

# Language Barriers

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## **From the Preacher's Desk:**

This past Sunday evening, I finally had the chance to drive the van for the Hispanic services. And, while I must admit I was warned that there would be a slight language barrier, whoever it was that gave the impression that my guide had a fair grasp of the English language might have exaggerated a little. He and I tried to converse, oh how we tried. But we spent a lot of time shrugging our shoulders and shaking our heads at one another. That is not to say, however, that the evening was not educational. I learned a lot. An awful lot. Here are a few of the things I picked up on last Sunday night.

First, excitement is universal. I don't suppose that I am any different from anyone else in this regard, but to me, a foreign language sounds like rapid-fire mumbo-jumbo. Listened to these Hispanic brethren talk Sunday evening was just as incomprehensible to me as it had always been, but I got to listen to them converse. They were telling stories; they were inquiring of one another; they were communicating with more than words. They were using facial expressions, gestures, and inflections. Some people are just better story-tellers than others, and even though I couldn't understand the words, it was obvious that one guy could spin quite a yarn.

Second, love is universal. Using my ten-word Spanish vocabulary, I tried to ask my guide about his family. We concluded that yes, he was married. Then it got a little fuzzy. But I was finally able to deduce that he either had a thirteen-year old son, as do I, or he had thirteen sons. I'm still not sure. Regardless, the concern for his family was in his eyes, as was the pain of being away from them.

Third, happiness is universal. As I relay this part, I want it to be known up front that at no time were any people or animals, real or imaginary, harmed or in danger of being harmed in the making of this story. Right after I had made the last stop and was heading back to Airport for their worship, a cat ran across the road in front of us. I gave the van a little more gas. It was just a little joke. The cat was well clear of the road long before we came anywhere near where it was. Not a one of that cat's lives was ever in any peril. It was just a little joke. It was so subtle I didn't even know if they would notice. Seriously, just a little bit more gas. But they did notice, and those guys laughed and laughed and laughed. No words were exchanged, no funny pictures or gestures, but a little bit of humor tore down that barrier of language.

I said all of that to get to this point, something to which you might or might not have previously given consideration: in God's eternal kingdom, there will be no barriers. When we cross over Jordan, we will not be crossing a geographic border. We won't have to get a stamp on a passport. We won't have to learn a new language to communicate with our King. The praise to Him will be lofty and high, and in complete and total unison forever.