

THEY SPEAK WITH OTHER TONGUES

By Bob Cohen, *People of Destiny*, (May / June 1987), pp. 28-29

"Have you ever been saved?" A rather wide-eyed young fellow startled me with his question as we waited for the bus. He handed me a booklet with a picture of hell on the front

"Sure," I responded, "Once when I was nine years old I was swimming at Jones Beach on Long Island, and a strong undertow began to drag me out to sea. My uncle heard my call for help and. . .

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

"What," I inquired, "in the world are you talking about?"

"Convicted. Have you ever felt convicted?"

"No, of course not," I replied. "I've never been in trouble with the law."

He looked at me square in the eye. "I think you need to be delivered."

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

He looked at me as if I were speaking another language.

"Can we have lunch together sometime?" he asked. "I work just down the street."

"Sure that would be fine." He looked harmless enough, but I must admit he was an unusual fellow and quite difficult understand.

That Wednesday I had lunch with Ed. He was a little late but explained that he was having some quiet time.

"Quiet time?" I asked. "What do you mean?"

"Each day just before lunch I have some time in my prayer closet," he responded.

"I was puzzled. Do you pray in a closet at work?"

"No," he answered. "It's in my car."

"A closet in your car?"

He changed the subject. Like the first day I met him, again he left me confused. "This Ed is quite a unique fellow," I thought.

As we parted that day, Ed gave me a little booklet that explained how someone could come into a relationship with God through Jesus Christ. I read it and understood it and knew that was exactly what I needed. That night I submitted my life to Jesus, and I was "born again" as it stated in the booklet. Two days later I told Ed and he was overjoyed.

The following week we got together again. Ed strongly urged me to find a good body. I was surprised at his suggestion, but it sounded good to me. I took his advice and proceeded to comb the local health clubs for an attractive woman. When I met Denise, I knew she was the one. We began to date and soon she became a believer too. Ed rejoiced and told us that it was crucial that we get planted so that we could grow together.

"Sometimes its hard to understand this guy," I confided to Denise.

I told Ed that I wasn't quite sure what he meant by planted. He responded, "Committed! You both need to be committed now that you know Jesus."

"Now wait a minute," I protested. "Just because I don't understand what planted means doesn't mean I'm nuts. Anyway, I think that trusting Jesus is the most sane thing that I have ever done in my life."

It was obvious that Ed's patience was growing thin. He explained, "Bob and Denise, you have to get plugged in. Don't you understand?"

No, we didn't. But I did wonder if getting plugged in had any connection with "going out under the power," something I had heard Ed mention but had hoped it would never happen to me.

Regretfully, I had to miss worship the next Sunday. But Ed and I had breakfast together Monday morning and he filled me in on what happened. "God moved!" He said with excitement. "God really moved yesterday."

"Where is he now," I pleaded. "I was just getting to know Him and now He's 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?" I asked. "And what's this about presents?"

"No, it's the gifts. The gifts were really flowing," he said.

"That's beautiful." I answered. "People were giving gifts to each other. I wish I was there." Now Ed seemed confused.

"Anyway," he said, changing the subject, "Denise was there, and boy was she on fire."

"Fire? Denise got burned? What happened? Is she O.K.?"

"No, Bob, you don't understand." (That was an understatement, I thought.) "Denise is just fine. It's just that I believe she is really called, and that God wants to use her." Things were not getting clearer.

"Did Denise mention that she's getting too many phone calls or something? And what's this about God wanting to take advantage of her," I asked.

Ed sighed, "Can I walk in the light with you?"

"Where do you want to go?" I answered. "Of course we can walk in the light. It's daytime, Ed." He just shook his head. I don't know what it is, but sometimes it seems that Ed and I have a hard time communicating.

It's been two years since I was saved and delivered. Now I'm plugged in, planted, and committed to a good body. God has been moving, and I've been stepping out in the gifts. I can hardly believe that God is using me

I have developed a new problem, though. It seems that all my old friends just don't understand me anymore. When I share about redemption, that I've been washed as white as snow, and that I desire to follow the Lamb, they seem to tune me right out. I guess they're just convicted when they see that I'm on fire.

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