

# My Faults, Sins, Failures

## My Temper

I had a temper. I had a bad temper. I had an explosive temper. I had a violent temper. I had my dad's temper. My temper often got me into trouble.



I remember a particular time when I got into a knock down drag out fight with my brother Mike. He was younger than me, but we were about the same size. I was a runt and he was growing rapidly. We got in a fight out on our ball field. He managed to put me down on the ground in a headlock, which wasn't easy to do, and he wouldn't let me up. Then he added a Dutch rub. (A Dutch rub is when you take your knuckle and rub it into someone's hair.) I got madder and

madder and said so, "Mike, when I get up I will kill you!" I meant it. I was furious! Then I warned him again, "Mike, don't you ever let me up, because when you do I'm going to kill you." He did let me up. When he did I went berserk. I jumped to my feet and with all my strength I clobbered him with a round-house fist right to the eye. I heard and felt a crack as he screamed in pain and dropped like a sack of potatoes.

Mom heard the scream, as did everyone else, and Mike was rushed to the hospital emergency room. Once the dust settled and it was determined that Mike would live, howbeit with a huge black eye (which later I was quite proud of having given him), Mom took me aside into her bedroom and had one of those sermonizing and deeply convicting talks. I remember that one because she was right. She said, "Dickie, you have your dad's temper. When you get mad you lose all control and if you don't get it under control some day you will kill someone." Then she suggested a trip to the altar for victory over my temper. I knew she was right. I had a bad temper and when it hit I would go crazy and lose control of myself. I went to my room that day feeling horrible. I had come very close to killing my brother. If I had laid my hands on a baseball bat I think I would have beaten him to death. That's how out of control I was.

I did go to the altar that Sunday to ask the Lord to forgive me, though secretly I was quite proud of the shiner I gave my brother. When the elders knelt to pray with me I began to cry and told them about my temper and that I could not control it. They prayed with, for and over me that day that God would remove that poisonous temper from me. And He did!

