

Letter 273
More From The Summer Of '73
2014-08-26

Dear Dan,

Two other things happened at Summer Camp in 1973 when I was fourteen that I need to bring up now. Both happened at Bethel Temple's Mirror Lake Campground, the first of the three camps my Mom took my two brothers and me to that summer.

Both of these things happened on two different days at the campground swimming beach on Mirror Lake.

One day in the early afternoon I was swimming with other kids in a part of the water that went up to my chest. But in front of me there was a younger boy who was too short to touch bottom and keep his head above water.

While I was standing there, I saw him go under. At first I thought he was playing around, but after a few seconds I saw him start to struggle to get his head above the surface of the water. Immediately I grabbed him below his arms with my two hands and lifted his head above water. Then, still holding him tightly, I turned around and carried him to shore. Then I asked him where his mom was. He took me to where she was sunning herself on a beach towel, and I really got on her case about not taking better care of her son.

Another day, early in the morning, I decided to walk to the beach so I could be alone with the Lord. I didn't see anyone else there because it was too early and cold to swim. But after a few minutes I saw what looked like a sleeping bag laying on the grassy area of the beach, away from the water. I walked over to take a closer look and was startled to find protruding from the top opening the brunette hair of a very pretty human female.

She opened her eyes and looked at me, appearing to be a little older than my own age. Then she asked me this question;

“Would you sleep with me?”

I wasn't too sure just exactly then what she really meant at the time. But I had just awakened and wasn't sleepy. Besides, it just seemed so out of place to sleep on the beach when I had just got up from a nice cot in a camping tent. And the sleeping bag looked too small for two people anyway. I told her “no thank you,” and went back to the main campground.

Until I matured more in Christ, Satan would use that memory from time to time to torment me with “what if” scenarios on how I had “missed out” of taking advantage of her. I was never really sorry though, because it was more important to me to obey the Scriptures. But sometimes I did regret not taking her up on her offer.

It doesn't matter anyway, because now I get to sleep with Angels.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus