

Don't Be Kissing Up to the devil

Long before I gave my heart to the Lord, I'd already begun to grow weary of gigging in the nightclubs. Now don't get me wrong, I love picking and grinning as much as the next musician, but the whole Yee-hawing, cat calling, bar room brawling scene was really beginning to take its toll on me. I mean, how much second hand smoke can a man take? Some nights it was so thick, by last call a fellow could scarcely drag a comb through his mullet! Believe me; the title 'Lounge Lizard' isn't nearly as glamorous as it sounds.

Maybe the times were-a-changing. Karaoke DJs had become all the rage, and watching one of those guys pocket more than our whole band didn't boost a musician's morale one bit. Then, of course, there is always that legendary night in Covington.

We'd rolled into town to make our debut at a local road house on a sultry Saturday night. Right off, we pinned their ears back with a rocking medley of six or seven songs. We scarcely even let them even come up for air. The locals had never seen the likes, but I reckon a rowdy bunch like that recognized a runaway party train when it chugged into town. They hopped right on board and commenced sanding that dance floor down to a nub.

Near the end of our second set, as if on cue, the crowd worked up an impromptu halftime show. Two ladies in the restroom, who had obviously ran into some irreconcilable differences, spilled out onto the dance floor, clawing and cussing each other something fierce. Eventually some brave souls waded in and broke it up, but now before they'd each wrenched out a fist full of weave. We just kept on playing, though I was starting to wonder if we might not need to drag out our emergency roll of chicken wire.

As the night wore on things continued to deteriorate. It was during our last set that it happened, the incident that'll be chuckled about in the halls of club-band folklore forever. An elderly lady, who'd obviously engaged in her fair share of half-time festivities, evident by her toothy grin which was largely hit or miss, suddenly took it upon herself to head up the band heckling committee. Between every song her raspy smoker's voice filled the gaps with taunts and requests for us to play some country and western. I tried to explain, "We ain't never played either of those!"

At one point I bent down to take a drink, and she hedged on up to my microphone and motioned like she needed to tell me a secret. Worried any rudeness might start another ruckus, I bent an ear forward. Big mistake! Quicker'n a croc snatching a wildebeest off banks of the Serengeti, she took hold of my ears and latched onto my lips like a two ton hydraulic leech! Ears or no, ruckus or not, I whipped free of her unsolicited lip lock and commenced spitting and spewing all over the stage. I threw my guitar down and stomped back to my amp to whip out my emergency half pint. I practically downed the whole thing in one desperate swallow! The whole place was laughing hysterically, especially my band mates, who I've yet to fully forgive. I didn't care. I was too young to die.

But anyway- I reckon it all just goes to show you, if you hang out in the devil's haunts long enough, he'll find a way to lay one on you! And believe me, you won't like it. If you're still hanging out in those type places I got some advice. Run! Get out while you still can. Jesus has a better life for you. MUCH BETTER!

The Lord has since brought me out into the light and given me a fresh start. I'm mighty beholding, so I'm obeying the scripture below, and exposing my own shame here in hopes you won't have to learn the hard way too. (*Take no part in the worthless pleasures of evil and darkness, but instead, rebuke and expose them. It would be shameful even to mention here those pleasures of darkness which the ungodly do. But when you expose them, the light shines in upon their sin and shows it up, and when they see how wrong they really are, some of them may even become children of light!* **Ephesians 5:11-13** NLT)

God wants us all to become children of light, and I can prove it. You see, not only did He rescue me, He saved my whole band. Yep, after that, we all got right with the Lord! We're still picking and grinning together too, although we carry a different kind of emergency kit now, playing for the Lord and all. My new kit says I should forgive my band for laughing at me that night. I'm still working on it.

Please keep this story hush-hush. It's kind of embarrassing. Plus I don't want that dear old lady to come tracking me down. I've got too much to live for now. I'm praying for her, hoping she'll find the Lord, and maybe a good dentist. But I'd like to continue to do it from a respectable distance.

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