

Training a Brave

The early American Indians had a unique practice of training young braves. On the night of a boy's 13th birthday, after learning hunting, scouting and fishing skills, he was put to one final test. He was placed in a dense forest to spend the entire night alone. Until then, he had never been away from the security of the family and the tribe.

But on this night, he was blindfolded and taken several miles away. When he took off the blindfold, he was in the middle of a thick woods and he was terrified. Every time a twig snapped, he visualized a wild animal ready to pounce. After what seemed like an eternity, dawn broke and the first rays of sunlight entered the interior of the forest.

Looking around, the boy saw flowers, trees and the outline of the path. Then, to his utter astonishment, he beheld the figure of a man standing just a few feet away, armed with a bow and arrow. It was his father. He had been there all night.

We sometimes feel like that boy – alone, fearful, engulfed by darkness. But in the thickest gloom is the all-seeing eye of our Father, God. We have no reason to fear because of His presence.

The darkness shall not hide from You; the darkness and the light are both alike to You. Psalm 139:12

--Beecher Hunter