CATFISH OR CRAWFISH

      Some fond memories of my childhood were made while fishing with my dad and my uncle.  Many times we had to fish at night because of the hours that my dad had to work.  It was exciting to me because we would usually find a place in the woods where we could fiddle some worms and then it was time to prepare the old Coleman lantern, our rods and reels, poles, hooks, line and sinkers.  Finally we would load our stuff and head for one of the local creeks or rivers.

      Upon arrival at our fishing hole we would find some small limbs or sticks that had a little “v” shape in it to stick in the ground and prop our fishing poles on.  Dad would hang the lantern.  After baiting the hooks with those big ole juicy worms, we would cast the hooks into the river waters and lay back and wait for a bite.

       At the top of our wish list was to catch a great big catfish.  Close behind would be to catch a bass by chance because they didn’t bite much at night.  After a while we would be more than satisfied to catch some bream.  We did not want to catch crawfish.

       We closely watched the end of the fishing pole.  If it suddenly dipped or bent toward the water you knew something was tasting the bait.  If it bent and didn’t let up you knew you likely had something.  I was always anticipating a big ole catfish.  If I caught me a catfish I could go home and brag.  Sometimes you would see the end of your pole just barely moving up and down.  That was not a good sign.  I knew that most likely I had crawfish on the end of my line.

      Catfish or crawfish, there is a big difference.  Catfish could jerk the pole out of your hand but to land one was a special victory.  Crawfish were so subtle that you were not sure you had anything on the line until you brought it out of the water.  I think that has some likeness to the Spirit of Lord and the spirit of the devil.   The Spirit of the Lord can be like a mighty rushing wind.  I pray for the Lord to bend me or even break me that I might experience Him more.  The spirit of the devil is subtle just slowly sneaking up on you overcoming you little by little.  Often times we find ourselves in a bad way and we ask how we got to this place.  But the devil started on us a long time before and had been bringing us down a little bit at a time.  Oh my friend I still long for the catfish.  I need the Spirit of God all the days of my life and at the end of this struggle I will find that I did not reel Him in but in reality He reeled me in!

Yours in Christ,

Brother Randy Burtram