

I am a worship leader with a dark secret: I am terrified of microphone cords. I have a microphone WITHOUT a cord. You are not supposed to love inanimate objects, but the affection I have for my cordless mic is boundless.

It was the beginning of Powerline's Celebration service, so I picked up my cordless mic to open in prayer. I was smiling, full of joy and ready to worship God. I turned the mic on and nothing. The next moments were a blur, as my two sound guys tried to fix the problem which turned out to be a simple fluke: dead battery and dead spare battery. It had never happened before. And to make things worse, the church's other cordless mic had died the week before. Numb with shock, I reached over to pick up a corded microphone.

I made it through the first three songs with careful vigilance, being careful to avoid being tripped by the cord. My free hand was in constant motion, grabbing the cord to keep it from hitting me in the stomach. THEN it was time to play the keyboard on the fourth song. I sat down at the bench and placed the microphone in the stand made for my cordless mic. It dropped down through the slot, the ball barely standing afloat. Now the mic was two feet from my mouth. After careful body contortion, I was able to sing into the mic and started playing, realizing too late that the cord was dangling in front of the keyboard, not behind. "Just think about worshipping the Lord," I told myself. By my self was preoccupied. In the middle of the second chorus, the cord came alive and began attacking me. It tried to strangle my wrists and finger. Who could help me? I looked out at the congregation, but most of the people had their hands lifted and eyes closed. I glanced out my sound man. Would he come to my rescue? Unfortunately, he let his injured knee, crutches and inability to always read my mind prevent him from coming to the rescue. The cord slapped my hand harder and harder until finally I hit a wrong chord, then a wrong note. The pressure got to me and I stopped playing, realizing the band would keep going and I could catch up. Oh no, the singers had stopped singing. The musicians had stopped playing. They were all looking at me. I jumped right back into the middle of the bridge. I don't know why. My bass player glanced at me with concern. My wonderful worship team jumped in and it ended up sounding like we had carefully practiced the song so that it would song just the way we played it.

It was with great joy that I put the microphone WITH the cord back in its stand. The battle was over. I am heading out now to buy twenty extra batteries for back-up. Oh, and I'm taking my cordless mic out to dinner.