

In the earlier days of my ministry, while I was teaching at another seminary, I went to my office one day after class. I was tired and so I decided to go through my mail. I opened a letter from a student. It began with the words, "Dear Mr. Harding", but that is where the "dear" ended. There was no more "dear" after that. This student didn't like one of the courses I was teaching, and he wanted me to know it. He ripped me up one side and down the other. As I read that letter my old nature manifested itself. I thought to myself, "Attitude in class is very important, but this is a bad attitude. This certainly ought to have a bearing on this student's grade." Then I thought to myself, again, "This student seems to have an awful lot of knowledge. It would be a shame if this student kept this knowledge to himself. He ought to be given an opportunity to share this knowledge in class." Of course, the idea was to show this student up in class for what he didn't know. But then I caught myself. I knew this student would probably be at that seminary three or four years, and that unless I forgave him for writing that letter to me, I would never be able to help him. So I forgave him.

The next day I was on the main floor of that seminary. I saw that student at a distance. There was a door close to where I was standing, and I was tempted to go out that door so I wouldn't have to talk to him. After all, I would save time and energy that way! But I knew what I had to do. I had to go talk to that student and start to break down that barrier that had risen up between us. I ~~asked~~ asked the Lord to help me, and He did! I went to talk to that student, and I started to break down that barrier. I'm glad to say that barrier was broken and that student became a friend of mine.