

Letting Go By Sue Trent

“Look, Mamma, look. It’s Snow Dog,” cried the little boy as our beautiful Siberian husky dragged me down the street on our daily Iditarod through the neighborhood. Trey truly looked like the real “Snow Dog” of the Disney movie with reddish-brown fur and piercing-blue eyes surrounded by a perfectly formed white mask. Weighing more than sixty pounds, which is large for the breed, gave him the strength to consider me his sled, and on our afternoon outings neighbors commonly called out comments like, “Who’s walking whom?” or “Looks like the dog’s taking you for a walk.” However, I usually managed to keep him under control until one day there was this cat with a death wish. Sitting in the middle of That Way, the tuxedo feline displayed an attitude that defied car, human or dog to make him move. Trey had no problem accepting the challenge and shot off into the street with me in tow. As we flew to the sidewalk, I crashed into the curb and fell face down, my glasses gashing my eyebrow and my shoulder scraping the concrete. Looking up I saw Trey frantically pacing at the base of the tree that was serving as a refuge for the poor kitty. A fellow walker came to my rescue. After helping me up, she retrieved the dog and escorted me home. The result of one of the few arguments that I have ever lost with Dave in our thirty-four years of marriage was a trip to the emergency room. Four stitches, a black eye, and a badly yellowish-green bruised shoulder later, I thought, “If only I had let go!” My fear of either losing the dog or of him killing the cat had cost me great pain and a lot of money. Both animals ended up in much better shape than I did.

So now it is time to let go in a less tangible way. Serving God through my ministry at BCS for the last twenty-five years has been an indescribable blessing. Through good times and bad the Lord has given me opportunity to increase my faith and grow in Him. I am exceedingly thankful and give Him all praise and glory. I thank the Lord for allowing me to work with such wonderful brothers and sisters in Christ. Each and every student holds a special place in my heart as if he or she were my own child. In many ways BCS is like my own child too. Yet there comes a time when you have to let go of your children. Holding on does not allow them to grow and mature as God planned. Although Brazosport Christian School has occupied a major portion of my adult life, it is not my school, but God’s. He gives us our children for a while, they occupy a major portion of our lives, and then they leave the nest forming families of their own. Many situations this year have made me come to realize that I was holding on to BCS as I held on to Trey. I don’t want to cause myself or others spiritual cuts and bruises by refusing to let go of my comfortable surroundings in fear of the future.

We have biblical examples of those who have taken a step of faith by letting go. Hannah took Samuel to the Temple and offered him to the Lord. God not only blessed her with more children but also gave Samuel an incredible ministry. Abraham offered Isaac, and God provided the lamb. Recently at a ladies retreat the speaker noted that Isaac left a trail of blessing in Genesis 26 by the wells he dug and released. Several times he left the newly found water that he had worked so hard for, and others were blessed by his willingness to move forward and dig another well. Everyone must take a step of faith, move forward and dig another well at some point. Hopefully I am leaving some wells that will bless you, and you in turn will find fresh water for future students and teachers. I pray that God will bless BCS with a continued, incredible ministry as I let go and leave BCS to whatever new ministry that He has for me.