



# FCPO - CANADA

## The Peacemaker



November, 2021

### From the President's Desk

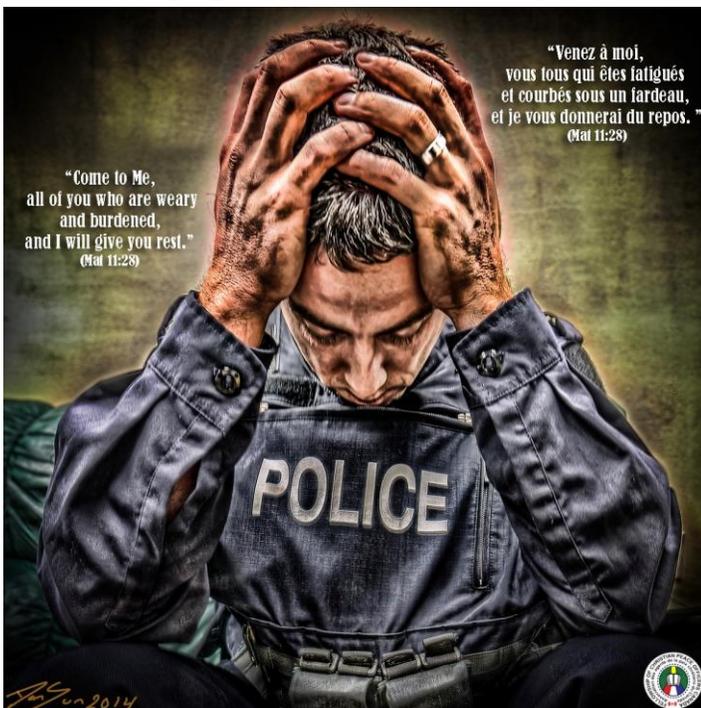


We have just celebrated our Thanksgiving holiday, and our American friends will soon celebrate theirs. It is a good time to reflect on all that we have to be thankful for. Goodness knows we have grumbled and fretted over the past couple years about this devastating pandemic, which has touched everyone in one way or another. It brought much sadness, as loved ones and acquaintances contracted the virus, with many succumbing to it. It greatly changed our daily routines, and for many of our members, placed them in further danger to an already dangerous calling. It has divided friends and families over diverging opinions on things such as adhering to public health mandates and vaccines.

On Thanksgiving, my pastor gave a message on how we need to be thankful in all circumstances. We need to recognize that no matter what - we need to place our trust in Him. Sometimes that is easier said than done, but it is what we must do. *Though the fig tree does not bud and there are no grapes on the vines, though the olive crop fails and the fields produce no food, though there are no sheep in the pen and no cattle in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will be joyful in God my Savior. The Sovereign Lord is my strength; he makes my feet like the feet of a deer, he enables me to tread on the heights.* Habakkuk 3:17-19 (NIV)

As I have mentioned before, sometimes the Peacemaker seems to have a theme. That is true once again for this issue. I never purposely look for a theme, I just usually compile articles over time that I think will be interesting

and inspiring, then put this newsletter together shortly before sending it out. However, I always commit to prayer what I should put in the Peacemaker, thus I believe a “theme” is God’s plan!



So, for this issue the theme is: be constantly equipped and ready to serve and obey as God directs your paths, whether that be on the job, or with your family and community.

God bless,

Ron

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# What do Cops and Violent Felons Have in Common?

By: [Jim Bontrager](#), Chaplain, Elkhart Police Department



[Jim Bontrager](#)

The same thing every other human has: they both had fathers. Some fathers are faithful in their role to lead and guide their children while, sadly, others are not. And in many ways our culture is reaping the consequences of those choices.

“See I will send you the prophet Elijah before that great and dreadful day of the Lord comes. He will turn the hearts of the fathers to their children and the hearts of the children to their fathers or else I will come and strike the land with a curse.” (Malachi 4: 5-6).

This is an interesting passage for a number of reasons. First, because the dreadful day of the Lord has not yet happened. Second, because of what happened after that final statement of the Old Testament: 400 years of silence. 400 years where the heavens

were bronzed over. No new word from God. No angelic messengers. Just silence.

All good speakers pause when they state something of extreme significance (something they want to sink in). God gave mankind 400 years to soak on that final statement yet so many fail to appreciate its significance.

Trivia question: Who were the first messengers from Heaven after those 400 years of silence? And what did they say?

In Luke 1, we find a priest named Zechariah is in the temple doing his priestly duties. Suddenly an angel named Gabriel appears and startles him. The angel tells him to not be afraid and that, in his old age, his wife will bear a son (miracle), and that he is to name the boy John. Then Gabriel says that John will, “...go before the Lord in the spirit and power of Elijah, to turn the hearts of the fathers to their children and the disobedient to the wisdom of the righteous to make ready a people prepared for the Lord! (Luke 1:17 -- emphasis added).

Why fathers? Why not mothers? A mother’s love toward her children is most likely one of the purest things to survive the fall. It is us as fathers that have a tendency to put the job before our family (especially in this profession). Can you identify with the following?

Remember when you first began your law enforcement career and couldn’t get enough? Every call was an adventure. Radio codes, knowing your location at all times, officer safety... So much to learn! First with an FTO who scrutinized your every move, then on your own! Then the rush of adrenaline with your first arrest; first pursuit; the first time you went hands on. And we get paid for it! But then, ever so slowly, things began to change...

“I could have sworn that guy was telling the truth,” you think as your trust begins to wane. “He’s up to no good,” you tell your wife regarding the kid peddling through your neighborhood for the third time. “You’re paranoid,” she complains. “You’re getting so negative.”

At work you feel alive, engaged, and understood; at home tired, detached, and misunderstood. No matter what you do, it never seems good enough! If you’re not careful, it all goes south from there. Politics, false

accusations, IA investigations, complaints. You put bad guys in jail, bad guys get out. “It’s all broken,” you think. You go home exhausted, just wanting to do nothing. The kids ask to play. “Later,” you tell them, but later never comes. Soon they quit asking.

God made you to be the warrior that protects, leads, and guides your children. You are God’s frontline defense against a spiritual enemy that seeks to destroy them. And if you don’t answer the call, there is no backup.<sup>1</sup>

I, like you, love my children. One of the most painful things in my life is to see how my sin has hurt them. But God has been very good to me. He came to make beauty out of the ashes of my poor choices in the past. He came to redeem my temper and short fuse. Because He lives, I can face my shortcomings. Cry out to our merciful Savior and grow. And then watch your children reflect that growth.

God bless,

Jim

Don't miss the rerelease of the movie Courageous.

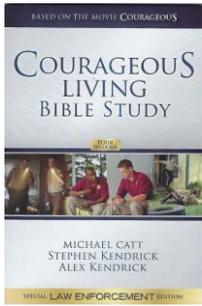


From the Kendrick Brothers, creators of the No. 1 box-office movie WAR ROOM and OVERCOMER, comes [COURAGEOUS LEGACY](#), the remastered, special-edition release for a new generation. This updated version of the film includes an enhanced look and sound along with impact stories, new scenes, and a new bonus ending you don’t want to miss! Turning the Hearts of Fathers and coming to theatres near you.<sup>2</sup>

[Courageous Legacy Trailer](#)

<sup>1</sup> Source: Courageous 4 week Bible Study - Special Law Enforcement Version - 2021

<sup>2</sup> Not sure when it will hit the theaters in Canada, but look for it - ask for it 😊



Jim has graciously supplied us with a quantity of the special law enforcement edition of the Courageous Living Bible Study.

This four session study will be great for your chapter meeting, or just going through the study with some colleagues and friends.

If you would like a copy of the study, just let us know [fcpo.aapc@gmail.com](mailto:fcpo.aapc@gmail.com). We would be happy to send you your free copy.

## First Responders Appreciation BBQs

By: Ronald Mostrey, President, FCPO-Canada



On September 25<sup>th</sup>, we were pleased to participate in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual First Responders Appreciation BBQs which were held at three Divisions of the Peel Regional Police. With sponsorship from the [Canadian Bible Society](#) and local churches, the event was spearheaded by Toronto lawyer [Brian Prill](#), - a Grill Master Extraordinaire, with a deep understanding and support for the First Responders' work. Folks like Brian and the multitude of volunteers from local churches and organizations blessed the responders with an outstanding variety of grilled cuisine. The only rule given to the grill masters was "no hot dogs or hamburgers." Events like this remind us that behind the "Thin Blue Line" are many who appreciate the daily commitment of those who protect and serve. Despite a brief torrential rain, it was a resounding success!



Brian L. Prill, LLB, LLM

Thanks to fellow FCPO members Simon Toyne, Maher Khela, John Kurish, Steve Rowe, Emmanuel Gambrah Owusu, and Henry Tso for their service at these events.



Division 22 (L-R) John Kurish, Steve Rowe, Ron Mostrey  
Photo courtesy [The Christian Herald newspaper](#)



Division 11 (L-R) Simon Toyne, a Civic Revival member, Maher Khela

# Letters to the Editor

*Dear fellow friends in Christ,*

*I'm sorry in taking so long to inform you that my dear sweetheart of 63 years is living with Jesus whom he loves. Harry had been ill for many years and so longed to be with his Lord.*

*As a family we were so happy to release Harry to the Lord but I must tell you, I miss him so much. I thank the Lord every day that I was able to look after Harry at home until his last night on earth when he entered Heaven. I also thank Jesus for taking him home.*

*I have a wonderful family of support and church family are all beyond belief. I am so blest - all glory to God. Harry wrote his own funeral and our son, Tom, did the message. We could only have 20 at the memorial but the church did a 10 minute service which was a mini memorial celebration - in church and online.*

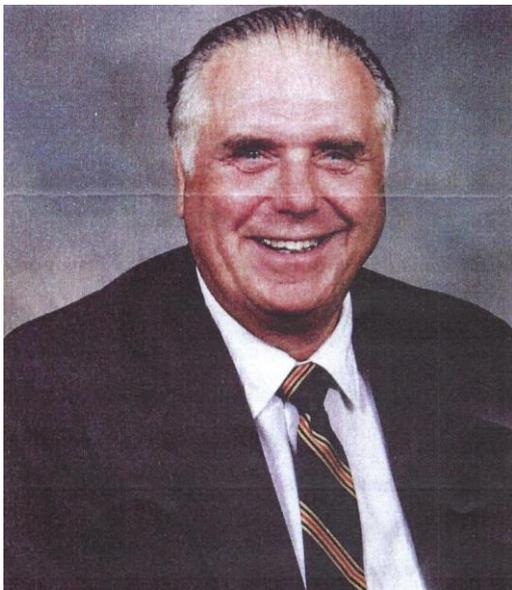
*Harry so enjoyed hearing from you and I thank you for the work you are blessing the Lord in.*

*Many blessings in Him,*

*Vivian Hewitt*

## My Life in a Nutshell

By: Harry Hewitt



Detective Harry Hewitt - December 31, 1934 -  
March 23, 2021 (Calgary Police Force 1958 - 1988)

On March 23 this year, long-time FCPO member George Henry (Harry) Hewitt went to be with the Lord. He leaves us with his testimony - his legacy.

Well it all got started when I was born on December 31st 1934. I was born in a home about 20 feet off of the McLeod Trail, in a small house in the 4700 block. I lived there until 1939, at which time I moved to the 500 Block in what is now Windsor Park one block outside of the city.

When I started school it was in the old Manchester school on 1<sup>st</sup> Street S.W. and 50<sup>th</sup> Avenue. I attended there until grade seven. In grade seven I went to Milton Williams School for one year and then to Rideau. High school was at Western and then on to Southern Alberta Institute of Technology (S.A.I.T) for my mechanics papers.

During these years I was involved in a number of other activities, such as owning a few horses, joining the Army Reserve - Royal Canadian Electrical Mechanical Engineers.

I was always active in the local church and church camps when I was growing up and always had a strong faith. I met my wife to be Vivian Arlene Miller when we were sixteen at the Old Manchester Gospel Tabernacle at a youth night. She looked so mature, had a fur coat and was teaching at Henderson's Business

Collage. Why would she want to have anything to do with a kid like me? Well it turned out that she was not twenty-one but really was sixteen.

The next thing I knew I had asked her out to a skating party with the youth group from the church and sure enough she said she would go.

We dated off and on until about 1957 and all this time she had put up with me as I grew up and started to take life a lot more seriously. Well; not too seriously, as I took my dad for a ride in a new 1957 Pontiac Bonneville convertible, and told him I think I will buy it and take off to the States and get on the race track as a mechanic. He asked me a couple of questions such as: "How are you going to pay for it?" and "What about Vivian, do you don't think she is going to sit around and wait for you to make up your mind do you?" Yes folks it was a real wakeup call!

Well as you know I never did buy a convertible but I did get myself a good Wife. A little advice to you young folks when looking for a wife always check out the farmers' daughters as I have found they can usually cook up a great meal. But the best advice I leave is: do not be unequally yoked - always seek out a believer as your partner.

Now Vivian and I were married In the Baptist Church up in Crossfield on June 22, 1957. Just prior to our wedding I started to build a house on the property that my folks gave to me when I was eighteen and we moved into it near the end of July. I had applied to the Calgary Police Force and joined on Aug 6th 1958, once again my life took a turn, but in a good direction.

Now no sooner after we got married we decided that we would have our family early in life so as to be able to enjoy them and what they did and also if blessed our grandchildren. About two years later our daughter Barbara came into our lives, then Tom, Dave and Drew. It was with great pleasure that all four started walking with the Lord at an early age and sought partners of like faith. Little did we know that we would also be blessed with great grandchildren and be alive to see them start their lives. "Blessed is the man with many arrows in his quiver".

I can tell you now my whole life has been nothing but enjoyable, even in times when things did not look good and the pressure was on. I could not have planned my life any better if I had planned it all myself. As one old preacher said "I have been blessed out of my nest."

While on the police force, yes it was called a police force - I held may positions from a beat constable to a traffic cop, Search and rescue, bomb squad, truck detail, fatality squad and then promotion to the C.I.D. (Detective Division) where I was in many details and headed up the Morality squad for a period of time. Dennis Holstead and I started a new "partners with youth" detail.

When I got out of school and became full time employed I thought that I would be finished with school. But, oh no. When I looked back I saw that I went to school, either as a student or a teacher at least twice a year until I retired on Aug 6<sup>th</sup> 1988 - 30 years to the day with the force.

From the time I retired I have never drawn a pay cheque for the work I have done. The Lord has been so good to me throughout my life that I feel He has given me this special time to help others, along with the help of my wife, who has a knack at stretching a dollar, also a great handler of finances.

I was so privileged to have been able to attend the same church, First Evangelical Free Church, all my life and have held most of the positions until failing health.

We have never gone short. "I will never leave you nor forsake you" I have proven this over and over, I always say: "I'm a child of the King"!

# God Is!

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



Sgt. Dino Doria (Rtd.)

Many years have passed since I heard the story of an atheist who had great zeal to pronounce or denounce the non existence of God.

He was so eager to show all his neighbours that “God is Dead”.

So he demonstrated his zeal by erecting a placard on his front lawn which read in bold red letters “GOD is Dead”! Neighbours and friends who came by the house would clearly see this sign and wonder.

As days became weeks and weeks became months the grass and flowers on his front lawn grew tall enough to cover the word “Dead”. The placard now read “God is”. The word “Dead” was totally covered by the tall grass and flowers.

For this article I thought I would complete the “God is” by saying: “God is Love”!

*“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life. For God did not send his Son into the world to condemn the world, but in order that the world might be saved through him”.* John 3:16 - 17.

Loving others is the greatest of all blessings that we can ever give them. Out of our hearts of love will then flow specific practical blessings. We must understand that this love flows from the love that God extends to us and is poured into our hearts by the Holy Spirit (Romans 5:5).

God Bless you!

Dino



**United Way**

## REMINDER

**We do not receive any direct funding from the United Way.**

However, for those who will be participating in your local workplace United Way campaign this fall, please remember your charitable donation can be specifically designated to FCPO – Canada by using our registered charity number on the form (120365804 RR001) in part B or C (depending on if you are a Federal, Provincial, or Municipal employee).

Other ways to donate, including online donations can be found on our [website](#). When you [donate online](#) you will be issued a tax receipt at that time.

Thank you for your financial support for this unique ministry.

# Don't be a "Lukewarm" Warrior

By: Police Lt. (Ret'd) & Chaplain MC Williams



Lt. MC Williams (Ret'd) & Chaplain

***So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.*** Revelation 3:16

Teaching on Revelation 3 has been a mainstay of my speaking/teaching ministry. My own messages aside, Bro. Greg Morse of Desiring God has done an outstanding job with this and I'm pressed to share it with you. Greg writes:

I thought I was a Christian for years.

I swore I had a relationship with God.

I believed I could die at any moment and be welcomed into heaven.

I wasn't. I didn't. I wouldn't.

I did not have a category for someone thinking they were a follower of Christ and not actually being one. I assumed that if I had any desire to be a Christian, God should welcome me with shouts of joy. I had never read that there would be people on judgment day who would emphatically greet Jesus, calling him "Lord, Lord," and yet be rejected by him ([Matthew 7:21-23](#)). No one ever told me that people could do a lot of mighty works for God and yet still be lost.

I convinced myself that I was safe from the wrath of God. No one told me that the lukewarm "Christian" gets spit out of God's mouth (**Revelation 3:16**). No one informed me that if God was not first in my heart, I was either in urgent need of repentance, or I was lost. In the words of Francis Chan, "*I was lukewarm and lovin' it.*"

## Lukewarm and Lovin' It

"I did not have a category for someone thinking they were a follower of Christ and not actually being one."

I didn't cuss much. I wasn't sleeping around. I went to church most Sundays. *I must be a Christian.*

I said that Jesus died for my sins. I sang the lyrics on the screen. I prayed before meals. I gave God props for my athletic achievements. *I must be a Christian.*

Sure, God wasn't my all in all. Sure, I never read his word. Sure, I didn't pray very much. Sure, I secretly loved sin. Sure, holiness seemed dreadfully boring. Sure, I rarely owned him in public or spent time with him in private. But he understood. I was only human after all. No one is perfect.

If God had not intervened, I would have awoken from my delusion to a lake of fire. I imagined I feasted at the table of grace, drank from the chalice of eternal life, but I was eating garbage and drinking sewer water. I was dreaming, like those described in Isaiah, "*As when a hungry man dreams, and behold, he is eating, and awakes with his hunger not satisfied, or as when a thirsty man dreams, and behold, he is drinking, and awakes faint, with his thirst not quenched*". ([Isaiah 29:8](#))

I would have been the most miserable creature in all of perdition.

And I kept myself in my delusion, muting my conscience and convincing myself that I was right with God by this simple strategy: *I refused to read God's book and measured myself by the people around me.*

### **How to Stay Lukewarm**

Comparing my faith with others around me (including non-Christians) was the easiest way, as C.S. Lewis says, to travel down the gentle slope into hell.

#### **THE DOWNWARD GLANCE**

I looked down on those who were "lesser" Christians to confirm my complacency. My assurance of salvation largely came from the fact that I was outwardly better than many of the other goats who claimed to be sheep. I prayed like the Pharisee: God, I thank you that I am not like other men, fornicators, liars, adulterers — *I wouldn't know I was a Christian without them.* When a duck compares himself with other ducks, he crowns himself a swan.

#### **THE UPWARD GLANCE**

When I would come across real believers, I would feel moments of deep conviction. But to stay lukewarm, I concluded that these were simply Christian all-stars.

Instead of having them in the "living" category while I was in the "dead" category, I reasoned that they were the Avengers. They were A+ Christians, I was the C/C- Christian — but both were passing. Just because I wasn't on the Christian all-conference team didn't mean I wasn't on the team. Right?

"My lukewarm churchianity was consumed by living faith in the consuming God of the Bible."

And once I established the superhero Christian category, I would search for reasons to put believers who made me uncomfortable into it. *Oh*, he wants to be a pastor! *Oh*, they were missionaries for several years. *Oh*, they grew up in a Christian home all their lives. *Oh*, they just have a personality that gets excited about everything. *That explains it.*

I gladly resigned myself to being a spiritual hobbit — they too were included in the Fellowship, after all.

### **Where I Didn't Glance: the Bible**

When I was lukewarm, God's book was collecting dust in my room, unopened. Then God led me to his word and saved me. God met a miserable, 6'5" hobbit in his cold, dank, dorm room, making him alive through his Spirit and his word. The lukewarm churchianity was consumed by living faith in the consuming God of the Bible.

*There I read* that you must be born again to enter the kingdom (John 3:3). *There I read* that loving Jesus above all others — father, mother, son, daughter, spouse — wasn't just for super Christians but for all who would follow Jesus (Matthew 10:37–39). *There I read* that God was disgusted with me for drawing near with my mouth before meals and on Sunday morning, while my heart remained far from him (Isaiah 29:13–14). *There I read* that I could search the Scriptures in a thousand Bible studies and yet refuse to truly go to Jesus and have life (John 5:39–40).

*There I read* that I couldn't be good enough to put God in my debt (Luke 17:10). That in no way could I please him while I lived in the flesh (Romans 8:8). *There I read* that I was rightfully cursed for not loving Jesus (1 Corinthians 16:22) and that the punishment would be everlasting torment (Revelation 14:11).

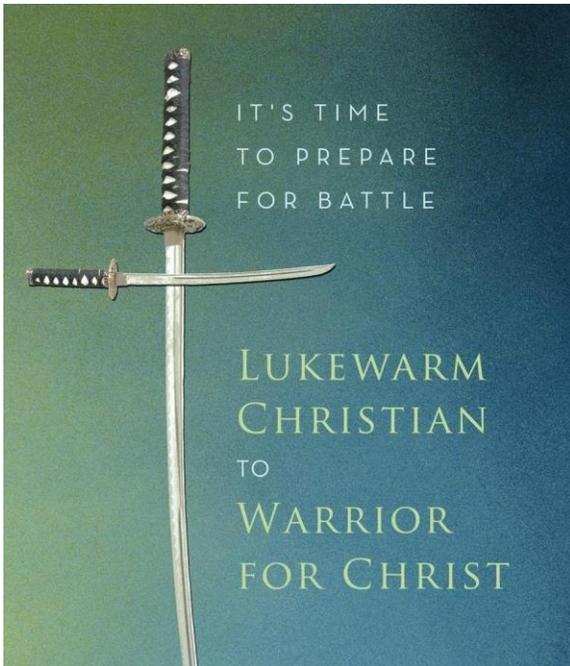
*There I read* that God wasn't a socially awkward kid in the lunchroom desperate for anyone to sit with him. *There I read* that his very name is “*King of kings and Lord of lords*” (Revelation 19:16) to whom every single knee in creation will bow (Philippians 2:10). *There I read* that he did not need me (Acts 17:25); that if I refused to worship him, rocks would (Luke 19:40). *There I read* that I was created for his glory, not he for mine (Isaiah 43:7).

*There I read* that if I was lackadaisical about treasuring Christ, about repenting of sin, and refused to surrender in joyful submission, he would spit me out of his mouth (Revelation 3:15–16).

### **Great News for the Lukewarm**

But *there I also read* that while we were worse than lukewarm, the King of kings died for us (Romans 5:8). That although my sin and apathy had earned me death, the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ (Romans 6:23). *There I also read* that Jesus didn't come for those who are well, but his compassion and grace are for those who are sick in their sin (Luke 5:31). “If you are lukewarm and reading this there is great news for you: there is still time.”

*There I also read* that if I was thirsty, if I had no money, God invited me to come and be satisfied in him (Isaiah 55:1). *There I also read* that if I was tired of laboring for that which left me empty and turned to him, he would feed me with rich food, give me life, and make an everlasting covenant with me through his Son (Isaiah 55:2–3).



*There I also read that the Lord is near to anyone who would return to him for pardon. That he offers to the most vile — and lukewarm — sinner absolute pardon and pleasure beyond what he could dare to hope (Isaiah 55:6–9). *There I read that this invitation was purchased at the cost of the Son of God (Isaiah 53:1–12).**

If you are lukewarm and reading this, there is great news for you: There is still time. Repent. Believe. Rejoice. Live.

**AMEN!!**

Finally, and especially for my brethren who are serving/have served in our God-ordained profession of law enforcement (where, tragically, "lukewarmness" tends to reign supreme), my encouragement for you is that you too will repent,

believe (be born again) and be radically "all in" (HOT) both in and for Christ (and, in doing so, be a beacon of light and hope for the lost and hurting -- cop and civilian alike).

So where do YOU stand today? Are you in fact saved, and, if so, are you serving and leading from the front? Again, you can't "earn" or be "good" enough for heaven (or escape hell) without first being born again in Christ alone.

Blessings.

MC



Put on the full armor of God  
Ephesians 6

The Centurion Law Enforcement Ministry is a non-denominational, evangelical Christian outreach by, for and about law enforcement (police, deputies, investigators, probation/parole, corrections, etc.) and military personnel. TCLEM is affiliated with the Fellowship of Christian Peace Officers (FCPO) and provides Bible-based support, fellowship and accountability for officers worldwide. We also seek to infuse Christian servant-leadership into our profession and equip the Christian officer to boldly share and live the Gospel.

**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.fcpcanada.com](http://www.fcpcanada.com)**

# Resiliency in You

By: [Cst. Bruce Ewanyshyn, Brandon Police Service Chaplain](#)



Cst. Bruce Ewanyshyn

In December 1990, I stepped into my first 12-hour policing tour of duty. I was fresh out of recruit class and beaming with excitement and nervousness as I holstered my shiny new .38 Special S&W revolver, 2 speed mags, a PR-24 baton, a 3-cell mag light, a portable radio, and one set of handcuffs. Four years of university and 12 weeks of recruit class training culminated in this moment when I took a seat at the patrol lineup, thus joining the brotherhood of C Platoon (or so I hoped). I wanted to fit in and belong. I knew there would be times of testing and proving myself, but I felt resilient in the strength of my youth and in the training I had received. My perception of establishing a foundation of resiliency within myself centered upon training, and that was a language I was

familiar with. I trained hard in previous years and earned a black belt in the Korean discipline of Tae Kwon Do. I worked out hard with weights every day for four years at the U of W fitness facility. I applied myself as a police recruit and worked vigorously on developing techniques and skill sets in the evenings after class. I studied academics most evenings reviewing statutes, policing methods and concepts, and sections of the *Criminal Code* so that I would have a solid knowledge base to equip me to problem solve once in the field. I was disciplined in my training, competitive in my approach, and focused in building up resiliency in my body and mind through training and repetition. However, I was clueless to the fact that there exists a deeper level of resiliency. I discovered the existence of a deeper resiliency years later demonstrated through the life of one of my peers.

Within my first week of policing, I became very aware there was a dark cloud over the City of Brandon. It was made apparent and tangible through calls for service involving a portion of one ethnic group. We were frequently taunted by offenders and victims yelling, “*Are you the pig who shot [name]?*” or, “*Go ahead and shoot me like you shot [name].*” Physical resistance preceded many arrests; profanities uttered against us were common place, and anger and hatred appeared to be worn like a breastplate of honor upon the hearts of some persons whom we were trying to help.

In the midst of the chaos and storms stood one “subject” officer involved in a justified use of force police related shooting. The shooting took place four months prior to my first tour of duty. The officer, in response to a domestic dispute, was confronted in a dark narrow staircase by a 19-year-old male who lunged at him wielding two knives. The officer responded in accordance to his training, discharged his revolver, incapacitated the assailant, and then provided first aid to the injured man. The offender survived, but the officer faced years of accusations, inquiries, and an

inquest, while a dark cloud loomed over Brandon. For several years following the shooting, many officers attending calls for service wore the brunt of prejudicial and discriminatory accusations; however, these were minute compared to the fallout encountered by the officer who faithfully remained committed to his call of policing.

During the early 90's, I wondered how this constable, my colleague, was able to continue tour after tour while seemingly standing alone. He had the support of his peers and Police Chief Brian Scott; however, at the end of the day, it was this officer bearing the weight of the incident and every challenge thrown at him by the public and the media and a segment of the Manitoba population. I knew this officer embraced a daily fitness routine and was in great physical shape. I knew he was well schooled and intellectual. Were those the key components that kept my colleague engaged in the human race, or was there more at work within him strengthening him and enabling him to continue to smile and joke with his peers shift after shift? Through attending calls with this officer and observing his patience and tolerance towards offenders and victims in the midst of their hatred, I knew there must be more supporting his resilience of character.

Over the years through one-on-one conversations, I learned of a faith rooted deep within my co-worker and friend. He carries his faith in a quiet manner for it is a deep personal matter to him. It is a private journey with his God, established and rooted deep within his heart. It is not a religion that shouts from the roof tops, but a relationship with God on an intimate level. A journey I believe he keeps quiet out of his respect for others' opinions and beliefs. For 17 years, I had no grid for understanding his faith journey and the resiliency that it provided throughout those years while he remained steadfast on

the front lines. Upon my embrace of a personal journey of faith starting in 2007, I began to understand how my peer could stand and continue onward in his call to policing when so many others who have experienced only a fracture of what he encountered, stepped away from the darkness and returned their firearm and badge.

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*“Faith provides the resiliency to continue on the narrow path that is difficult and challenging and seemingly impossible to walk on at times”.*

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I believe it was his faith that gave him incite that policing was more than a job or a career, it was a calling which he was determined to complete through to the day that God gave him the peace to release him from that calling. Faith provides the resiliency to continue on the narrow path that is difficult and challenging and seemingly impossible to walk on at times. I would do my brother and God a great injustice to even hint that I understand his degree of faith or how many times he faced “the dark night of the soul.” I have not walked in his shoes and I pray that I and my co-workers will never have to. I think he would agree with me in that prayer.

On the day of his retirement gathering, I didn't look around the room, but I would be surprised to learn that there was even one dry eye. I've been in policing community for 31 years and I have not seen a more loved and respected officer retire from the Brandon PS. He walked with integrity and humility and an inner strength of resiliency that most of us have a limited grid for. I see the legacy of his K9 officer days illustrated in a mural on a BPS wall, but more importantly I see his legacy alive through his daughter who serves her community in the tradition of her father.

I recognize the integrity of her father in her and a quiet faith that brings joy to my heart whenever I'm blessed with the opportunity to work alongside or have conversation with this amazing woman. While there are days that I feel like I'm only 30ish, reality sets in when I remember the first time I saw her, a young child in the front seat of a vehicle I pulled over when I was a traffic cop in the 90's. Still, I wouldn't trade that memory for anything, knowing that same little girl has grown into a professional, well-trained, common-sense officer who has my back while I process the crime scene, she has called me to attend.

The reality is our officers, throughout their tour of duty, face pain filled, desperate, violent people in drug-induced psychosis; it seems as though a contagious darkness has consumed these people and snuffed out any desire within them to pursue hope for the betterment of their lives. What can promote the development of resiliency within our police officers to fight against the repeated encounters with a darkness that tries to overwhelm them and lure them into anxiety, depression, or burnout?

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*All the paths of the Lord are steadfast love and faithfulness, for those who keep his covenant and his testimonies.*

PSALM 25:10 ESV

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In my life I can attest to the benefits of physical fitness, constructive dialogue with positive persons, out of town adventures, creating music with my guitar, and having knowledge and understanding of coping mechanisms. However, there is the resiliency I wrote of earlier that comes from a personal faith relationship with God. The term used in the Holy Bible that conveys resiliency to me is steadfastness in faith. The steadfastness of God is mentioned 219 times in the Bible with references to hope, faith, and love. For those who embrace a walk of faith, hope is one huge benefit; "we have this as a sure and steadfast anchor of the soul, a hope that enters into the inner place behind the curtain, where Jesus has gone as a forerunner on our behalf" Hebrews 6:19&20 ESV. The paths police officers must walk are difficult, dangerous, and deplorable at times; yet, by faith in God, our soul can resist the darkness by focusing on a higher path – "All the paths of the Lord are steadfast love and faithfulness, for those who keep his covenant and his testimonies" Psalm 25:10 ESV.

Faith is hope in God's promises and resiliency comes from our faith that God is steadfast in his love and faithfulness to us no matter what the circumstances may dictate.

In my understanding, I'd liken faith and hope to this: adding faith to your path in life is like an awareness of directional signposts leading your way; while rejoicing in hope enables you to see the light that shines just for you through the darkness in a window at your journey's destination. Faith gives us strength for the journey and hope gives us rest. Who amongst us doesn't want to rest after they complete a chaotic tour of duty? Resiliency is the steadfastness in faith.

I conclude not with my words but those of a higher power: "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" Hebrews 11:1 KJV.

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# Can you Engage?

In 2019, we started “Project Sword” with the vision to place 10,000 copies of a special pocket-sized law enforcement officer (LEO) edition of the New Testament into the hands of active officers. Thanks to your generous financial support, we were able to raise sufficient funds for the initiative.

Our initial distribution plan was to hand-deliver a copy to all LEOs who wanted a copy. That method of delivery has brought us to almost half our distribution goal.

When the COVID-19 pandemic struck, we had to put a halt to our major distribution efforts such as our initial launch at the [Toronto Police Service Headquarters](#). Thus distribution has been significantly hampered over the past year.

In order to complete this initiative, we decided that we should simply make the books available to any trusted person or group who will undertake to liaise with a local LEO agency (police, corrections, CBSA, etc.) and drop the books off there. This deviates a bit from our original person-to person delivery plan, as we will have no way of actually knowing when and how many serving LEOs actually pick up a copy.

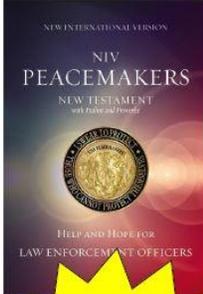
Thus, some books may sit in a lunch room for some time. Some books may be picked up by members of the greater LEO community (support staff etc.). However, that’s also a good thing - *“So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it”*. Isaiah 55:11

So... we are certain with God’s divine providence, these books will fall into the right hands in His timing.

## How can you help?

Please let us know at: [fcpo.aapc@gmail.com](mailto:fcpo.aapc@gmail.com)

*How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of those who bring good news, who proclaim peace, who bring good tidings, who proclaim salvation, who say to Zion, “Your God reigns!”* Isaiah 52:7 (NIV)



**PROJECT SWORD**

The Bible tells us to put on the whole armour of God, which includes the “sword of the Spirit” (which is the word of God). Our vision is to proactively offer a free “sword” in the form of this pocket-sized PEACEMAKERS book to every peace officer in Canada.

*Critical incidents, car chases, domestic violence, drug gangs, highway fatalities-all police men and women face daily. This is not to mention changing sleep patterns and odd family schedules. Let this NIV Peacemakers New Testament give police officers hope, courage, and wisdom as they face dangers everyday. Includes the New Testament and Psalms with Proverbs from the New International Version, helpful articles by cops and chaplains, and a clear gospel message.*

Distribution started July 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2019. **Please pray for this project.**

To get your copy, or to give a copy to a Canadian serving peace officer, just sent an email to: [fcpo.aapc@gmail.com](mailto:fcpo.aapc@gmail.com) with your name, address and the number of copies you would like.

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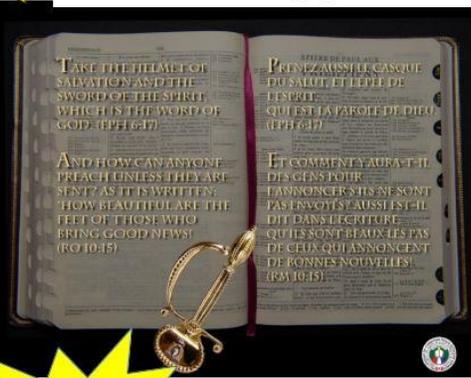
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Fundraising goal achieved  
December 31, 2020  
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Peacemakers distributed to officers as of: October 12, 2021

Peacemakers distributed to officers as of:	Donations received
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9,000	\$25,000
8,000	\$20,000
7,000	\$15,000
6,000	\$10,000
5,000	\$5,000
4,000	\$0
3,000	
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1,000	
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Click here to see current distribution points

If you would like to help arrange for the offering of these books at your service or agency, please let us know at: [fcpo.aapc@gmail.com](mailto:fcpo.aapc@gmail.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.

# Preparing mind, body and spirit for God's tests in a policing career

By: Cst. Joe Brownrigg (Ottawa Police Service)

This article is reproduced from our Peacemaker archives: [February, 2017 issue](#)



Cst. Joe Brownrigg (Photo by Kelly Margaret)

On the drive to the gym before my shift today, my mind wandered to memories of some of the more harrowing incidents in my policing career. In 14 years of policing a large urban center (Ottawa), the more intense and high risk calls have been few and far between, limited to maybe one or two a year. By the grace of God, I can count on one hand the times when I felt afraid I might not make it out, and back home to my wife and kids.

My mind wandered to a particular incident that happened earlier in 2016. A young suicidal man had posted a video of himself on social media, stealing a truck and brandishing a knife, challenging the cops to find him, chase him and see what would happen. A manhunt started, going across jurisdictions and police agencies, over several hours. God sent him to me - but more on that later.

Much has been said about the importance of aligning mind, body and spirit. Faiths different from ours touch on the idea, as do countless health programs and many martial

***“FOR PHYSICAL TRAINING IS OF SOME VALUE, BUT GODLINESS HAS VALUE FOR ALL THINGS, HOLDING PROMISE FOR BOTH THE PRESENT LIFE AND THE LIFE”. TO COME”.***

1 TIMOTHY 4:8 (NIV)

arts. But none explore the concept as deeply as our faith does, through the Word of God.

I mentioned earlier that the memory of this tense situation hit me while I was on the way to a workout prior to my shift. I was tired - night shifts tend to do that to you! My body was already telling me to quit and I hadn't even set foot in the gym yet! I spent a large part of my career falling to the selfish urge to give up, and developed some pretty significant health issues as a result. For a long time, my idea of aligning mind, body and spirit was sitting on a couch with my favourite bottle, getting mad at the world and anyone who came near me.

At some point I 'saw the light', as they say, and found myself with an opportunity to ask God to help me understand how I could

worship Him best. I was given an answer...devotion of mind, body and spirit...preparing all of me, and everything I am, for God's work in the world. Sounds easy right? It's not. Not even close to easy.

**'May God himself, the God of peace, sanctify you through and through. May your whole spirit, soul and body be kept blameless at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.' 1 Thessalonians 5:23 (NIV)**

I found the young man completely by 'accident'. A passerby said he saw a suspicious person near a bookstore, but our hunt up until that point was indicating the fellow was probably in a different part of town. I figured I would check the bookstore so we could 'mark it off' as done'. I even showed the passerby a photo of the man, he said it definitely wasn't him.

I walked into the bookstore, everything looked normal. Lots of customers, no one looking uneasy or scared, absolutely nothing out of the ordinary. I was ready to walk out, when I figured I should check the washrooms at the back of the store. I knew he wasn't here, but if he was anywhere, he'd probably be there. I may as well check. Like anything in policing, if you're going to do something, may as well do it with attention to detail.

I got close to the back of the store and he walked out of the hallway where the bathrooms are. I recognized him immediately. I said his name. At this point his eyes went crazy. He cursed at the top of his lungs and pulled a knife out...then ran out of my view back into the hallway.

Now I paused. I have talked suicidal people with knives down before...several times. But this one, he was different, I could tell right away. This one was going to take some work. It might not even be possible. Those who have worn the uniform for any significant

period of time have met these people. It is almost as if they are demon-possessed and hell bent on destruction. I walked towards the hallway and pulled my gun out. God's test had begun. Just like that, no warning, but there I was right in the middle.

**'For the one in authority is God's servant for your good. But if you do wrong, be afraid, for rulers do not bear the sword for no reason. They are God's servants, agents of wrath to bring punishment on the wrongdoer' Romans 13:4 (NIV)**

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***"THROUGH A SERIES OF WHAT I BELIEVE TO BE PROVIDENTIAL AND DIVINE CIRCUMSTANCES, I WAS GIVEN A POINT BLANK OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE A CHOICE: GO WITH GOD, OR GO IT ALONE. I CHOSE GOD, AND I HAVEN'T LOOKED BACK SINCE".***

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I mentioned earlier that at one point in my life I shared the appetite for destruction myself. Through a series of what I believe to be providential and divine circumstances, I was given a point blank opportunity to make a choice: go with God, or go it alone. I chose God, and I haven't looked back since. As part of my recovery, faith and pursuit of a deep and personal relationship with God, I started a holistic program of health. I learned about 'working out' the three core components of 'me'...my mind, my body and my spirit.

## **The Mind**

How do you work out your mind? I have an opinion, and it works for me. In the context of a policing career, it's practicing technical proficiency with your tools. As a warrior learns the art of their weapon, so too must a police officer. It's also about learning how to be empathetic. It's about never taking the easy

option and falling to your prejudices or sometimes mistaken perceptions. It's about critically thinking through the ambiguous and challenging situations you face every day at work. All this takes practice. A lot of practice, over and over again. As the saying goes, the more you learn, the more you realize you don't know. The work is endless. It is imperative we 'work out' our mind so as to allow God to work through us.

## The Body

The body is the easiest of the three, although it certainly doesn't feel that way when you're working out! Do something every day to enhance your physical wellbeing. It might be something small, or it might be an intense workout. It might be as simple as taking a bit of time choosing a healthy option to eat instead of the quick fix. I personally found an outlet in returning to boxing, something I enjoyed in my younger days. I found martial arts training to be completely applicable to a policing career. I learned how the most important thing you can do in a fight is BREATHE! I practiced it. I became confident that if I got in another fight on the street, even if I was outskilled or at a physical disadvantage, I would outlast most other people because they quite simply didn't train. I learned through practice that an untrained person has about 90 seconds of juice in a hard fight. I also learned, through practice, that I can do 5 or 6 three minute rounds at high intensity and still have something left in the tank. Confidence in my body, respecting it and keeping it in order, is critical for me in being prepared to do God's work through my policing career.

## The Spirit

The spirit is the hardest of the three, but by far the most important. It is the core reason

you do anything you do, and develop the motivation to do it. To sum it up, it is one word... 'why'. Why do I train my body, why do I train my mind? What's the point, and what is the purpose? I found through my own 'spiritual workouts', that this is very painful and humbling work. I looked at myself in the mirror and pondered the fact that I would die, that my wife and our children would die, that I would lose everything I had- all this was inevitable. I saw how selfish I was, how I viewed my problems as the only important things in the universe, and how I viewed my creator with contempt as an inconvenience that I would be 'better off' not even thinking about. As I continued along a path of spiritual progress and coming to know God, I pondered the thought of being put in a position where I would have to take a life. I explored this, and God gave me answers. I learned that all of us have a right to live, and a right to have the chance to choose God. I was called upon in my lifetime to be a protector of this right, and I made peace with the fact that I may have to kill - to protect another.

All of this took years for me. Intense personal struggle, and I still haven't figured it all out. I do not claim spiritual perfection, but I do claim progress. *“Therefore, since we have been justified through faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have gained access by faith into this grace in which we now stand. And we boast in the hope of the glory of God”.* Romans 5:1-2 (NIV)

So I found the young man now obscuring his body in between the washroom and hallway, poking his head out, along with the knife, waving it at me. He told me that I had to kill him. He said if I didn't kill him, he would kill me and all the people in the store. I saw staff members in the staff room at the end of the hall, oblivious at this point to what was going

on. This bookstore had a children's play section right beside where we were. It was full. My wife told me that she was planning on bringing our daughter there that day.

I talked to him, I tried all the things that had worked for me before. I stayed calm. My heart was beating fast but my hands and voice were steady. God made me for this. Nothing worked. He got more agitated. My two fears were that he would disappear into the washroom (and I had no idea if anyone was in there), or he would run to the staff room and I would have to shoot him in the back. My best option was to keep him fixated on arguing with me - in my sight, focused on me. If he stayed here talking to me, and he didn't make a move - he had a chance.



**MY SPIRIT WAS STRONG THAT DAY,  
MY MIND WAS TUNED IN, AND MY  
BODY WAS CONFIDENT.**

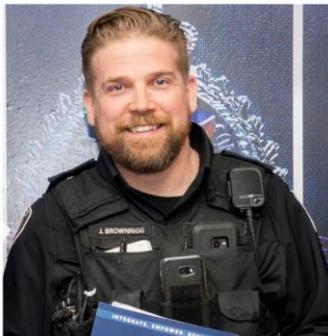
All this time, I was within 15 feet of a homicidal subject armed with a knife. We in policing know the 21 foot rule, and I was breaking it. I had to - it was a small hallway and to keep him focused on me, he had to see me! I also didn't have a backstop if I had to shoot. My backstop was unknown people in a washroom, or the staff room. Zero room for error.

Many would say I should have shot him while we were in the standoff. Many would say I was completely justified, and if I let him

make a move - it would have been too late. It's quite possible that I may have been cleared in an investigation if I did shoot him, given all the circumstances. But I didn't shoot him. We were on the edge. If he made even one move to trigger the protector in me - it was over. But he sat on the edge, and I sat there with him. My spirit was strong that day, my mind was tuned in, and my body was confident.

The story does not end particularly well. As soon as my backup arrived, the young man stabbed himself multiple times. Some of the heroes that I work with saved his life, although it looked grim for a while. He didn't die that day, and that's a very good thing.

The young man received God's grace that day. He received it through me. I had trained my mind, body and spirit to be in tune with God, and when the test came to me...God put it in my heart to wait it out. I let God work through me. I still remember that day frequently, but I don't have nightmares about it or live in fear every time I go to work. Instead, as awkward as it may sound, I feel enriched by the experience and it brought me closer to God. I often feel like I should go see the young man and get to know him, but I'm not sure the timing is right. Maybe one day. In the end, all this validated my efforts. I committed to preparing my mind, body and spirit for God, and when the test came, it worked. God delivered grace to the young man, and it was through me. He now has a chance to come to know God, if he hasn't already.



Update: Joe is currently working as a Sergeant in the Respect, Ethics and Values unit of the Ottawa Police Service. His responsibilities include ethics programming and training, as well as prevention and intervention in workplace conflict issues.

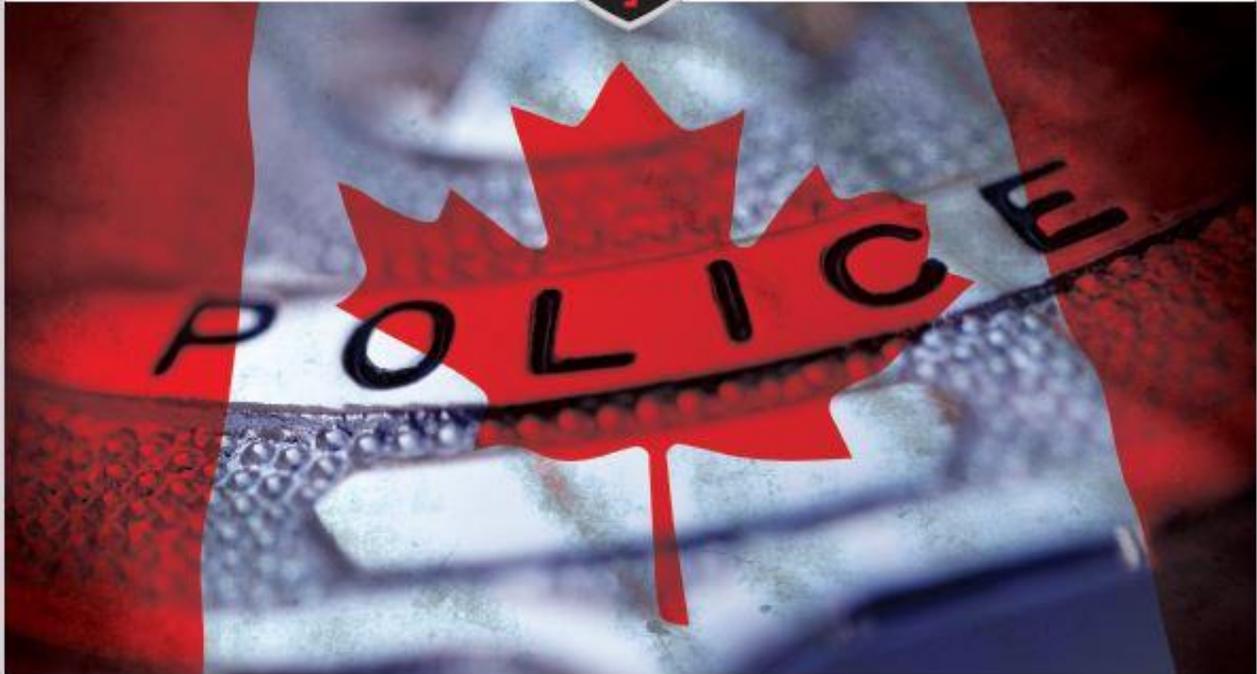
Joe is also a very accomplished musician/songwriter/producer. You can check out some of his work here:

<https://joebrownrigg.bandcamp.com>

NOV. 7-8, 2021



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

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