

July 24th, 2007



# KRISH'S CORNER

## Who Can Teach Us?

The Good Book tells us that when a student is ready the teacher will appear. And so the wait of a lifetime begins when one who wants to be taught sits alongside the one who needs to be taught and together they compete with the one who is forced to learn. Amidst the chaos of required learning that is sometimes brought upon us by the pressure of parents who did not have the opportunity are the innocent minds eager to be shaped. The sound of bells ringing across the globe provides the same relief to children of all races who hurry to the playground for a brief interlude of sportsmanship and territorial thrill. Then the final summer before college becomes the big recess when we are convinced that we have no more to learn.

The advent of the job, the onset of responsibility, the arrival of a mate and the need for religion mark the next phase in one's quest to learn. The order in which they appear seems to have little bearing on the need for balance and the pursuit of simple things like an abode to reside in and a loved one to converse with. Parallels of materialistic greed and wanton desire to climb to the top of the heap are justified as rational thoughts for one who needs more, so that at some undetermined time they can actually give more. Then the careers blossom and the progeny who will claim their inheritance teach us new lessons on how the guilt of absence should coexist with the obligatory trip to the toy store to buy more human pacifiers. We then hope for the bell to ring, announcing a midlife crisis-recess when we need to learn some more to compete with the voices in the head asking us to return to the crossroads of our youth to make new decisions.

Enter a former guest of the department of justice who at one time had the dubious distinction of being wanted for all the wrong reasons. Enter his confession of a self-consumed life that saw in its wake hate, harmony, hope and habit collide in a catastrophic moment, on a lonely road during a confusing time. His description of transformation focuses on the spiritual discipline it takes to alter the desires of our heart. He becomes believable because of personal reformation from a place so far off the radar that any direction he could have taken would have been up. He is a teacher with an experience that no hall of learning could give and no piece of paper could even attempt to convey. The lesson is over and it is recess again. Do you ask this teacher to be your mentor, or do you rely on the notes you took in his class to sustain your decisions? What happened the last time you made a decision that required self-discipline? Who can teach us that the path to tomorrow has many bends, and the road to victory is paved over the potholes of someone else's strife? Look for people with scars that remind you of how they conquered their doubts and fears and you may have found someone who can teach you. Learn to unlearn and you may enjoy the classroom that comes after this recess.

*"To define wonder for an adult before seeing it through the eyes of a child is to miss the marvel of infancy."*  
Ravi Zacharias

*In the 50's kids lost their innocence. In the 60's their authority. In the 70's they lost their love. In the 80's kids lost hope and in the 90's their power to reason. In the new millennium, kids woke up and found out that somewhere in the midst of all this change, they had lost their imagination.*

Excerpted from Recapture the Wonder by Ravi Zacharias. Integrity Publishers 2003