

Nothing Like Peace!

A few weeks ago at our Sunday night church service, about the time our preacher got up to deliver his lesson, a two year old boy on the pew behind us (who probably needed a nap) started to deliver his own “lesson.” As the preacher attempted to present his thoughts, the young boy behind us proceeded to cry, whine, plead, yell, cry some more — and generally do all of this so loudly that we could only hear every third word of what the preacher was saying. We were just a few rows from the front, but we still could not hear! We kept expecting the little one to quieten after a few minutes or to suddenly drop off into a nap — but this never happened. As the sermon continued, the little boy grew even louder. Perhaps it was our imagination, but it seemed the preacher increased his sound volume to attempt to communicate over the little boy’s ongoing protests. The little boy would answer by increasing his volume as well — or so it seemed to us!

This battle of sounds raged on for about two-thirds of the sermon, until finally the child’s exasperated father took the young boy out of the auditorium. At this point, as casualties of war, we breathed a collective sigh of relief; however, the sermon was now practically over. The preacher made a few concluding remarks, and his lesson was done.

After the closing song and dismissal prayer, I turned to my wife and jokingly said: “Uh, what was the lesson tonight about again?”

She thought for a moment, then she suddenly started laughing! Through her laughter she answered: “Peace! The subject was ‘Peace’!” We had a long laugh at the irony of the situation.

There’s certainly nothing quite like peace — and this was nothing like it!

(Originally Written: October 21, 2017)