

Knowing My Father

My dad was a good man who worked hard and firmly guided our family. But after years had passed, when my three brothers and my sister and I would sit and talk, the common theme of our discussion was, "I don't know Dad."

Our father influenced each of us in a different way. But we all hungered for something we never received from him.

I was reeling from a painful divorce when I met a Christian man who saw my hurt. Through our relationship I began to understand my woundedness.

I learned I had spent my whole life trying to protect myself from more pain. By doing so, I kept genuine love at bay.

I knew little of God's deep love for me. But I learned that in order to know the love of Christ I would need to become vulnerable and risk being let down again.

With the patience and care of a few friends, I slowly began to heal. Gradually, I let them into parts of my life I'd never shared with others.

I started developing healthy relationships and spending more time with my loving Father. I grew more comfortable in His Presence, and I sensed His pleasure as His beloved daughter.

No longer is Father's Day a time when I recall having missed out on a father's love. Instead it is a time to sing praises to the one who revealed Himself as the Father who always has time for me.