

The Family Friend



A collection of articles and quotes to aid your family in daily living.

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I Still Believe in Marriage

Marriage matters are continuously in the news. One of the top entertainment news stories of the week involves the pending marriage of Prince William to Kate Middleton on April 29, 2011. News stories about gay marriage regularly pepper the newsprint and online media outlets, from Prop 8 to “don’t ask, don’t tell,” to any number of such stories.

But, a particular “news item” on marriage really grabbed me. A *Time/Pew* research poll of 2,691 adults found that 40 percent of Americans believe that marriage is becoming obsolete. Apparently, a similar poll conducted in 1978 found that just 28 percent had such feelings about marriage at that time. 44 percent of those ages 18-29 saw marriage as obsolete, while 32 percent of those 65 and older felt the same. Besides the young, those who had so high a percentage of skepticism about marriage included the uneducated and the poor. In 1960, 72 percent of all adults

were married. Today, that number is at 52 percent.

People can debate whether or not the pool of the polled was skewed or fairly selected or why people responded as they did, but I am undeterred. I still believe in marriage. Marriage was still the first institution created by God (Gen. 2:18-24).

Marriage is still the best way to learn the finesse of communication and interpersonal relationships, including negotiation, team-building, and shared success. Where else can intimacy be more fully experienced than in a lifetime, monogamous relationship where the layers of complexity and interest are only multiplied through the days and years of life together?



Marriage creates fellow heirs of the grace of life (1 Pet. 3:7). Marriage creates greater self-esteem, self-confidence, self-image, and self-identity, when both partners strive to live it out according to the pattern (cf. Eph. 5:22-32).



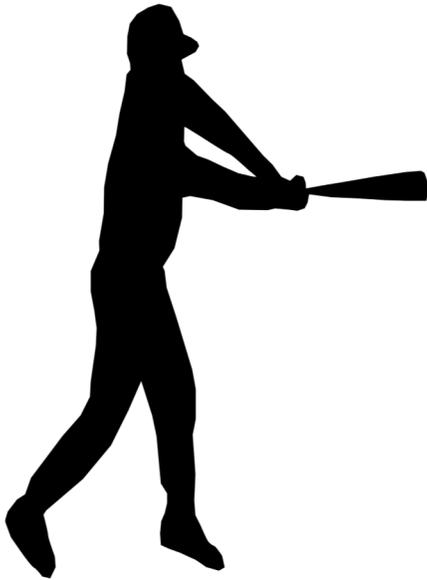
I am certain that my positive image of marriage is prejudiced by my 18-plus years of experience with it. But, I believe in it despite the bumps and bruises that are inevitable on such an exciting journey. My spouse is imperfect. But, my spouse’s spouse is really imperfect. Too many may have lost faith in marriage due to some poor examples of it. No doubt the preaching of the culture seeks to dissuade rather than persuade people to participate in traditional marriage, as God outlines it. Doing the will of God, following His pattern for anything, including relationships, will never be obsolete!—Neal Pollard, Preacherpollard.com

The Man I Never Knew

He was one of the players on a baseball team posing for a picture. He was kneeling on the front row. He was the one holding the bat. His first name was the same as my middle name. I was told that my mother wanted me to be named after him, but that he didn't want to saddle his son with the name.

"Delmar." When I consider the kind of man he was, I can think of a lot of things that would have been a whole lot worse.

I knew Delmar Faughn from the time I became aware of the world around me until his passing in December of 2000. I never knew the guy in the picture, though.



When the picture was taken, my parents were in their first year of marriage. I wouldn't become a part of the family until eight years later. I never got to see the man with the bat play what I understand was his normal first base position.

I also never had the experi-

ence of watching the self-appointed scorekeeper and head cheerleader in action – at least when my dad was playing. I did get to see my mother reprise those roles when I played, though.

When the picture of that baseball team was taken, a lot of things were still in my father's future. Pearl Harbor would be attacked about a year-and-a-half later. I never knew how that affected him.

I do know that he became a soldier at a much later age than some today might believe. He was twenty-nine years of age when that attack happened and was in his thirties when he began to serve. I never knew him as a soldier. I've heard him tell stories about how difficult it was for him to keep up with soldiers who were a decade (or more) younger than he was, but I never saw him go through that experience.

I also never knew things about my father in the years before he wore that baseball uniform. I never knew the very young boy who lost his mother. I never knew the teen who went to live with a sister so he could attend high school (much like some today leave home to attend college). I never knew the young man who did what he had to do to try to make a little money during what people then called "hard times." We know that today as The Great Depression.

My dad was about a month shy of being thirty-six years old when I was born. There are a lot of things about his first thirty-five years I don't know – and will never know. I am an only

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child. All of my father's siblings and most of his contemporaries are gone. I have very few, if any, resources that would help me to find out about the man I never knew – or at least the portion of his life that was lived before I was born.

Sadly, there are also a lot of things about the years between thirty-five and eighty-eight that I will never know. I'd like to think that this is due to the fact that my father was one of those men who did not "share" much. While there is some truth to that, there is also some truth to the fact that I was probably too busy living my life to take the time to ask my father some things I would love to know.

If you will pardon the expression, this is not being written in order to provide some "inside baseball" information about my family. It is being written because I realize that every family has unique stories, legacies, memories, histories, etc.

This is being written in the hope that this will encourage all of us – including me – to really get to know about our loved ones while we can. I'm hoping that, when they (we) are gone, those who are left will have vivid memories and rich legacies and not have to live the rest of our lives with regrets and questions.

Can you think of a phone call or a visit you might need to make?

—Jim Faughn, A Legacy of Faith