

## Dad Says Dad Says

*(A report by the Always-Right Reverend Doctor  
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### 1 Corinthians 4

- <sup>1</sup> Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God.
- <sup>2</sup> Moreover it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful.

### Romans 14

- <sup>11</sup> For it is written, As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God.
- <sup>12</sup> So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God.

Spring had come. If we scraped the ice from the inside of the living room window, the old rusty thermometer indicated that it was a balmy thirty-five degrees outside. Soon the ice would begin to melt inside the house. Now to some folks that might seem cool, but when the average temperature for the last six months had been about twenty below zero, a fifty degree temperature change meant that it was now shirt-sleeve weather. In the spring, when the temperature rose to such heights, a young man's thoughts turned to love – of basketball.

We couldn't play basketball outside in the winter, because when you propelled the ball to the ground to commence your dribble – it stayed there. It might break if you were serious, but it at least did not return. It just looked up at you as if to say "I'm not coming back." And it didn't. Sometimes, if we persuaded the school officials that our intentions were honorable, they might let us play inside on the official basketball court. That didn't happen very often, however, because none of the adults wanted to spend their day watching us.

I had implored my Dad for about two years to hang a basketball rim on the second-story shop door. This was a small door over the main door to the shop. It was never used. I don't ever remember it being opened. There were some pieces of lumber up there that had been placed there in a forgotten time, by forgotten people. But the door never got any exercise.

I should explain, at this juncture, that we lived, at this particular time, with my grandparents.

My grandfather's brother, who owned the house where I was born, had taken it into his head that he wanted to move back to the homestead he inherited. That meant that we had to move out. Since the grandfolks were up in years and needed help, and since any other move would have meant that we would be a goodly distance away, it was determined that we would simply move in with the grandparents. This, of course, made my mother ecstatic, but that's another story.

Back to basketball. My Dad finally gave in to my demands. He procured a basketball rim, or at least that's what he called it, got a ladder, measured the required ten feet from the gravel driveway to where the rim was supposed to be, centered the rim on the upper shop door, and mounted it. I immediately jumped on my bicycle, rode the mile up the road to get the only friend who lived close enough to enjoy this good fortune with me, and returned with him to the house.

We played basketball all day. We were Bob Cousy and Clyde Levellit all in one. It didn't matter if it was cold and the ball didn't bounce very well. We had a great time. After winning all the championships possible, we retired for the day. Besides, it was too dark to see the rim. I went to bed with eager anticipation of the next day and more roundball.

The next day, I arose and did my chores. I then found the basketball and headed out to the driveway. The rim was gone!! Some evil person had stolen it. Or it had evaporated in the night. Or Wilt Chamberlain had come and pulled it down. I was devastated. Immediately I began looking for Dad. Dads can fix anything. He could get me another one.

I found Dad. He knew I was upset. He began to explain. "Dad says we can't keep the rim on the shop door. We might have to get something from the second level, and the door won't open all the way with the rim on it."

"But you put it there," I sobbed. "You said we could do it."

"Yes, but Dad says we can't."

"But I thought YOU were the Dad."

“Well, I have a Dad, too,” He explained.

It was then that I learned a very important lesson. Everyone has a higher authority. We are all responsible to someone. Sometimes we give people answers they like to hear. We play Dad. Sometimes we do things for people that they want us to do. We play Dad. Sometimes we suspend the rules just a little because we don't want to hurt people's feelings and we like to see them happy. Yes, we play Dad. We justify our positions by saying that it doesn't happen very often or it won't make a difference in the long run, or other things are more important. Perhaps we like to make it a little easier on folks to get by. Perhaps our standards are lower than they should be, so we can get the really “important” points across.

But one day, we will meet the Father. We will discover that our rationale is no substitute for His righteousness. We will be aware that, sometimes, the things we did for folks so they could get what they wanted might not have been the best thing. I don't expect the Lord to tell me my standards were too high.

Everyone has a Dad. Everyone has a higher authority. Everyone has a shop door. Better take the rim down.

Doc Trin