BLESSINGS AT THE RIVER

Matthew 3:13 KJV

[13] Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.

Some of my fondest memories of my Dad were when he, my uncle and I would fish at night.  Back then we would fish on some of the local creeks or small rivers.  I don’t recall that we ever caught much.  I now realize that was not the intent that God intended for those times.  It was not what we caught but it was the quality time that was being built.

I only found out recently that this was as much for my uncle as it was for me.  My uncle was twelve or thirteen years younger than my dad.  He was about ten years older than me.  My uncle said that my dad was much like a dad to him.  My grandfather had to work all the time so my dad spent time with my uncle that my grandfather wasn’t able to offer.  In some ways my uncle was like an older brother to me.

One of the places we fished at night was at Rosa.  Those are precious memories to me.  It was recently that one of my dearest pastor friends shared a poem of baptizing in that same river at the same place where many years ago me, my dad and my uncle had fished.  Do you think there is a possibility that Andrew said something to Peter, as they neared  the Jordan to witness John baptizing, like “Do you remember when we fished this spot?”

I believe my pastor friend was privileged to baptize his daughter in that baptizing place.  Our fishing adventure was maybe not such a spiritual work as my friend’s but I can see God in it.  His will was being done.  My dad was being the man he was supposed to be as he was trying to make me and my uncle the men we were supposed to be.

God has brought many blessings at the river.  The first church I pastored used the river for baptizing.  How blessed I was to make my first trip to the river for the purpose of baptizing.  One of my first was a husband and wife.  When I baptized the wife I stepped backwards and stepped into a hole or off a ledge.  I went almost to my neck in water.  All I could think about was that I was gonna drown one of my first candidates for baptism.  Fortunately I was able to step back up and bring her up with me.  That almost brought a new meaning to being buried with Christ in baptism.

Well I praise God for the blessings at the river.

Yours in Christ,

Brother Randy Burtram