



Grace Snap Shot

"Viewing life through the lens of God's grace!"



Mr. Recht

Written by Art Henkel

School--Remember waiting to be old enough to attend? Remember waiting to be old enough to get out?

For each of us, we have our own school memories. Some may center around fellow students, subjects we studied, events that took place, or perhaps certain teachers we had (good or bad).

Some teachers are inspirational and others are forgettable. I'll never forget a certain instructor that I encountered. Mr. Recht was the most demanding, yet uninspiring teacher I would ever come across. He was one of a kind. I didn't know what I was getting myself into when I chose the course that he oversaw.

The amount of work that Mr. Recht demanded was mind-boggling. Just when you thought you were caught up, he'd pile on more. He seemed to live to hand out homework assignments. He also expected nothing less than perfection from his students. It didn't matter if you received the highest score in the class. If you got one answer wrong on an exam, he'd tell you about it; often in front of your fellow students. There was no pleasing this guy.

I remember working so hard on a certain assignment that I thought I was going to collapse. I poured my heart and soul into doing the research, collecting information, and preparing my presentation. When I went to hand it in, he wouldn't even receive it, for the simple reason that I had forgotten to sign my name on the front page. I tried to plead my case, but he wouldn't hear me out. His opinion was that I had completely wasted my time and he refused to give me any credit for the effort I had put in.

I was at the end of myself. I was failing my course and there was no pleasing this teacher of mine. He was constantly demanding more than I could give, and all the while, pointing out my faults. I never heard one encouraging word from him. Finally, I'd had enough. I couldn't keep going on this way. I decided to drop out and change courses. This ended up being the best decision I could ever make in my life.

You see the school I was attending was the School of Life. And the course that I had been enrolled in was 'Religious Self-effort'. My demanding instructor had been Mr. Law ("Recht" in German) and he was only doing his job. God gave his law not so we could fulfill it, but so that it would bring us to the end of ourselves, and in so doing, allow us to come to experience life in Jesus who is the fulfillment of the law.

Now that my life is in Christ, Mr. Law is no longer my instructor or tutor. Oh, he's still teaching, but I'm not in his class any more. I'm down the hallway taking the 'Abundant Living' course. I have to chuckle when I see students coming out of his room; books stacked so high. I don't hold anything against him; I'm actually grateful for him. He is who he is and he does what he does for a purpose. I'm just glad I'm no longer in his class having to listen to his never-ending, demanding voice.

*"Therefore the Law has become our tutor to lead us to Christ, so that we may be justified by faith. But now that faith has come, we are no longer under a tutor. For you are all sons of God through faith in Christ Jesus."
Gal. 3:24-26*