

Revealed: The Value of Broken Vessels

I became a believer in Yeshua (Jesus) more than 40 years ago, and along with meeting Yeshua, I was introduced to gospel music. My wife, who was raised as a believer, had a huge album collection of gospel music. As my love for Yeshua grew, so did my love for music that shared the Good News in the sound and style of the music I listened to before coming to faith.

Thankfully, I came to faith at the same time that contemporary Christian music was growing in availability and popularity. I became passionate about the music of two different worship artists. Both sang contemporary worship, each with a unique style and sound. One's music became popular in churches and was sung by choirs around the country; the other's music was more personal and was played often on the radio. Both were deeply moving and inspiring to me, and I spent hours playing their albums again and again as I prayed and read my Bible.

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It would be hard to express how meaningful the music of these two men was to me, especially in those early months after my conversion. It wouldn't be a stretch to say that in the midst of the spiritual battles I was fighting, as a Jew who had newly accepted that Yeshua was the Messiah of Israel, the music of these two men gave me strength to keep my faith. Their music was to me like David's harp was to King Saul; it helped me focus my mind and heart on the things of G-D.

Only a few months after I came to faith and began to listen to the music of these two artists, I was hit by what seemed like a nuclear bomb. Both men—whose music had become in many ways the rope that anchored my faith in Messiah in the turbulent

waters of my world—were caught using cocaine.

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I have to be honest. Even though I didn't know either of these artists personally, their arrests and public falls hurt me as much as the loss of a close friend. In some ways, it hit me harder than that. The two of them had become a part of my faith walk and my guides into true, profound praise and worship of my G-D. Their songs spoke the words my heart wanted to speak, and their melodies carried my praise to the throne of my King.

Now their mug shots were on the television and plastered on magazine covers. As the truth came out, I learned that the entire time they were using, I was aware of who they were. Before I had heard the first note of one of their songs, they were both heavily addicted to cocaine and participating in addictive lifestyles.

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