

# Dad Keeps Pledge Of 13 Years Back

By JAMIE BUCKINGHAM

Dear Bruce:

Monday, Mother and Daddy B will drive you across the mountain and leave you at camp just as they did me when I was your age.

I can well remember the feelings I had when they left me at the gate.

I was lonesome and afraid.

I tried to be brave, but that afternoon I sat on the edge of my bunk after all the other boys had gone down to the lake. Tears of homesickness ran down my cheeks and splashed on top of my new foot locker.

**YOU WILL** have many wonderful experiences.

You will learn how to sail a boat and do an Indian dance.

You will know the thrill of putting a steel tipped arrow against your bowstring and making it thud into a straw bullseye.

You will put a rifle against your shoulder and learn how to sight down the barrel and put the bullets into little clusters on a paper target.

You will sleep under the stars and wake with your face wet with dew.

You will hear the crickets and whippoorwills, the sound of a cracking campfire, and be awake half the

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## PERSPECTIVE

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night listening for prowling panthers and bears.

You'll know the wonderful sensation of sitting in the stern of a canoe and dipping your paddle in the cool lake water and making the boat go where you want it to go.

**BUT FOR** you there will be an added thrill that I never knew.

There will be a deep inner venture of taking your Bible and sitting on a mountain side and opening your heart as you talk to a personal God.

It was years later before I met this wonderful God.

But you will take Him with you in your heart and you will be among Christian counselors who will teach you of Him.

And Bruce, it will be this one factor that will cause you to enter camp Monday as a 12-year-old boy — and leave four weeks later as a man.

A real man.

I would to God I could turn back the clock of time and trade places with you Monday.

Just to be able to meet God the way you will meet Him, in the place He loves best, His wonderful creation.

**BUT MY** time is past, and now it is time for you to go.

Almost 13 years ago I brought you home from the hospital in Fort Worth.

That night, after everyone else had gone to bed, I stood over your crib and promised God I would raise you as His follower.

Monday is just another phase in carrying out that promise.