

# Chronicles of Diversity

*Your leadership weekly*



*Palmer Lake from  
Adventure center porch*

## *Fractured Rapture Tales*

### **Chicken Sandwich, Part 1**

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#### **Tale 12 Chicken sandwich**

Sunday morning was the screening of my first wild life video. Well, I didn't really consider it wild life, until I listened to an mp3 teaching by Don McClure on Romans 1:18-32. As a kid when I told God that I wanted to make wildlife movies when I grow up, I assumed that I was talking about furry little critters, bears, birds, and the like. Seems as though God put a space between the wildlife I had envisioned.

This video was what I first titled the "No gay marriage rally" that was held in Seattle last Thursday to support a lawsuit by the AFA (American Family Association) Center for Law and Policy, on behalf of "Randall Lefkovar against Seattle Mayor Greg Nickels seeking to block the mayor's Executive Order, which declares recognition of same-sex "marriage" for city employees."

As I worked on filming and editing the video my attitude changed, from hopelessness, to anger, to a point of a deeper understanding of the grace of God in my life. In that light, the final title for the video that was presented was the "Biblical Marriage Rally."

Looking again at ham and eggs, chicken, and pigs last week, I received a deeper understanding that whether we are chickens who desire to be pigs, or whether we remain content to just provide a few eggs to the work of God, the principle of God's grace alone, is the means by which we are enabled to make any stand for God at all.

So why the sandwich?

A real sandwich is a piece of meat between two slices of bread. Both the meat and the bread can be in various forms, but the two are required to make a real sandwich. I suppose some ungraceful

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people would consider PB&J (peanut butter and jelly) a sandwich. But even if you are so non-enlightened to think this is a real sandwich, you would have to admit that both the peanut and the fruit of the jelly are committed to the nature of the enterprise.

The bread in this illustration, no matter how you slice it, and what you put between the pieces, represents the law and the gospel. As the center of the sandwich we are caught between the two pieces of bread, and it is impossible for us to get outside that sandwich requirement, except for God's grace.

One of the most famous BBQ places in Seattle is the Pecos Pit. Last week I also had the opportunity to have a Pecos (shredded) beef sandwich with their medium sauce. As I ate this delicious lunch, I had to muse that the sauce was very similar to the French salad dressing that I make. The major difference is that this sauce had, less oil, a lot of crushed black pepper, and it had been cooked to stabilize the emulsion and the consistency. How in the world could this chicken have known this, other than by the grace of God.

The amazing grace of God. This got me to thinking of how in the Army, as a dining officer learning by watching the real cooks, that BBQ sauce was made with a number of #10 cans of ketchup, mustard, some gallons of vinegar, and many pounds of sugar. While the ingredients vary, you can make anything quicker, and cheaper, by doing it yourself. So now by the grace of God, I make my own salad dressing, spaghetti, tartar, cocktail and other specific condiments as the need arises and in the quantity required. The only reason to buy commercial products stems from either the desire to determine how they are made, or laziness.

I had no desire to go into the Army, but it seemed like I had really no control over the circumstances. However, during that period of time I received not only the best leadership training that money could buy, and because of the nature of the intelligence community that I was "lucky" enough to get into, I also received priceless insight into how the world really worked, the good, the bad, and the really ugly, with an emphasis on the bad, and the really ugly.

My friend David and I spent some hours in the Top Secret crypto facility he operated, discussing the affairs of the world and our hopes to one day make films of various types. Access to this place was strictly limited, other than those who worked in the secure area, less than ten people in the world had access. This included the President and the Vice President. We also talked at length on how we could use the still camera's we now owned, to attend war protest rallies when we got home, to see if we could spot and make conversation with any "spies" we might see there.

A fictional idea of what a couple of spy guys, armed with the right intelligence, could do to our world economy without anybody really knowing about what was going on, is the subject of the next Chronicles series, once we finish *Fractured Rapture*. This series will deal with the environmental greening and global warming.

Part of the real training we both received included a great deal of intelligence on every aspect of demonstrations. How these acts can become riots and other forms of not politically correct, or unacceptable behavior, we knew well.

Many of those aspects I had to deal with, as I took my video camera and headed down to the marriage rally. But the grace of God surpasses our understanding, I didn't go to the rally to check out all the aspects of what well meaning people can do to demonstrate against the continued desire for humans to become more like wildlife. I went to chronicle one aspect of the wild life on this earth and what some human's were doing to try to save humanity.

This goes to show, really that nothing in my life has worked out like I planned. Thank God. He as done a much better job at orchestrating my life than I could ever do.

Early in my life I wanted to play major college basketball with the goal to be a pro. In my era, the only way that anyone would learn that you were born with a major heart defect, would be through an autopsy. Only now, am I beginning to come to grips with the possibility that it may have not been so much my ability to play basketball or the lack there of, but just a gift of the grace of God to save my life.

When I went into the service, my goal after I got out was to teach high school science somewhere in central Washington. I also wanted to coach the basketball team, teach in my church's Sunday school, and in my summers of course, film wildlife movies.

When I got out of the Army, I had limited success as a basketball coach, my team had a 9-1 record, with our only loss coming from a team who had five starters who had played college basketball at some level. After a game on the team I played on, I also had the opportunity to tell a Mormon friend, we bowled on the same "Holy Rollers" bowling team and he was an all conference basketball player at some college in Utah, that indeed everyone in Washington state could play defense as well or better than I could. It just took him a week or so to settle down to the point that he could again talk to me calmly.

The problem with this school teaching dream however, was that school districts, not only had to pay me for my education, they also had to pay me for my military experience, which was considerably more than they would have to pay someone with just a basic education degree. So again, was this a shattered dream, or just a gift of the grace of God?

I could bore you with more exciting stories of God's grace in my life, but you have heard a lot of them already, and should the Lord tarry, I know I will have the opportunity to share them at another time. What I do want to share, is the gift of grace I received Sunday after my wild life video.

After the wild life, I mean the Biblical Marriage Rally video played, we were given the opportunity to listen to a sermon by Larry Kroon from the great state of Alaska. He was in Seattle to watch his daughter play in the tournament which may lead to a national championship for Seattle Pacific University in Division IIA.

This sermon used as reference Psalm 30, particularly verse 11,12:

*You have turned for me my mourning into dancing;*

*You have put off my sackcloth and clothed me with gladness,*

*To the end that my glory may sing praise to You and not be silent.*

*O LORD my God, I will give thanks to You forever.*

Larry said how he anguished, when at an earlier time, he preached this Psalm when his promising teenage basketball star daughter was in need of a life saving liver transplant. How he made some small cards with verse 11 printed on them and then handed them out, with a space on the back to record the time and place when the mourning had been converted into dancing and the sackcloth had been changed to clothes of gladness.

The liver transplant took place even though when he preached the message they had no health insurance, which was the prerequisite to even getting on the donor list. Now this weekend he was watching that daughter, after completing an undefeated season, begin a quest for a National Championship.

After service, I was able to share with him how just one year ago, I had just gotten out of the hospital from having my aortic valve and my ascending aorta replaced. How I too had an insurance story, and among other things, how my first wild life video had just been shown.

Sometimes we feel like our lives are nothing but a barbecued chicken filet, between a couple of pieces of soggy bread. That red stuff that seems to be smothering us, feels like it is our own blood, that comes from our own tears of anguish at times and in situations.

But when He changes our mourning into dancing and clothes me with gladness, as God has done to millions of His children throughout history. We can see that we were being squeezed by God's requirement for personal holiness on one side (remember propitiation two weeks ago) and on the other side by His gift of grace. That red stuff that I thought was my blood turned out to be the Passion of the Christ, that justifies me as holy before the Father, even if I am a chicken, or an unclean pig.

My dad used to like fried egg and bacon sandwiches. Sometime along the line I learned to like them also. That too is an involved and committed sandwich. Much better than his sardines with a full slice of onion. That taste I haven't mastered yet, and have really no desire to put it on my list of favorite things.

Likewise, to each of us a unique manner of unfathomable grace has been given. In time, those who allow God's grace to change their lives, they will be able to look at their sandwich situations with gladness. Those who do not, will spend their present and eternal lives squished between the requirements of the slice of God's bread which is law, and the slice of God's bread which is grace found in Jesus Christ alone.

I can't understand how anyone would want to spend eternity in such an enforced situation of absolute truth, but then again I won't have to. I don't have a clue on how or why all this grace has happened in my life, but this I do know, it is much better than I could have done on my own. The gratitude of knowing that I have just begun to live, makes me wonder why I, or anyone else, would settle for being a chicken or a pig, when by God's grace they are already a redeemed son or daughter of the living God Almighty.

### *Seeds for Prayer*

Producing the Biblical Marriage Rally video took much of the time I had hoped to devote to other endeavors, but it also pointed out the limitations of both my video equipment and software. For the most part, it was as good as I could do with what I have. The next step involves some serious money, at least by my standards. But it was a kick to produce, because I really felt that this is something I know or could quickly learn how to do very well. It really could be a wonderful gift not only to me but to others.

The problem is other than me writing this weekly column, I have little knowledge of the Bride of Jesus Christ doing something that others would like to emulate. Is the Christian life really boring, or is it just that we are too chicken to take the risk? We get up every day and go to work, wondering if, when, and how we can retire. After work, we are too tired to do much else but watch television. Then Sundays we go to church, and we get all pumped up till Sunday night, when we remember we have to get up early Monday morning and go to work again.

I did also have time to meet with a friend that I haven't seen for about 6 years. Pray for that situation, for the above paragraph is a much more generalized rendition of what I had the opportunity to listen to. I got a call last night asking me to go on another walk.

Some progress was made on moving to Lake Palmer, but in the context of this week's message, I would consider it only preparatory to what God is doing. Please pray for open doors, and opportunities to develop the needed cash flow.

P.S. If you didn't have the opportunity and are interested in seeing what the bride of Christ is attempting to begin to do in Seattle, I can email you a Quicktime Movie, (high speed access recommended) or send you a DVD.