

## Warrior At Risk

In Chapter 9, Stu Weber gives us a look at the warrior at risk. I love the Phillips version of Romans 13 that he quotes. "The present time is of the highest importance - it is time to wake up to reality. Every day brings God's salvation nearer... The night is nearly over, the day has almost dawned... Let us arm ourselves for the fight of the day!" Have you ever read *Letter to Sarah*? It's from a Civil War soldier getting ready to go into a battle from which he would never return. The soldier writes, "I have no misgivings about, or lack of confidence in, the cause in which I am engaged. And my courage does not halt or falter. I know how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and suffering of the Revolution. And I am willing, perfectly willing, to lay down all my joys in this life to help pay that debt."

What we do is not ordinary. These are not ordinary times. And we are not ordinary men and women. We are engaged in a battle for the hearts and minds of America. We are a liberation army out to set free the oppressed and the weak and the brainwashed. Yes, we derive benefits for ourselves. Yes, we become better men and women. Yes, we build better marriages and families. But in the scheme of things, the impact of what we do is far more wide-reaching than any of that. We are out to change a nation and a world.

Every time I refuse to shake a hand; every time I fail to get someone's name; every time I refuse to dig for that need, want, or desire; every time I falter and hesitate when it comes to reaching out in love to offer the very precious gift I carry, I become that soldier standing in the stairwell in Private Ryan, immobilized in his fear and his self-preservation while his comrade is dying. I am not putting myself at risk. I am abandoning the field of battle. I become a deserter and I put my family and my neighbor in harm's way. I step away from the gap and leave a hole for the enemy to penetrate our lines.

And what exactly is that risk? A rejection? Aw, diddums. A scowl? Oh, woe is me. A laugh? Gee, how will I ever live with myself? My pride in Christ, my confidence in what the Gospel can do to change people's lives, my faith that the outcome is in God's hands, are my armor and my shield. The plan of salvation is my sword by which I demolish all pretenses and falsehoods. How can I NOT continue to bring home his children? How can I NOT risk a very petty thing like my ego, when I *know* that I am helping to create one of the greatest forces for good in this nation and in this world?

*That's my passion! That's my motivation! That's what gets me out the door!* In this battle, and make no mistake that it *is* a battle, I am building a legacy for generations to come. I am building a heritage that my wife and children can look on with pride. And I am participating in a quest that draws the admiration of men and women around the world. Was there something else I thought was more important to do today? Yeah, I've gotta earn a living while I'm building this. But like the ever-vigilant soldier standing his post in the field of battle, I've always got an eye out - and I'm always prepared to challenge them: Who goes there? Identify yourself!