

Daddies and Baby Girls

In my introductory chapter on “Fathers and Sons”, I found an abundance of teaching works that I had written over the past 29 years to guide my son and grandsons into manhood and fatherhood. I found the flavor of the poetry and letters I have written to my daughter is very different. With Tamika, I didn’t teach as much as I encouraged; I didn’t guide as much as guard, for such is the nature of the relationship between a father and his daughter. Most of what I wrote to her was too personal to include in this collection. Not in the sense that no one else should read it, but it was specifically applicable to her and had less of a universal appeal.

I was no less attentive to her. In fact, she had me all to herself for five years, and I spent the years after her brother was born assuring her that she had not been displaced in any way by her new brother! I was there when she was born, and it was me who was graced with her first smile. I was there to build castles in the sand, go for long bike rides, teach her to draw, sing her lullabies, teach her to play basketball, attend her basketball and tee-ball and soccer games, take her to choir practice, let her sit though mine, attend her parent teacher nights, help her with her homework, drive her to and from her early teen socials, intimidate her dates when she started dating, taught her to drive, took her to all of her pageant rehearsals, cheered her through her pageants, attended her graduation, walked her down the aisle, attended the birth of both of her sons, and helped her in every way I could as she progressed through life.

I always let her know that she was the more “fragile” vessel and the calling of her father and the men in her life was to protect her and to provide for her. Not that she lacked strength, but that God has made the female more delicate and more intricate because she is the vessel through whom He would send His precious children. Without ever using the words, I sent her this message by the very nature of our relationship. “In the physical realm, I’m your rock. Find a rock like me, but always remember, I will always be your rock.” The message to my son would

have been; “I’ll be your rock until you learn to be a rock and then we’ll be rocks for each other.”

The relationship between a father and a daughter is precious. The value of that relationship often forms a template for her self esteem. It also gives her a measuring stick to determine what a good man should look like. His relationship with his daughter will often determine what she values or disdains in men. It also prepares her to fill in the gaps in helping her mate raise their children.

Men will die for their sons, but they will kill for their daughters! With that being said, it is a relationship built on a very special deep seated love. She will always be his princess, and he will always be her hero.

I pray that these writings will encourage some young woman who lacked a positive “Daddy” image in her home that there is a very special place for her in the heart of God and that He sent a man to demonstrate His love to her. It is unfortunate if that man, for what-ever the reason, was unable to fulfill the role; but God loves her nonetheless. I pray that she absorbs all that I write here and claims it as her own. I pray that this teaches some young man how precious the “more fragile vessel” is in the eyes of God, and how well he should treat her; whether it is his wife or his daughter. I pray that it encourages some father that the love and nurture he provides his daughter will far exceed the value of any gifts he might regret he is unable to provide

A Wedding Prayer for Mika

May Love, joy, peace, and happiness,
And health, and wealth, and great success
Fill your lives with His blessedness.
May your love stay vibrant and true.
May you honor each other in all of your ways,
May your lives be filled with fruitful days
May you smile as you watch your children play
May they love and cherish you.
And let Jesus walk closely with you.
And when troubles come, and know that they will,
Just remember the Cross that stood on that hill
And the blood that was shed there delivers you still
When Jesus is walking with you.
And though dark days come, for come they must,
Remember the One in whom you put your trust,
And that with Him you have more than enough
When Jesus is walking with you.
May you live to see all your dreams come true
Not only your dreams but your children's too
May your triumphs be many and your troubles be few,
Just let Jesus walk closely with you.
When your bodies grow old and your heads have turned gray
And most of us here have long gone our way
Remember this song and recall that I prayed
That the words of this song come true
That through all those years,

Through your hopes and your fears
That your love always felt like new
And that two lives that were wedded together
Grew in grace and got better and better
Because Jesus was walking with you.
May Love, joy, peace, and happiness,
And health, and wealth, and great success
Fill your lives with His blessedness.
May your love stay vibrant and true.
But much more than this,
My deepest wish is that Jesus walks always with you.



Good Daddies

As beautiful as a wispy cloud stained golden by the setting sun ,

As warm as a blush, and as gentle as a summer breeze.

Giggling like a mountain stream dancing over smooth rocks, and frolicking like a butterfly exploring a blue buddleias.

As curious as a kitten and as protective as a momma grizzly.

Craving attention like a collie pup and even more huggable.

Delicate as a crystal goblet and as adaptable as the shoreline to ever changing tides.

How naturally they receive the love and wisdom we pour into them; our beautiful daughters.

How unfortunate the man who runs from the immense joy of guiding and protecting her into womanhood.

How impoverished is the man who has never had her draw his image and entitle her masterpiece; “My Daddy” in crayon.

Despicable is the man who confuses correction and abuse, chastisement and degradation, affection and depravity.

Blessed is the man that cherishes the honor of being a Good Daddy to this precious gift from God.

She will honor you in her being, and your grandchildren will speak of you in terms that honor your name.

