

# Reflections by the Pond

THE WRITINGS OF DAVID S LAMPEL

**LIKE GRANITE  
BENEATH  
OUR FEET**

*One warm sunny day after being dismissed from my grade school, I dallied for thirty whole minutes down by the local creek, catching crawdads with one of the Nelson boys. For the infraction of arriving home just thirty minutes late, I received a rather thorough spanking.*

*Through the pain I initially envied the freedom afforded my schoolmates. They weren't being punished for being late. Their parents didn't ride such close herd on their time and activities. Nevertheless, I learned the lesson of the spanking—that I was never to do the same thing again.*

*As young as I was, I learned another, even more valuable lesson that day. I learned that of the two sets of parents—the Nelsons and the Lampels—mine loved me more. The Nelson boys seemed to have so much freedom—they could go where they wished, do what they wished, and never had to answer to any discipline. I, on the other hand, had more restrictions, more rules—and a burning sensation in my posterior—but I also had something they didn't: the deep and caring love of my mom and dad.*

# A FOUNDATION OF LOVE

This writer had the blessed fortune of being born into a family in which the parents, man and woman, were singularly devoted to each other in tangible affection and love. While they were also dedicated parents of their two boys, nurturing them not just in body and spirit but in the Lord as well, the children did not supplant or even diminish their inseparable bond as husband and wife. To the end they took joy in each other.

An environment such as this, in which to pursue all the adventures and foolish exploits of childhood all the while resting upon a dependable foundation of love, is of inestimable worth. Knowing every day that my parents were solidly knitted together in love for each other meant that I would always have that granite beneath my feet. And my appreciation only grew deeper for that parental foundation as I witnessed the fragile and often self-centered relationships of the parents of some of my childhood friends.

In my youth I took a lot of heat from my friends for my adherence to (most of) the rules set by my parents—in fact, heat that said rules even *existed*. As late as high school, if our gang was heading off to whereabouts other than what I had told my parents, I would call them to let them know. If I would be out later than promised, I would let them know. For you see, most of my friends' parents didn't care how long they stayed out at night, where they were, or what they were doing. And I did not have to wait until I was ensconced in my elderly years before I realized my situation was the better of the two.

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Followers of Christ enjoy a similar benefit. We have spiritual “parents” who not only love us, but are wholly devoted to each other.

“Father, I desire that they also, whom You have given Me, be with Me where I am, so that they may see My glory which You have given Me, for You loved Me before the foundation of the world. O righteous Father, although the world has not known You, yet I have known You; and these have known that You sent Me.”

*John 17:24–25*

It is just about impossible for us to picture the Trinity, as if we could be a fly on the wall of the eternal holy of holies as the members of the Trinity discuss among Themselves what They will do with man once he has been created. “God is one,” yet He exists as three distinct divine persons, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, who are cosubstantial, coeternal, and coequal.

The members of the Godhead were and are unified in love and joy for and with each other. At the beginning of John’s gospel we are told that Christ “the Word” was with God, but more than that He *was* God. We need no more than that to marvel at the holy mystery of the Godhead: its members are both *with* each other—and they *are* each other. Meanwhile, Christ the Son is fully God, yet at the same time subservient to Father God.

Therefore Jesus answered and was saying to them, “Truly, truly, I say to you, the Son can do nothing from Himself, unless it is something He sees the Father doing; for whatever the Father does, these things the Son also does in the same manner...I can do nothing from Myself. As I hear, I judge; and My judgment is righteous, because I do not seek My own will, but the will of Him who sent Me.”

*John 5:19, 30*

By Their design, this mystery of the Godhead was transferred to earth and mirrored in the unique bond between husband and wife. In my parents I witnessed the singular wonder of two people made one, yet each with distinct natures and roles in the family: Dad the benevolent head of the family who occasionally exploded in wrath, with Mom the tender and quickly forgiving sustainer. Their unified stability that possessed two distinct personalities created a firm foundation for the rearing of two boys—just as the unified stability of Father and Son, each with a distinct role to play, offers the universe a firm foundation for righteousness, justice, love, and holiness. Our spiritual “parents”—did They not give us life?—like our earthly parents are unified in Their love for each other, out of which flows their love for us.

This earthly pattern also mirrors Christ’s loving relationship with the church.

For I am jealous for you with a godly jealousy, for I betrothed you to one husband, so that I might present you as a pure virgin to Christ.

*2 Corinthians 11:2*

Mere man will never grasp the true depth of human love without apprehending the staggering intensity and cosmic proportions of the joyful love expressed within the eternal Godhead. This is the rock-solid foundation that undergirds human love, human marriage, the Christian’s love for Christ, the church’s love for Christ, and, above all, Christ’s profound love for His church. ♦