

June 19, 2020

FATHER'S DAY 2020 – JUNE 21st

You are blessed if you had/have a father who set you up to succeed, if you lived with his affirmation and blessing. As parents, we have the great privilege and joy of helping our children know our Lord. So many of us spend our days trying to help our kids find their niche and discover who they are. But if we help them to know their God and how He has made them special, we can trust that He will guide and direct their ways.



In Ephesians 6:4, Paul instructs, "*Fathers, do not provoke your children to anger by the way you treat them. Rather, bring them up with the discipline and instruction that comes from the Lord.*"

As parents, none of us are perfect. Let us determine to lead our children to know our Heavenly Father who has forgiven us and loves us with a never-ending love. Then, the God of love will show them the way.

I appreciate this story of "MY FATHER'S HANDS" by Carrie Bobb.

We often hear parents say how proud they are of their children, but I am one daughter who is proud of her dad. My father is an orthopedic hand surgeon. But it wasn't until I grew up that I began to realize what he really did for a living; as a kid, all I knew was that Dad left in the morning to go to work as every grown-up had to.

To me he was cool because he taught me how to ride my bike and he would put a Band-Aid on my skinned knee when I fell. Dad barbecued the best hamburgers and cheered the loudest at my volleyball games. He also helped me study for biology tests and brought home donuts on Sunday mornings. He'd even get up early just to wash my car before I woke up. Sometimes before school, I'd peek through the crack of his office door and find him buried in his Bible. Every time I see the coffee rings on his desk blotter, I picture him during his early morning devotions.

Mom says that as people get older they become more of who they truly are. That's true for my dad. And now that I am older, I have a deeper appreciation not only for what he does but for the man he is. His depth of character and gentle heart have only grown stronger through the years.

When I went away to college, our relationship became more of what it already was. I sent postcards to his office, and he flew out on weekends to watch me play volleyball. I so enjoyed getting his e-mails with motivational quotes at the bottom that I saved them. It's funny: You can live with a person all your life and begin to see who that person truly is only when you move a thousand miles away.

Dad has let me make mistakes in life, but he has loved me regardless of my bumps and bruises. In his own subtle way, he has guided me in my relationship with God, encouraging me to develop faith as something that is mine, not something merely given me by my parents.

It seems almost ironic to me that he is an orthopedic hand surgeon. The steady hands that held the back of my bicycle seat and washed my car are the same hands that fix other people's hands. People's lives are different — they can again play the piano and paint and build sandcastles and take pictures — all because of my dad. God uses my father's hands to create miracles.

Yet all of his awards and accomplishments seem more significant to me because he was a father first and a doctor second. I take delight in what he does, but he's what makes my heart swell with pride.

You see, everyone else calls him Doctor. But I get to call him Dad.

Happy Father's Day. Join us as we celebrate our Heavenly Father together this Sunday. We will meet in person or on Facebook Live at 10:30 A.M.

Expectantly yours,
Pastor Garry

*"We are a **faith fellowship** of believers on our journey **together** with our Lord... meeting needs, mending hearts."*