

### ***Watch Me Work***

*What we actually learn, from any given set of circumstances determines whether we become increasingly powerless or more powerful.*

*(Blaine Lee)*

My schedule was full that mid April day in 2005 so I didn't have time to process the troubling call I received from Nancy. It was 5:30 A.M. and I had just enough time to get ready and be at Liberty Correctional Institution by 7:30. The sun was just coming up when I pulled out of the Holiday Inn at Quincy, Florida, heading out into the middle of a North Florida forest. The Chaplain met me at the gate, and in a few minutes I was at the work camp greeting men as they entered the visitor's park for the worship service. It was a little after nine o'clock when we went over to maximum security where I preached in the early morning service and then again right after lunch. In three services I had ministered to about two hundred men; several made decisions for Christ.

At three o'clock I finally pulled onto I-10 and began the five hour drive home. Now that I had time to think about the distressing news I received. A cloud of sorrow enveloped my heart as I thought about my son being in jail again. So there I was alone driving, crying and calling out to the Lord. On one side of my emotional globe I felt a peace from God's presence and on the other side of my world; distress and agony. The charges were serious; assault with a deadly weapon, resisting arrest with violence and battery. These allegations were extremely grim in light of the fact that he was already on felony probation.

Later that night Nancy and I met with our son and listened to his story. He was broken and cried saying over and over, "Mom and dad, I am not guilty!" He and several friends were celebrating a birthday party at Ebor City in Tampa. A fight erupted and he was in the middle of it. He was taken down by a police officer, tazored several times and—of course he was innocent.

The next morning I was up at 5:30 praying for him. He would be lucky to get off with five years in prison. In the beginning I had high hopes for our bright and talented son, but he chose to waste his gifts. The Lord spoke to me as I lay on the floor crying. Three words drifted up from the depths of my inner being, "Watch Me Work!" That was it—Watch Me Work!

My son's probation was violated, his bond revoked and he went to jail. While incarcerated he made a commitment to God. For the next forty-five days we prayed; then the miracle came. The arresting officer who worked security at the club bragged to several people before the fight broke out that he was going to take the Polk County Kid down. Witnesses came forward, depositions were filed and all charges were dropped. The story we heard initially seemed fabricated, but in this instance *truth was stranger than fiction*. He received time served for probation violation and was freed. In April of 2006 he was off probation altogether, married, living for the Lord and working full time. Nancy and I saw a miracle unfold before our eyes—we watched God work.

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