

My Real Father

Candace Lang Like millions of children who grow up without a dad, I dreamed of what the ideal father would be like. He would have the wisdom of Ward Cleaver, the compassion of Charles Ingalls and the indulgence of Mike Brady.

After I became a Christian, I realized that God had used my need for a father as a catalyst so that I would seek Him, even when I was young. If I had not had a need, I might never have known Him.

In a tangible way God showed me that He is a father in every sense. He reminded me of the times He had watched over and protected me when I thought I was alone.

Like any good father, God indulges me with gifts, but He also disciplines me. Sometimes He allows me to have my own way. At other times, when I make requests, He shows me emphatically that the answer is no or that I need to wait.

Although I know God loves and accepts me with my imperfections, He cares too much to be indifferent about things in me that need to change. My Father corrects me because He wants what is best for me.

He comforts me with compassion and understands me better than anyone else. I can trust Him and never be disappointed.

The finest earthly fathers are imperfect, but God is not deficient in any way. If I need wise counsel, He gives the greatest answer—Himself.

No matter how far away I feel I've been from Him, He assures me He will always be faithful and never leave. How I thank God for the incomparable ways in which He's shown me that He is the very best father.