

SCARS IN LIFE

Some years ago on a hot summer day in south Florida a little boy decided to go for a swim in the old swimming hole behind his house. In a hurry to dive into the cool water, he ran out the back door, leaving behind shoes, socks, and shirt as he went.

He flew into the water, not realizing that as he swam toward the middle of the lake, an alligator was swimming toward the shore. His mother in the house was looking out the window saw the two as they got closer and closer together. In utter fear, she ran toward the water, yelling to her son as loudly as she could.

Hearing her voice, the little boy became alarmed and made a U-turn to swim to his mother. It was too late. Just as he reached her, the alligator reached him.



From the dock, the mother grabbed her little boy by the arms just as the alligator latched his legs. That began an incredible tug-of-war between the two. The alligator was much stronger than the mother, but the mother was much too passionate to let go. A farmer happened to drive by, heard her screams, raced from his truck, took aim and shot the alligator.

Remarkably, after weeks and weeks in the hospital, the little boy survived. His legs were extremely scarred by the vicious attack of the animal. And, on his arms, were deep scratches where his mother's fingernails dug into his flesh in her effort to hang on to the son she loved.

The newspaper reporter who interviewed the boy after the trauma, asked if he would show him his scars. The boy lifted his trouser legs. And then, with

obvious pride, he said to the reporter, "But look at my arms. I have great scars on my arms, too. I have them because my Mum wouldn't let go."

You and I can identify with that little boy. We have scars, too. No, not from an alligator, but the scars of a painful past. Some of those scars are unsightly and have caused us deep regret. But, some wounds, my friend, are because God has refused to let go. In the midst of your struggle, He's been there holding on to you.

The Scripture teaches that God loves you. You are a child of God. He wants to protect you and provide for you in every way. But sometimes we foolishly wade into dangerous situations, not knowing what lies ahead. The swimming hole of life is filled with peril - and we forget that the enemy is waiting to attack. That's when the tug-of-war begins - and if you have the scars of His love on your arms be very, very grateful. He did not and will not ever let you go.

~author unknown~



Four steps to accomplishment:

First, plan purposefully

Second, prepare prayerfully

Third, proceed positively

Fourth, pursue persistently.

Old Faithful?



Yellowstone National Park's most featured attraction is a geyser named Old Faithful, which earned its name by consistently

erupting like clockwork. Millions of visitors come to view the geyser. Three hotels are located for clear viewing of Old Faithful; folks who can't get reservations in them fill the

huge parking lot in anticipation of witnessing this natural phenomenon.

But Old Faithful is losing its faithfulness. In the 1960s it erupted an average of every 64 minutes. Now it kicks up about every 80 minutes, and often waits 90 minutes. Its name hasn't changed but its behaviour has. Christians and churches can do the same thing. The term "faithful" may apply more to what we used to be than to what we are now. As with manna, we cannot live on yesterday's supply.

Faithfulness is a name we keep by demonstrating it every day.

Houston Chronicle, Aug. 24, 1995, p. 12H
Picture: Castle Geyser, Yellowstone National Park.

A lost person once met a Christian, and said, "I know you do not believe your religion." "Why?" asked the Christian. "Because," said the other, "for years you have passed me on my way to my house of business. You believe, do you not, there is a hell, into which men's spirits are cast?" "Yes, I do," said the Christian. "And you believe that unless I believe in Christ I must be sent there?" "Yes." "You do not, I am sure, because if you did, you must be a most inhuman wretch to pass me, day by day, and never tell me about it or warn me of it."

--C. H. Spurgeon

The shepherd whose ninety and nine sheep were safe did not wait for the one astray to return; he went forth and sought and found it, and when he did find it he did not maul or kick or pound it; he took it to his bosom, and comforted and rescued and healed it.

--D. L. Moody