



# FCPO - CANADA

## The Peacemaker



November, 2018

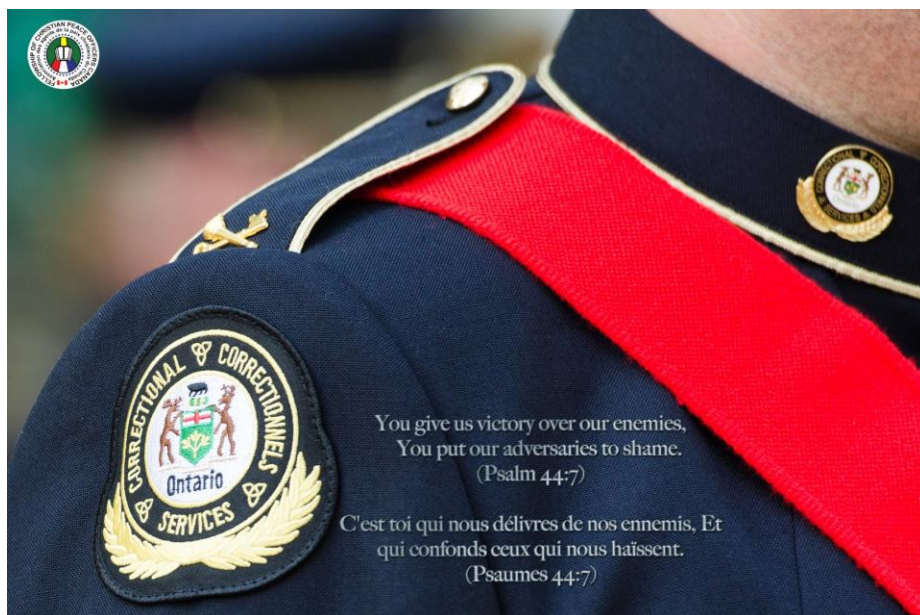
### From the President's Desk



As we conclude our 35<sup>th</sup> year as a ministry devoted to fellowship for Christian peace officers in Canada, in this issue you will see in our story on "Found Treasures" (page 3), we have come across a number of back issues of the Peacemaker. We have reproduced one stirring story from 1988, where a grateful citizen told her story of how an OPP officer made a difference in her life. I hope her story will again encourage and inspire all officers.

We have added a new video to the [home page](#) of our website. I encourage all our readers to check it out. It inspirationally challenges all to be a "landmark" – to be that steady source that constantly shines the light of Jesus. A place (person) where others will see someone who is different. Someone who has found the peace of God. Not a "religious" person or a saint, but someone who has placed their trust in Jesus. Someone who has found that which all search for.

Also, on our front page, you will see a link that shows how many members we have. Clearly, there are many



more Christian officers in Canada. I venture to say that most do not know about FCPO or have just not got around to joining. If someone is not receiving this publication in their email, they are not on our membership role.

Finally, please take note of a significant initiative we are undertaking for our brothers and sisters in Fredericton (page 10). We need your prayers and financial support.

God bless,

Ron

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# Disappointment

By: Dino Doria, Ontario Director



Sgt. Dino Doria (Rtd.)


This issue's devotional is on "disappointment".

Life is not always a "bowl of cherries". When you and I experience disappointment, don't let the moment destroy your trust in the Lord.

Our God is a miracle worker. He can make a way where there is no way and things seem hopeless. He can do anything, everything, beyond our comprehension. *"My thoughts are nothing like your thoughts," says the Lord. "And my ways are far beyond anything you could imagine. For just as the heavens are higher than the earth, so my ways are higher than your ways and my thoughts higher than your thoughts."* Isaiah 55:8-9 (NLT)

When I say you have to believe, I mean you have to believe that God has got this thing in His hands – yes, even our disappointment.

As I look back to my greatest disappointments in life, I can now see His Hand at work orchestrating the events that "I thought at the time" were very disappointing. In fact, I would not change these events even if I could. I now see that it was the disappointments in my life that in time brought the greatest joys in my life. Praise God He was looking after me.



**WHEN I SAY YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE, I  
MEAN YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE THAT GOD  
HAS GOT THIS THING IN HIS HANDS –  
YES, EVEN OUR DISAPPOINTMENT.**

We only realize this as we look back in life and learn to trust His love for us. He is looking out for you. He is working out a plan that is bigger than you, and you are going to be better for it in the end. *"For I know the plans I have for you," says the Lord. "They are plans for good and not for disaster, to give you a future and a hope."* Jeremiah 29:11 (NLT)

He is our anchor! When the sea billows roll, what keeps us from drifting far from the safe refuge of His presence? The answer is found in what we choose to think about. What we choose to believe. The Psalmist David wrote: *"I believe that I shall look upon the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living! Wait for the LORD; be strong, and let your heart take courage; wait for the LORD!"* Psalm 27:13, 14 (ESV)

It's not a matter of if it's going to happen - but when it's going happen. His timing is perfect. Hebrews 6:19 tells us that hope is *"a sure and steadfast anchor of the soul."* It is a certain expectation of future blessing and favor.

Last weekend we had all of our family members enjoying dinner at our house when my wife made a remark "God is Faithful" and to think we could not have children - the Lord blessed us with two girls and a boy, but as we looked around the table we saw His blessings keep on multiplying - seven grandchildren and one on the way! The One who has ordered your events in time is the all Wise and Omniscient One too.

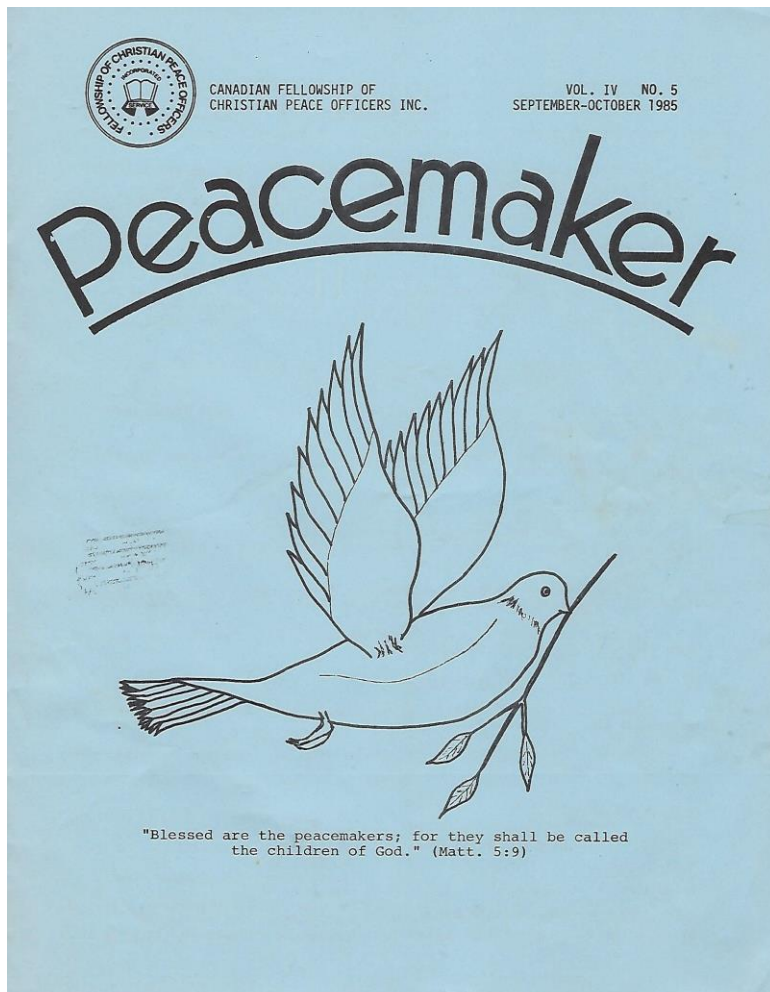
As much as a finite mind ever could ever be given access to even a measure of His thoughts and to know what He knows about you and the situation that greatly troubles your heart - If you could look beyond your present disappointment and see things as He does, you would have ordained the events of your life just as He did - you would have chosen what He has chosen for you. This indeed is the supreme comfort of the saints in their trials.

God in His providence has ordered all the events of time and though the One who gave might have chosen to taken away, we should always say, "Blessed be the Name of the Lord." He is worthy of our trust, even as the tears roll down our faces. He is altogether good. He is altogether gracious. He is Love Himself. He is the Faithful One, steadfast and true.

When the answer to our prayers is simply God telling us "NO," what we know about God should provoke our trust in Him, even when the only thing our frail and limited understanding would conclude is that the answer should have been "yes." Our mind screams out, "God if You only knew what I know, You would have chosen something different." Yet the moment we even voice such a thought, we realize that this thought must be recognized as the most futile and fallacious thoughts imaginable. God knows all we know and a billion more things besides, and He has taken all things into consideration when He ordained all the events your life will ever encounter.

Stop and reflect on this devotional and realize He is taking care of your business's in this busy life - don't forget to acknowledge His Power and you will realize that He is...

Dino Doria, MSc



## Found Treasures!

After our good friend and long-time faithful FCPO member Jack Foster passed away, his daughter Jill contacted us to let us know of some boxes of FCPO history that Jack had preserved over the years. Amongst these treasures were many old copies of the Peacemaker. We have added those to our "[Past Peacemaker](#)" section on our website. We hope that some of you "old-timers" will enjoy reminiscing about "back in the day". Furthermore, the testimonies and stories therein are timeless inspirations and encouragement for all of us today.

### Do you have any old Peacemakers?

As you will see, our collection is not complete. If you have any of the missing copies, please let us know. It would be great if we could complete this important part of our history, for all to enjoy and be blessed by again.

If you have any of the missing copies, please let us know at: [fcpo.aapc@gmail.com](mailto:fcpo.aapc@gmail.com).

# Be Counted In

As you may be aware, we have added a new feature to the [home page](#) of our website. There, we track how many current members we have.

It is encouraging to see the constant growth in membership. However, we know there are still hundreds of followers of Jesus who are not aware of this unique ministry which is here to serve and encourage them in their faith.

There are others, who I'll refer to as "old-timers", who over the years (moving, retiring, changing email addresses, etc.) have lost touch with the FCPO. I was gently reminded of this after reviewing some of the old Peacemakers that we recently acquired. If I knew where they were now, I would call them up and say: "Hey, we're still here after 35 years, and we need you to be counted in"!

If you know of a Christian officer (serving or retired), please make them aware of this unique ministry and encourage them to be "counted in".

## How many Christian peace officers are there in Canada?

That's a good question. We don't know (the Lord does!), but for sure, there are hundreds and perhaps thousands. Many have joined FCPO. We encourage all officers (serving or retired) to join FCPO and "be counted amongst those who believe."

If Jesus Christ is your Lord and Saviour and you agree with our Statement of Faith, we encourage you to join via our [Online application](#), [Our Statement of Faith](#)

All current members receive our quarterly newsletter (The Peacemaker). If you are not receiving the Peacemaker, please contact us to confirm your current membership status.\*

[fcpo.aapc@gmail.com](mailto:fcpo.aapc@gmail.com)

\* Your membership may have lapsed when we updated & renewed our membership list in 2015 →

See Jan 2015  
Peacemaker



We welcomed our latest member(s) on: Sunday, October 14, 2018 2:13 PM

Province/Territory	Serving Officers	Retired Officers	Associate Members	Total
British Columbia	47	21	26	94
Alberta	44	20	26	90
Saskatchewan	18	4	12	34
Manitoba	10	3	4	17
Ontario	101	32	106	239
Québec	42	7	29	78
Newfoundland & Labrador	3	4	5	12
Prince Edward Island	2	1	0	3
Nova Scotia	9	6	11	26
New Brunswick	12	15	23	50
Nunavut	0	0	0	0
North West Territories	0	2	0	2
Yukon	0	1	0	1
Total Membership	288	116	242	646

## TELL EVERYONE!

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](#) and wishes to be a part of this unique ministry. Membership is free!

Join online at: [www.fc pocanada.com](http://www.fc pocanada.com)

# The 7 Layers of Police Grief – Your friends and family won't understand your grief. Here's why:

By: Sgt. Troy Kneebone, Abbotsford PD



Sgt. Troy Kneebone

November 6<sup>th</sup>, 2017 is a day we will never forget. At approximately 11:40 am, Constable John Davidson of the Abbotsford Police Department was responding to a report of shots fired by a suspect in a stolen vehicle at a local strip mall. [Cst Davidson was the first officer to arrive and was tragically shot and killed by the suspect.](#)

The news hit our department and our community hard. It is the first time an officer has been shot and killed in the line of duty in the department's history.

I was out of town the week this happened, and the distance apart from my brothers and sisters made the impact more difficult for me personally. As I sat alone in my hotel room, I experienced a myriad of emotions. I felt shock, disbelief, anger, and incredible sadness. It was one of the most difficult things I've ever had to deal with in my life.

As I worked through the emotions, I began to receive some messages of condolence from friends and family. They all meant well, but I quickly realized that most of them did not fully understand the immense weight and impact of this loss. Their messages said things such as *"Sorry to hear about your coworker - that must be hard"*, or *"Sorry for your department's loss"*. As I was finding it difficult to even function, to even leave my room, these messages just seemed trivial and trite. Reading them, I struggled to understand why they were "missing it"; why they didn't quite "get it"?

I started to wonder if I was overacting; was my sorrow bigger and deeper than was warranted? I began to analyze and examine my own grief and emotions and came to the realization that unless you are a police officer, you cannot possibly know what this feels like. It is not their fault that they don't understand; they truly want to, but it will not come naturally. The Police culture is very complex and unique and this circumstance will never be experienced by "regular" people.

As I thought it through, I recognized and compiled this list of 7 unique components that I believe are only experienced by police officers. I called them "layers" because each one adds depth and weight to our grief. These layers make this so much more than "losing a coworker".

These points are not meant as a "scolding" or "finger pointing" saying "you don't understand". They are



**THEY WANT TO HELP - LET'S GIVE THEM THE INFORMATION THEY NEED TO DO IT.**

meant to help "regular" people understand the unique grief a police officer feels, and to explain how this is so much more than just the death of a "coworker".

They want to help - let's give them the information they need to do it.

## **Layer #1 - The Thin Blue Line**

The police culture is a family. We don't talk about "coworkers", we call each other "members"; not because we are a member of a club, but because we are family members. This family is not limited to our own department; it applies to everyone who wears the uniform. We are all members of this family. When John's body was taken from the hospital to the morgue, over 100 police officers from neighboring cities came to Abbotsford to escort John for the 53 kilometer journey. And they did it again a few days later to bring him back home. Most of these were officers who didn't know John personally but thought of him as a family member.

Technically we are "coworkers" but when police officers work together it is a much different environment than a "regular" job. We band together, we stand shoulder to shoulder, watching each other's backs while we face the evil most people never see. We fight together, we protect each other and we celebrate victories together. The experiences and stresses we endure together bind us in a way that cannot be duplicated. Most people outside of policing don't think of their coworkers as family and do not have the strong ties to each other that we as police officers do.

## **Layer #2 - It was Murder**

This is difficult to say, and perhaps difficult to read, but John did not just "pass away" he was murdered. We didn't "lose" him, he was taken from us. He was taken simply because he was a police officer doing his job. There was no reason for this. John did not do anything that would cause someone to react in this way. He simply arrived at the scene of a crime and was murdered because he wore the uniform. Most people don't get murdered at work for simply doing their job.



## **Layer #3 - Vicarious Trauma**

We have all had the thought this week, "*that could have been me*" and our spouses and families have all thought, "*that could have been you*". We replay what happened in our minds and imagine it was us. We think about the impact our own death would have on our families and our families think the same. The vulnerability and fragility of our humanness becomes very apparent. We are not indestructible Hollywood action heroes and any one of us could be in this same situation that John found himself in. For most people, if a coworker dies (at home from a heart attack for example) they do not think, "*that could have been me*".

## **Layer #4 - Survivor's Guilt**

This goes hand in hand with #3. We all think about what we could have / should have done differently. We all replay it in our minds wondering: "*If I had been there, could I have helped?*" or "*could I have prevented it?*" And then we start looking for where to place blame thinking, "*if only we had this equipment*" or "*if this policy was different*", "*if this training was different*".

Aside from suicide, most people will likely never experience "survivor guilt" when a coworker dies.

## **Layer #5 - We are still open for business**

We have to keep working. The normal, everyday policing calls are still coming in. We still have to deal with domestic disputes, assaults, thefts, robberies, neighborhood disturbances, traffic complaints etc. We can't just stop answering the phones, letting it go to voicemail advising we are closed until further notice. We do not have that option. We have to keep working. In the "regular" workplace it is not uncommon for a business to completely shut down due to an employee death or tragedy.

## **Layer #6 - Post Traumatic Stress (PTSD)**

Due to the way the media will cover this and then move on to the next "story", most people will see this as an "event" or "incident"; something that occurred but is now in the past that we can move on from. They do not realize that our lives have been changed

forever. We will be dealing with the impact of this for the rest of our lives.

Over the years as the pain eases, we will still deal with the unexpected waves of emotions as something seemingly benign triggers our memories. Every time we drive on “that” road we will be reminded. Every time we enter that strip mall, we will be reminded. Every time we see a black Mustang like the suspect drove we will be reminded. And each of us will have our own personal memories of John as well that can be triggered in ways that will be unique to each one of us. Sometimes we will be reminded while we are awake, other times while we sleep. Sometimes we will expect it, other times it will catch us completely off-guard. Most people will not likely suffer PTSD after the death of a coworker.

## Layer #7 - Suck it up

Cops are the tough guys. We are not supposed to show our emotions. We have to fight through our emotions every single day. We are obligated to do this because people are depending on us. We cannot arrive at a disturbing scene and immediately fall apart with the others there. Often we have to pretend that we are ok even when we are not.

The policing culture has changed over the years as we have recognized that showing your emotion is healthy for the healing process. We are encouraged to seek help, and it is crucial that we don't keep our emotions bottled up. However, although we have tried to remove the stigma, it is foolish to believe it doesn't still exist. We as cops are proud. We are proud of our profession and we are proud to protect the people we serve.

No one wants to admit they are struggling. No one wants their fellow officers to see them as “weak” or worry that they will break down in the middle of the next emergency situation. Most people are allowed and expected to show their weakness, there is no “tough as nails”, “larger than life” persona that they are expected to portray.

## Conclusion

These are all things that make policing unique. Aside from a soldier serving in the military, I am confident

in saying there are no other jobs that contain all these layers. This is the reality we live in. This is the reality that we are grieving and mourning in. These are the factors that make our grief deeper and heavier than “regular” people realize.

So what can we do? First off, we need to support each other. This is not the time to lay blame, not the time to discuss all the “what if's” - this is the time where we need each other the most.

For our non-police family and friends, we need to explain these layers. Don't push them away because they don't “get it”. Your friends and family want to get it. They want to help you. They want to support you. But it is up to us to show them how. It is our responsibility to help them understand the complexity and uniqueness of police grief. We owe it to our fellow officers so that we can heal and become better police officers for each other. **We owe it to John**



In loving memory of Cst. John Davidson, Abbotsford PD.  
End of watch: November 6<sup>th</sup>, 2017

*Troy Kneebone is a 14 year veteran of the Abbotsford Police Department. He currently serves as a Sergeant in the Patrol Division.*



# No Room at the Inn

By Cst. Joel Pichora, York Regional Police

*And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.* - an excerpt from the Christmas Story in the Gospel of Luke

I came into the coffee shop during a break in my work day. The shop is open 24 hours a day, which serves us shift workers nicely. The shop was a popular place for people to congregate and share stories, catch up or to grab a coffee to go along with a night of exam studying. But it wasn't a place for him.

In fact, he seemed downright out of place. With his eyes blankly staring at the empty coffee cup on his table, his oddly numerous layers of dirty clothing, his scraggly beard peppered with greys. No one seemed to mind him. No one really seemed to even notice that he was there to begin with – breathing, existing.

He was a regular. Perhaps the only homeless person I'd seen frequent the shop without staff putting in a police request to remove an unwanted person. He had an odd relationship with the shop. The workers there had come to accept his stoic like presence. He'd come in, quietly buy a coffee with the money he had scrounged up, and sit in the corner, spending his hours avoiding eye contact or conversation with patrons.

## **I think he knew.**

He knew that if he had any hopes of returning to the shop on a nightly basis, he had best be on his best behaviour and that included keeping his mental health issues to himself, not begging for money, not driving business away. Still the staff was good to him as long as he kept his end of the bargain. And kept it he did.

## **Why did he do it?**

No one to steal his bags. No one to assault him while he slept. There are plenty of good reasons. Still, one

has to have an appreciation for how difficult it must have been. To come in every evening, to sit at a table, to stare at your coffee for fear of making anyone uncomfortable and to use whatever concentration you have left to make secure the cognitive dam separating the patrons all around you from the flood of socially unacceptable mental health thoughts rushing through your mind. When you combine that with the agoraphobic nature of many homeless people, it's a miracle that he ever returned.

And yet he did. But perhaps for a more simple reason. Perhaps for however brief a time, a few hours here and there, he could sit with a coffee, and listen to those around him engage in conversation and convince himself, for even a moment that:

## **He belonged.**

I passed by him as I did many a time, but unlike previous instances, he spontaneously looked up from his coffee cup and into my eyes. It was an unexpected moment. At work we'd been part of a machine put in place by tax payers to remove such individuals from public places due to their unsavory appearance and the unease they caused the general populace. As such, we try to shut the door to the inn of our hearts as to avoid any connection that might betray our professional duties. In our tones, in our eye contact, in our body language and diction, we declare,

## **For you, there is no room at the inn.**

And yet I found myself, being looked at with captivating eyes, as Jesus himself were reaching into the very depths of my soul and ripping the door of apathy from its iron hinges, subsequently making available a room where there once was none left. He nodded his head and quickly averted his eyes, as to not draw any unwanted attention to him. He liked the deal he had with the coffee shop. He didn't want me destroying all that he had come to cultivate; the place where he was free to imagine a life he would never have.

At that moment, something changed in my heart. I was dragged, kicking and screaming, out and away from the position of master inn keeper of my heart.

## **A new boss was in town.**

Over the following week, I challenged myself to learn his first name, make eye contact with him, say hello and offer him coffee every time I saw him. Occasionally he would sheepishly accept my offer.



***WE HAD BEEN SLAMMED WITH WORK THAT DAY. I WAS TIRED AND IT WAS GETTING CLOSE TO 3AM. I WANTED TO GO HOME.***

After the week had passed, I began to wonder why I was even doing it. Where was this even going? Maybe I had seen Jesus that day. Maybe not. Maybe this was all just a way of fulfilling my own selfish ambitions or a misplaced saviour complex.

We had been slammed with work that day. I was tired and it was getting close to 3am. I wanted to go home. I was in no mood for playing saviour. As I walked by him, I noticed him look up from my peripheral and I pretended not to notice. He didn't seem surprised, just simply lowered his head began to stare at his coffee once more.

But something was once again changed in my heart and the inn keeper suite was once again vacated under new management. And before I knew it, I was standing in front of the man with a small coffee in my hand. He looked up and smiled. He told me how it was his second time coming back to the coffee shop that night. How he had trekked back throughout town with his newly scrounged coins and had bought a second coffee, waiting patiently for hours in the hope that I would pass by. And when I did eventually pass by, I thought, I wanted to do just that: pass right on by him.

I wanted to cry – something of a faux pas in my business. He had trekked for miles throughout the middle of the night to come back to a place and wait patiently for someone he didn't know and of whom he had no guarantee would even show up. Why in the world? **Because I knew his first name.**

The months passed and I began to look forward to seeing him. Sitting with him. Listening to his story – however difficult it was to understand with his

mental health condition. It took energy and patience to sift through the fantastic and be left with the real – but there it was. Real as any of our stories, just covered in the soot of being ignored, passed over, unacknowledged.

To this day, I still enjoy seeing him in those moments. Seeing Him in those moments - Both, really.

For a second class baby, wrapped in swaddling clothes, born into 1st century Palestine, there was no room in the comforts of an inn that night, because it was full. Full of people going places. People hustling to and fro in the busyness of their own narrative. But there was a much, much bigger story happening just beyond the doors of the local inn. Were they even aware? Are we?

As we look forward to Christmas this year, may we take a moment out of the season to: Just. Slow. Down.

May we allow for the Christ to grab hold of us, move us – even violently thrust us – towards opening our inn for just one more.

**We may never know who we're about to let in.**



***Let brotherly love continue. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body. Hebrews 13: 1-3***

# Supporting Our Family in Fredericton

Dear Friends,

As you are aware, in August, the Fredericton Police Force [lost two of their officers](#). This police service has ~ 100 sworn officers. You can be assured that every one of them knew the slain officers, and all have been significantly impacted by this tragedy.

Fortunately, it is not often that we see such devastation in Canada. However, when it does occur, we are all in shock, and ask ourselves: "**How can we help**"?

As a Christian charity dedicated to the spiritual well-being of law enforcement officers, we are able to offer faith-based avenues of healing for officers which may not be known or available through traditional routes.

In 2014, after a similar tragedy in Moncton, we sponsored a number of Moncton officers (and their spouses) to attend a Law Enforcement Officer retreat put on by the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association (BGEA) at "[The Cove](#)" in North Carolina ([See January 2015, Peacemaker, Page 3](#)).

This Law Enforcement retreat has benefited many officers who have faced significant trauma. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=USBs-H-JEBw>

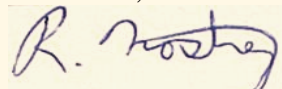
This retreat, "[Knowing the God who Protects and Serves](#)", was again held at The Cove on October 21 - 23. As we did following the Moncton murders, we offered to any Fredericton officer (and their spouse) the opportunity to attend this retreat, with us covering the cost. Unfortunately, this retreat was already sold out, however our friends at the BGEA made room for four Fredericton officers and their spouses.

The same BGEA retreat will take place again next March at the [Horseshoe Bay Resort](#) in Texas. We believe attendance at this retreat will be of great assistance for the healing and spiritual well-being for other Fredericton officers, as they continue to serve and protect the beautiful community of Fredericton. As such, we have again made an offer to any officer (and their spouse) to attend this retreat, with us covering their airfare, and registration (which includes accommodations and meals).

We do not have sufficient funds for such an undertaking. However, we are going ahead on faith! So, please consider contributing to this unique and most worthy cause – **it will make a difference!**

Could you please pass on this message to your circle of influence. Avenues for tax deductible donations\* can be found on our website at: <http://fc pocanada.com/index.php?page=donate>.

God bless,



Ron Mostrey  
President, FCPO – Canada

**Donate Now**

\* Given we do not know how many officers will take us up on this offer, if we exceed what is required, any excess funds will be used to further operations in this ministry.

# To The Unknown Christian Police Officer

By: Fern Thornton

*This article is reproduced from our Peacemaker [archives](#): 1988 January – February issue*



I have been with the Lord almost 4 years now and I am 29 years old. At the age of 25 my life almost ended (and indeed it did) , and a new life started for me.

I am from a family of 12. I have 6 brothers and 5 sisters, and I am the second youngest. I have seen my brothers and sisters marry, and with all the partying that goes on, I found that life to me was vain and empty. When I was a child, though, I believed there was a God.

That night, 3 years ago, I started off in my car in what I thought would be my last night alive. I went to commit suicide and finish my miserable life! I drove for 18 hours and took 4 bottles of different kinds of pills and was going to OD

(overdose). Before I took the pills at 3 o'clock in the morning, I called out and said: "O.K., God, if you're really there, then make these pills disappear". (They did not, but not because He couldn't have done it, just because He chose not to.) "I refuse to go to hell though! If You are going to put me there, then do something with my life, because I am not responsible for myself going to hell." The reason I had said this was because I heard that if you commit suicide, God would not let you into heaven, and I did believe in God. Now, I understand that to believe in God is one thing, but to know God is quite another. I knew about Him but did not know Him. I just knew there was something there.

**NOW, I UNDERSTAND THAT TO BELIEVE IN  
GOD IS ONE THING, BUT TO KNOW GOD IS  
QUITE ANOTHER.**

Anyway, I took all the pills and drove on, because I knew it would take a while for the pills to take effect. Then my body started to go limp, and in a little town called Arthur on the outskirts, I pulled over to lie down, never to wake again (or so I thought). I no sooner had the lights out and my head down when I saw a police car with lights on the dashboard. I thought, "I'll pretend I'm asleep and he'll go

away." But he did not. He banged on my window with his flashlight, and the sound was so loud that I had to get up so I could get rid of him. (I think the drugs made it sound a lot louder than it was.)


My family had a missing person report out on me and he was amazed he found me so quick. I had only been missing since that morning, and I did not wish to talk to him. But he asked me to go back to his cruiser and sit. I would not talk to him, nor did I want my family, so I think he could tell something was wrong.

The officer asked me if I believed in Jesus and God, and whether or not I went to church. I did not realize it at the time, but when I had called out to God to make the pills disappear I also asked Him if He would show me if He was real. And He did! Through this officer!

While I was in the back seat of the cruiser, part of me wanted to tell the officer about the pills, but I couldn't because I was so scared they would pump my stomach and then book me. So I didn't tell him. But later, as I was driving home in my car, I threw up all over myself, and I really and truly believe that God actually took care of me.

That was just the beginning, for when I got home I found my little Gideon red Testament beside my bed and I said, "O.K., God, if You're there, show me what this means." And my eyes were opened. Praise God!

A few years later I met Bob Hooper<sup>1</sup> singing at the Family Inn Restaurant and I thought he was the cop who stopped me. He said he wasn't but asked me to write my testimony down. I asked Bob because I wanted to thank him in case he was that officer. So, whoever that police officer is, I thank you, and I am sure God does also.



**TO YOU OFFICERS OUT THERE, I THANK  
YOU. DON'T GIVE UP; YOU'RE DOING A  
GREAT JOB, ESPECIALLY IF IT'S FOR THE KING.  
GOD BLESS YOU!**

To you officers out there, I thank you. Don't give up; you're doing a great job, especially if it's for the King. God bless you!

By the way, after 2 years my mother and father have also now come to the Lord, and I'm sure the rest of the family is on the way! They found a church in Oshawa, which was not by coincidence. The church they attend is King St.

Pentecostal. They spotted all these police cars there one night and drove in. (Editor's note: During one of the Police Officers Appreciation Day services.) I later went to visit to make sure they would be fed and grow spiritually. But then I saw Bob Hooper there and I had a real peace that God had chosen this church for them. I attend Dayspring Christian Fellowship in Scarborough where I know God has placed me.

So, in closing, to all officers out there, God's Word does not return unto Him void, and He does answer prayer, even if you don't see the results. I will pray for you.

Your sister in Christ,

Fern Thornton  
Scarborough, Ontario



<sup>1</sup> An OPP member (and one of the original FCPO founders – Canada founders)

MARCH 31-APRIL 2, 2019



HORSESHOE BAY, TEXAS



## NATIONAL LAW ENFORCEMENT RETREAT



### KNOWING THE GOD WHO PROTECTS AND SERVES

In appreciation for your service, the Billy Graham Rapid Response Team invites you—and your spouse—to the National Law Enforcement Retreat. Come be encouraged by speakers who will discuss the unique issues faced by officers' families and share insights from God's Word.

Location: Horseshoe Bay Resort, Texas  
\$225/individual • \$395/married couple  
(includes on-site lodging, food, sessions, and materials)  
Registration opens October 21, 2018

For more information, visit [BillyGraham.org/NLERTX](http://BillyGraham.org/NLERTX).

"HE GUARDS THE PATHS OF THE JUST AND  
PROTECTS THOSE WHO ARE FAITHFUL TO HIM."  
—PROVERBS 2:8, NLT

  
**BILLY  
GRAHAM**  
Rapid Response Team



# Letters to the Editor

We welcome your comments and feedback

*Please take the time to drop us a short note.*

Your messages are most welcome at: [fcpo.aapc@gmail.com](mailto:fcpo.aapc@gmail.com).

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