
World Wesleyan Leadership, III

by Charles W. Colson

Introduction of Charles W. Colson by President David L. McKenna

Charles Colson and I first met through letters that we exchanged while he was in prison. He had fallen from the heights as special counsel to the president in the White House to the identity of prisoner, the hatchet man in the Watergate scandal. Even though he was in prison and there was great question, I knew because of his association with Tom Phillips, the man who was responsible for leading him to Christ, that if Tom put his seal upon him, Charles Colson was authentic.

I next met him in Washington, D.C. immediately after he came out of prison. He spoke to a group of evangelical leaders, students and presidents at a seminar arranged by National Association of Evangelicals (NAE), and as he stood and talked to that group he chain smoked (which evangelical Christians don't do), his conversation was sprinkled with expletives (which evangelical Christians don't use), and he answered questions with "I don't know" (which evangelical Christians will not confess). Chuck, I knew you were authentic. That authenticity had been confirmed just a few days ago when in Lexington John Dean came to make an address at the University of Kentucky. I saw him on television, and John Dean talked about his book in which he identified the Watergate participants in categories of those who confessed and those who denied. And then he had to find a special grouping for a person such as Chuck Colson in the company of the redeemed. And wistfully, if you saw that television program, John Dean almost said he wished he were in that company. That was a witness to the authenticity of Charles Colson.

Who better, then, can address us on the theme "leadership" as a part of our general theme "World Wesleyan Leadership." He who has known what it is to lead from the heights of secular power, and now, who knows what it means to serve as a servant submissive to the spiritual power of our Lord. I present to you an authentic

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born-again man whom God is using today as a prophetic voice in the church and in our society — Mr. Charles Colson.

Mr. Colson's Lecture — World Wesleyan LEADERSHIP

Thank you very much. I've had some simply magnificent experiences as a Christian. Just a couple of years ago I was in Bristol, England, and I was invited to speak in Pip 'n 'Jay Church on Temple Way. As I was getting ready to speak, the rector took me aside and pointed to the beautiful carved, mahogany pulpit that I was about to walk up, and he said, "I think I should tell you before you go up that that is the very pulpit from which John Wesley preached when he was here in Bristol, and the very pulpit from which Whitfield preached when he was in Bristol." I started up this rickety staircase behind the pulpit to get up in the top and I grabbed hold of the mahogany rail, and I ran my hands over it. I'm a great student of history. Wesley is one of the greatest models for my life, and Whitfield to me is one of the great preachers of all time. I began to think, "Here I am preaching where they were." I was so awestruck for a moment I almost couldn't begin to preach, and here I am tonight in the pulpit where Dave McKenna will be preaching. Well, I'm not exactly awestruck, but I am delighted to be here. And I'm very, very happy and honored and proud to be part of my friend's inaugural as president of this great institution. I'm glad also that you would allow a Baptist who has very strong reformed theological tendencies to come and be with you for this occasion.

Last year, as those who follow such things in the media know, we celebrated, and I use that word advisably, the tenth anniversary of the Watergate break-in. Where, oh where, but in America would we celebrate the anniversary of a break-in, and especially a bungled one at that. But it gave me an opportunity to reflect on my life, and as I've reflected I'm struck constantly by the great paradox that my life represents. Let me give you an illustration of this from just a year ago this Easter. Easter is the time we celebrate in the prisons. We go in and celebrate that empty tomb. A year ago at the Indiana State Penitentiary I was due for an Easter sunrise service. It's a prison in which we've done a great deal of work. As we got there at 6 a.m. and walked into the prison auditorium, I looked and there were 300 to 400 inmates. Now that really takes something inside a prison because those men had to be up an hour and a half earlier for being processed

through. The place was filled with excitement. Whenever I'm in a prison, I always end up with the story of Christ on the cross and the two thieves on either side. The first thief says "Save me." The second thief understands. He says, "No. Christ is innocent. We're getting what we deserve. Jesus, remember me." I use that as an illustration of repentance and tell the men, "Go back to your cells and when you're all by yourselves, see if that prisoner won't be right there in that cell with you. Christ will put His hand on you." Well, this big guy came up to me. He was all muscles and you could tell he'd been pressing the iron. He said, "Hey, remember what you told me to do? Well, Mr. Colson, I did it. And over the last year they've had my body in this place, but not me."

What a way to start Easter Sunday morning. We had a great service and when it was over I had to be at the Westville Penitentiary which was about an hour away, so I had not been able to make arrangements to go to death row. But I always do that when I'm in a prison, and I especially wanted to go to death row in the Indiana prison because there were two men there that we've been working with very closely. I saw from my clock that I had time to do it, so I said to the warden, "Would you mind walking us over to death row?" The warden, a beautiful Christian man who used to be a missionary in the Caribbean, said, "Of course, come along." About twenty volunteers came along behind me. It was now 8:00 a.m. Easter Sunday morning. We made our way through the maze of cell blocks in that prison with all of the men in their cells asleep. As our whole party went shuffling through, we woke a lot of them up, and then we walked through the double gates into the end of the end — death row — from where men do not come out except executed or if their appeals are heard.

I was looking for one man, Richard Moore. This man who had come to Christ through our ministry and who had been a beautiful witness, had a tough time a year ago. He wanted to abandon his appeals and die. His wife had written me some extremely articulate letters and our volunteers had gone back to him and he renewed his commitment. He was a powerful witness, leading a Bible study on death row. All the cells we passed were just alike. They've all got the centerfolds of *Playboy* and *Penthouse* magazines. They're all dirty. But I looked up on the second tier and there was one cell with lights on, and I just knew, even though I hadn't been able to let him know I was coming, that Richard would be up, shaved, clean, dressed and waiting for us on Easter Sunday morning filled with joy. There must have been

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twenty of us who gathered on the catwalk just outside of his cell. We talked and had a wonderful time visiting together. Then I said before we left, "Richard, how about a song?" So Richard Moore, black man on death row, condemned to die, reached his hands between the bars and held the music while twenty of us stood on the catwalk outside of his cell on Easter Sunday morning in that prison that was sound asleep and all of us sang at the top of our lungs, "He walks with me, He talks with me, He lives, I know He lives." What a way for Easter Sunday morning to begin. Richard was just standing there with tears coming down his cheeks, and as I was about to say good-bye, I reached in and said, "Richard, I'm sorry that I couldn't give you notice that I would be coming. I'm sorry that I couldn't let you know." Richard grabbed my hand, and I shall never forget. He looked me square in the eye, tears rolling down his cheeks and said, "Oh, I knew you would come back." He knew in that place, cast aside to be executed by society for a terrible crime, if indeed he was guilty of doing it, that Christian people would come, that God cares and that His people care and that His people would be there. No matter how tired I get traveling, I never forget those words because I know there are Richard Moores all through the prisons of America and around the world who know we'll come, and we come because our God commands us to.

Forty-eight hours later, as timing would have it, I was in the White House at a luncheon where the president addressed 150 religious leaders. I saw Dave McKenna there at the same luncheon. I was excited because four years of my life I had lived in that room, walked in and out of that state dining room over that same marble corridor, through those halls into that White House. I'd been back when Gerald Ford was president, and I was invited back by Jimmy Carter twice, and couldn't be at either event, but this was my first time to be back at an official function, an invitation to the White House dinner in the state dining room. I knew coming back after ten years I would walk in that dining room, and I would just be filled with a sense of elation and excitement as the sun streamed in from the floor-to-ceiling windows through the elegant chandeliers, the portrait of Lincoln peering down over the fireplace. And you know, the strangest thing happened as I walked into that room that I hadn't been in in ten years — I didn't feel that exhilaration. I was very happy to be there, particularly because of the occasion. President Reagan was calling religious leaders together from all over America to urge

them with the cutbacks taking place in social programs and federal programs to get more involved, to go into the community and do the kinds of things that our Bible commands us to do. I was struck also by the irony that it took the chief of state to call us Christians in and tell us to do what our Bible already tells us to do.

As I sat there wondering about the changes that had happened in my life, the president cited three illustrations of what three different churches had done that would be good for other churches to do. The first was a church in Chicago, the second a church in Atlanta, and the third was the work of Prison Fellowship in Jefferson City, Missouri. A group of Christians from several churches got together. They saw a problem (a need) involving inmates' families who traveled to the penitentiary in Jefferson City to visit the inmates. The surrounding rural community offered no accommodations for these families. So all the Christian volunteers in Prison Fellowship got together, bought an old house for \$45,000, fixed it up, and now thirty families can stay there any night for \$3.00 a night if they have \$3.00, or they can stay for nothing if they don't. Now, here was the president of the United States using something that a group of volunteers working in a prison "among the least of these" as an illustration of what the country ought to be doing. I sat there with that sense of exhilaration realizing that the four years that I was in that room thinking I had all that power, I really didn't.

As I walked out of the White House that day I saw the head usher. He's been there a hundred years. He gave a big grin and came running over to me and said, "Mr. Colson, I'm so glad to see you. I knew you'd come back," — the exact words that Richard Moore had used forty-eight hours earlier on death row in the Indiana State Penitentiary, but not with the same meaning.

As I walked out on the lawn that day and looked back at that building in which I had spent four years of my life, I was struck by four lessons. These are the lessons I'd like to leave with you tonight because they relate to Christian leadership.

First of all, I looked at that building and I think about this every time I'm in a prison and every time I'm speaking to a prison audience, I think about my own life: scholarship through college and earning all sorts of academic awards, being in the Marines at a young age, one of the youngest company officers in the Marine Corps at the time; administrative assistant in the United States Senate, writing laws which were enacted; practicing law, earning a doctorate of law

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at night and thinking of the cases I'd argued and won; and then being in the White House in the office immediately next to the president of the United States, making all the great decisions; all the successes — the immigrant's grandson who grows up and makes good in America, that was my life. And yet I'm always struck by the fact, when I look over those prison audiences, that the most important thing about my life is not that I was an aide to the president of the United States, not that I wrote laws, not that I was a success, not that I argued cases before the Supreme Court. *The great legacy of the life of Charles Colson is that I was a convict and went to prison.* God has chosen in His sovereignty to use in my life as the most important thing, the one thing at which I was defeated. I can remember being in prison, hanging on those bars saying, "God, get us out of here. You know we're wasting our time in this prison." *The only thing I could not possibly glory in in my life is the one thing God has chosen to use to touch so many others.* And the lesson of that, my friends, is such a powerful one for all of us when we get so caught up in our movements, our good works, our organizations, our structures.

What God really wants from us is not our results and successes and achievements, but the faithfulness of obedient hearts. A Christian leader is a servant-leader who understands that the first call upon his life is to be faithful, not necessarily to be successful.

I was struck that morning, too, as I thought about my life as a poor kid growing up in the depression seeking security. That was the thing that drove me through all of the years. I can look at my life now and realize what Alexander Solzenitsyn writes in his memoirs when he says, "Bless you prison, bless you for having been in my life." For it was there, lying on that rotting prison straw, that for the first time he realized the object of life is not prosperity, as we are made to believe, but the maturing of the human soul. And lying in prison I could see justice through the eyes of the powerless. I could see why it is that God always speaks to us through the powerless when He speaks to us in terms of justice. Because we see the world upside down. We see the world in the eyes of those who can't help themselves. Whoever said that God helps those who help themselves? It isn't in the Bible. God helps those who can't help themselves. A leader who leads in the Christian world must be dependent, supremely so, upon a sovereign God.

The third thing I was reminded of that morning as I looked back at that majestic white building was the four years that I spent there.

Every morning there would be a limousine out front of my house. The same thing would happen. I'd stumble into the back seat, and read all the briefing papers and intelligence summaries as it whisked me into Washington through the southwest gates of the White House. There a guard would salute and another guard would open the door and up we would go. Twelve of us would gather together at a place called the Roosevelt Room. We would gather around this giant mahogany table and the same thing would happen every day. Henry Kissinger would be the last fellow to arrive of the twelve senior aides who were to make the great decisions of the day for the United States government. Kissinger would come in with big briefing books bulging under his arms, sort of stoop-shouldered with a worried dour look on his face. He'd sit down at the end of the table and the president would often come across to him. Henry began the meeting every day because foreign policy was number one on the agenda. He'd say, "Mr. President, the decisions we must make today are going to change the whole future course of human history." Five days a week, fifty-two weeks out of the year.

I think one of the most disillusioning things in my life was when I walked out of the White House and realized that every single problem I had ever dealt with in the four years that I was there was worse when I went out than it was when I went in.

One of the great contrasts of my life is I find such fulfillment in the work I'm in today because I see people whose lives God has touched, and in four years I never found anybody that ever came up to me and said, "Hey, you know, you did something in government that really helped me." I had a lot of people come up and point their fingers at me and say, "You so-and-so." but no one ever came up and said, "What you did really affected my life."

I've come to realize that the power to change the course of history is not in the places of power at the palaces of our society. I saw in prison the power to change history as I lay there in a rotting, stinking hole, with the stale odors from the open urinals at the end of the dormitory, and my heart breaking for my family and looking around me at forty men lying on their bunks desperate, staring up into the emptiness, nothing to live for, no one caring about them, their bodies literally atrophying and their souls corroding. Yet, the first night I was in prison, we started a little prayer group and soon there were seven of us that met in a little room off the prison library: three blacks, four whites — two convicted dope pushers, a car thief, a

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stock swindler, and the former special counsel to the president of the United States. We were on our knees at night, men who had nothing to live for. There in that pit of futility, I saw how God could move in the lives of people. Men would come in off those bunks at night and they would say, “What’s this really mean to know Christ? Tell me what you men are doing carrying this Bible. What does it mean to be a Christian?” And I would see those men give their lives to Christ; I’d see them out around that prison the next day — no more prison shuffle with their heads down but their heads up, rehabilitated, transformed by the power of the living God. That’s the power that changes things in this world, not the power of institutions. To be a Christian leader in the world you need to understand that it is the power of Christ and not the power of man or of the kingdoms of this world. We as Christians especially must never confuse them.

I learned a fourth lesson that morning, a lesson of Christian leadership. I looked at that building in which I had spent four years of my life. But I did not see a great powerful structure; instead, in my mind’s eye, I saw an invisible kingdom being made visible in our midst. I’m struck by the fact that we Christians are called out. Yes, we’re to be in the world, but we are called out to be part of a new order, a new kingdom. We are to be part of something transcendent and different which the world can see living here right in the midst of this sick and dying and decaying society. The world, nevertheless, can see a new kingdom, a new order, and it’s called in Scripture, the holy nation. That’s what you and I as Christians are part of. Peter used the term in the New Testament. In writing to the new Church he said, “You are to be the people of God. You are to be a chosen race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation.” He didn’t pick those words out of the air just because they sounded good. Holy nation was the phrase that Yahweh had used at Sinai to Moses when he had called the people out to be His chosen people. But isn’t it ironic in the New Testament that it’s Peter who talks about the Holy Nation, because Peter of all the apostles was the most Jewish and the most parochial. And he was the one whom God had to hit over the head three times to go preach the Good News to the Gentiles at Caesarea. He’s the one who argued with Paul over circumcision. He would be the one least likely to see people of different races, different backgrounds, different heritages, different nations, all together as one people. Yet with the fervor of a convert, Peter spoke to the new Church, scattered as it was in little enclaves all around the known world, and he said, “You are one

people, black and white, East and West, rich and poor, Greek, Jew, you're one. And you are a holy nation."

If we Christians could only think of the implications of what it means to be a holy nation, visible in the midst of a hungry people today, because that's what we're called to be. And remember when Yahweh called His people out, he said, "You shall be holy because I am holy, and my tent shall dwell in your midst." We are called out to be a holy people because a holy creator God, Creator of heaven and earth, who is real and personal, has come to live in the person of Jesus Christ. That's what separates Christianity from all other religions. We believe in a God who is, who is real, who is personal, and who is in our midst. The implications of that, if you begin to think about it, are absolutely life-transforming.

First of all, it means our loyalty to a holy God must be absolutely transcendent. Think about where you put your loyalty. Think about how often in this great country, which all of us love so much, we sometimes mix up our loyalty to this country and to the cross of Christ. Never, never confuse the will of the majority with the will of God. They may be and frequently are different.

Second, it means we're called to strive for holiness. When we think about holiness we always tend to think in terms of piety but God is calling us to something much more than that. He is calling us to be citizens in a nation, a holy nation, which has standards of righteousness and justice that conform to God's standards of righteousness and justice as we find them in the holy Scripture, and that goes far beyond not drinking, smoking, going to the movies, or breaking the Sabbath. It goes way beyond to the very heart and fabric of the nature of this society in which we live. It goes far beyond our individual acts of holiness. John Wesley said there can be no holiness without social holiness. Probably no man in the history of the church brought together the comprehensive understanding of what it means to be a citizen of a holy nation better than Wesley did. He attacked the abuses in the coal mines and the abuses of the slave trade. The letter he left to William Wilberforce before he died, the last paper Wesley wrote, (which I've carried in my Bible for the last ten years) where Wilberforce charged Wesley to "go on in the name of God until even American slavery shall be vanished. Be not weary in well-doing. Who can stop you if God be for you?" Wesley was a man committed to holiness, who understood the dimensions of holiness in our society, and that's Christian leadership.

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Third, if you think about the implications of citizenship in the holy nation, you are called to a level of spiritual discipline that's largely unknown in America. A couple of years ago I was in Korea. I preached in the Full Gospel Church in Seoul, Korea. There were 25,000 people worshipping — 15,000 in the sanctuary and 10,000 in the overflow halls. I felt the most marvelous outpouring of God's Spirit that day. I said to Pastor Cho, "What is going on in here?" There were 7,000 baptisms the month before. I said, "This is an incredible experience. This is a great church." And he looked at me and said, "Oh, this isn't the church. This is just where we come together on Sunday. The church is in the home," and he indicated the thousands of homes all through Seoul, Korea where people every morning from five to seven are in the Bible and on their knees. They wouldn't think of beginning their day without being in the Word of God, and that's why five million Christians in a country of thirty-five million Buddhists bring a Christian influence to bear that's dominant in the culture that we in America, with our Christianity and our churches overflowing and our religiosity, do not do. We have a pagan culture while those Christians in the minority in Korea have a Christian culture, and it's because they have discipline to be in Bible study and to take seriously the obligation of their citizenship of God, and that's the call that God puts upon us when he calls us to be citizens of His holy nation.

Finally, we are to stand against injustice wherever we find it in our society. John Wesley once wrote that making an open stand against all the ungodliness and unrighteousness which overspreads our land as a flood is one of the noblest ways of confessing Christ. I probably wouldn't be here today if it weren't for the fact that after I accepted Christ into my life a small group of brothers surrounded me and gave me love and teaching. Maybe many of you have been believers since you were children and you don't realize for someone like myself, converted out of a secular culture, what it meant to stand up and say I have accepted Jesus Christ.

How many of us are really willing to stick by what we believe our God teaches us, at all costs? There's a judge in Indiana, Bill Bontrager, who a few years ago was converted to Christ one year after he'd gone on the bench. It had been his lifelong dream to be a judge and he was elected at age thirty-six and left his little law practice for a \$42,000 a year judgeship. One of the first cases that came before his court was a young man, Harry Fred Palmer, who was a

Vietnam veteran. Harry had an alcohol problem. He was arrested for burglary. Twelve days after he was arrested the state law in Indiana covering his case was changed, but when he was arrested for first-degree burglary, the minimum sentence that could be imposed was ten to twenty years. Harry Fred Palmer was married and had two children. He had won a bronze star in Vietnam. He had never been in trouble before, but he got into trouble drinking, had committed burglary and he'd confessed it. While in the county jail in Elkhart, Indiana, he had a dramatic conversion to Christ. After serving five months in jail, he was brought before Judge Bontrager and he pleaded guilty, confessed his crimes and asked forgiveness. His victims were there and they had begun to have meetings with him. There was general forgiveness. Judge Bontrager listened to all the facts; on the one hand the law said ten to twenty years, on the other hand he looked at the case and this individual's life. Finally he said, "I can't send you off for ten to twenty years; I'm not going to do it. I'm going to give you one year providing when you get out you make restitution to your victim." Harry Fred Palmer was shuttled off to the Indiana State Penitentiary where he became a leader of Prison Fellowship in the prison, a beautiful Christian lad. At the end of the one year he came home. He was back with his wife. His wife was pregnant. He was working. He made restitution to his victim. He was in the church. It was a model case of justice handed down and served in our society, except that the sentence was appealed to the Indiana Supreme Court which reversed the decision of Judge Bontrager, and two years after Harry Fred Palmer was home the Indiana Supreme Court ordered Judge Bontrager to send Harry Fred Palmer back for nine more years in prison. Bontrager walked into the courthouse, held a press conference and said, "I cannot serve both God and man. God tells me that I can't send this man back; I will not do so." Bontrager was held in contempt, sentenced to thirty days in prison by the Supreme Court, fined \$500.00. The decision ultimately cost him his judgeship. Another judge was assigned to the case and Harry Fred Palmer was sent back to nine more years in the Indiana State Penitentiary. Judge Bontrager walked away from that bench to go back and open up a little law practice in Elkhart, Indiana. On the Easter Sunday morning I told you about earlier Bill Bontrager accompanied me into that prison and when he saw Harry Fred Palmer those doors bolted open and that judge ran over and embraced him before 400 inmates that were inside that prison. That

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one story was so publicized because it was such an exception. It was carried in *Newsweek* and on television. Eventually Harry Fred Palmer was pardoned by the governor and sent home last fall after serving another year and a half. He is now active as a Christian layman in our ministry in the community as is Bill Bontrager, struggling to get a law practice started. But the fact is that we have to have that kind of courage. That's Christian leadership. That's leadership for the world, that we stand up to this culture, and we say, "No, this is what our God commands. This is the way we are going to live."

Finally, my friends, I would beg you to get involved. I think one of the things Satan is telling us in this society today is you can't make any difference, so why bother? But you can. You can! Let me give you an illustration.

Just last year we took six inmates out of federal prison in Lakeland, Florida for the beginning of a program which has now spread all across the country, the pilot project for what we call our Community Service Work. We brought them to Atlanta to live for two weeks. One of the things I was proudest of at our Prison Fellowship there is that the first six volunteer families we called to ask if they would take an inmate into their home said yes, without asking the color of the man's skin or the crime of which he was convicted. It turned out that two of those inmates were black, two Hispanic and two white. They lived in the homes of our volunteers and every morning at 9:00 a.m. they'd be at the Georgia Avenue Presbyterian Church in the heart of the old Grants Park section of Atlanta for two hours of Bible study. Then at 11:00 a.m. they put on their coveralls and went down to the homes of two widows in an old part of the city where the houses were run down, dilapidated, and overrun by the ghetto, and they crawled in the mud under the crawl space and they winterized the homes in two weeks.

This was an experimental demonstration of an alternative to incarceration for non-violent criminals. Instead of sitting in a prison cell at a cost of \$15,000 a year to the taxpayer, we bring them out, let them do something worthwhile in the community and it's a witness at the same time. It was a marvelous success. Those widows had had applications into the local government agency to have their homes winterized at a cost of \$21,000. They had been languishing in a bureaucracy for eighteen months. No one had acted on it. We came in with volunteer help, a few thousand dollars of contributed funds,

with insulation given to us by an insulation contractor, and we went to work with no red tape, no fuss, no bureaucracy and did the job like that. It was a great demonstration of what Christians can do, but it did something far more significant in that community, much more important than just demonstrating an alternative to incarceration. One of those widows, Roxie Vaughn, is eighty-two years old and has been blind since birth. Roxie lived all alone in a little cracker-box house. There was nothing in her living room except a little space heater, no rug on the floor, an overstuffed chair with the stuffing coming out, an upright organ against the wall, and the Bible in Braille. She'd lived there all of her life and she didn't want to move. The wind used to sweep through her house. We told her, "Roxie, we're going to winterize your home." She was just elated because she'd been spending half of her social security checks to heat the house during the winter months. And then we said, "Roxie, we're going to do it with convict labor," and Roxie went ashen white. You see, she'd been broken into four times in the past two years, and you can imagine the fear of a blind woman (living all by herself) at the thought of convicts coming into her house. But, finally she agreed.

The third day those convicts were working around Roxie's house she had them in for cookies and milk and the fourth day an Atlanta television crew was there and it was on television and we have the tape of it. I've never, ever been able to watch it dry-eyed. There was Roxie Vaughn sitting at her organ and the six convicts behind her and she was playing and they were singing "Amazing Grace." That's the Gospel.

We had a dedication service at the Georgia Avenue Presbyterian Church to send those inmates back to prison and it was one of the most joyous worship experiences I've had as a Christian. The place was flooded with people from all over Atlanta. They came from all corners of that city. They were black and white, rich and poor, free, out of prison, in prison. The church was overflowing with people. The volunteers were coming over and embracing the widows and the widows were embracing the convicts and the two pastors in the back of church were embracing everybody who came through the door because they hadn't seen a full collection plate in thirty years. But you see, that's what the church can do. We can go out and stake out our claim and say we're going to practice exactly what our God teaches us to do. We are going to love the Lord our God with all our mind, heart, and soul and our neighbor as ourselves and we are going to

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reach out with a cup of cold water to those who thirst. We're going to feed those who are hungry and clothe the naked and visit those in prison, and we'll make a difference even in this big twentieth century impersonal society. We'll bring the life and the love back into it.

Finally, as a principle of Christian leadership beyond those of courage, of dependence upon God, of a commitment to justice, of spiritual discipline and integrity, and a realization that it is God who works through us, I would say finally as a principle of Christian leadership, *always remember your motive.*

People will constantly come to me and say, "You know, you really sound like a radical, Mr. Colson." Actually, I take it as a compliment, because a radical means one who wants to go back to the roots. Yes, I'm a radical. I want to go back to the root solution, exactly what Jesus Christ taught. But then they say to me, "Well you sound sort of like a do-gooder." Isn't it marvelous how our secular culture can take words and turn them around and give them a connotation the opposite of what they were intended? I mean, where does the term doing good come from? Surely someone here will spot it immediately. It comes right out of Isaiah; "Cease doing evil and do good."

I used to think I was pretty good. The first time I ever admitted there was anything wrong was the night my friend, Tom Phillips, witnessed to me. It was the first time I had ever come under the conviction of sin about my own life. I really thought that everything I did was either good or no worse than anyone else. I mean all that stuff we did in politics, it wasn't any worse than the democrats had done. The first time I ever really said to myself, "I'm unclean, I'm unworthy," was that night with Tom Phillips. Whatever good there is in me comes to me through the righteousness of Christ. Often people will say to me, "Well, Colson, you sound like you've been sort of caught up in the social gospel." I laugh when I hear that term because I've read this Book from cover to cover many times over, and this Book changes my life and I believe this Book to be the revelation of God. I believe it has absolute authority over my life and I believe with every ounce of intellectual conviction at my disposal that this is the infallible and truthful Word of God and that's what I live by and if that's the social gospel, so be it. There's only one Gospel and that's what I live by. No, for Christian leadership today there is only one motive. I do what I do not because I'm a do-gooder, not because I've been caught up in some social cause or gospel, but I do it and I proclaim it to you out of gratitude for what God has done in our lives. May the glory be to Him. God bless you.