FISHING BELOW THE OLD COVERED BRIDGE

2 Samuel 5:24 KJV

[24] And let it be, when thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, that then thou shalt bestir thyself: for then shall the Lord go out before thee, to smite the host of the Philistines.

       One night, when I was about ten years old my dad, my uncle, my sister and myself were fishing, without a lot of success, below the old covered bridge, not far from where we lived, when we heard footsteps on the bridge.  Now, I would guess the bridge was about thirty or forty feet above the water.  Those footsteps were quite loud and seemed to echo down that little canyon where the creek flowed.  For a ten year old boy and his seven year old sister it was a little frightening also, especially when the footsteps stopped about halfway across the bridge.  “Hello! What are y’all doing down there?”  Someone yelled from the bridge, his words being a little slurred.  My dad responded “Just doing a little fishing.”  “Are y’all having any luck?” The man asked.  “Not much” yelled my dad.  “Well I’m coming down there right now” said the man from the bridge.

        My sister and I began to ask who this man was and if our dad knew him.  Dad said that he didn’t know him but that the man was drunk.  Neither sister nor I had ever seen a drunken person so we were more than a little bit scared. We did not want that man to come to us.  In our mind a drunken man was a mean man.

       Now to get to the creek was not an easy feat.  First, one had to find the trail from the bridge.  It was barely more than a rabbit trail.  I imagine for one who was highly under the influence it was almost impossible to find but Dad didn’t bother to give us that little bit of information.  Second, the trail required some climbing and searching for good footing to keep from falling into the creek.  I am sure now that Dad wasn’t worried about that man coming to where we were.  I didn’t know that then.

         This little episode reminds me of David’s experience near the Mulberry grove. He had already achieved victory over the Philistines in this very place but the Philistines came back later to try again.  I would think that David would have been very confident that he would again win this battle but instead of charging into battle he sought the Lord.  The Lord told him to wait until he heard the going (marching) in the top of the Mulberry trees.

        That night below the bridge I was listening for any little rustling of one leaf or the snap of a twig.  Where my sister and I were expecting this mean man to show up any minute, David was expecting the army of the Lord to come to his rescue.  They would win the battle for him.

        My dad was telling us that everything was okay.  Somehow I didn’t really trust him that night.  I should have.  As I became a father I realized I would fight a pack of wolves, if I needed to, to protect my children.  God was not going to let anything happen to David and his men.  My dad wasn’t going to let anything happen to me.  The problem was my lack of trust.  I still have trouble trusting God as I should today.  Too often I allow little things no bigger than the rustling of leaves to bring fear and worry into my life.  Instead of imagining fear I should imagine God’s army marching to address and attack those things that cause fear and worry in my life.

Yours in Christ,

Brother Randy Burtram