Conversational Testimonies
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Tuesday nights are Bible study nights at my church. However, it is more than that to me. Tuesday night is the night I drop my kids off at my parent’s house and my older sister Brandi, my Dad and I go off together to church while my mom stays home and has quality time with her grandchildren. Although I very much love the Lord, and enjoy Bible study, the best part of Tuesday night is talking to Brandi and Dad.

When we are at church our conversation is very much about the Bible, however the conversation that I really love and anticipate on these nights happens in the car on the way to and from the church. The conversations we have remind me of when my Dad would drive Brandi and I to high school every morning when we were teenagers. He would talk and talk and talk all the way to school. He would tell us stories about his childhood and family members we never met. Some mornings he would be upset about an event or topic he heard on the news. There were other times when he would talk to us about morals, values and what his expectations were for all of his children. Then there were those times when environmental issues would set him off, a boy with his hat turned backwards, a person with a questionable outfit on, or a song on the radio. It didn’t matter, but he would talk for the entire twenty minute ride. Being like most moody teenager my sister and I just let him talk while we remained quiet saying nothing. I would have asked more questions back then if I had known those conversations would be so important to me now and if I had considered my Dad as an intelligent human being and not as the “stupid parent” who was ruining my life. My sister and I now being in our mid thirties, want to know as much information as we can from our father, the years have made us value his opinions and judgments; so the conversations on the way to and from church are much more inclusive then they were some fifteen years prior on those car rides to school.

As we pulled up to the church this particular Tuesday, it was easy to see that the church was empty. Several other cars were waiting in the parking lot. We always park on the street because occasionally people will block you into the lot and then you are stuck until they decide to move. My father is a God fearing Christian man who reads his bible everyday, however his response to having to wait for someone to come and open the door would not be surprising to those who know him well, “I’m sick and tired of this shit, coming here and the damn door isn’t even open.” Dad said in disgust. My sister Brandi replied in a calm voice, “The managers must be running a little late.” Her tone let my father know that she thought he was over reacting. “How long should we wait?” Dad asked in a calm yet condescending way, which let my sister know that he knew that she thought he was over reacting and also let her know that she had no control over his actions. “Lets wait ten minutes and then we’ll leave.” my sister replied in an all to jovial manner for having just been scolded indirectly by our Dad. I wondered why she was so happy, and then I remembered; the week before she announced in Bible study that she had found the Biblical meaning of love...which through her studies translated into patience. I wondered how long she could hold out with
this “love is patience” thing, since she was known as somewhat of a hot head herself. Which is why her calm response to Dad’s outburst was somewhat shocking.

Dad shut off the car and rolled down the car windows allowing the warm air to flow into the car. I felt some tension leave my body as the warm air closed in around my legs, arms and shoulders removing the goose bumps that had started to form from the chill of the air conditioner. As the warm air helped me to relaxed, I to joined in the conversation asking about the upcoming family reunion to be hosted in our city; my question was the lead into a number of short conversation topics fill with gossip of who was or was not coming to the reunion and why. It also piloted us into a serious conversation updating each other on family casualties, i.e., who was sick, who had died and the all to important who had gotten saved and who needed to be saved; which we all conceded was cousin Rufus since he could not see the era in bring a different Saturday night “booty call” girl to church every Sunday morning. We all hoped that he would accept Christ as his lord and savior before he caught something. Brandi, interjected into the conversation that, “coming to church every Sunday don’t make you a Christian.” In Rufus’s case of “jezebelitis” we all agreed. However, we did have a short conversation about whether or not he was just trying to save their souls or if they were both there to repent from their activities on Saturday evening?

The Church managers did finally get there in the ten minute time frame we set, but we were so engrossed in our conversation it took us fifteen minutes before we realized that the doors were open. The memories of these Tuesday night conversations will always be special to me long after our Bible study tradition has ended.