

### **Be a Berean!**

*The Bereans...received the message with great eagerness and examined the Scriptures every day (Acts 17:11).*

**We know God through Jesus and we know Jesus through the Bible.** That is the urgent premise behind LAC's efforts to encourage personal Bible reading and systematic Bible study. We fervently hope that you will--

1. "Stand in the Rain" with us every day as we read through the Bible in three short years. Just go to ***lockportalliance.blogspot.com***.
2. Attend one of these Bible-based classes this week—
  - "Behold"--Sunday at 9:45
  - "Having a Mary Spirit"--Sunday at 9:45
  - "Psalms for Guys"--Sunday at 9:45

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### **"Goodnight, Moon"**

Today is my son Frankie's 16th birthday. He's just a little bit older than I am.

Shelley says we--all of us--are going to the DMV to get his learner's permit this afternoon.

"Do I have to?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because if he passes his test we are going over by the park. There's no traffic there this time of year. We're going to let Frankie drive."

"Is that legal?"

"That's what a permit is for. It permits him to drive. After he gets home from school, I will pick you up at work."

Actually, I understand that a permit permits. And except for the fact that it's the DMV, I've got nothing against the DMV. What I'm resisting is the tick-ing and the tock-ing of time.

I'm pretty much impervious to many of the things that chip away at hearts. Though depression and fear and discouragement and insecurity nip at the heels, I've been able to fend them off, for the most part. But against time--the distances created by the passing years--I'm defenseless. Time took my daughters away, and now it's coming for my sons.

In the late afternoon, Shelley picked me up at the church office. On the way over to the DMV, I tried a stalling tactic.

"Look, it's past 5. Turn around and take me back."

"They're open until 6:30 on Thursdays."

I glanced behind. Both boys had their MP3's in their ears.

"I can handle anything but this, Shelley. Can't we turn it all back?"

She took a while to reply, softly, "No, we can't."

Only half kidding, I asked, "Can't we go back and read 'Goodnight Moon' just one more time?" She looked away, into the rearview mirror.

We sat in the waiting area at the DMV while Frankie stood at a counter, taking his permit test. He's taller than I am now. Smarter and stronger, too. Braver, truer... Now he's reading the sight chart. Now he's having his picture taken.

He's on the cusp, almost ready to step into manhood. This all starts a Dad to thinkin'.

I don't know exactly when I came to faith in Jesus Christ, because I was born again before I knew what "born again" meant. My guess is right around 1994--perhaps only months after Frankie was born. So I'm "16," too. I'm on the threshold of manhood in the family of the LORD.

I never really looked at it this way until I was waiting in the DMV, thinking through the years. That's when I concluded that  $56=16$ .

Then it was on to Outwater Park. Frankie got behind the wheel and drove all of the adjoining streets, and did well.

Soon it was dark, so Shelley drove home. On the way, I closed my eyes and turned every page of the whole story. I know it by heart, right to the end.

Goodnight, Moon.