heard sobs in the audience. As I tried to see where this was coming from, I realized that the same officers who wanted to prove Ernie's story was fake news, were on their knees crying. Ernie told them how they needed to invite the Lord Jesus Christ into their lives. That morning 21 officers dedicated their lives to making Jesus their Lord and Saviour.

During this event at the Ramada Inn the Lord re-confirmed Ernie Hollands

prayer had come to pass, I Had become a "Fisher of Men!" Ernie and I kept in touch for many years. Ernie was used to reach many inmates on an international basis with the gospel of Jesus Christ. I have always remembered Ernie's definition of the meaning of the word "Joy": **J - Jesus First, 0 - Others second, Y - Yourself Last.**

God bless,

Dino



S/Sgt. Andy Bigras (Ret'd)

Our Quebec Director, Andy Bigras, who is also the pastor of [The Potter's Wheel Christian Fellowship](#) in Gatineau, Quebec, was also impacted after hearing Ernie's life-changing testimony.

I was born and raised in Pembroke and actually bought my first bicycle from Grant Bailey.

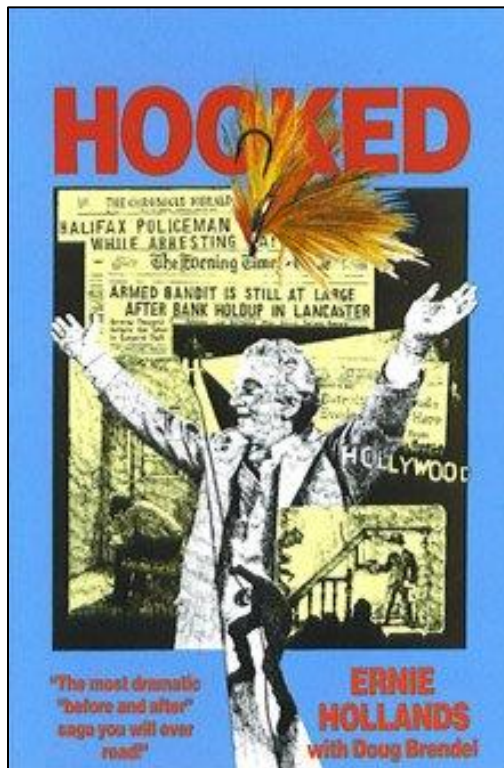
My dad and mom invited me to a Full Gospel Business Men's Breakfast in Renfrew Ontario, around 1984, where Ernie Hollands was the guest speaker. Given that Ernie was an ex-offender and I was a policeman with the RCMP, they felt I would be interested in hearing what he had to say.

I agreed and attended with my wife and two children. I remember he talked about his past life and of his incarcerations and how a Christian businessman, Grant Bailey, visited him regularly in prison and led him to the Lord. He mentioned that Grant and his family were there to take him home after his release.

“You are saved or not - you belong to God or you don’t, there are no grey areas”.

Ernie Hollands

The part that impacted me the most was when he said, “*You are saved or not -, you belong to God or you don’t, there are no grey areas*”. Those words stayed with me for four years till I made a commitment to Christ at a David Maines crusade in Pembroke in 1987, along with my family.



I had contact with Ernie a couple of times after, and still cherish a copy of his book [“Hooked”](#) that he signed for me.

The irony of it all - an ex-offender is the one who planted the seeds of salvation in my soul. What a journey I have been on since!

God Bless,

Andy

Want to hear more of Ernie’s amazing testimony? [Click here](#)

NOTICE

2021 Annual General Meeting

Our AGM will be held at [The Potter's Wheel Christian Fellowship](#), 1214 Ch Antoine-Boucher, Gatineau, Quebec on June 5th, 2021 at 1:00 pm (EDT). Due to the ongoing COVID-19 gathering restrictions, personal attendance for most will not be possible. If you wish to connect from a distance, please let us know and we will make such arrangements.

One Family's Story

By: John D Allen, Nova Scotia Provincial Representative



Chief Douglas C Allen, Westville, NS

"Hi, my name is John and I'm a cop's kid ..."

This is Police Chief Douglas C Allen and this is our story.

An upstanding young man joins his hometown's police force, at the height of the 60's social revolution. Goes to police school; meets a girl; and starts a family. After nearly a decade in "his" town he takes a Chief's job, far away from his family and friends.

Things get tough career wise; the grind starts to take its toll. He quits the only job he's ever really loved and spends much of the next two decades as a security guard at a nearby factory; his marriage fails and so does his health. Dad passed away just after New Years 2007 following a lengthy battle with heart disease, he was 63.

Chief Allen epitomized yesterday's cop. Tough, both physically and emotionally, quick to take charge, prone to profanity and frustration thanks in large part to an intractable belief that the world was just like his radio cars, black and white. I often commented: Dad was no [Andy Taylor](#).

But life wasn't always that way. Brought up in a strong Christian home, Dad was popular and well liked in his community and school. Together with his family he attended an old fashioned country church regularly, even taught Sunday School now and then; was active in air cadets and taking after his father, was handy around engines and machinery and could drive most heavy equipment by age 15.

But I guess Gilbert & Sullivan said it best, "[a policemen's lot is not a happy one](#)" and it can easily wear you and your family down. Back in the day you had to be physically tough and an un-healthy dose of meanness didn't hurt either. While my brother and I were taken, almost forced, to church

**"WE SLEEP SOUNDLY IN OUR BEDS
BECAUSE ROUGH MEN STAND READY IN THE
NIGHT TO VISIT VIOLENCE ON THOSE WHO
WOULD DO US HARM."**

[Winston Churchill](#)

every Sunday, Dad rarely came. And while it was still socially acceptable to be a "churchgoer", times were changing, and many social activities, became seen as a sign of personal weakness. Sir Winston Churchill once wrote, "We sleep soundly in our beds because rough men stand ready in the night to visit violence on those who would do us harm." To which the Psalmist replied,

*"except the Lord keepeth the city the watchmen waketh in vain."*³ Growing up at his knee, I was offered this career advice as a young teen "find something else to do; It's just a big racket."

Chaplain Gary Friedman, in the fall 2006 issue of the RCMP Gazette challenged the police officers to remember that you joined this brother and sisterhood "with a heart of full of idealism, faith and hope" but daily exposure to pain, suffering and outright evil leaves far too many officers emotionally and spiritually bankrupt.



John D. Allen, Senior University Security Officer, Saint Mary's University

Dad's force was not particularly well liked and his friends outside work became fewer and fewer and over the years the force encapsulated itself. As cops' kids we played together; families babysat each other's children and went on trips together. My mother did her best to ensure my brother and I participated in Boy Scouts and Minor Hockey, but over time police work would become all we were.

I think my father may have become intrinsically racist; but not in the way the world views it. The problem wasn't you were Black, or White, or Asian, or First Nations - the problem you see was you weren't Blue!

Our life had all the telltale signs; all the things we know today that cause stress and lead to personal, family and career strife. Post Incident Stress is well known as a significant contributing factor to alcoholism & substance abuse, marriage difficulties and a myriad of other negative situations among emergency workers but the subtle daily stresses, the incremental scarifies police officers make in their personal lives are equally disruptive and result in many of the social ills that befall the modern police family.

For many sad decades we never had real good data, but in the aftermath of several high profile deaths, the OPP set about to understand and address the stresses on police officers and their families. In 2018, The Centre for Addiction & Mental Health (CAMH)⁴ produced a similarly distressing report; 36.7% of police officers self-reported symptoms of mental illness, compared to only 10 % of the general population. In addition, 87% of officers in their report said they suffered at various times from moderate to severe depression, while 88 % said they experienced moderate to severe anxiety.

Canadian Police Officers are nearly twice as likely to separate or divorce, 1 in 4 police officers suffer through substance abuse disorders compared to about 10 % of the general populous. That's a lot of hurting families and we only have to look south of the border to see the desperate results.

³ Psalm 127:1

⁴ <https://www.camh.ca/-/media/files/pdfs---public-policy-submissions/police-mental-health-discussion-paper-oct2018-pdf.pdf?la=en&hash=B47D58B5ACBE4678A90907E3A600BB447EE134BF>

**DON'T ALLOW YOURSELF TO BECOME THE JOB, IT
SHOULD NEVER DEFINE YOU. IT SHOULD NEVER BE
ALL THAT YOU ARE.**

In 2019, the FBI reported 228 current or former officers died at their own hand. US single male LEOs between the ages of 40 and 44, with 16 years on the job are most at risk for self-inflicted deaths.

Take sometime this week to think about your stressors. To help you start Drs. Don McCreary and Meghan Thompson of Brock University, together with the OPP Academy, the OPP Assoc., OPC and DND have developed these short surveys⁵ to help you ID your operational and organizational stressors. See what stresses you, and your family, because make no mistake everything you bring home becomes theirs' too.

And talk to someone about them, whether it's among trusted colleagues, your clergy, a mental health professional or your family; keeping the lines of communications open is critical. Don't allow yourself to become the job, it should never define you. It should never be all that you are. It is so important to do something with those feelings, develop an action plan for successfully addressing your stress; make something good out of something that can be so bad.

If I may add one thing, that 17 years in the fire service has taught me, please make sure the person you choose to help you carry this burden is equipped for that task. Family members and friends may see your pain and may want to help but can they handle the stuff you can't? And don't forget the healing power of faith & fellowship and the joy of a life with the purpose and peace that comes from a relationship with God, through His Son Jesus the Christ.



Sandra & John Allen

Now don't get me wrong, I don't hold any grudges or have too many regrets; all in all it was a great life, growing up in a small town in the 70's but I do sometimes think of this one thing: I don't remember anyone asking my brother and I if we wanted to be cops kids.



BLUE LINE  **Ca** Canada's National Law Enforcement Resource since 1988 

⁵ http://spartan.ac.brocku.ca/~dmccreary/PSQ_Development.html

Operational Police Stress Questionnaire



Below is a list of items that describe different aspects of being a police officer. After each item, please circle how much stress it has caused you over the past 6 months, using a 7-point scale (see below) that ranges from “No Stress At All” to “A Lot Of Stress”:

No Stress At All			Moderate Stress			A Lot Of Stress
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

1. Shift work	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
2. Working alone at night	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
3. Over-time demands	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
4. Risk of being injured on the job	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
5. Work related activities on days off (e.g. court, community events)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
6. Traumatic events (e.g. MVA, domestics, death, injury)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
7. Managing your social life outside of work	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8. Not enough time available to spend with friends and family	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
9. Paperwork	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
10. Eating healthy at work	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
11. Finding time to stay in good physical condition	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
12. Fatigue (e.g. shift work, over-time)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
13. Occupation-related health issues (e.g. back pain)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
14. Lack of understanding from family and friends about your work	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
15. Making friends outside the job	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
16. Upholding a "higher image" in public	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
17. Negative comments from the public	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
18. Limitations to your social life (e.g. who your friends are, where you socialize)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
19. Feeling like you are always on the job	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
20. Friends / family feel the effects of the stigma associated with your job	1	2	3	4	5	6	7

The Operational Police Stress Questionnaire is provided free for non-commercial, educational, and research purposes.

Organizational Police Stress Questionnaire



Below is a list of items that describe different aspects of being a police officer. After each item, please circle how much stress it has caused you over the past 6 months, using a 7-point scale (see below) that ranges from “No Stress At All” to “A Lot Of Stress”:

No Stress At All			Moderate Stress			A Lot Of Stress
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

1. Dealing with co-workers	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
2. The feeling that different rules apply to different people (e.g. favouritism)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
3. Feeling like you always have to prove yourself to the organization	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
4. Excessive administrative duties	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
5. Constant changes in policy / legislation	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
6. Staff shortages	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
7. Bureaucratic red tape	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8. Too much computer work	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
9. Lack of training on new equipment	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
10. Perceived pressure to volunteer free time	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
11. Dealing with supervisors	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
12. Inconsistent leadership style	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
13. Lack of resources	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
14. Unequal sharing of work responsibilities	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
15. If you are sick or injured your co-workers seem to look down on you	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
16. Leaders over-emphasise the negatives (e.g. supervisor evaluations, public complaints)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
17. Internal investigations	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
18. Dealing the court system	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
19. The need to be accountable for doing your job	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
20. Inadequate equipment	1	2	3	4	5	6	7

The Organizational Police Stress Questionnaire is provided free for non-commercial, educational, and research purposes.

<https://www.linkedin.com/pulse/norms-cut-off-scores-operational-organizational-now-mccreary-ph-d->

Letters to the Editor

Love your Neighbours - Wear a mask!

While sipping on my morning coffee outside in the crisp morning air and beautiful sunshine, I asked God to calm my spirit. To reassure me He is still in control of this chaotic world we find ourselves in.

As I listened to the song "[God you're so good](#)", I felt such a calm presence. As this pandemic unfolds and I look through the lens of a Follower of Christ, I have so many questions as I'm sure we all do. Recently, however, I have witnessed the behaviour of some Christians as they react to the recommendations, regulations and repercussions set out by the government. I have been uncertain as to how to manage my anger and frustration with how so many of these "Christians" are behaving. Celebrating the disobedience to government, insulting and disrespecting those who have pledged to serve and protect, disregarding mask-wearing when those who are serving us have no choice, whether it be the grocery store, the post office, the restaurant or law enforcement. If they want to keep their jobs to provide for their families they have to abide by the rules. If you want to go to the grocery store, the post office, the restaurant - Wear a mask! If for no other reason than to respect the person who is serving you.

Does God not tell us to "love our neighbours"? If we want to be like Christ (a Christian) during this pandemic, then we need to act like Christ. Christ did not belittle, insult, disrespect, incite, or degrade. We (Followers of Christ) need a world-wide reminder of who Christ is! How He acted in times of frustration, sadness and conflict. Let us become like Christ in this pandemic and represent Christ's Church the way He has instructed us to do in God's Word. This isn't about agreeing/disagreeing with the government, it is as simple as acting like Christ no matter what the circumstances.

Let's spread Love, Joy, Peace, Patience, Kindness, Goodness, Faithfulness, Gentleness and Self-Control! These are the fruits we ought to be sharing! Let us challenge one another to live up to who we are professing to be! What a different world we would be living in (even during a pandemic) if those of us who truly love Christ would only act like Him!

God bless,

Terri Hoddinott
Valleyview, Alberta

Do not fear, for I have redeemed you; I have called you by name, you are mine. When you pass through the waters, I will be with you; and through the rivers, they shall not overwhelm you; when you walk through fire you shall not be burned, and the flame shall not consume you. For I am the Lord your God, the Holy One of Israel, your Savior. Isaiah 43:1-3



Jonathon Matula

Overcoming

By: Jonathon Matula, Community Peace Officer, Red Deer, Alberta

Since I was a teenager growing up in Northern Alberta I wanted to join the RCMP as a police officer. I wanted to hold people accountable and catch the bad guys who try to ruin life for others.

After graduating high school, I left Northern Alberta (where I had been raised on a mixed grain and cattle operation) for Red Deer where I attended Bible College in 2004. I wanted to devote a year of my life to getting grounded in my Christian faith before I started my policing career. I applied to the RCMP in 2005. After passing a physical abilities test and aptitude test I went to Edmonton "K" Division Headquarters for an interview. An old staff sergeant interviewed me. At the end he said "Jonathon...you're

exactly what we're looking for...you're a clean cut guy who has never done drugs...you just don't have enough life experience...come back in a year and try for us again."

After Bible College I ended up working at the local RCMP detachment as a cell guard. I really enjoyed the work. In 2006, I got married to my wife Estelle (at the time she worked at our church as a Pastor's assistant). During my work there I heard that the Red Deer Remand Center was looking for corrections officers. I felt it could be a great stepping stone to get into policing so I applied and was hired in 2007. I was content there but always knew it would never be my end all be all career. I excelled in my career there, worked hard and was well respected by supervisors, managers and peers.

Being a corrections officer was an interesting job. I would walk onto a living unit with 30 + maximum security inmates with no gun, just a radio, handcuffs and pepper spray. I had to have the right balance of having a good rapport with the inmates but also making sure they were responsible for their behavior.

A friend of mine from our church (Sheldon) felt led to start a Bible study within the institution for any interested inmates. I managed to help walk him through the proper channels and it was approved. Sheldon would arrive on a weekly basis and lead interested inmates in Bible study.

In the fall of 2013 things at the jail I worked at started going downhill. We began seeing unprecedented amounts of violence among the inmates and against CO's. In one case an inmate attempted to hang himself in a cell. The CO (Blake) was very eager to save the inmate's life and ran in to cut the inmate down without locking up the other inmates in the common area and alone without backup. The inmate Blake saved, turned on Blake and began attacking him. Blake fought for his life while the other inmates gathered around and began cheering on the inmate. Eventually

order was restored but this was a very traumatic incident. On another occasion near this time another inmate was beaten so severely by another inmate that before CO's could arrive to restore order that the beaten inmate had to spend over a week in the ICU in hospital.

On January 2, 2014 after arriving at work one afternoon, I learned that one of our CO's (Mike) had died suddenly. The silver lining in this was that my pastor had officiated at his funeral as his daughter was a member of our church. I was part of the honor guard during the service. Although Mike and I were not close, his death was difficult for me and I sobbed after the service.



**SHORTLY AFTER THIS TIME I FELT GOD
LEADING ME TO START A PRAYER
MOVEMENT IN OUR JAIL TO PRAY FOR
STAFF AND INMATES ALIKE.**

Shortly after this time I felt God leading me to start a prayer movement in our jail to pray for staff and inmates alike. I approached the center director (equivalent to a warden) and submitted my idea to him for approval. I wanted to use the boardroom and meet with any CO who wanted to pray for our workplace on our own time before our shift started. The director granted his approval and said "if it helps our CO's hold their heads up higher at the end of the

day go for it." I put up a poster on the bulletin board and began to diligently meet in the boardroom prior to starting our shift. Unfortunately I was the only one who arrived. I would pray on my own or call my brother or a friend from church to pray with me. Although no one from work joined me, I did have coworkers reach out to me (who I felt would be the most unlikely to do so) and thank me for starting a prayer movement and admitted we needed divine intervention.



**I HAD AN EXPERIENCE THAT
ROCKED ME – I FELT FEAR.**

Around late February 2014, I had an experience that rocked me – I felt fear. I was preparing to take an inmate out to a medical facility (we shall call him Gord). Gord was an outlaw biker and appeared to have a lot of influence over the other inmates. As per policy I was conducting a search prior to

leaving the jail. I had done literally thousands of these searches before and was proficient at it. During the search this inmate became agitated and began yelling at me. For the first time I felt fear and it came on me in waves. Having worked at the jail for nearly 7 years at that point, I had dealt with a lot of different inmates; murderers, gangsters, rapists, drug dealers, etc. I responded to all sorts of situations and backed up other CO's in fights, etc. Never had I felt fear. In hindsight, I believe it was a demonic thing trying to attach itself to me. I remained composed and advised Gord if he wasn't going to cooperate with the search that I wasn't going to take him anywhere and I escorted Gord back to a nearby holding cell.

He later was cooperative enough for other CO's and was escorted outside the jail for that medical appointment. However he advised these CO's that I had assaulted him during the search. Nothing could be further from the truth but how far was Gord going to go with this lie? It was obvious Gord was attempting to intimidate me but the situation bothered me. I couldn't sleep for two nights. I approached my managers in tears while sleep deprived and advised them of the situation and that I just wanted to run away and never come back. I had never been accused of anything before – I was known as a "by the book officer". Management advised me they had my back and not to worry about it. The situation still rattled me though. I wasn't sure how far Gord would take this lie and

who would believe him. To my knowledge it never went further than a rumor and a complaint was never filed. Two months later (April 2014) it was obvious why Gord was attempting to intimidate me; at this time he was caught with enough illicit drugs on him in the institution (smuggled in from the outside) and charged with trafficking. At this time I was on duty and a witness to the search recovering the drugs. After I left the jail, I returned to testify at Gord's trial. He was convicted and sentenced to an extra 5 years in jail on top of the time he was already serving. I believe God allowed my testimony in court to break whatever fear I had previously felt.

After holidays in March of 2014, I was still unsettled. I was still praying for the jail on my own but things seemed to be getting worse. We went through the first riot that occurred during my time (7 years) of working at the jail. Christine (CO) was nearly taken hostage on the unit, had it not been for another inmate who came to her aid. Christine left the living unit unhurt but rattled. Within minutes a full on riot ensued. I had just returned home from my shift and received a call to report back ASAP. I called the jail to find out what was going on. I rushed back to the jail to find the last of the inmates on this particular unit already locking up after having done significant damage. However God had his hand on this situation. We did not have our own corrections tactical team as we were one of the smaller jails within the province. The tactical unit in Calgary was just having their monthly training drills when they got the call about our riot. (What are the odds?! That is God!). When they marched in donned with their riot gear and began to restore law and order it was a refreshing sight – someone had our backs! The instigators were later charged for inciting a riot and received sentences of two years (additionally to time they were later sentenced to).

Shortly after this another CO (Eric) had been seriously assaulted while attempting to restrain an inmate. It was one on one and this inmate was larger than Eric. Eric was knocked unconscious and it took 30 seconds for back up to arrive. Prior to this I was still praying for the jail. I began crying out to God saying “Lord I pray and I pray and I pray and I pray and I pray and this happens?!” Assaults on staff were very rare.



**I WAS CALLING OUT TO GOD IN TEARS.
“GOD...I NEED A BREAKTHROUGH...WE
CAN'T KEEP DOING THIS.”**


In May of 2014, a long time CO (Alfonse) who had retired two years prior after nearly 35 years of service as a CO, had passed away from cancer. Alfonse was old school in every respect. He sported side burns from the 70's. I was an honour guard at his funeral. After the funeral, I was calling out to God in tears. “God...I need a

breakthrough...we can't keep doing this.” I began fasting with praying on a regular basis. I was believing God for Saul to Paul conversions; for a revival to sweep through our jail – not only for inmates but also CO's as well. Having watched the [Transformations II documentary](#), I believed change was possible if more of us called out to God.

Work was very difficult. We were trying to run a jail on a skeleton crew and it was not working. Numerous CO's were off work due to outside injuries or PTSD. COs who were willing to work overtime were burning out from working so much overtime. All the previous events began to take their toll on me: I began suffering from insomnia; I would sleep for 2 – 3 hours a night and be wide awake. I began to lose appetite and weight. I had lost 30 lbs between June and July. In June of

2014, while on days off my brother, his fiancé and my parents joined us for an overnight trip to Calgary and a day trip to Banff. While Banff was nice, I kept thinking in the back of my mind that it would soon be over and I would have to return to work in the pit of hell. I had been applying for jobs all over the place. I wanted out. I was feeling chained to my work. I was torn. I wanted to quit but I didn't want to leave the jail knowing it would only make things worse for those I would leave behind. My fellow CO's (who seen my sliding downhill) reassured me and said that the jail had run before I came and it would continue to run after I left. They said at the end of the day I needed to do what was best for me and my family. When I said good-bye to my brother in Banff I began sobbing on his shoulder. I hated my work and didn't want to go back, yet I didn't want to quit fearing that the devil would have a victory if I left.

July 1, 2014 I was getting ready to go work a night shift. End of June brought 4 days of heavy rainfall. This caused my basement in my home to develop moisture seepage which also caused mold. This was the straw that broke the camel's back. I could always come home from work and know that my house was my castle, my fortress...I could relax there and be at peace. I ripped out the carpet from one of the downstairs bedrooms and ran my dehumidifier in the area non-stop but wasn't sure what else to do. Was the weeping tile not working? How many thousands of dollars would I have to spend to diagnose the problem and would that even work? I contacted my insurance company who advised they wouldn't touch moisture seepage. What was I going to do? I didn't sleep for 5 days straight. It did not help that I was working night shift. My mind could not shut off. I continued to work during this time. The sleep deprivation caused me to hallucinate. I was not seeing things per se but just assuming the worst of everything was happening. My wife had left the house one evening and came home around 8 pm to find me dressed in full uniform ready to go to work – the only issue is that I didn't start work until 11 pm. She asked “were you called to go in early”. To which I responded that something bad had happened at the jail. She asked “did someone call you and tell you?” and I responded with “No...I just know something terrible has happened.” In my mind I believed that the inmates had taken over the jail and many escaped. I had two coworkers call my wife from work concerned for my mental health. One of those coworkers (Don) and his wife (Karen) were both CO's at the jail. They invited my family over to their home for supper. Although I don't believe they are believers they reached out to me like no one else had and wanted to offer me encouragement and hope. They encouraged me to see a doctor and get checked out. They encouraged me to take time off if I needed it.



**I COMPARED MYSELF TO OTHER
COWORKERS WHO WERE STILL FAITHFULLY
ATTENDING WORK AND DOING THEIR BEST
AND THINKING I WAS A FAILURE AT MY JOB.**

I did eventually get checked out but went alone and only told the doctor a portion of my symptoms. I was prescribed medication to help me sleep. I didn't want to take it though. I felt that if I took it that would be the “nail in the coffin” and all the prayers I had prayed for revival for our jail would be

lost because of my unbelief. I felt like a failure as a Christian. I felt that a Christian should be able to ride in all victorious and show everyone how it's done. I compared myself to other coworkers who were still faithfully attending work and doing their best and thinking I was a failure at my job. My bosses were telling me it was okay to take time off but they were not going to force me to do so. While at work I was excused for breaks numerous times. I began to get the subtle message that they could see my downhill slide and lacked previous trust they had in me. I began to slide into a deep depression. My sleep continued to be short lived (3-4 hours per night).



Estelle & Jonathon

Finally a week before my brother's wedding I went in to work with a doctor's note medically excusing me from work until the end of summer. This wasn't me. I almost never took time off work. This made me feel like a complete and utter failure. I felt God had turned his back on me.

Around the time of my brother's wedding I began to go without sleep and hallucinations returned. My brain wouldn't shut off and I couldn't be at peace. I continued to assume the worst of everything. I thought that organized crime groups had taken over my next door neighbour's house and were holding my neighbors hostage but I didn't have enough proof to call the police with my wild accusations and thank God I didn't! In

reality it was completely untrue. I also assumed that during my brother's wedding ceremony armed gunmen would waltz in and mow everyone down with machine guns. Again nothing could be further from the truth but that was one of the many assumptions I made in my sleep deprived state. My wife drove me and my girls out to my parent's farm. During the drive I kept turning around and looking behind me thinking we were being followed. When we arrived at my parents farm I assumed that inmates had escaped from jail and would be there waiting for me. I began looking in closets and assuming that they would start coming out shortly after my arrival. Things were going from bad to worse. It was sheer torment and by far the worst time of my life.

After about a day at my parent's farm, my wife and sister drove me to the local hospital. I didn't want to exit the vehicle. Hospital security called the RCMP to assist. When RCMP arrived I quietly exited the vehicle as I still saw them as an authority figure although in my deranged state I began shuffling towards the door like I was in shackles and handcuffs. My wife recognized this and said "I think he thinks he's an inmate". Nurses offered me medication to help calm me down. I refused to take it thinking it was designed to put an end to my life. I was admitted and eventually was able to sleep allowing my brain to recharge and return to a more realistic state.

After a week in hospital my brain had recharged and I was able to think in terms of reality again. However, I was still depressed. I still felt like a failure as a Christian and as a corrections officer. I felt like God had let me down and I let Him down. I was eventually discharged from the hospital as long as I regularly met with the psychiatrist. I was later diagnosed with severe depression and anxiety with elements of psychosis. Eventually as I continued to improve the psychiatrist visits became less and less. It was mid-August 2014. I was on medications and was able to sleep but after I would wake up I would stay in bed until noon. When I was awake I had no joy in anything. I didn't want to do anything with my kids and looked forward to going back to bed at night and putting another failure of a day behind me. While I needed a break from work being at home was not good either – it was being at home and watching the rest of the world go by was tough. I had a coworker stop by with a meal for my family. Another CO stopped by my house with a hug and told me he was thinking about me and was glad to see I was on the mend.

Finally one morning in early September 2014, I woke up and thought "my kids are at the best ages ever (2 & 5)...why would I want to miss out on this?". At that time I began to turn around. In late September, I returned north to help my parents on the farm with harvest. The psychiatrist approved



this and said I should give it a try to see if I was strong enough to return to the working world. Things went well.

The 9 days I spent at my parent's farm gave me the confidence that I could return to work doing something as long as that wasn't Corrections. I made the difficult decision to leave Corrections. I wanted to get over this worst time of my life and not go on living as a victim. I got hired on by a local hotshot company as a driver through a friend from church. I enjoyed my new work as a hotshot driver. It was just me and the open road and I got to go to places I had never been before.

Around November 2014, was a defining moment for me. I was returning from a hotshot between the Brazeau Dam and Drayton Valley. As soon as I exited onto Highway 11 west of Rocky Mountain House, I had an awesome view of the mountains. I began to feel excitement. This job was cool. This was my office. I realized that I once again had joy after not having had any for so long. This new job was great and provided for me and my family.

**I STILL HAD MY FRUSTRATED MOMENTS WITH
GOD THOUGH. WHY HAD HE NOT CAME
DOWN WITH A BOLT OF LIGHTNING AND FIX
WHAT NEEDED TO BE FIXED AT MY WORK?**

the worst time of my life and that I was doing much better. Friends we had lost touch with (Cindy whose husband Pierre was also former law enforcement) reached out and requested prayer for her husband who was going through something similar to my struggle. We visited them shortly thereafter brought her to church with us. In the afternoon I went to go visit Pierre who was in the mental health ward in a Calgary hospital. It was awesome because we had walked through the valley that they were now walking through. We were able to give them hope and encouragement which meant a lot to them because they knew we understood first-hand what they were going

**GOD TOOK WHAT THEY DEVIL MEANT FOR
EVIL AND WAS ABLE TO TURN IT INTO GOOD.**

I still had my frustrated moments with God though. Why had He not came down with a bolt of lightning and fix what needed to be fixed at my work? Where was the breakthrough I so earnestly prayed for? In August of 2015, I posted a quick blurb on social media recognizing the people who helped push me through through. This experience regained my faith in God. I began to realize: maybe I went through what I went through to be able to identify with someone else. God took what they devil meant for evil and was able to turn it into good.

I was eventually weaned off medication by the psychiatrist in mid-2015, and given a clean bill of health shortly thereafter. In some Christian circles medication or psychiatric visits are a sense of admitting defeat. I do not share that opinion. I believe medication and professional care have helped. However, they were certainly not the lone reasons in my recovery. Prayers and regular contact from family and friends was also instrumental in my recovery.

In early 2016 the oilfield began to slow down. When I started hotshotting, I was working 40 – 60 hour weeks in 2014. In 2016, I was working an average of 15 hour weeks. I began to look around for other work. I could not afford to stay on call 24/7 for these kinds of hours.

Eventually I found a job as a Park Ranger with Alberta Parks at Fish Creek Provincial Park in Calgary. This was more of an entry level peace officer position and only seasonal. I thought I would never return to law enforcement. People cautioned me. I responded with “I can give it a try and the worst that could happen is I could quit”.

Fish Creek was known among the other conservation officers as a park requiring high a high level of engagement - I loved it! I learned how to do traffic stops and write violation tickets. I also utilized skills from my Corrections days and was able to talk people down in high stress situations.



During my time as a seasonal Park Ranger I had no idea what I was going to do after the season ended. I was at peace about it and knew that God would open something up. The day after the Fish Creek position ended I had an interview for a peace officer job for the County of Grande Prairie. I knew I wanted to stay in a peace officer role. A week after the interview, County of Grande Prairie called – I got the job! Hallelujah! I enjoyed my time there, but it was a term position for only 18 months. Again we trusted God and prayed for a position closer to home.

Eventually, a position opened up with the City of Red Deer. Two plus years later I am still with the City of Red Deer. It's a great job and I am so thankful! I enjoy my job as a peace officer - I feel it is my calling, and God has restored me to carry on with my calling. I love being able to hold people accountable, yet give them grace at the same time. I often have opportunities to minister to the homeless community too, and pray for them and give them hope.



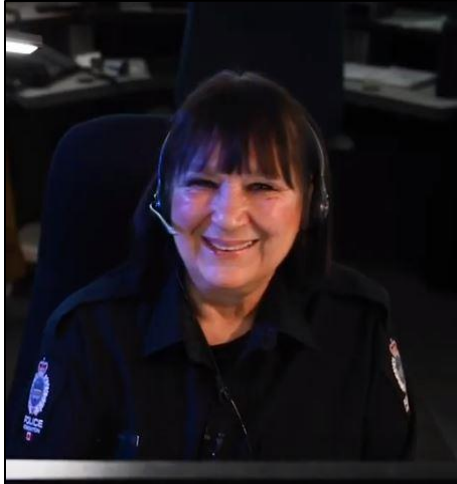
In January 2019, I became acquainted with the FCPO. I believe God is using the FCPO to allow officers to reach out to each other and share the healing power of Jesus.

When I was at my worst, some of the most powerful healing I experienced were from friends who were current or former law enforcement. If you need help don't be afraid to reach out to a brother or sister within the FCPO. If you are strong and able to help, it might be your turn to lend a helping hand and help carry your

brother or sister through. God allowed me to walk through fire so I could later help others at their worst! The FCPO has and is destined to be so powerful! Bless you all!

If you would like to reach out to me please feel free: jonathon@fc pocanada.com.

Editor's note: The names referred to in this article have been changed.



Cst. Arlene Omilian

“I Just Like Making a Difference in People’s Lives.” Cst. Arlene Omilian, 2020

By: Ronald Mostrey

Arlene Omilian, was recently celebrated as the longest serving female police officer in the Edmonton Police Service’s history. Besides being in frontline policing for four decades, Arlene has also been a stalwart FCPO member in our Edmonton chapter for about the same length of time.

Arlene is one of the pioneer women who entered policing in the late 70s when it was a male-dominated career. She has touched many lives in both the public and amongst her peers.

Arlene has worked most of her career on the frontline just as she wanted - out on the street helping people and upholding law and order. She relished the busy pace. She found a very busy pace working the first part of her career in patrol downtown. In 1990, she transferred to the south side, again in patrol or other frontline duties. Last year, she transferred to their Communications section where she works as an

Evaluator. She describes that job as being “The first of the first responders”!

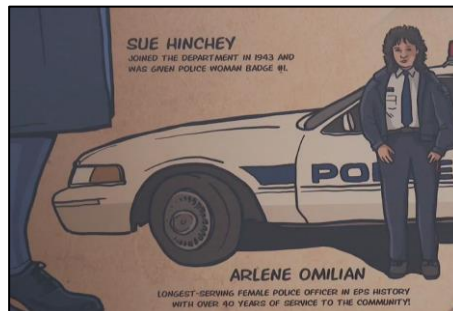
“I would do it again in a heartbeat”



In 2010, she was voted by her peers as “Patrol Officer of the Year”, and last year, on International Women's Day, Arlene was honoured for her 40 years of service at the "Alberta Women in Policing" event. At that event, Arlene gave a short but inspiring speech. She noted she would do it all again in a heartbeat and highly recommend the career for those who want to help people and make a difference.

Last September, her pastor interviewed Arlene as a component of their service recognizing Alberta’s Police and Peace Officers’ Memorial Day.

[Click here](#) go to the September 27, 2020 service @ 25:42 to watch Arlene’s interview with Pastor Mike Love



Arlene is now also a comic book character in an issue of EPS’ [Legacy of Heroes](#), which was dedicated to women in policing.



[Click here](#) to watch Arlene’s International Women's Day speech

[Click here](#) to watch a short video celebrating Arlene’s career



Cst. Bayden Austring

FCPO in the Far North

I'm honoured and grateful to be the new Arctic Representative for FCPO - Canada. I look forward to being a supporter, prayer warrior, and listening ear for Christian Law Enforcement members across Canada's Arctic. I have 9 years of service with the RCMP between Northern BC, Nunavut, and now the Yukon, where I serve with my lovely wife and our toddler daughter.

I believe our calling as Christian police officers is unique in that we not only get to love people at their worst or lowest, but that other police officers need Christ's love themselves and need to be supported in Him as Brothers and Sisters. We must project God's light into the places we toil; which as you well know are the darkest places. And we must fellowship together, because only cops really truly get cops, and this a tough work environment to follow Jesus in.

"I have been crucified with Christ; it is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." Galatians 2:20

I was born to parents who were called into church planting ministry in Canada's North. Hunting, trapping, fishing, and rich First Nations culture was our mission field. I watched real community orientated Mounties in our village come to the Lord through my folk's ministry. I loved those guys and wanted to be just like them. Additionally, while I grew up watching my dad in ministry, I wanted to be just like him. He has remained consistent, embodied the fruit of the Spirit, and showed me the love of a father which made it so

easy to understand Father God's love for us. If you're up here in the arctic looking for a church, needing prayer, or just to talk, shoot me an email and let's connect. bayden@fcpocanada.com

Blessings,

Bayden

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**



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.

What About the Hypocrites?

By: Sgt. Harold Johnson, Edmonton Police Service

This article is reproduced from our Peacemaker archives: [Spring, 1994 issue](#)

We Christians often have this question brought up. The following information should enable us to discuss the problem caused by hypocrites more intelligently with anyone. If someone claims that a hypocrite stands between him and Christ; he is also admitting that the hypocrite is closer to Christ than he is. But we must discuss this tenderly and graciously. Our agenda should be to share the Gospel, not to win arguments.

The apostle Paul said: *"Examine yourselves as to whether you are in the faith. Prove yourselves. Do you not know yourselves, that Jesus Christ is in you? - unless indeed you are counterfeits."* (or hypocrites) (2 Cor. 13:5).

Only valuable things are counterfeited. It is a compliment to Christianity that anyone who is not a Christian would want others to think he is. However the compliment goes to the original, the genuine; and not to the bogus copy!

There are three false assumptions made by many people.

1. Many take it for granted that whoever claims to be a Christian, must therefore be a Christian. Make sure the contact is talking about real Christians. Many misdeeds associated with Christianity are not really acts of genuine Christians at all.

2. Another false assumption is that Christians claim to be perfect. People expect Christians to behave on a level that they themselves can never attain. And they assume that if a believer actually lives righteously it must be a pretense. But Christians do not claim to be perfect, they do claim to be perfectly forgiven!

I like asking a "questioner of the faith" if he would call himself a bowler, golfer, or whatever sport he may play. Usually they reply "yes, I am a bowler", or whatever sport it is. I then challenge him how he can call himself a bowler, because surely he does not bowl a perfect score all the time!

Even the best Christians fail in some areas of their lives, but that does not invalidate Christianity. (A poor score in bowling does not invalidate bowling).

The real issue is not perfection, but progression. There must be a genuine change reflecting a new nature from the inside out. Progress is then made toward increasing Christ-likeness.

3. The third false assumption is that Christians who truthfully acknowledge they are not perfect, would thereby be confessing that they are also hypocrites, because they sin. All hypocrisy is sin, but not all sin is

hypocrisy. All Christians sin, but not all Christians are hypocrites.

Jesus Christ clearly identified His position on hypocrites when He said that they *"will not escape the condemnation of hell"*. (Matthew 23:33). Therefore, those who properly oppose hypocrisy stand, not against God, Christ, the Bible and Christianity; but solidly with them. Compare the statements made by our Lord in Matthew 5: 1-12 ("beatitudes for believers") and Matthew 23: 13-26 ("woes for hypocrites").

No wise man will permit something that he and Jesus Christ agree on to keep them apart. There are hypocrites. But the hypocrite's

lifestyle is neither planned nor approved by the Lord Jesus.

In conclusion, let me repeat that only valuable things are counterfeited. But no one stops using money simply because counterfeit money exists. Forgeries or reproductions of great paintings do not lessen our appreciation of paintings that are genuine. Neither should hypocrites discourage us from accepting the wonderful gift of eternal life that our perfect God extends to each of us.

Authors note: Most of this material is from Evangelism Explosion training that I have had the privilege of taking.

