

IN LINE, OUT OF STEP

By Dick Brogden

My father likes to tell the anecdote of the proud parent watching a parade. “*Look at that!*” a mother exclaimed, “*All those boys are out of step, except my son.*”

We the Church (the called out ones) are in this world, but not to be of it. We are to live in society as salt, light, and a prophetic voice while completely allegiant to King Jesus. We are to obey authorities and live in harmony wherever that command and chorus is not dissonant with the heavenly Word. We are to march in the parade, united with it—yet gloriously out of step.

The followers of the Lord Jesus Christ are to live in faith, not fear. We are to serve, not self-preserve. We are to risk, not retreat. We are not to confuse caution with cowardice. We are to go when others stay, we are to stay when others leave. We are to stand with the poor, the suffering, the sick, the weak, and the lost, and die that others might live. Followers of Jesus live in the slums, touch the lepers, and embed among the unreached. Followers of Jesus open their mouths and speak what is unpopular. Followers of Jesus take up crosses and lay down lives. Followers of Jesus shine brightest when the world is darkest.

Because of a hidden, unseen virus the world recoils in fear. This is an unprecedented opportunity for the glory of Christ to be evident among the nations through His Church. Let’s joyfully march in the parade out of step. Let’s be the ones who risk. Let’s be the ones who serve. Let’s be the ones who touch. Let’s be the ones who bless. Let’s be the ones who mingle. Let’s be the ones who give. Let’s be the ones who travel across the street and to the uttermost, the unengaged, and the underserved. Let’s be the ones who whistle with cheer. Let’s be the ones who show no fear.

Let these days of worry be the very days where the Church marches in the parade obviously and wonderfully out of step with the world. May the Father above look down in pride upon the earth and exclaim: “*Well, will you look at that! All the earth is out of step—except my sons.*”