

PEACEMAKERS

Published by Peace Officers For Christ International

Journal



**OFFICER NEEDS HELP!
SHOTS FIRED! - OFFICER DOWN!**

Ride with a helicopter crew
as they desperately work to
save a fallen officer in
ANGELS ABOVE

*He heals the broken hearted
and binds up their wounds.*

Psalm 147:3 NKJV

Journal

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Letter *From the President*

Having been a police officer since 1982 I can say without any reservation that my life has been changed because of my experiences.

When I started my law enforcement career I must admit that I was pretty naïve about what really went on in our society. Yet as a barely out of high school cop, I was quickly thrown into a world of negative experiences where regularly I saw the effects of evil on mankind. On a daily basis I literally saw, played out in living color, what the Bible describes as the conduct of a life apart from God: “**Now the deeds of the flesh are evident, which are: immorality, impurity, sensuality, idolatry, sorcery, enmities, strife, jealousy, outbursts of anger, disputes, dissensions, factions, envying, drunkenness, carousing, and things like these...**” Galatians 5: 19-21a.

In the academy and during my initial training my instructors stressed officer safety and survival and they taught me tactics to survive physically; but they didn’t teach me how to heal my mind from the junk that was filling it each day. Based on over 24 years of being a cop I know that physical tactics are not enough to survive a law enforcement career. We cops see too much stuff and the cumulative effect of that stuff manifests itself in our lives in various destructive ways such as cynicism, insensitivity, social isolation, infidelity, alcohol abuse, depression, anger and even suicide.

To survive our careers we need tactics to heal the mental part of our lives and to keep our heart alive with joy. I believe that the most powerful **officer safety** tool we can have is a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. Jesus wants to bear our burdens and stresses. In John 16:33 Jesus says: “**I have told you all this so that you may have peace in me. Here on earth you will have many trials and sorrows. But take heart, because I have overcome the world.**” It has been my experience that trusting in Jesus can allow us to have peace while the world goes crazy around us.

God’s healing and transforming love were demonstrated through Jesus Christ’s life. Throughout His life, Jesus healed people both physically and mentally; however His overriding message was always eternal healing. I believe that God still miraculously heals people of illness, disease and other physical problems; however the day-to-day **healing work** within our **spiritual** lives is God’s most common interaction with those that have a personal relationship with Him. As our relationship with God grows we will experience higher and higher levels of the Holy Spirit’s presence, which heals us and brings the healthy characteristics of love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, kindness goodness, faithfulness, meekness and temperance (Galatians 5-22-23).

As you read through this issue of the Peacemaker’s Journal I would ask you to ponder this question – “How are you helping to heal your fellow officers with the all-powerful medicine of a personal relationship with Jesus Christ?”

In His service,
Devin Chase - President
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From the Editor

In this issue you will find articles about healing. Not just physical healing, but also emotional healing and healing of the soul. All of these things are a vital part of an active, living walk with the Lord.

I want to depart from the theme for just a moment and talk about POFCI. It is my hope that POFCI is an important part of your life. We are constantly bombarded by things of "the world." We see the world on our TV's, hear the world on our radios and are exposed to the world on an almost constant basis. POFCI was formed to be a bit of a break from the things of the world.

It is our hope that the articles found in the Peacemakers Journal will benefit you in some way. All of the articles are written by officers or someone that is connected to law enforcement in some way. It is our desire to be a source of support for anyone in law enforcement. If the Peacemakers Journal has been a help to you or touched you in some way, please let us know about it. Drop us a short note by email letting us know how we are doing. Your thoughts can be sent to, info@pofci.org. We look forward to hearing from you.

POFCI is a not for profit organization. The POFCI board does not take any salary. POFCI has no source of income other than the donations of our supporters. Our main contact with law enforcement is through the Peacemakers Journal. Unfortunately, publication and distribuition of the magazine is not free. As an example, the last publicaiton of the magazine cost almost \$8,000.00 to print, mail and distribute through other means. It is our desire to publish the Journal on a more regular basis. To do this, POFCI needs funds. We need your support.

If you feel led to financially support POFCI, check out our web page at www.pofci.org. There you will find information on how to donate tax deductible support to the ministry. Please consider making POFCI a part of your regular giving. Many banks will arrange for a regular monthly donation in case you tend to forget about such things. We even have arranged for support through PayPal. That information is also on the web page.

In the mean time, I hope you enjoy this issue of the Peacemakers Journal, and please take a moment to drop us a note on how we may be of service to you.

Craig Bryant

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Hope

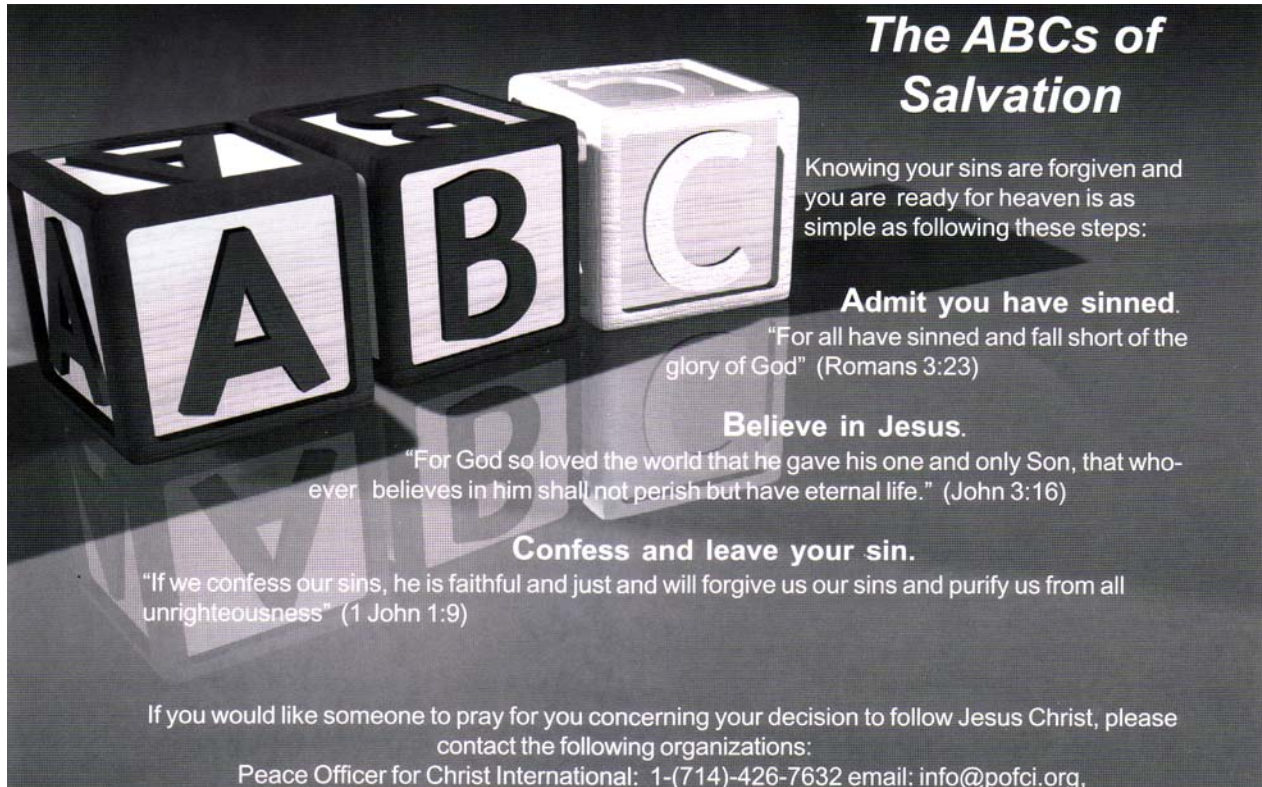
As you read this edition of the Peacemakers Journal, you will find a number of articles of healings where God, through his love, has healed cops and their families. My twenty-five year old daughter, Rachel Turner, was healed of Chronic Fatigue Syndrome after a year of being disabled and wheelchair bound.

When I hear of God's healing power and how He has touched lives physically, it gives me hope that God can touch my life, no matter what type of healing I need: mentally, emotionally, spiritually, financially, and indeed physically. The testimonies of God's healing power and testimonies of answered prayer gives me hope; hope for healing, hope for a better tomorrow, hope that things are going to get better.

In Romans 5:1-5, the Word of God states, *"Therefore having been justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom also we have access by Faith into this grace in which we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only that, be we also glory in tribulations, knowing that tribulations produces perseverance; and perseverance, character, and character, Hope. Now hope does not disappoint, because the love of God has been poured out in our hearts by the Holy Spirit who was given to us."*

Does God love me? Yes. Do I love Him? Yes. Does God heal everyone? No. Why doesn't God heal everyone? I don't know, but God is still God, and He has all the answers. I am finite, God is all-powerful, eternal, and all knowing. I have been diabetic for eighteen years and I wear glasses, my knees are shot from running on concrete and twenty-eight years of martial arts. I have asked for a healing, but I still need insulin, glasses, and knee braces when I work-out. Do I have faith to be healed, yes, but healing is up to God, not me, nor to a spiritual formula. God does give me strength each day to carry out His Will in my life and God has healed me of other sicknesses in His timing. Hope has taught me to lean into God, for He is leaning into me. I have a few ways to build hope: reading the Bible, spending time in prayer, listening to Bible studies, and worshiping our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Over the years I have learned that by leaning on the Lord Jesus Christ that He can give me hope and I believe that God can give you the same hope and confidence in His love and strength.

OCSD Deputy Terry Hart
Director of Outreach-POFCI



The ABCs of Salvation

Knowing your sins are forgiven and you are ready for heaven is as simple as following these steps:

Admit you have sinned.
"For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God" (Romans 3:23)

Believe in Jesus.
"For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life." (John 3:16)

Confess and leave your sin.
"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just and will forgive us our sins and purify us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9)

If you would like someone to pray for you concerning your decision to follow Jesus Christ, please contact the following organizations:
Peace Officer for Christ International: 1-(714)-426-7632 email: info@pofci.org,

DOES GOD STILL HEAL TODAY?

I was born in Glendale, Ca and moved to San Jose when I was 3 or 4 years old. My parents were divorced when I was very young. I grew up on the west side of San Jose in the 'Cambrian' area, a middle class neighborhood. I had a basic belief in God, instilled by my grandmother, and attended church maybe once a year; at Easter. But I had no understanding of who God was, let alone Jesus Christ.

I got involved with pornography at around age 11 or 12, and was drinking by 13. Pornography and drinking became a habit that stayed with me for many years. As I grew up my main goal was to be married and create the family that I never had. Another goal was to become a police officer and help those in need.

By age 26, I was married, in the police academy and had my first child on the way, yes, all at the same time. I had it all, all my dreams realized. I went through the San Jose police academy, was appointed April of 1998, and finished FTO late June, early July.

My admin assignment was on a midnight team working District (M)ary on the east side of San Jose. My first child was born in October of the same year.

As a brand new officer working the east side, I was involved with and exposed to things that I had never dealt with before. I stayed on the east side for about 3 years. During that time I had to figure out how to handle the sometimes overwhelming emotions that each call evoked.

I remember one night, about 0400 hrs being dispatched to a domestic violence call. It's my beat and like a good rookie, I'm the first one on-scene. I can hear yelling and screaming coming from the open front door and it takes everything I have not to run in there by myself. I'm waiting a safe distance from the door, with my adrenaline surging through me. As soon as I see my fill arrive I put out over the air that I'm entering the house and ask for 'Code-33'. I hear that emergency tone on the radio, and enter the dark front room. I can hear the screaming coming from the rear bedroom. My fill comes running in just as I boot the locked bedroom door. The first thing I see is a WFA sitting on the bed with a large carving knife. As I point my duty weapon at her and yell 'Don't move', she throws the knife into the bathroom. I hear it hit the floor and then a WMA comes running out. I almost shot him. She is under the influence of 'LSD', he is drunk. She's mad because he is causing the spiders from the taro cards to climb onto her head. She goes 10-15.....

Here's another one; 273a in progress, mother says her daughter is beating the 3 year old with a belt for the past 20 minutes and won't stop. Three of us respond 'Code-3'. The daughter and child live in the rear garage, with the door locked. I can hear screaming and the sound of someone being hit. We boot the door and see a 23yr old woman holding a 3 yr old girl by the arm and viscously beating her with a belt. Upon seeing us, she drops the child and cowers in the corner, crying. The child is being punished for dumping out mommy's purse while she was asleep.

As police officers we all have stories like these, and plenty more.....I grew up on the west side of town, in a middle-class neighborhood. I never dealt with these things. So I did what I knew, I'd have a few beers, maybe some tequila after shift. This became a regular ritual. I also had quite a selection of porn to choose from, also to escape reality or self medicate whatever you want to call it. I became pretty cold and callous.

Don't forget, I have a new wife and child. My attitude, surprisingly, carried over into my personal life. She is able to stay home and take care of our son, so she is ready to talk about her issues when I arrive home. As far as I was concerned they were very petty and un-important. I'm a cop, I can fix anything. I'd give her the answer, letting her know how ridiculous it was that

she couldn't figure it out on her own, and move on. I would actually tell my wife, the woman I married, the woman who had my child, that she was being ridiculous. And even if I didn't actually say it, I made sure she felt dumb and insignificant. I was dealing with important stuff,

she wasn't. Little did I know within the first two years of our marriage, she was planning to leave me and take our son with her.

When I had first started dating my wife, we went occasionally to the church that I had attending irregularly as a teen, South Hills Community Church in San Jose. After I got hired by SJPd, I stopped completely, first because of a time-consuming thing called the police academy then out of anger toward God because of the things that I'd seen on duty. As I drifted farther from God, my wife got closer. She attended, by herself, Sunday service regularly, and then started attending an 'Alpha' course (Alpha' is a 13 wk course that teaches the basics of the Christian faith)

She would get so excited about whatever topic they were covering that week and want to talk with me about it. This usually ended up in an argument of some type. I felt that I was taking care of business on the street, not God, so I didn't want to hear about Him.

This went on for several months, and then a new course started. She kept asking me to attend with her, but I refused. My wife didn't give up; she prayed for me, had others praying for me, and kept asking me to attend. Finally (just to satisfy her) I agreed to attend the orientation dinner only. I thought that I would go and see what the angle was. During that dinner I starting thinking that one day my son may ask, "Why does mommy believe in Jesus and you don't daddy?" So I figured I would attend for a few weeks and be better able to explain to him why I don't believe.

The course was made up of small groups. I sat at my group with my arms crossed, chair back, and 'read' all the leaders involved. I came to the conclusion quickly that they weren't lying and actually believed what they were talking about. Each week I told my wife, "ok I'll go back for just one more, but then I'm done". Needless to say, I continued through the entire course and came to the conclusion that Jesus Christ is who he said he was; God, come to earth in the form of man. I accepted Jesus as my Lord and Savior in November 2000 and my life has not been the

**Does God heal today? I'm evidence
that indeed He does.**

same, he healed me of my past sin and is continuing to heal me today.

My relationship with my wife gets stronger with each passing year because Jesus is the center of our marriage. My second son was born February 2001. God blessed me with two sons, and I have a heavenly Father to look to as an example of how to be theirs. I used to look at the public that I served as 'deserving what they got', looking forward to the next physical confrontation and building anger and resentment toward those I swore to serve.

I no longer need to turn to alcohol when the job is stressful, I can go to Jesus who not only understands my stress, sadness, and sometimes anguish over how people treat one another, but can take it from me and comfort me in the process. *'I am able to do all things through Him who strengthens me.'* **Philippians 4:13** I have no need for pornography, God has given me a beautiful, loving wife, and taught me that men and woman were made in His image, and made to share a sexual relationship within the boundaries of marriage. *'So God created man in His own image; He created him in the image of God; he created them male and female'* **Genesis 1:27**..... *'For this reason a man will leave his father and mother and be joined to his wife, and the two will become one flesh'* **Ephesians 5:31**

The Lord has shown me that **He is the one** taking care of business on the street; *'....for there is no authority except that which God has established. The authorities that exist have been established by God.'* **Romans 13:1**; *'the face of the Lord is against those who do evil.....'* **Psalm 34:16**..... You, in law enforcement are the authorities spoken of in scripture, **God is at work**. Your anger at evil is of God..... *'For government is God's servant to you for good. But if you do wrong, be afraid, because it does not carry the sword for no reason. For government is God's servant, an avenger that brings wrath on the one who does wrong.'* **Romans 13:4**

As Christians we are not perfect, just forgiven. I didn't change overnight; it was a process God took me through. **God does heal today**, and is ready and willing to heal you. All you have to do is ask. *'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'* **1John 1:9**.... Even as believers we can fall into sin, looking to the wrong things to comfort us, instead of looking to our Lord.



If you're unsure I encourage you to investigate what I've said. And if your ready to let Him heal you, or to ask Jesus into your life as your Lord and Savior for the first time, talk to someone at your church, your departments chaplain, or call one of us here at POFCI; we'd be happy to pray with you.

In His service,
Officer Jeremy Martinez
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POFCI – Rep
San Jose / Bay Area

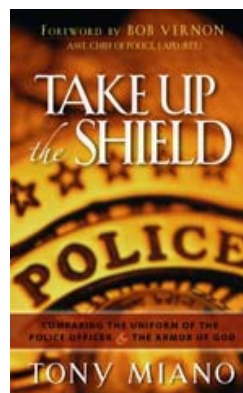
Street Cop Uses the Police Uniform to Illustrate the Armor of God.

Tony Miano writes, "The similarities between the uniform of the police officer and God's armor go beyond the pieces of equipment themselves. They extend to the importance of preparation for duty and the cost when we fail to use the right equipment in the right way. We must understand how to 'wear' and 'use' this armor."

"There is a spiritual war raging between two kingdoms – the kingdoms of good and evil. Like it or not, believe it or not, it is true. The battle is real. And every individual is in the midst of the battle field. We too must be in uniform and prepared for battle. Unless we have on the full armor of God, Paul warns us, we will not be able to stand against the schemes of the devil."

As a member of the Sheriff's Department, Tony has worked the streets of metropolitan Los Angeles and walked the cellblocks of one of the most dangerous county jails around. In describing the officer's uniform, Tony recounts his experiences in responding to the infamous L.A. Riots and the devastating 1994 Northridge earthquake, and gives insight into a cop's life – working in jail, making arrests, firing at a suspect, taking a hit in a bullet-proof vest.

Using the analogy of civil law, Tony gives readers a look into the courtroom of the Judge of all mankind. "Just as there are civil laws that apply to all of society, there is a universal Moral Law by which we are to abide. You don't want to go through life thinking you're doing the right thing only to face the frightening prospect of finding yourself before the Judge and declared guilty of breaking the Law." Tony helps readers examine their lives in light of god's standard and encourages them to "take up the shield" of faith by placing their trust in Jesus Christ.



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the Police Officer & the
Armor of God
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Just Remember

Chaplain Tony Miano

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Not long ago, I worked a “Click it or Ticket” seatbelt enforcement campaign. Having worked traffic for a few years, before trading in my radar and roll-tape for chaplain crosses, I’ve seen the devastation that comes when someone is involved in a T/C, without wearing a seatbelt. I’ve made death notifications that could have been avoided if the deceased had only worn their seatbelt. Seatbelts do save lives, so I don’t mind encouraging people to use them with the words, “I need your signature in the red box. You’re not admitting guilt. You’re simply agreeing to appear in court or to pay the citation.”

No one likes to get a ticket. But it seems that seatbelt tickets can really bring out the rancor of some motorists. One motorist I cited called the Watch Commander to file a complaint as I wrote his ticket. I stood by the driver’s door, waiting for him to get off the phone. Once he finished his call to the Watch Commander, he smirked and proceeded to give me an ear full. Unbeknownst to him, our conversation was being recorded for posterity.

Along with the typical words of castigation, the motorist left me with a parting shot as he drove away. He leaned out his window and yelled, “Just remember! You’re nothing but a cop!” The last recorded words of the conversation were mine. “I take that as a compliment, sir!”

Just remember. You don’t need me to tell you that, as peace officers, we see the worst of mankind on a daily basis. We’re overworked, under-appreciated, and second-guessed. We turn on the nightly news to hear the pundits with untrained eyes and ears scrutinize our split-second decisions. At times, it seems as though the general public only cares about us when we die. Even then, some complain about how the memorial procession for a fallen hero causes traffic delays.

As the words of that ignorant motorist rang in my ears, I realized that it can be challenging for us to “just remember” why we do this job in the first place—why we put up with the garbage and the danger and the personal cost (not only to us, but also to our families). I often find comfort and encouragement in the Scriptures. I recently came across a passage that serves as a reminder and encouragement to me when I find myself asking the “why” questions. And it helps me to *remember* why I serve as a peace officer.

A man by the name of Asaph, an eminent musician in the court of King David, cried out to God with these words. “Defend the cause

of the weak and fatherless; maintain the rights of the poor and oppressed. Rescue the weak and the needy; deliver them from the hand of the wicked” (Psalm 82:3-4).

In his letter to the church at Rome, the apostle Paul described governmental authorities (which includes peace officers) this way. “For rulers hold no terror for those who do right, but for those who do wrong. Do you want to be free from fear of the one in authority? Then do what is right and he will commend you. For he is God’s servant to do you good. But if you do wrong, be afraid, for he does not bear the sword for nothing. He is God’s servant, an agent of wrath to bring punishment on the wrongdoer. Therefore, it is necessary to submit to the authorities, not only because of possible punishment but also because of conscience” (Romans 13:3-5).

As God’s instruments to bring law and order to a fallible society, we, as peace officers, can serve as the answer to Asaph’s ancient

prayer in the lives of the people we contact every day. Just remember; as peace officers we serve as the front line of defense for the weak and the fatherless—providing the people of our communities with a level of protection they often cannot provide for themselves. Just remember, as we enforce the laws of our county and state we

maintain the rights of the poor and those who may find themselves oppressed by others. Just remember, on any given day we may be called upon to rescue the weak and the needy from the acts of society’s criminal element, or from circumstances of their own creation. And just remember, we’ve sworn an oath to deliver the innocent from the hands of the wicked.

Just remember! When the shifts seem longer, when the work seems more difficult, when the losses seem to outnumber the wins, just remember why we do this job. We are peace officers. And as such, we serve a vital role in society—a role ordained by God. We are defenders of a cause. We are maintainers of rights. And we are rescuers and deliverers of those who find themselves helpless or the victims of crimes.

So, if anyone ever tells you that you are “just a cop,” thank him or her for the compliment. And *just remember* why you do the special work you have been called to do.



Chaplain's

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Stuck LiquiGels
Chaplain Bill Wolfe
Llano County Sheriff's Department

Hello, and welcome to the Chaplain's Corner. You can tell by the title that this month's column is going to be a bit different. As I sat down to start writing, my wife was having trouble getting her Advil LiquiGels to come out of the bottle. Although it was a brand new bottle, the LiquiGels were stuck together. She jokingly suggested I write about it. Well, it took about 10 seconds to find an illustration in that situation.

Hmmm...toying with an idea here: whether or not to ask my readers to describe something to me, and see if I can "find a sermon in there." OK...let's go for it and see if we can have a little fun. I will set some limits, however. For this, let's stay away from trauma and tragedy, and let's not play "try to embarrass the Chaplain." Fair enough? (I heard you guys in vice say "Awww...he's no fun.") If you want to send a "challenge," send it to lcso773@moment.net.

Now...back to the "Parable of the Advil" and the headache, I mean, article at hand. I figure this makes for about a "5-point sermon."

1. In this illustration, God is like Advil. Life isn't fun all of the time. For a lot of us that's an understatement. If we've lived long at all, life has brought us a myriad of "headaches" – some worse than others. Some we can simply ride out, and some just cause more pain than we care to (or are able to) deal with on our own. When those times come along, we reach for help. In each situation we face, God desires to be "a very present help in the time of trouble" (Ps. 46:1).

God is like Advil. Life isn't fun all of the time. For a lot of us that's an understatement. If we've lived long at all, life has brought us a myriad of "headaches" – some worse than others.

2. Relief is "in the bottle." In our family, when we have a headache, we go looking for the Advil bottle, believing that we'll find relief. That belief is rooted in what others have said it will do for us and in our history of receiving relief from taking Advil. The psalmist David asks and answers this question in Psalm 121: "From whence shall my help come? My help comes from the Lord." He also has a history of receiving help from God: "For Thou has been my help" (Ps. 63:7).

3. Sometimes the LiquiGels don't just fall out of the bottle. Because LiquiGels are designed to dissolve quickly, excess humidity can cause them to stick together, so it takes a little effort to get them out of the bottle. Sometimes our relationship with God isn't what it should be. We get busy with life, preoccupied with other things. Then when life brings us a "headache" and we decide to bring it to the Lord, we have to expend a little effort to get relief. We may have to do a little soul-searching and a little repenting (ouch) – a philosophical

"shaking the bottle," if you will. Sometimes we have to tap the bottle a few times before that last LiquiGel comes loose. If you read through the Psalms, you'll find numerous times where it wasn't easy for David to hear God and find His answer to David's problems.

4. We have a choice: Take the time necessary to get the LiquiGels out of the bottle, or live without the relief they can provide. When the LiquiGels won't come out, we **can** put the bottle down and walk away, and our pain remains. We all have to decide for ourselves whether or not we'll continue to seek God in prayer until He answers, even if that takes a little longer than we expect.



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Prayers, Bibles, and Peacemakers Journals

Here is a good way to support to the ministry of Peace Officers for Christ International; one is to just make out a check or money order to POFCI and sent it to Peace Officers for Christ International, 3000 MacArthur Blvd, suite 426, Santa Ana, California 92704-6962. All donations made to the ministry are tax deductible. You may also go to the POFCI web page if you would prefer to donate using a credit card. Credit card transactions are handled securely through the PayPal credit card system. What could be easier?

POFCI board members are volunteers, so all monies received for the ministry of POFCI goes to giving the Gospel to law enforcement. Your gift is greatly appreciated and you are helpint go reach thousands of law enforcement officers with the Gospel of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Isa 61:1-3

(1) The Spirit of the Sovereign LORD is on me, because the LORD has anointed me to preach good news to the poor. He has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim freedom for the captives and release from darkness for the prisoners, (2) to proclaim the year of the LORD's favor and the day of vengeance of our God, to comfort all who mourn, (3) and provide for those who grieve in Zion — to bestow on them a crown of beauty instead of ashes, the oil of gladness instead of mourning, and a garment of praise instead of a spirit of despair. They will be called oaks of righteousness, a planting of the LORD for the display of his splendor.

Beslan, Russia December 2004

September 1st, 2004 thirty armed terrorists seized control of the school in Beslan, taking 1,300 hostages, many of them children. By September 3rd, 344 innocent people were dead, including 186 children.

Stepping off of the airplane in Vladikavkaz had my emotions stirring with anticipation of the ministry before me. I remember the same emotions as I was flying toward New York in September of 2001. Unable to imagine the pain the people of this city have had to endure at the hands of evil men.



Many hours were spent in prayer prior to arriving on scene. Only in the power of God would the necessary ministry take place and hurting hearts be comforted. I continued to pray even as I walked into the remnants of School #1.

The sight of the destruction was almost overwhelming. The terrorists were driven by evil and accomplished wreaking complete havoc in this community. I was praying for God to direct me to those hurting family members in which He would want me to minister too. He was faithful. I was able to talk with, pray with, and simply embrace folks who were in need of God's comfort.

The cemetery was the most difficult for me to see. Photos of the innocent children, who were murdered,

placed on wooden posts above each grave were extremely difficult to view. Hundreds of graves with many families grouped together displaying the enormous amount of grief being experienced by the families of Beslan. I continued to pray for God's leading in the conversations and for them

“I was privileged to meet with Marina, whose daughter Tamarice was killed in the siege”



to be directed by Him. Again, God proved Himself faithful in directing me to those willing to hear about His goodness and His desire to be their source of comfort.

I was privileged to meet Marina, whose daughter Tamarice was killed in the siege and whose other daughter Amaka was permanently injured by losing one eye. What a sweet woman, but completely stricken with grief over Tamarice being killed. I was able to spend a considerable amount of time sharing with her and encouraging her as she faces the challenges of moving forward without her daughter. God was and will continue to be faithful to Marina and her family in the days ahead. I am so glad to have been able to encourage

her with the comfort of God's presence in her darkest hours.

There have been many people who traveled to Beslan since the tragedy took place. Many have reached out to the hurting members of the community. However, before my departure, the Lord put it on my heart to focus my ministry toward the Law Enforcement officers who worked this horrific event. Many times those who are working in these environments are left out of the loop when it comes to counseling and comfort. So, I prayed for God to open up an opportunity to be used in some way to minister to those in Law enforcement affected by this tragedy. God answered my prayer.

My driver while in Beslan was also a divine appointment. I shared my desire to minister to Law Enforcement with him and he looked at me with a big smile. He told me that he teaches a Home Fellowship in his home each week and three of the people who attend are Police Officers. Through this conversation I ended up at my driver's house for dinner in the company of these three Police



Officers. These men are all part of the Special Forces Team which made the entry into the gymnasium at School #1.

Through our discussion over dinner I shared the vision the Lord had

given me as to ministering to the Law Enforcement people of Beslan. One of the men told me he had been praying for two years for God to send a Christian Police Officer to his city to speak to the officer's he worked with because they would not listen to him. He looked straight at me with his finger pointed and said; "you are the answer to that prayer". He then told me to show up at his police station in the morning and he would set it up for me to talk with his team members.

Praying throughout the night for God to use this great opportunity left me awake most of the night. I arrived at the police station in the morning with the peace of God knowing He had good things in store for the day. Twenty-two Special Forces Team members filed into a training room to listen to this American Pastor/Deputy Sheriff speak. One of my new friends introduced me to his team, then turned to me and said "preach". I was able to share a message of hope with these brave men. It was a message of God's grace, compassion, mercy, and forgiveness. The response was amazing. The two Christians who were in the room shouted "Praise God!" as their fellow team members responded to this message. I could truly sense the power of God in this room. Many of these who were troubled by memories of the dead or dying children have now experienced the supernatural touch and healing of the Living God. Praise the Lord for His faithfulness to bring hope in the midst of disaster.

I was also given the opportunity to minister to the team members by debriefing them about the incident. This was truly a divine appointment to be with these men on this day. What a horrible three days it was as these men sought a way to rescue those taken hostage. What horrific images to have to sort through as they recovered the bodies of those killed. Thank God for His healing comfort offered to these men on this day. He truly is faithful to heal.

I will continue to pray for the families of Beslan. I am also committed to praying for the Police Officers as they now live in their new relationship with the Lord. I want to encourage you to continue to pray as well.

In HIS Service,

Chaplain Gary Malkus
San Bernardino Sheriff Department

Psalm 118:24

"This is the day the Lord has made, let us rejoice and be glad in it." Psalm 118:24

You put yourself available for calls ~~~~~

Your radio comes to life with the first call of the day - "Respond to the local elementary school; report of a 288 PC (Child Molest). Your victim is 5 years old."

"This is the day the Lord has made, let us rejoice and be glad in it." Psalm 118:24

Again you hear your dispatcher, "clear for traffic?": 273.5 (spousal abuse) in progress, RP says her husband is hitting her, now he has a knife." You respond Code 3.

"This is the day the Lord has made, let us rejoice and be glad in it." Psalm 118:24

Once again on your beat. "10-56 ~~ "RP found her 19 year old grandson hanging in the garage, she won't cut him down."

Do you sometimes find it hard to rejoice and be glad? I know I do. But our Lord reminds us that we don't need to be glad for the situations, just for who he is.

The Lord has called you into the ministry of law enforcement because; 'the face of the Lord is against those who do evil...' Ps 34:16. In His word he tells us '...for there is no authority except that which God has established. The authorities that exist have been established by God.' Romans 13:1

Our Lord gives us many reasons to rejoice; in His salvation (Psalm 13:5); His righteousness (Psalm 7:17); in His promises (Psalm 119:162); in our inheritance (Isaiah 61:7); that He is our Savior (Luke 1:47); and because He is our God (Isaiah 61:10)

I encourage you to hold onto these words in difficult times, and know that our Lord is with you, always.

"This is the day the Lord has made, let us rejoice and be glad in it." Psalm 118:24

Officer Jeremy Martinez
San Jose Police Department
San Jose, California

POFCI Representative
San Jose/Bay Area



Blessed are the
peace makers for
they shall be called
the sons of God...
Matthew 5:9

“WALKING WOUNDED”

Pastor Bill Hoffman

“Aaauugghh!!!” My sudden cry of anguish was followed quickly by a perplexing and troubling thought. “What have I done to myself this time?”

The agony was almost unbearable. My eyes filled with tears as I struggled to gingerly maneuver my body into a position that would mitigate the sharp, searing pain in my lower back. I sat at the breakfast table unable to lift my coffee cup to my lips for fear of aggravating my inflamed spine. For a while it even hurt to breathe. A simple cough gave rise to a wave of intolerable suffering. So what unforgiving act on my part proved to be the catalyst for all this grief? An awkward stumble? Weary muscles from heavy-duty lifting? Working too hard at my exercise routine? Yoga classes? No, all those reasons would make far too much sense. Though I wish I could blame some adventurous, risky, romantic, or manly activity for the cause of my anguish, my sensitive conscience compels me to tell the truth. Actually, my injury occurred while executing the mundane task of scooting my chair up to the table.

After cursing my old age, my first thought was to take it out on God. Why, God? Why now? What have I done to deserve this? For six months I have begged you to heal my back troubles and now they are worse than ever!” My desperate ranting did nothing to ease my pain. All day I have shuffled around the house in ultra-slow motion treating my injury as I have always done with heating pads and pain pills. I still remember the less-than-sympathetic words of my doctor the last time I took my smarting spine to the local clinic. “It’s probably just arthritis. Get some rest, take some anti-inflammatory tablets, and it should be better in a few days. You are going to have to learn to live with some pain. After all, what do you expect at your age?” It was that last sentence which disturbed me the most and sent me rushing to a chiropractor. After beginning to realize some slight improvement, my back pain has returned with a vengeance. It took me thirty minutes to hobble twenty feet to the bathroom, and that was with the help of two canes! Climbing the stairs to my bedroom seems like a pipe dream. For months I have been walking wounded; now I can barely walk at all. Should I just resign myself to life with limited mobility, limited energy, limited exercise, and limited ministry? Somehow, I don’t believe I should.

She sat on a granite outcropping in the shade of an enormous ponderosa pine facing me with her legs drawn up to her chest as though hiding her heart from the world. The midday sun reflected off of a stream of tears cascading down her cheeks. A week of high-school church camp in the Arizona mountains near Prescott

had given her the courage to reveal a portion of intense, emotional pain. As a young, inexperienced camp counselor, I was flattered she chose to open up to me, but I was soon overwhelmed with her anguish. “Everyday after school,” she sobbed, “I go home alone to my room and cry...and cry...and cry...until there are no more tears. But even then I can still feel myself crying on the inside.”

She was young, pretty, talented, healthy, and apparently financially well off. However, a broken home, and absent father, some poor behavioral choices, and a string of hurtful comments coming from family members and friends had left her with a broken heart and a crushed spirit. Slowly, gently, lovingly, I led her to the only One who could heal the wounds in her heart. As she accepted her Healer and her Lord and Savior, I watched in amazement as her countenance turned from sorrow and despair to joy and gladness. The following day we all left to return to our respective homes and I never saw the girl again. I wish I would have had more time to help her in her healing process, but all I could do was pray.

I have often thought about her over the years and wondered if she was able to experience complete healing and remain spiritually and emotionally healthy. I thought of her again today after my recurring back spasm. Perhaps the Lord had allowed my agony in order to shake loose this distant memory. Though my back injury has been particularly stubborn to alleviate, backaches are significantly easier to heal than heartaches. If this is true, then I wonder why the Church appears to be obsessed with ministering to those who suffer physical ailments yet seldom does much to facilitate the healing of those who suffer from a broken heart? Certainly, we are quick to pray for them and more than willing to offer advice. “Read this book.” “Attend this conference.” “See this psychiatrist.” “Take these pills.” “You think you’ve got problems? Just listen to mine!” “Don’t you realize that Christians should always be filled with joy no matter what?” “We’ve all had our share of heartaches. We just have to learn to live with them.” “After all, God never promised us a life free from troubles.” Upon absorbing such wonderful advice, most of us just resign ourselves to living the Christian life with limited joy, limited energy, limited worship, and limited service, all of which is restricted by the boundaries of a heart that remains too painful to exercise. Somehow I don’t believe this is God’s desire for us.

Our churches are filled with walking wounded, casualties of spiritual warfare, emotionally exhausted, battered, bruised and heart-hemorrhaging soldiers valiantly trying to keep up the fight and win a victory before bleeding to death on the battlefield. As a result the extent and effectiveness of our ministry is a fraction of what it could be, what it should be. “Above all else, guard your heart, for it is the wellspring of life.” - Pr. 4:23 As John Eldredge so masterfully presents in his book, *Waking the Dead*, most people will interpret that verse to mean we should hide our heart in a permanently secure lockbox, where no one can see it and where no one can add to its pain. But to the contrary, God is telling us to treat our heart as though it was our richest treasure. We are to care for it “above all else.” That means to make sure the wounds get healed, make sure the heart stays healthy, because everything else in life depends on it. As John reminds us. “My heart matters to God. My heart has always mattered to him.” God’s Word agrees.

“The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit.” - Ps 34:18. “He has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted...” - Is. 61:1. “He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds.” - Ps 147:3.

If only we would learn to treasure our own heart and the hearts of others to the same extent that God treasures them. Unfortunately, we tend to put “all else” above our hearts. Even more tragically, some churches, instead of being a place where the walking wounded receive loving care and healing, have become a shop of horrors for hurting saints where more heartaches are often inflicted. Just as hospitals have become some of the most dangerous environments for passing along infections, churches have become notorious for “friendly fire,” inflicting heart wounds upon our own brothers and sisters. We value people for their talents, good looks, social standing, and wealth. For some reason we have discounted the value of their hearts.

We need to make careful, honest inspections of our Christian gatherings to determine how heart-healthy they actually are. We need to learn to treasure our own hearts as well as the hearts of others, and we need to do all we can to heal the wounds that exist, which means opening up the lockbox surrounding our hearts and allowing the Lord to work His miracles inside. Why? Because the heart is the “wellspring of life!” It is the source of our passion for God, our compassion for the lost and hurting souls of this world, and our spiritual energy for ministry. Above all else, it is the earthly dwelling place of the Spirit of God. “Now it is God who...anointed us, set his seal of ownership on us, and put His Spirit in our hearts as a deposit, guaranteeing what is to come,” 2Cor. 1:21-22. If our hearts mean that much to God, should they matter any less to us?

My physical pain is not subsiding and my family is insisting on taking me to the doctor. I wonder if this time I will receive more sympathy? I’m not holding my breath. My aged, decrepit body maybe falling apart, but my heart is bouyed by the presence of His Spirit and my joy overflows despite my present agony. “My flesh and my heart may fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever” - Psalm 73:26

But, then

The hardest pain to take is the watching your children suffer. When Rachel, my 22 year old daughter, left for University in England, I didn’t think she would suffer. But within three months I received an e-mail, “Dad, he’s cute and handsome.” I emailed her to concentrate on getting her Master’s Degree, but she didn’t listen, within 8 months, she married her handsome Englishman.

She didn’t suffer until she developed a serious bladder infection on her honeymoon and had to be hospitalized. The doctors nuked her with massive amounts on antibiotics and she got better. Weeks later while attending a youth convention back in England, she contracted a virus and her health bottomed out. She was exhausted and had no strength. Walking a few hundred yards would weaken her so much that she couldn’t walk or move for almost two days. Her condition was diagnosed at Chronic Fatigue Disorder, an an auto-immune system virus. This disorder can strike, and can last two, five, and ten years or more.

Rachel became so weak that she needed help to be fed; sometimes she couldn’t raise her arm up to her mouth. Her mother and I bought her a wheel chair so she could get around. I didn’t want her to suffer.

This virus affects the thought process and she would use wrong words when she talked. She struggled for hours to type a single paragraph because her thought process wasn’t working. I didn’t think she would suffer.

For a year she and her husband struggled with this virus, he would carry her up and down the stairs in their small apartment. Rachel lived on the west coast of England. Once she collapsed onto the cold kitchen floor and couldn’t move. Her husband returned from work and found her. She had been there for over 5 hours in the cold. I didn’t want her to suffer.

A year passed. Rachel and her husband attended another youth convention. A local pastor was teaching four hundred, 12 year olds how to pray for the needs of the world and themselves. Rachel was listening to the study in the wheel chair section of the auditorium. She remembered not complaining about her condition, but she remembers just wanting to know that God hadn’t forgotten about her.

But then, the pastor told the four hundred 12 year old evangelists to break into small groups and pray for one another. Three enthusiastic and sincere girls walked up to Rachel in her wheel chair and asked if they could pray for her. Rachel, who was taught to be polite, agreed. These three girls called on the Name of the God of Heaven and Earth. The One from the foundations of time, who knows the needs of His children and the cries and fears of their hearts. The One who shed his blood to take our sins away and by His Stripes we are healed. These girls’ souls reached out to touch the Spirit of God and by Grace, Love, and Mercy, the Lord Jesus Christ touched Rachel.

They had prayed for twenty minutes and when the amen sounded they looked up and one girl asked Rachel, “Well, how do you feel.” Rachel, who was taught to be polite, said, “Well, I feel better.” The three little evangelists praised God and walked away.

Rachel, who had been standing for about 20 minutes, thought for a minute and realized that she really did feel better. Within two weeks she could complete a gymnastic cartwheel and within a month, she danced for two hours at a friend’s wedding.

Since that day, two years have passed; she has been healthy, she completed her Masters Degree, and is serving God at her job as a Children’s Director at a large church.

Ask God to touch your children and He can heal them; physically, mentally, financially, and most important, spiritually. God touched my daughter, but then, He didn’t want her to suffer.

Terry Hart

Spiritual Weapons And Tactics

POFCI MOBILIZES TO AID LOUISIANA OFFICERS



On the morning of August 29, 2005 along the Central Gulf Coast of Louisiana, Hurricane Katrina made landfall with winds of 125 mph. One day after the storm, 75 percent of the

city of New Orleans was flooded, with some parts under 20 feet of water. Then the unthinkable happened. On September 24, 2005, a mere 26 days later, Hurricane Rita made landfall as a Category 3 storm on the Texas-Louisiana border, bringing with it a 20-foot surge of water and up to 25 inches of rain spurring tornadoes as it churned north-northwest with winds topping 120 mph.

Members of the Northern California Peace Officers for Christ International (POFCI) heard of these events and realized that they



must act. With few resources, the word went out that a team would be forming to head to New Orleans. Their task was to carry the Spirit of God and the Word of the Lord to men and women who serve as Peacekeepers in Louisiana.

A team was quickly selected and made up of members with very specific talents. The eight-men began receiving resources and gifts from many of the local churches in the area. Three goals are destined to be the focus, One: to share the Gospel of Christ with all those in uniform; Two: to carry the thoughts, prayers and supplies from this region to them and their families, and to meet any other needs that they may have; and Three: to shine a light of hope in the darkness of their situation.

Four items were selected to be given to each of the officers and support staff personnel, first 2,000 Bibles specifically designed for Peace Officer's and those associated with Law Enforcement; 1,000 Peace

Officers For Christ T-shirts (Considering that many of them have lost everything and these shirts could be worn under their uniforms); A booklet called "Triumph in



Tragedy" which describes biblical principles of why bad things happen and how to overcome them through Christ; and lastly a laminated copy of the "Peace Officer's Prayer" that could be carried in their pocket and help to be a source of inspiration and point them to Christ.

On October 9, 2005, the team loaded up and departed for New Orleans. Once they arrived, a meeting was coordinated to pick-up the Bibles. The author of the forward, Chaplain Steve Lee, himself a retired police officer, had driven all the way to Louisiana from Idaho to deliver them. They were placed in vans and it was determined that the Louisiana State Troopers headquarters, now in a Baptist church in Metairie, would be the first of many stops.

The teams arrived to find that the New York State Troopers, who were assisting the local Louisiana agencies, were at the end of their three-week rotation and were conducting shift change with Louisiana State Troopers. This meant that three groups were present, those arriving and those getting ready to head back to New York, along with the local Troopers who were conducting their shift change for their staff.

A table was set and Bibles were given to every member who would accept one. Many received prayer as the team moved among the officers. Chaplain Ben Randall walked directly up to a young man and explained God's plan of salvation to him. He told him how that God loved us so much that he sent his only Son as atonement for the penalty of our sins. That young man committed his heart to the Lord right there.

Throughout the trip divine appointments presented themselves on a daily basis. Team members who met with the widow of Officer Lawrence Celistine were

able to pray with her, to encourage her heart and present a financial gift along with handmade quilts from churches in Idaho for her children.

Each day the team drove from one New Orleans's Police Department District headquarters to another. Briefings were often held in very small rooms and Bibles, shirts, booklets and prayer was given to all. In a six-hour period one evening, 450 Bibles were handed out to officers and support personnel just outside a cruise ship leased by the department. It was moored in the bay to provide officers and their families, displaced by the storms, a place to live and hold briefings and shift changes.

As the team was preparing to leave, a New Orleans Police Officer pulled up next to the team's vans. He said that he had received a Bible and booklet just a day or so before. He began by reading the handout and was now reading the Bible. He admitted that he started reading and now, "I just can't put it down". Members surrounded him and prayed God's blessing upon him, his family and members of his department.

In all, 1,950 Bibles were given to those most in need, those who stand the line and protect the people of Louisiana.

"The fruit of one's life can never be seen through the lens of what he sees before him, but by the destiny placed in his path, through Christ Jesus our Lord."



ANGELS ABOVE

The following story is an actual event involving the Anaheim and Fullerton Police Departments working on a buy bust narcotics case. The pilot, and author, Bob Elrod from Anaheim P.D. retired in 2001 after 28 years in Air Support and 30 years on the force. His call sign was Angel.

One of the many tasks assigned to us in Air Support was that of flying surveillance. Our narcotics task force was one of the best and most productive in the nation so we allocated over ten percent of our flight time toward this endeavor. While the ground surveillance teams worked at a punishing pace monitoring and recording their suspects, we spent our hours nestled in the busiest airspace in the world. Within five minutes flight of our home base a pilot is likely to encounter as many as twenty busy airports, all of which require some type of communication, transponder squawk, and radar contact and traffic acknowledgement.

Along with the duty of monitoring the constant barrage of radio traffic from at least three radios at once, the pilot must maintain control of his own aircraft while simultaneously keeping an eye on changing weather conditions, altitude and mission related needs. During surveillance operations it's vital that the pilot ensure appropriate altitude and spacing in order to ensure that the on board observer is able to handle his duties. The observer is tasked with tracking the movements of a suspect vehicle's activities through gyro-stabilized binoculars. He then relays that information to the ground units as the dangerous game of good and evil plays out below,

The observer is the strongest link in this chain of events. If he blinks or sneezes, he will lose the suspect's vehicle and the entire operation will be lost. Hundreds of man hours, thousands of bags of cocaine, and millions of dollars depend on his eyes alone. It is vital that the observer remain focused and very calm during these times. Five minutes on the binoculars will send most observers into a spinning case of vertigo. But observers are hand picked for these assignments, and have demonstrated incredible stamina during operations that have lasted in excess of nine hours. Having been on point myself for over twenty-five years, I have the utmost respect for the position and for the men who hold it.

My partner on that day was Ron. It would be hard to find a better observer. This guy not only had great eyes, he also

had a sense of how surveillance should be run. To him timing was just as important as apprehension. He controlled the flow and speed of the teams. He could calm them when events began to unravel. Knowing that he was calling the surveillance brought a professional peace to the air and caused everyone involved to do his best when called upon.

This was to be a joint task force surveillance involving a sister city. Their team had made some successful reverse stings and was now about to conclude another. We were to provide aerial support and our ground Units were on loan for back up, and to help during the arrest.

The problem with sting operations is that the point man is usually an undercover cop. He will generally wear a wire and transact business with the crooks after a series of phone calls, meetings, switching of cars, counter surveillance, and tail cleaning for hours on end. We all are aware of the dangers involved, but some think it is worth the risks.

Every major narcotics unit in the world has seen the death of an agent when stings go bad. Narcotics officers deal with evil, selfish people who want the drugs being offered, and they don't want to pay for them. So if they can get away with it, they will keep their money, steal your drugs and kill you as well. The stakes are high, the danger is eminent, and the risk is usually evaluated later while cops are counting the suspects in custody as well as the millions of dollars that were confiscated.

Hovering high overhead, Ron orchestrated this complex scenario like a veteran maestro. But the events that unfolded below began to give him a sense of impending danger. The undercover officer allowed the crooks to change the game plan. Meeting times and places were changed. Phone calls by the crooks were not made on time and information that should have been clear was instead confused and incorrect. But the undercover officer pressed on like he was on a mission to bag this one big crook and all of his money.

Several on the team had defective radios and even the wire began to fail so the team wasn't sure of where or what the leader was doing. The final meet was to be made at a specific, pre-determined address. The undercover officer, who was armed, broke one of the cardinal rules of operation; he elected to do the meet alone. This is a violation of the greatest proportion. What he didn't know at the time was

that the wire had failed and was no longer transmitting. Ron stayed on the undercover car and radioed each and every movement to the chase cars. The car meandered its way through the streets and ended up in a residential area. This was the last red flag of alert for the team. The undercover officer drove up into a driveway, exited his car and disappeared into the rear of the residence. Suddenly Ron could see men running in the back yard and instinctively ordered all officers to converge on the residence. He then saw the officer stagger back out to the driveway and collapse face down.

I told him I needed the nearest trauma center. He wanted to ask more questions, but I didn't have time.

Units began to arrive as I dove the helicopter at maximum velocity toward the ground. Ron gave detailed descriptions of the suspects and set up a perimeter around the neighborhood. With guns drawn and orders to shoot, team members set up a cordon around the downed officer and called for first aid. Minutes seemed like hours as we orbited above. Ron calmed everyone with his stable demeanor on the radio and suspects began to be rounded up from neighboring yards. The call came out that the officer had been shot several times at point blank range and was losing blood.

We could see the pooling blood beside the body as it lay motionless on the driveway. At that moment I decided not to wait for paramedics, who would not have come to the area anyway because it was not secure. I told Ron to let everyone know that we were coming in to rescue Tommy, the downed undercover officer. I knew that Tommy might die without immediate medical attention, and that fact overrode the possible risks of armed suspects in the area. So, I dodged trees, power lines, and roof tops to put our little bird in the front yard of the crime scene. I asked the Lord to be a shield about me and a lifter of my head. At touchdown Ron had already bailed out and assisted as two other officers lift the Tommy into the back of the bird. It was a tight squeeze for two but they managed to on load three into the back. With Ron hanging half way out of his door I prayed for power and pulled the struggling helicopter into the air. No one had a head set on, but the yells of two doing CPR on Tommy let me know moments were now precious. What I didn't know was that Ron was holding one officer in with one arm to keep him from falling out because there were no doors on the back of the bird.

I did something then that was very out of character for me. I asked for help. I keyed the mike and asked any L.A.P.D.

ship monitoring for help. I didn't want to say what the emergency was, but I waited breathlessly as not one ship responded. Again I called, "Any L.A.P.D ship in the area, this is Angel, I need immediate assistance, please acknowledge." Finally Air 9 responded,

"Hey Angel, how can I help you?"

I told him I needed the nearest trauma center. He wanted to ask more questions, but I didn't have time. "Just tell me where I need to go in this area," I barked. He seemed to get the sense of the urgency and suggested U.C.L.A Medical Center. I cut a direct course and pushed my bird as fast as it would go. The miles went by in slow motion, and time was quickly fading for my wounded comrade. I thought of all the rescues in Viet Nam, the urgency, the fear, the dread, and the countless arrivals at the field hospitals too late for human survival. I prayed for my victim and his rescuers, and hoped that time would stand still for this wounded warrior.

To facilitate the landing L.A.P.D needed more info, and with words begrudgingly forced through my microphone, I told them of the event and who I was transporting. I landed at the advised pad and Tommy was off loaded. It looked like combat all over again: one man giving mouth to mouth, the other pumping on his chest like he was the last living soul on earth. With each compression I saw life's blood pump from his chest.

The body has its own way of saying that it is finished. The officers working to save Tommy were now joined by Ron, and they refused to read the signs. Ron stuck his giant fingers into the two obvious chest wounds. It looked like the Dutch boy who stuck his finger in the hole of the dike to hold back the impending flood. We waited tensely for medical personnel that didn't arrive. L.A.P.D finally got on their public address system and yelled to the emergency personnel below. An ambulance finally arrived, and as they loaded this blood covered cargo I realized the same surge of feelings I had when I watched other great American heroes die, that of an over whelming guilt of life. I didn't need a doctor to tell me that he was dead. Ron and the two others hoped beyond hope that he might be alive; but it wasn't to be.

We flew silently to the L.A.P.D. heliport for some decompression. Jack, my friend of twenty years met us there and escorted us to a private room. I couldn't really say, but

when he asked if we were OK, the tears began to flow. Neither Ron nor I spoke for about thirty minutes. I surveyed his clothing, soaked with blood and noticeable bits of body parts. In his mind he thought he could have stopped this all before it ever began. For my part, I wished I had a faster bird with better medical equipment. Neither of us ever fully recovered from that moment.

At a ceremony some time later, Ron and I were given an award for bravery. An award isn't what we wanted. We wanted the day to have gone differently—to have the meet go as planned, with a drug dealer in custody and all the good guys going home safe. Instead there is a memorial plaque for the fallen officer, a neighborhood tale of shots and helicopters and a blood stained driveway.

This is a chapter from a book I wrote about three years ago. I wrote it mostly for my future great grand children. But, as I wrote, I found myself recording a story about how God crisscrossed the path of my life, and in the end, drew me unto Him. Tommy's story is only one of many episodes in my life, like many others lives, where God has had a hand in the event.

I wish I could say that Ron found Christ in all of our years together. He didn't, but he could not deny God's presence and handiwork at different times.

The Race Continues
Bob Elrod

FROM HELPLESSNESS TO HOPE & HEALING

by Devin Chase

I have spent a good part of my career working narcotics in Southern California and I am very familiar with the story that you just read in "Angels Above" regarding the murder of Officer Tommy DeLaRosa. I know officers who were there that day and I have heard first hand the accounts of that day. Even though the event happened in 1990 the pain in the voices of those that were present is as fresh as if the event occurred yesterday.

We brothers in arms have all felt helplessness at certain points in our career. These episodes of helplessness have the potential to take a piece of us leaving in its place a wound that never seems to completely heal. The story of little eight-year-old Zachariah is one of my wounds of helplessness that was open for a long time and only in God have I found peace and healing. I was working as part of a narcotics surveillance late

one night when I realized that a car speeding down the freeway beside me was on the other side of the freeway wall, going the wrong direction in the fast lane. I radioed to my dispatch to advise the California Highway Patrol of the wrong-way driver as I followed helplessly in my unmarked surveillance car. As the miles went by I witnessed near collision after near collision and begged the dispatcher to explain the urgency of the situation to the CHP. Then time stood still as I witnessed a violent head-on collision between the wrong-way driver and another vehicle. I immediately went to the aid of those in the innocent vehicle and found a young mother and Zachariah. Zachariah was badly injured and I did all the CPR and first aid that a cop knows, yet it wasn't enough and Zachariah died there that night.

Whether you have felt helplessness as you raced across town in your unit answering the cries of a fellow officer asking for help, to a medical situation where seconds count or while flying above a scene that is going bad, feelings of helplessness are an unfortunate part of the law enforcement job. Episodes of helplessness always leave a wound, the question becomes "Are your wounds healed or are they still open and painful?"

In order to heal ourselves from the wounds caused by helplessness I have found there is only one solution and that is the hope that we can have in the sovereignty of God through a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. Psalm 62:5 -8 says: *"My soul, wait in silence for God only, for my hope is from Him. He only is my rock and my salvation, my stronghold; I shall not be shaken. On God my salvation and my glory rest; the rock of my strength, my refuge is in God. Trust in Him at all times, O people; Pour out your heart before Him; God is a refuge for us."*

Our hope is always tied to our foundation. If our hope is in ourselves then at times of helplessness we will develop wounds that are unlikely to heal. On the other hand if our foundation is the solid rock of God then while we may be wounded by the feelings of helplessness, the wounds will heal.

I still do not know why God allowed Tommy DeLaRosa to die that day; nor do I know why Zachariah died that night, but I can have peace in knowing that God does. Some might say this is a mental cop-out. I say it is not because I can also point to other situations where in time I was able to see God's plan, to see clearly why something that seemed bad to my narrow perspective actually was for the better in the larger scheme of this world.

A great example of God's sovereignty is found in the story of Joseph in Genesis 37 - 45. If you are not familiar with the life of Joseph I would encourage you to read the account of his life starting in Genesis 37. But as a quick review, Joseph was sold into slavery by his jealous brothers

and over the years he suffered for wrongs he did not commit. Yet Joseph kept his hope in God and some 20 years after his brothers sold him, Joseph was a ruler in Egypt where he became their only hope for survival through a severe famine. In Genesis 45:5 Joseph says to his brothers *“Now do not be grieved or angry with yourselves, because you sold me here, for God sent me before you to preserve life.”* Joseph’s hope leads to healing for not only him but for his family as well.

As a Christian who happens to be a cop I can find peace and comfort in the Word of God. *“And we know that God causes all things to work together for good to those who love God, to those who are called according to {His} purpose.”* Romans 8:28

If you do not know the peace of God that turns helplessness to hope and healing I would ask you to seek God’s peace right now through a relationship with Jesus Christ. I am sure there is a local minister or department Chaplain that would be happy to help you. You can also contact any one of the POFI representatives listed at the front of this magazine.

there have been times I have taken my wife for granted and did not show her how grateful I was for all she does for me. I learned that I needed to show her every day how much I love her and how grateful I am for her in my life.

The rest of my family was great also. My two beautiful girls, my mom and my sister, I thank God every chance I get for the family He provided for me, and He did provide this family to me. You see when I was a few months old my mom and dad that I have always known, adopted me – God gave me this family since I didn’t have one.

I was raised in a Christian home with loving, caring parents that choose me. They didn’t have to adopt me – they chose to adopt me and that means a lot. A couple years ago my father died and I was proud to be a part of him being involved in church and having a real relationship with God before he passed on. I am very grateful for having such a wonderful father that taught to be a good and descent person, to be honest and to always take care of your family.

I have a great job at the Sheriffs Office – for the past 17 years. As you can see I have so much to be thankful for it would take me several pages to list them all.

I am not a rich man, but we have a nice house, and nice things. I know that there are people out there that have less than me. I am certainly grateful for what I do have and not envious of those who have more.

Be Grateful!

A while back, I had surgery on my right arm (I’m right handed by the way). It was in a brace for three weeks. It then took a few weeks more to get it working properly after being held in one position for so long. I knew going into this procedure that God was going to have a lesson for me.

I learned several things during my recovery. I thanked God, first of all, that I have no limitations. I found a deeper respect for those of you who are challenged daily with a missing limb, no hearing, no sight or whatever it is that you have to deal with. Mine was only temporary I couldn’t imagine what it would like to know it would be permanent.

I learned that no matter what you go through He will be with you and see you through it. I definitely learned patience and to appreciate the people who love me, especially my wife. My wonderful wife was with me from the time I went in to the operating room, till several days later. I was basically helpless until I learned how to function with only one arm.

The Bible tells us to leave our mother and father and to become one in marriage and for the wife and husband to love each other as much as Christ loves the church. I know

In all this I hope to convey to you that God gives us many blessings and we should never take any of them, no matter how big or small, for granted. After reading this, I encourage you first to thank God for all you have in your life. Tell your loved ones how much they mean to you and count your blessings not your failures or misfortunes. The past is in the past; your life is straight ahead – so live for today!

The Lord will come like a thief in the night – be thankful and live your life to the fullest with what you have and don’t worry about what you don’t have, because He has prepared a mansion for you. There are treasures stored up in heaven for you far beyond anything you could hope to acquire in this world. You can’t take all the wealth and materialistic items you get in this world with you, so concentrate on what matters – love!

Love for God, Christ, your spouse, your children, your family, your friends and your fellow man, and everything else in your life will work out.

God bless all of you

Sgt. Barry L Schnable

SUPPORT POFCI

Peace Officers for Christ International exists to assist, support and encourage law enforcement officers and their families in the Name of Jesus Christ. The ministry of POFCI is financed completely by the faithful giving of individuals around the world. The POFCI board of directors are all volunteers, we take no salary. 100% of your membership fees and donations are used to pay for the office rental, police outreach materials and supplies, and the publication of the Peacemaker's Journal; which we offer free to anyone who asks.

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