

CHRISTIANS TALK FUNNY

Jack Taylor General Session #4 Fire Conference, Dallas

Christians talk funny. The world doesn't know what they're talking about and on closer investigation I've discovered they don't know what they're talking about either. We were born into the Kingdom with a vernacular we picked up. No one looked into what it meant so just continued speaking it.

HAVE YOU BEEN SAVED?

A rather wide-eyed young fellow startled me with this question as we walked toward the bus. "Have you ever been saved?" he asked as he handed me a brochure with a big L on the front.

"Sure I responded. When I was about nine I nearly drowned off Long Island and they pulled me from the under tow."

"No, no," he replied. "Redeemed. Have you ever been redeemed? You know, washed in the blood?"

"What in the world are you talking about?"

"Convicted. Have you ever felt convicted?"

"Of course not. I've never been in trouble with the law." He looked me square in the eye and said, "I thing you need to be delivered."

"Delivered? I'm just waiting for the bus home. I think I'll stick to that, but thank you very much."

He stared at me as though I spoke another language. "Could we have lunch together some time?" he inquired. He looked harmless enough so I agreed. I must admit he was a difficult fellow to understand.

That Wednesday I had lunch with Ed. He was a little late, but he explained to me he was having his quiet time.

I said, "Quiet time? What do you mean?"

"Well, every day in my prayer closet I have my quiet time."

"You have a closet at work?"

“No, it’s in my car” he said.

“You have a closet in your car?”

He changed the subject, but like the first day he left me rather confused. He’s quite a unique fellow I thought. As we parted he gave me a little booklet that explained how someone could come into a relationship with God through Jesus Christ. I read it and knew it was exactly what I needed. That night I really gave my life to Jesus Christ, was born again. Two days later I told Ed and he was overjoyed.

The following week we got together and Ed strongly urged me to find a good body. I was a little surprised at his suggestion, but it sounded good to me so I took his advice and proceeded to comb the local health clubs for an attractive woman. I met Dennise and knew she was the one.

We began to date and soon Dennise became a believer too. Ed rejoiced and told us it was crucial that we get planted so we could grow together. I confided to Dennise, “Sometimes this guy is hard to understand.”

I told Ed I wasn’t quite sure what he meant by planted. He said, “Committed. You both need to be committed.”

“Now, wait a minute. Just because I said I didn’t know what planted meant doesn’t mean I’m nuts.”

Anyway, my trusting Jesus was the sanest thing I’ve ever done in my life, but it was obvious Ed’s patience was growing thin.

“Frankly, I don’t understand, but I did wonder if getting plugged in had any connection with going out in the spirit. Going out under the power. Something I’d heard Ed mention, but hoped never happened to me.

Regretfully I missed worship the next Sunday, but Ed picked me up Monday for breakfast and filled me in on what happened. “Oh Bob, God moved. He really moved yesterday.”

“Well, where did He go?” I asked. I was just getting acquainted with Him. Is He gone?”

“No, no Bob. God hasn’t gone anywhere.” I was relieved.

“It’s just that so many people were stepping out and moving in the gifts.”

“You mean people were leaving during the meeting?”

“No, the Holy Ghost was strong. The gifts were really flowing.”

He changed the subject and said Dennise was there and “Boy was she on fire.”

“Fire? Dennise got burned? Is she OK?”

“No, Bob. You don’t understand.” I thought that was really an understatement.

“Dennise is alright. I really believe she’s called and God wants to use her.”

“She’s getting too many phone calls and what’s this about God wanting to take advantage of her?”

Ed sighed and said, “Can I walk in the light with you?”

“Sure, where do you want to go? We can walk in the light, it is still daylight.”

He shook his head. I don’t know what it is, but sometimes Ed and I have a tough time communicating.

Well, it’s been two years since I was saved and delivered. Now I’m plugged in, planted and committed to a good body. God’s been moving and I’m stepping out in the gifts. I can hardly believe how God has used me. I have however developed one problem. It seems like my old friends don’t understand me any more.

When I share about my redemption, how I’ve been washed in the blood as white as snow and I desire to follow the Lamb they just kind of tune me out. I guess they just get convicted when they see me on fire.