



# 29th Chapter of Acts

a publication of

## Shield of Faith Ministries

Volume 2, Issue 1

February 2004

### WEB PAGE

www.shieldoffaithministries.us

## Called of God to be on Call

### Good News, "It's all Taken Care of!"

The first thing spoken to me this year came on January 1, 2004 at 5:30 AM as we checked out of a Hotel in Fort Lauderdale, FL. The words rang clear, "It's all taken Care of, Sir." In other words, there was no bill. We had prepaid through our travel agent. But *I just sensed that this is what God the Father was saying this to us.* "It's all taken care of." God's word says, Cast all your care on HIM for HE careth for you.

We tend to worry about everything; those things that we have control of, and those things we think that we have control of. Fortunately, we don't have any control if we have given God control of our lives.

When I worked for an aircraft company, there were occasions when I was sent out on the road for business. I never had to worry about the cost. The company picked up the bill for everything, including my over time

salary, hotels ,airfare, meals, parking etc. But my God is greater than they ever hoped to be.

This year I am looking at doing some traveling for the ministry. I've been invited to take this ministry to the Ukraine in mid-June and a possibility of returning to Fort Lauderdale to provide training for Chaplains there. The way I see it, if God is sending us He is going to take care of everything that goes along with it.

**Darlene and I were in Florida this Christmas season** since our son, daughter, son in-law and granddaughter all live there as of last year. And it wouldn't be Christmas with out seeing Jade.

At the airport that morning I saw a sign that said "THE ULTIMATE CALL." This got my attention. On a closer look ,it was at a bar and the sign was referring to a Bloody Mary drink. My thought was, "**They don't have a clue!**" I thought of the times we were asked to pray for children that

the doctors said could not possibly live and as prayer was given, God heard, God healed, and God restored life.

I thought of times when God called me to pray in the middle of the night on behalf of others and because He is God, things began to happen. I've seen legs lengthened, back's healed, cancer's and arthritis, mysteriously disappear, to name just a few.

**God is not a respecter of persons; what He has done for others He will do for you!**

I had a sense that this year is a year for the Miraculous. When officers will call, not for us to notify the survivors, but in hopes that God might raise the dead.

The Ultimate Call is not to be a Chaplain. It is HIS call for you to be a police officer, a fireman, a mechanic, a housewife or whatever

it is that you do.

Some people think the Ultimate Call

would be to give your life for another by dying for them, but Jesus already did that. **I believe HE is looking for us to live for HIM and through HIM to give life, not take it.** It definitely is not a Bloody Mary! Whatever the call for you is, remember "**It's all taken care of**"

### The Ultimate Call

### Inside this Issue:

The Ultimate Call	1
Chaplain Training for Pastors in Norwich	2
Food for Thought	3
Knowing how to stay on the right track	4
Humor	4

Shield of Faith Ministries is a Ministry of Reverend's Bill and Darlene Hinckley of Plainfield CT.

## Willimantic Chaplain Unit receives it's first call

I answered the phone at 2:00 P.M. on one of those occasions that I was home. On the other end of the line was Chaplain Kevin White, pastor of Abundant Life Community Church in Willimantic, He servers as the unofficial Senior Chaplain of

the Willimantic P.D.

"**Have you got 3 minutes for a review?**" He had stopped by the police department to drop something off. The chiefs secretary was picking up the phone to call for a chaplain, Chaplain White was on the other end of the

phone in their lobby.

Though not on call he responded along with Chaplain Anna Maria Falcone-Garcia to notify a family of four that their Mother and Father had both died.

**Continued on page 2 first call**



*Rev. Bill has been asked to bring this police ministry into the Ukraine. We've been told that the need is great .*

## Norwich Police Department Chaplain's Receive Training

On September, 15-16, 2003 and then again on February, 2-3, 2004 Reverend Bill held Chaplain Training classes at the Norwich police department for clergy from the Norwich area. Rev. Gary Poorman of the Leffingwell Baptist Church, Rev. Jeff and Carol Sharp of the Norwich Worship Center, Rev. Lee Edwards of the Bozrah Centre Congregational Church, Rev Stan Sniezek of the Quinebaug Valley Alliance, Rev Joseph Paskewich and Colleen De-Vega of Calvary Chapel of Southeastern CT., and Don J. Dinerstein a fire/EMT Chaplain from Mystic CT. were at the September training session. Then in February We also had Father Joseph Whittel of Saint Patrick Cathedral in Norwich, Rabbi Gary Atkins Beth Jacob Synagogue in Norwich, Rev. Lou Harper Congregational Church of Griswold, Rev. Edwin Morales Iglesia Christiana Pentacostal

Norwich, the Rev. Dr. Michael Maixner of Elijah Ministries Norwich Worship Center, and Rev. Danial Ames Moosup Methodist Church for (Plainfield Police Chaplain Corps)

During the training on the third of February, Rabbi Atkins asked the Chief "Now that we have gotten this training , how soon do you think that we will be able to actually start serving as chaplains ?" He was somewhat taken a-back with the reply.

**"Three o'clock."**

And indeed at 3:00 P.M. a news reporter was there for the official awards presentation and issuing of their Chaplain Identification Cards.

The comments made to these pastors from the officers during the training sessions were very encouraging. One veteran officer said, " You're going to do

ride-alongs aren't you ? That's the only way we'll get to know you." The Norwich Fire department Chief said, "What about us, we need a chaplain."

On March 5th Bill and Darlene will be conducting Police Chaplain training for the Hardwick-Greensboro Bend police department in Morrisville, VT. Pastor James Toussant heard of us through Rev. Darryl and Martha Rodman of Impart Ministries, Oak Harbor, WA. He was asked to be the Chaplain for Hardwick-Greensboro P.D. The training is being opened up to other interested clergy in that area. At the time of this printing, there were 8 pastors and one police chief that I am aware of who are planning on attending with hopes to take this ministry back to their departments and communities

## Your Vision will be Larger than anything you alone could do

### Continued from page 1 First Call :

As it turned out the family was from Mexico originally, now living in Willimantic. Pastor Garcia translated for the State Police and Willimantic P.D., as well as functioning as a Chaplain by meeting the families' immediate needs including contacting their priest and then, at their request, staying with them even after he arrived. Chaplain Garcia also continued to interact with the family by following up the next day; to help them to make the arrangements for the funeral which involved meeting

with the children's uncles who flew in from Chicago, and assisting them with translating birth certificates as the deceased were both born in Mexico. Chaplain White was able to minister to the 6 year old son during the initial death notification/ investigation as the police had many questions to ask of the older daughters. Sometimes an incident like this will benefit by having two Chaplains on scene as it did in this case.

Willimantic police Chief Lisa Maruzo-Bolduck had nothing but praise for the work these chaplains had done. She commented that the State Police officer's were impressed that Willimantic has a core group of Chaplains that will do more than show up at a graduation or funeral service. To actually be out with them making a difference in the community was something they had not even imagined.



## Something to Think about .....

Jack took a long look at his speedometer before slowing down: 73 in a 55 zone. Fourth time in as many months. How could a guy get caught so often?

When his car had slowed to 10 miles an hour, Jack pulled over, but only partially. Let the cop worry about the potential traffic hazard. Maybe some other car will tweak his backside with a mirror. The cop was stepping out of his car, the big pad in hand. Bob? Bob from Church? Jack sunk farther into his trench coat. This was worse than the coming ticket. A Christian cop catching a guy from his own church. A guy who happened to be a little eager to get home after a long day at the office. A guy he was about to play golf with tomorrow. Jumping out of the car, he approached a man he saw every Sunday, a man he'd never seen in uniform. "Hi, Bob. Fancy meeting you like this."

"Hello, Jack." No smile.

"Guess you caught me red-handed in a rush to see my wife and kids."

"Yeah, I guess." Bob seemed uncertain. Good.

"I've seen some long days at the office lately. I'm afraid I bent the rules a bit-just this once." Jack toed at a pebble on the pavement. "Diane said something about roast beef and potatoes tonight. Know what I mean?"

"I know what you mean. I also know that you have a reputation in our precinct." Ouch. This was not going in the right direction. Time to change tactics.

"What'd you clock me at?"

"Seventy. Would you sit back in your car please?"

"Now wait a minute here, Bob. I checked as soon as I saw you. I was barely nudging 65." The lie seemed to come easier with every ticket.

"Please, Jack, in the car."

Flustered, Jack hunched himself through the still-open door. Slamming it shut, he stared at the dash board. He was in no rush to open the window. The minutes ticked by. Bob scribbled away on the pad. Why hadn't he asked for a driver's license?

Whatever the reason, it would be a month of Sundays before Jack ever sat near this cop again. A tap on the door jerked his head to the left. There was Bob, a folded paper in hand. Jack rolled down the window a mere two inches, just enough room for Bob to pass him the slip. "Thanks." Jack could not quite keep the sneer out of his voice. Bob returned to his police car without a word.

Jack watched his retreat in the mirror. Jack unfolded the sheet of paper. How much was this one going to cost? Wait a minute. What was this?

Some kind of joke? Certainly not a ticket. Jack began to read:

"Dear Jack, Once upon a time I had a daughter. She was six when killed by a car. You guessed it-a speeding driver. A fine and three months in jail, and the man was free. Free to hug his daughters. All three of them.

I only had one, and I'm going to have to wait until Heaven before I can ever hug her again. A thousand times I've tried to forgive that man. A thousand times I thought I had. Maybe I did, but I need to do it again. Even now. Pray for me. And be careful. My son is all I have left. Bob"

Jack turned around in time to see Bob's car pull away and head down the road. Jack watched until it disappeared. A full 15 minutes later, he, too, pulled away and drove slowly home, praying for forgiveness and hugging a surprised wife and kids when he arrived.

Life is precious. Handle with care.

Drive safely and carefully. Remember, cars are not the only thing recalled by their maker.

—unknown—



### Speed Limits



Serving those who Serve and Protect

## SHIELD OF FAITH MINISTRIES, INC.

P.O. Box 324  
Central Village, CT.  
06332-0324  
www.shieldoffaithministries.us

Phone: 860 564-7480  
Fax: 860 564-4408  
Email: revbill@galaxyinternet.net

## SHIELD OF FAITH MINISTRIES, INC.

PO. Box 324  
Central Village, CT.  
06332-0324

**When you give your heart  
to Jesus, you're now on  
the right road, but you  
still haven't arrived yet.**



**These budget cuts are really going too far.**

## Traffic Signs are for the Foreigners



Have you ever considered that the signs that adorn our highways are for those who have not come this way before. If you've lived here all your life, you don't need them. As a matter of fact, you probably have found out if you're in the country and you ask directions you actually get more of a history lesson, "Keep on this road go past Maygold's. Well it's not Maygold's any more they closed in 87. Then it was a Chinese restaurant for a few years. That didn't work out though cause we got plenty of them oriental type restaurant's around. I think it's an auction barn now, but they are only open on the week-end....."

We have a couple of friends that got lost in Maine once, when they stopped for directions with map open on her lap, the navigator, June, got a stranger's attention and he said "Ah-yup I Know ya're not lost, ya just don't know ware ya are."

A Map is handy. I liken it to the Bible. The road signs are like the Holy Spirit who will keep you on the right road and let you know when you're going astray. The problem is that you need to pay attention to those road signs. Sometimes there are detours in the road and no one seems to like detours, yet God will sometimes send you on a detour because not everyone lives on the main road, and we are not called to take this journey alone. The good thing about detours is that is when we seem to want to look at the map (Bible) again to get our bearings straight, you can't look at that map too much. "Thy Word have I hid in my heart that I may not sin against Thee."

I liken this Christian walk as to going north on I-395 and past exit 89, there is a sign that says (Providence bear right). If you go right when you get to the end of the ramp, you're not in Providence but you are on your way, if you read the map and abide by the signs, Praise God, you will arrive. All roads may lead to Rome but **Jesus is the only way to God the Father** "I am the way the truth and the life. no man comes to the Father but through the Son." Not only do you need the Map (Bible) and the signs (Holy Spirit), you need frequent rest stops (Church) to get directions and filled-up with the Holy Ghost.