

# Coach's Corner

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“Shootout At Corinthian Corral: A Parable About Truth And Relevancy For Christian Leaders”

It was noon on a hot summer day. Not a person was stirring on main street. In fact, the only movement for an hour had been from dust occasionally blowing from one sidewalk to the other and tumbleweed rolling into the alleys.

The quiet was soon broken as Billy Bob Bible man stepped into the Corinthian corral. Billy Bob wore a large study Bible on each hip, complete with Bible memory cards in the band around his hat. He was ready and equipped to find and kill any no good varmint of bad Bible doctrine hiding under a rock.

From the other side of the corral entered Cool Calvin Outreach. Calvin not only wore shorts and flip-flops with a Hawaiian shirt, he had a piping hot cup of Starbucks cappuccino on each hip. Calvin was well-armed with countless high-tech gadgets to find anything in his church that wreaked of tradition and that, like some shot-through corpse on a battlefield, had been hanging around for any longer than a year.

“Brother Calvin, this town is not big enough for the two of us. It’s time that I read ya’ from the good book and sent ya’ on your way. You and all your fancy outreach are ruining our church. Why, we’ve never done it like that before, it just ain’t right!” “I’d say that you’ve gone liberal, son!”

“Dude, Billy Bob, like there is no way that you will be able to reach anyone with your like out-of-date ways. I’m going to gun you down ole timer before you do any more harm!” “You just don’t love all the lost and hurting people out there enough!”

So, the battle was set in the Corinthian corral like it has been in so many towns and so many churches for years. One hombre touted the importance of staying true to the Bible and the other argued for the importance of relating the message to the guests and those whom we are trying to reach. The fighting was fierce and the verbal bullets were flying and ricocheting from organ to key board and back again. Though the blood flowed, no one was declared a winner.

Finally, an elderly bald man in a funny ragged robe and sandals made his way into the center of the fighting. For the first time the shooting stopped so the two men could listen to this odd character who clearly wanted to say something to both.

“Men,” began the old bent-over codger with far more volume and power than anyone anticipated. “There is no need for you to fight. The solution to your battle is found in the very place you are fighting—the Corinthian corral. You see,” he continued, “On the south fence of

the corral is the message that I wrote to a church in Corinth (1 Cor. 1:17-2:5) centuries ago which says that I chose not to use the successful speaking style of the day to present my message since I wanted them to see that the power is from the Holy Spirit working through the Word and not from man.” (At these words, Billy Bob straightened up all proud-like, thinking that he was about to win, yet this man by the name of Paul continued) “On the north fence you’ll find the words I wrote to that same church (1 Cor. 9:19-23) that I become all things to all men that by all means I might save some.” (These words pleased the now cocky Calvin)

“Both of you need to remember that it is not either speak the truth or help relate the message so people can understand. It is both/and!” As long as you stay in this corral inside those two fences, remembering both truths, you’ll be fine. It’s once you get outside either one of them that you get into trouble.” “You see, you need both truth and clear communication; courageous testimony and caring ways to carry out the ministry of the gospel.”

“But how do we know where in the corral to be?” asked Billy Bob. “Yeah!” Calvin chimed in, “And how do we work with both fences?”

“That is another message from the Corinthian corral to give you on another day. You’ll have to wait for that one,” responded the Apostle.