

Diving Into the Pond

Life magazine published a photo by Scott Threlkeld in its October 1993 issue showing three teenage boys who have jumped from a 30-foot-high cypress branch toward a dark Louisiana pond.

Threlkeld evidently climbed the tree and shot from above the shirtless, soaring Huck Finns, for readers looked down on the boys and the pond.

There is something inspiring, even spiritual, about this picture.

The lanky boy on the right shows the least confidence, jumping feet first, knees bent and legs spread, ungainly arms flapping like a drunken stork about to make a crash landing.

The middle boy dives head first, arms spread stiffly straight and perpendicular, like the wings of a Piper Cub airplane. His head is slightly ducked and to the right, as if he were approaching the runway against a side wind. He is in a hurry to reach the water.



The third boy also dives head first but he isn't hurrying toward the tunnel-dark pond. He is floating. His head is up. His body is in a relaxed arch, both knees slightly bent, legs slightly apart. His arms are nonchalantly straight, hanging from his shoulders in an upside-down V. Poised and self-assured, as playful as an acrobat on the flying trapeze, he knows exactly where he is and, it appears, waits until the last moment to lift his arms, duck his head, and slip into the water.

No matter their kinesthetic sense or style, each of these three boys did a challenging thing: He took a scary leap.

Granted, high dives into country backwaters aren't always wise, but sometimes to follow God, we must take a similar leap of faith.

By faith Abraham obeyed when he was called to go out to the place which he would receive as an inheritance. And he went out, not knowing where he was going (Hebrews 11:8).

– Beecher Hunter