

THIS IS ONEIDA “A RUDE, DISRESPECTFUL PUNK”

In July 1986, a Western Recorder column entitled “A Rude, Disrespectful Punk” was written about a former Oneida student. In that article, Dr. Barkley Moore said, “Every time my courage falters, every time I hear so-and-so is hopeless, I look at David and know that all things are possible with Christ.” The following is David Robinson’s account of his Oneida experience.

By the time I reached the halls of Oneida Baptist in 1977, I was a 14-year-old alcoholic and drug user. I was stuck in a world of drugs, violence, gangs and chaos. The years of my gang involvement in Cincinnati had resulted in my family home being burned to the ground. I was a product of an abusive home life, stuck there after being abandoned by my natural mother. Due to my gang involvement and drug-use history, I had been denied admittance to several boarding schools. In one final, desperate act, my parents contacted Dr. Barkley Moore. He accepted me immediately, with all my faults and failures...

Oneida gave me a fresh start when no one else would. In the beginning, I hated being at OBI. I longed to be back in downtown Cincinnati running with the gangs and selling drugs. However, at Oneida I began to find a sacrificial love that I had never before experienced. It was this love that accepted me, with all my faults and sins. It was that love that began to break down the walls of a rude, disrespectful punk.

The love of the staff at OBI began a transformation within me before I even realized what was happening. I began to see and feel, for the first time, the love of Christ. I came to realize that the war within myself was between God’s calling on my life and my own worldly desires. After I was caught doing drugs, Dr. Barkley Moore gave me a second chance to leave the old life behind. I soon accepted the Lord’s saving grace.

After that decision, I began a life-long pursuit of serving Him with my life and talents. The love and acceptance I received at Oneida has compelled me to live a life of service. My desire has been to share the same love that I found as a young, rude disrespectful punk with all those the Lord brings across my path.

I called David about returning to Oneida to serve as principal, and at the time he was lying in a hospital bed in Huntington, West Virginia. David had suffered a terrible leg injury from a table saw accident, but in spite of his physical condition, he did not hesitate. He didn’t ask me about salary or benefits. He didn’t ask for time to recover from his injury. David’s willingness to say “yes” reminded me of Luke 5:11--“So they pulled their boats up on shore, left everything and followed him.” In that passage, Jesus’ first disciples left everything and followed Him. They didn’t concern themselves with small or even practical details. They simply said “yes” to the Lord’s call. When walking with and serving the Lord, it’s not the “what” that matters, but the “where” and the “when” that require our obedience.

I am so thankful the Lord has called David and his family back to Oneida, and am also thankful for so many other Oneida faculty and staff who have said “yes” to the Lord’s call.



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