

KIM'S CONFESSIONS

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Wilson Awasu



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Section 1: The Stand

ONE TO THREE

"Kim, play that again, will you?" Pastor Joel said, standing at the podium.

Why the podium? He should be in the pulpit, I thought. The time had come for his sermon. What was going on? However, I played the chorus of the song "How Long Has It Been Since You Talked with the Lord?" (by Mosie Lister, 1956). The choir had sung it to usher Pastor Joel into the pulpit. They regrouped to sing it again.

Can you call him your friend?
 How long has it been
 Since you knew that he cares for you?

But still standing at the podium, Pastor Joel said to the congregation, "Listen and try to enter the music and message of the song." And he recited the words of the first stanza of "How Long Has It Been..." line by line.

How long has it been since you talked with the Lord
 And told him your heart's fading secrets?
 How long since you prayed, how long since you stayed
 On your knees till the light shone through?
 How long has it been since your mind felt that ease?
 How long since your heart knew no burden?
 Can you call him your friend...

This is eating into Pastor Joel's preaching time, I said to myself

and kept glancing at the podium to catch his signal to stop playing. The next time I did, he wasn't there. He wasn't in the pulpit, either. "What?" I said. "Where is he?"

Just then, sobbing and weeping and crying broke out in the choir and congregation. I could hardly restrain my own tears. But I kept playing the piano, and the choir continued to sing. When I looked at my watch, Pastor Joel's sermon time had passed. Where was he?

Another glance and there he was. He emerged by the podium wiping his face with a white handkerchief. Apparently, he'd been there on his knees praying all this time.

"A new day has dawned at Valley View Church, hasn't it?" he said, chuckling.

That was a week after the church had taken a seminar on Radical Growth, a seminar I cursed, but ended up attending kicking and screaming. Yet, it revolutionized my life.

The radical change began Saturday night after the seminar had ended. It blossomed all week, and put the song "How long has it been since you talked with Lord..." into my heart, early evening the following Saturday. Later that evening it rippled to the choir at choir rehearsals, and spilled over to the congregation at worship on Sunday morning.

Who would've thought this likely a week earlier? Certainly not me.