The Ride That Still Echoes

The night air was cool over Boston Harbor.

Most of the town had gone to bed, their candles burned low, their shutters closed tight against the darkness. But there was a tension in the air, the kind you can almost hear if you stand still long enough.

Somewhere in the shadows stood a silversmith with restless eyes and a borrowed horse.

His name was Paul Revere.

Now, let's be honest, Paul wasn't Superman. He wasn't the tallest man in town. He wasn't a general. He wasn't wealthy. He didn't have a microphone, a television camera, or even a Facebook page.

He just had a message.

And on that April night in 1775, the message mattered more than the messenger.

The British were coming.

History remembers him galloping through the countryside shouting those famous words, though historians tell us he probably wasn't yelling at all. In fact, he likely whispered urgently at doors and windows because British soldiers were everywhere.

But whether shouted or whispered, the message spread.

- A lantern in a church steeple.
- A horse on a midnight road.
- A knock on a farmhouse door.

And before the sun rose, ordinary farmers had become soldiers.

Then came Lexington.

A nervous standoff.

Muskets shaking in trembling hands.

Silence so thick you could cut it with a knife.

And then...

A shot rang out.

No one knows who fired first.

But one thing is certain.

The sound echoed far beyond that little village green.

Years later, poet Ralph Waldo Emerson would call it "**the shot heard round the world."**

- One shot.
- One moment.
- One message.

And the world has never been the same.

I can't help but wonder...

What if Paul Revere had stayed home?

What if he'd said, "Someone else will tell them."

What if he'd worried people might laugh at him?

What if he'd thought, "I'm not important enough."

The answer is chilling.

- The message would have been delayed.
- Lives would have been lost.
- And history might have turned another direction.

Church, **Christians face a midnight ride of our own.**

The world around us sleeps.

- Some are comfortable.
- Some are distracted.
- Some are frightened.
- Many are lost.

And God has entrusted us with a message infinitely greater than, "The British are coming."

Our message is:

- Jesus is coming.
- Sin can be forgiven.
- Grace is available.
- Heaven is real.
- Hope has a name.

And yet so many believers sit quietly in the stable, polishing saddles they'll never ride.

We say:

"I'm too shy."

"I don't know enough."

"What if they reject me?"

Meanwhile, eternity marches on.

The Gospel was never intended to be hidden in church buildings.

- It was meant to travel dusty roads.
- From neighbor to neighbor.
- From grandparent to grandchild.
- From co-worker to friend.

You may not preach to thousands.

You may never stand behind a pulpit.

But you can tell one person what Jesus has done for you.

And don't underestimate the power of one conversation.

- Andrew brought Peter.
- A boy gave his lunch.
- A Samaritan woman told her town.
- Paul Revere rode one horse.

God has always changed the world through ordinary people carrying extraordinary news.

- Maybe your midnight ride is a phone call.
- Maybe it's a prayer with a hurting friend.
- Maybe it's an invitation to church.
- Maybe it's simply saying, "Can I tell you what Jesus means to me?"

The Gospel **doesn't** require perfection.

It requires willingness.

The enemy whispers, "Be quiet."

The Spirit says, "Ride."

And somewhere tonight, someone is waiting to hear the message only you can deliver.

So, saddle up, child of God.

- Light the lantern.
- Knock on the door.
- Share your faith.

Because there is another sound the world needs to hear.

Not the shot heard around the world—

But the Good News that can change the world.

And unlike Paul Revere's ride, this story isn't over yet.

Paul Revere warned people how to save their freedom for a season. We tell people how to save their souls for eternity. That's a ride worth taking.

Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.
Mark 16:15