

From Where I Sit . . .

“Anchor To The Solid Rock”

Teddy's father was a very successful business man, but his successes also meant he often missed Teddy's ball games and special times. The ones that hurt the worst were the championship game when he was 12 years old and the all-star games. And then there were the awards banquets. His dad promised to be at most of these events, but something always came up. A seat was usually empty beside his mother.

His Father might have meant well, but Teddy didn't know it. Teddy saw a childhood full of broken promises, forgotten birthdays, disappointments, tears on the pillow at night, and finally hardness and callousness so it wouldn't hurt any more. The best way to stop hurting over Dad was to quit caring about Dad.

His coach in high school promised him a starting position on the varsity team, but it went to the new kid that moved in over the summer. The neighborhood grocer promised him a pay raise in the spring, but it just never got mentioned again. When Teddy finally asked about it, the grocer denied ever making such a promise.

A way of life was being molded for Teddy, of doubt and distrust. Everywhere he turned, Teddy met the same kinds of disappointments. He couldn't find anyone whom he thought he could genuinely trust. In time he drew the conclusion that no one's word is true.

A preacher tried to reach his heart at the revival meeting, but it was too little, too late. Teddy felt that life was a sham of pretense, and no one genuinely cared. Eventually he tried drugs, and then turned to crime to support his habit. That led to the arrest, and a prison term – Even more distrust followed. In total despair, and a feeling of utter hopelessness, Teddy ended it all. He committed suicide— a victim of a world upon which we cannot depend.

Teddy isn't just one boy, he is a composite picture I painted of young people all over America who in real life face these very disappointments every day. While I was writing this composite story, I remembered that there was a real Teddy, however. Some events in his life story might have been different from the ones I've described, but it ended much the same way. Theodore Bundy was executed in the state of Florida about 12 or 14 years ago after raping and murdering several young ladies at Florida State University in Tallahassee.

The one thing that all these “Teddys” have in common is a need. There is a common need within all of us for someone, some thing upon which we can depend. A constancy that will always be there for us and will never let us down. But this world doesn't supply that remedy. We're all too weak and undependable for that big of a task. What a tragedy for us to put so much stock and trade in the behavior of someone else to the extent that it dashes us on the rocks when they break their word.

I've known of some Christians who have abandoned their faith because some minister, elder, Bible teacher, or just church members let them down—didn't live up to their highest expectations. Their faith rested more on the individual than on the rock of our salvation.

True to the words of a wonderful Christian hymn:

In Times like these, you need a savior, In times like these you need an anchor;

Be very sure, Be very sure, Your anchor holds and grips the Solid Rock.

Ladies and gentlemen, there is only one rock upon which you can afford to anchor your life from which you will never have to be afraid of its being too weak to support you. **His name is JESUS!**

. . . Terry Broome

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