

Father Knows Best

✖ Not to sound cliché, but when I was 28 I finally had come to realize that fathers really do know best. Now before you start thinking 1950s TV show here, let me explain.

Years ago when I decided to move out of my parents' home into an apartment, I was overwhelmed with the choices out there. I researched for weeks and drove to at least 10 different apartment complexes to check them out.

But I grew discouraged. All the apartments I looked at were unacceptable for some reason. They were too expensive or in the wrong location or didn't have the amenities I needed. I had begun to think there wasn't an apartment out there for me.

But one day I discovered a place that fit my price range and most of what I was looking for, so I figured it must be the Lord's answer for me. The upkeep wasn't great, and the apartments were kind of jammed in on a small piece of property, but I thought it would do.

However, I decided that before I signed a lease, I would take my dad to see it. It had to pass the "dad" test. As we drove around the complex and then went into the model apartment, I could tell he was not impressed.

I was thrilled to have finally found something, and I thought Dad would be happy for me. What was wrong? Did he not trust my judgment?

Finally he told me he felt it wasn't the best choice for me. I grew really disheartened because I have learned from experience that when Dad had a check in his spirit about something, he was usually right.

Dad suggested that we go visit a quaint complex that I drive by every day on the way to work. I didn't even bother to call

there when I first began my search because I thought the complex had only townhouses and would be out of my price range. But when we spoke to someone in the front office, we found out that it was an apartment complex.

Further research revealed that the apartments not only had all the amenities I was looking for in my price range but were aesthetically pleasing as well. In fact, the complex was a place I would LOVE to live—trees everywhere, a balcony overlooking a pond, a front patio, and a lake on the property. It was like a miniature home.

Clearly Dad had been right.

I learned some valuable lessons from this experience. First of all, I realized that I had been ready to settle for less than God's best. Yes, the other apartment wasn't bad, but it wasn't truly what I was looking for. It came close but was nevertheless a counterfeit for what God had purposed for me.

I also began to see why we need other people in our lives, whether it be family, friends or mentors, to give us a different perspective and keep us accountable.

Finally, I recognized that my response to my dad's hesitation was very much like my response to the Lord at times. I don't always like what He has to say or what He is telling me to do, but I know He has only the best intentions and plans for me, just like my precious earthly father. When He says no, He is not trying to rain on my parade or withhold things from me but instead is insuring that I receive His best.

It's not always easy to embrace this truth, especially when there is nothing in sight that appears to be better. But time and again I have seen in my own life that when the Lord convinces me to give up something or release my plans to Him, He gives me peace and brings about a result far better than I ever could have imagined.

So, the next time your dad suggests that you not buy that car you've been eyeing or not date that guy he feels uncomfortable about or not make that investment you and your spouse are considering, STOP! He's probably hearing from our heavenly Father, whose heart is "for you," not "against you" (see Rom. 8:31), and who wants to ensure that you receive His best. If your earthly father is no longer involved in your everyday affairs, rest assured that God Himself is a "father of the fatherless" (Ps. 68:5) and will direct you by His Spirit to all He has for you.