

## **Time To Move On**

I don't know if the members of the church I was pastoring in the late 50s learned anything from me, but I benefited a great deal from them. It was the first church I pastored in the USA. As in most churches, there were painful times and there were pleasant times.

After I handed in my resignation, I learned even more about church members. My departure would take place in three months. I resigned because God's Spirit was communicating with my spirit that it was time to move on.

Shortly after my announcement, our oldest deacon – Brother Lupish – came to my study with some sincere questions. "Why are you leaving us? We're not kicking you out."

I had to smile. "That's good; I wouldn't want to leave because you had to kick me out."

"In fact, most of us like you."

I had to smile again. "That's good; I wouldn't want to leave because most of you hated me."

"You probably have gotten an offer from a bigger church that is going to give you a bigger salary."

"When I accepted the pastorate of this church, did I ask you what kind of a salary you would give me?"

"No, come to think of it, you didn't."

"Nor do I know what kind of salary I will receive in my next assignment."

"Which church are you going to pastor next, may I ask?"

"I don't know if I will be pastoring a church. At this point, I have received no offers or invitations. Nor have I put out any feelers. But, I believe the Lord will show me what to do by the time I leave."

"That's impossible! Whoever heard of a pastor leaving one church before he's invited to another? It's just not done. You have a wife and two small children. And you're leaving not knowing where you're going and what you are going to do? It's just not right!"

"Then, you need to set Abraham straight. He went not knowing where he was going. As for me, I would rather move into the unknown with God than into the known without him."

The deacon stayed long enough for us to pray together. But, when he left my office, my dear brother was still shaking his head.

And I? I had much more to learn. (Even Abram wasn't called Abraham until he learned some advanced lessons in obedience and trust.)

PS: As it turned out, my next assignment was representing Slavic Missionary Service on the East Coast (from Maine to Florida), which then led to our joining Trans World Radio in Monte Carlo. ◇◇