

The Short, the Fat and the Clumsy

When I was growing up, back in the era before organized sports for children, we played baseball in the schoolyard. Somebody had a ball, somebody else had a bat and a few had gloves.

The best two athletes were declared captains and began choosing players for their team. First pick was determined by an elaborate ritual of tossing the bat in the air, one of the captains grabbing it, then both placing their hands alternately up the barrel until reaching the end – maybe clutching the nub in a “claw” hold.

The winner started picking. The players were chosen one by one, on the basis of skill and history. Metrics were all carried in the observant and retentive brains of every kid who played the game. And for some of us, there was always the potential of that dreaded shame of being picked last.

We were the short, the fat and the clumsy. It was not the captains’ fault – they each wanted to win. And it was not our fault that we were not gifted, although practice could have helped to a certain degree. But we still wanted to play.

But all of us have a chance to be on a much more important team, engaged in a contest with eternal consequences. Paul writes to the Roman Christians – that they were **chosen**. “And you also are among those who are called to belong to Jesus Christ.”

I cannot get my mind around the fact that the greatest champion in the universe, the Lord Jesus Christ, picked me for His team. And when He puts me up to bat against a wily opponent, He not only instructs me on how to face him, He gives me the strength and skill to do it.

Ross Olson (formerly short, still clumsy although never fat)