# Scars

Some years ago on a hot summer day in south Florida a little boy decided to go for a swim in the old swimming hole behind his house.

In a hurry to dive into the cool water, he ran out the back door, leaving behind shoes, socks, and shirt as he went. He flew into the water, not realizing that as he swam toward the middle of the lake, an alligator was swimming toward the shore.

His mother was in the house was looking out the window. She saw the two as they got closer and closer together. In *utter* fear, she ran toward the water, yelling to her son as loudly as she could. Hearing her voice, the little boy became alarmed and made a *U-turn* to swim to his mother.

It was too late. Just as he reached her, the alligator reached him. From the *dock*, the mother grabbed her little boy by the arms just as the alligator *snatched* his legs. That began an incredible tug-of-war between the two. The alligator was much stronger than the mother, but the mother was much too *passionate* to let go.

A farmer happened to drive by, heard her screams. He ran from his truck with his gun, took aim, and shot the alligator.

Remarkably, after weeks and weeks in the hospital, the little boy survived. His legs were *extremely* scarred by the *vicious* attack of the animal. On his arms, were deep scratches where his mother's fingernails dug into his flesh in her effort to hang on to the son she loved.

The newspaper reporter who interviewed the boy after the *trauma*, asked if he would show him his scars. The boy lifted his pant legs. And then, with *obvious* pride, he said to the reporter, "But look at my arms. I have great scars on my arms, too. I have them because my mom wouldn't let go."

You and I can identify with that little boy. We have scars, too. No, not from an alligator, or anything quite so dramatic. But, the scars of a painful past. Some of those scars are unsightly and have caused us deep regret. But, some wounds, my friend, are because God has refused to let go. In the *midst* of your struggle, He's been there holding on to you.

It is natural for a parent to want to protect their child, even when we sometimes foolishly get into dangerous situations.

The “swimming hole” of life is filled with *peril* - and we forget that the enemy is waiting to attack. That is when the tug-o-war begins.

1. When have you ever been in great danger?
2. What foolish thing have you done?
3. How have you been hurt on the “inside”?