

King David's Sin --- An Explanation to My Readers

By Anna Von Reitz



Every once in a blue moon, I send out a letter to "Uriah", a nickname with obvious unfortunate implications. King David stole Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, the Hittite, and then sent Uriah to the front of the battle lines to be killed in a war fighting for King David.

A few of us started calling him "Uriah" behind his back, because of the situation he faced in his own life. Like the nickname "Fatty" it was too true and when he found out he was hurt, but he owned it, and to me, his acceptance only endeared him more. Like my Sister's acceptance of the nickname, "Eeyore", we all bow to The Truth, because The Truth is in us.

In real life, "Uriah" is a British physician and operative of the King's Government. He grew up in East London, the only child of a single Mum. He was, however, brilliant. He earned a scholarship to study medicine and then owed an eight year stint serving in HRM's military as a doctor.

Uriah was about halfway through that obligation when he met my friend, "Bathsheba", who was working as a nurse for the International Red Cross in North Africa, where he was also stationed. She was and is, what the Brits call "a Stunner" --- beautiful and shapely as Marilyn Monroe, but serious-minded and brilliant. Somehow, her beauty was always an afterthought to the sheer impact of her mind and heart. Like me, she was a farm girl from the Midwest, South Dakota, with eyes as blue as that endless sky and hair the color of wheat in autumn.

So here you have this British doctor looking like the British actor Alan Bates, dark-haired and dark-eyed and somewhat scruffy, and this brainy Marilyn Monroe girl who is totally unaware of herself as a woman, and they fall in love at first sight. They didn't just fall. They stumbled, they slid, they did a triple gainer and Full Splat. But, she had two years left of her service commitment to the Red Cross, and he had four more years in the British Army.

The first two years they met in Cairo every break they got, and Cairo itself is a fantastically romantic place. Then she went home to America to wait out the two years, two months, and sixteen days he had left to serve.

That's a long time, when you are young and lonely and romantically stupid.

Enter "Stanley", the King David in our tale, tall and handsome like Gregory Peck, richer than Midas, American, so high up the social and political ladder that the air he breathed was thin. He had the good taste to be attracted to my friend, Bathsheba, but not entirely for the right reasons. Common to men like him, she was a pretty thing he wanted. Such men have an ugly habit of abusing power, like King David, who also took whatever he wanted.

It was a whirlwind romance, ill-favored from the start. I could tell she was blown away by the glitter and the name-cards, the wealth and power. I wept through the whole ceremony, where, per usual, I had to stand as the Bridesmaid.

I was weeping mainly for Uriah. I knew what it meant for him and for her and for both of them. Unlike in the movies, there was no last-minute save. She and Stanley turned away from the altar and faced the cameras, and that was that. Uriah got out of the Army and joined Doctors Without Borders; he never married.

Stanley, Bathsheba's husband, wasn't a bad man. He didn't live his life with any particular ill-will or evil intent. He was simply clueless, absorbed in himself and his own business dealings, stuffy and responsible and totally disinterested in anything farther west than Toronto or farther east than New York.

Forget about Cairo.

She tried, but she couldn't --- and at the same time, she couldn't go back. She had two children to think of, and a career as a professor teaching hospital management. Stanley died early, of cancer, and left her a rich widow. Aside from learning to manage money on top of everything else, his death didn't much impact her. It was clear that in some senses, she'd been alone for years.

I caught up to her on a business trip back to the Midwest. She was home, visiting her family in South Dakota. We stopped for coffee at a glorified truck stop on 1-94. I made all the polite inquiries. I knew she wanted to talk, and I knew what she wanted to talk about, but I kept skirting around, not wanting to touch what was so obviously painful for her.

She finally blurted out, "I don't know how to find him. I don't know if I should. What could we say after all these years? What could I say....?"

I was back in my Ugly Bridesmaid dress, just staring at her.

I didn't know where in the world "Uriah" was, either. A man like him shifts around a good deal from hotspot to hotspot. The only last-known-contact I had for him was through his work with Doctors Without Borders.

So... anyway, long story short, I did what any good friend would do, and I looked him up using my own means and we agreed that I'd correspond with him through my blog, which he was reading anyway. That way, no matter where he is, he can always get the word.

Things have been rough for them, as they are both deeply hurt and embarrassed in a way I don't quite understand. Silly me, who always followed my own heart, if I loved someone as much as they have always loved each other, I'd be with them and the Hounds of Hell wouldn't keep us apart. I'd be with him or he'd be with me.

No consideration of wealth (hers) or poverty (his, relatively) would stand in the way. No silence. No leftover aura of betrayal. No burden from [yesterday](#). There'd be no bother about whether they should live in England or America or go back to Morocco. He has given his life away to help patch up a crazy world, and she has given away her life in a different way.

Color me stupid, but it seems to me that they should have this last bit for themselves.

He should come home from his self-imposed exile, and she should come down out of her prison-like Ivory Tower, and they should find themselves again. And forget about King David.

Her kids, now in their forties, with families of their own, would have to fend for themselves and deal with the fact that their Mother has a life of her own --- and a love of her own, come to that.

If it were me----but then, I'd be unlikely to get myself in such a situation in the first place, and both "Uriah" and "Bathsheba" would laugh and agree, hearing me say that. I was never one to compromise in matters of the heart. It's always been all in or all out and right now with me.

Getting these two semi-retired knot heads together and putting an end to their excuses has been part of my duty as a member of the Former Bridesmaid Reserve Force. "Uriah"

will find a way to reply, and hopefully, they will be able to meet in Alaska later this summer or fall.

Hopefully, too, I can get out of the middle of it and honorably acquit my duty as Chief Go-Between and Well-Wisher --- while they go on and figure out how to be happy for the rest of their lives.

Just one further comment: King David's Sin is something that we are all guilty of, when we lack the circumspection to discern which blessings are ours and which legitimately belong to someone else.

When we thoughtlessly step forward and grab onto something --- or someone --- just because we can, we interrupt the flow of blessings in this world. We mess up our own lives and harm others in the process, and we disrupt the good that is otherwise supposed to happen.

Just because she is the most beautiful and fascinating girl doesn't mean she's your girl, or that you'll be happiest with her. Just because it's the fanciest car or the nicest bit of property or anything else -- and just because you can have it --- doesn't mean it's yours.

Bathsheba never belonged to or with "Stanley", and if either one of them had been aware of that as young people, both would have been happier and better off.

Remember that the same true and loving Creator who fashioned each one of us, also creates our blessings in life, and they are tailor-made for us. So be aware and search your hearts.

Sometimes we have to wait, even a long, long time, as Uriah has waited for Bathsheba, because of silly mistakes we make, or because, like Stanley, we are not taught to recognize our blessings and sort them out from among all the other blessings that flow past us.

And sometimes we miss our chance, even when we know that something or someone is meant for us, because we lack the courage to believe it. Uriah had four more years in the service facing him when he first met Bathsheba, and that was not his fault or hers; this time around, it's different.

He can retire any time he wants to, and she is waiting for him.

See this article and over 4200 others on Anna's website here: www.annavonreitz.com

To support this work look for the Donate button on this website.