



---

## The Phone Call

---

Let the peace of Christ rule in your hearts,  
since as members of one body you were  
called to peace. And be thankful.

—*Colossians 3:15*, NIV

John

March 26, 1972

MY HANDS GRIPPED the steering wheel as my mustard-yellow Ford Maverick flew down Interstate 30 at eighty miles per hour. The Dallas-Fort Worth Turnpike saw few cars on a Sunday night, and for this I was grateful. At work just minutes prior, I had received a phone call—*the* phone call. Cathie was headed to the hospital in labor with our firstborn.

I had been deep in production details of that evening's ten o'clock news. My job as a floor director was demanding, to say the least, in those hours prior to the scheduled news

broadcast. While cameras were rolling, I was responsible for the placement of the cameras, newscasters, and everything else that happened down on the floor. To prepare for all of these details, the production director and I were marking the script for that evening's broadcast. When the call arrived, the floor exploded in a roar of whoops and applause. The first words out of my mouth were, "I don't know who's going to do this tonight, but I'm not. I'm gone. I'm headed for Fort Worth!" The production director, a father himself of six children, quickly jumped in with "Don't worry. We've got someone who will take it. Don't worry about it. You just drive carefully."

I suppose I tried to drive carefully as instructed by my well-meaning coworker. But I certainly didn't drive slowly. *You* try to keep your foot off the gas when the hospital is over forty miles away.

So, down the freeway, I sped as fast as that mustard-yellow car would take me, all the while saying repeatedly to myself, "Let the peace of Christ rule and be thankful. Let peace rule and be thankful. Let peace rule and be thankful!"