

WHAT ALL BOYS NEED

(Mark 1:9-11)

God as Father...

At that time Jesus came from Nazareth in Galilee and was baptized by John in the Jordan. Just as Jesus was coming up out of the water, he saw heaven being torn open and the Spirit descending on him like a dove. And a voice came from heaven: "You are my Son, whom I love; with you I am well pleased." (Mark 1:9-11)

God the Father gave his son Jesus something all boys need:

When sons don't receive this, they are wounded

HOW WOUNDS WORK:

1. Fathers, circumstances, and others WOUND us
2. Wounds come with a MESSAGE
3. As the message is REINFORCED, we come to agree with it
4. Those agreements form the basis of our IDENTITY

QUOTES OF NOTE

When a child is born, a father is born. A mother is born too, of course, but at least for her it's a gradual process. Body and soul, she has nine months to get used to what's happening. She becomes what's happening. But for even the best-prepared father, it happens all at once. On the other side of the plate-glass window, a nurse is holding up something roughly the size of a loaf of bread for him to see for the first time. Even if he should decide to abandon it forever ten minutes later, the memory will nag him to the grave. He has seen the creation of the world. It has his mark upon it. He has its mark upon him. Both marks are, for better or worse, indelible. (Frederick Buechner, *Whistling in the Dark*)

Never receiving any sort of blessing from your father is a wound. Never spending time with him, or getting precious little time, that is wounding as well. Some fathers give a wound merely by their silence; they are present, yet absent to their sons. The silence is deafening.... In the case of silent, passive, or absent fathers, the question goes unanswered. "Do I have what it takes? Am I a man, Daddy?" Their silence is the answer: "I don't know...I doubt it...you'll have to find out for yourself...probably not." (John Eldredge, *Wild at Heart*)

We've all been wounded. We've all failed. Rejection has brought out depths of anger we didn't know were in us. We've sobbed over unkindness and resolved never to let anyone treat us like that again. Our souls have withered under the heat of someone's disdain. Criticism has made us feel worthless, and we've either backed away from involvement or taken life on with defensive arrogance. We protect our wounds with all the fierceness of a lioness watching over her cubs. And because it is nearly impossible to see who we are as separate from those wounds, we think we are protecting our selves when in fact we are preserving our wounds. (Larry Crabb, *The Safest Place On Earth*)

Every wound, whether it's assaultive or passive, delivers with it a "message." The message feels final and true, absolutely true, because it is delivered with such force. Our reaction to it shapes our personality in very significant ways. (John Eldredge, *Wild at Heart*)

Identity is not something that falls on us out of the sky. For better or for worse, identity is "bestowed." We are who we are in relation to others. But far more important, we draw our identity from our impact on those others—"if" and "how" we affect them. We long to know that we make a difference in the lives of others, to know that we matter, that our presence cannot be replaced by a pet, a possession, or even another person. (John Eldredge, *The Sacred Romance*)