

The Subzero Campout

Not that long ago my son Adam asked me if I would go with him on what was being called a Fathers and Sons campout.

I was a little suspect of this mostly because it was the middle of the winter and other than Boy Scouts, who does this but I didn't want to disappoint him so I agreed to go.

On the appointed evening we loaded up. Now I should have known what I was in for when I noticed that conspicuous lack of fathers in proportion to the boys. We drove out to Antelope Island and set up camp in the snow. That night as the sun went down and the coyotes began the howl all around, it was cold, oh it was really cold. The night seemed to be particularly dark and clear.



We built fires for warmth and cooking and the colder the night became the more coveted became the warmth of the fire and for the number of people that were there, there was not enough campfire. If I drew close to the fire, it felt good but if I drifted away or got pushed out which did happen it was miserable. It seemed that the cold would suck all warmth out faster than I could replenish it.

All night in what seemed to be an endless night of darkness, I struggled for that warmth. In the last three decades I cannot remember being that cold for that long.

Well I've reflected on that experience again and again. The Spirit of the Lord warms and comforts us like a fire. When we're close to it, we feel

joy, peace, love and certainty. We know God lives and Jesus is the Christ because it burns within us. But when we step away from that warmth, the fire cools and all we're left with are memories of it.

At that moment we still know that fire is warm and comforting, but now that witness comes only from remembrance, not our current experience. It is far better to testify that Jesus is Lord and Savior because that fire burns hot within us now, than to bear testimony of the warmth of fire we no longer feel.

Such testimony lacks power.

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Music: Mountain Air by Jason Tonioli

Video Link: <https://youtu.be/c1HkIJBcNzk>