HEAVEN WAITS #5: *Dad*

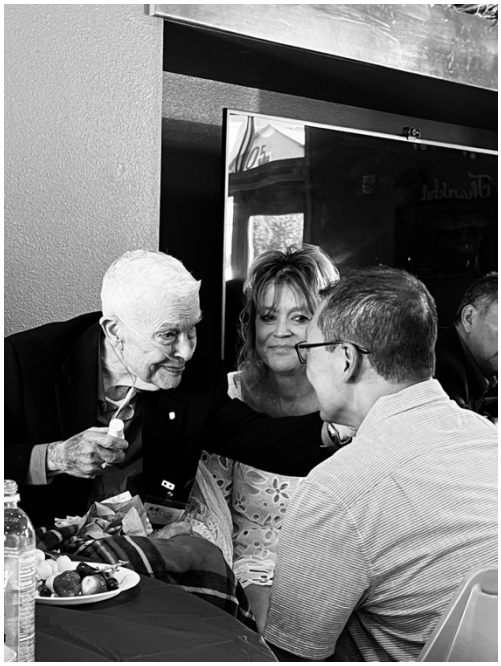
✨***John 14:2-3 '"There is plenty of room for you in my Father's home. If that weren't so, would I have told you that I'm on My way to get a room ready for you? And if I'm on My way to get your room ready, I'll come back and get you so you can live where I live."' (MSG)***✨

My dad. My dad and I didn't always do well. But in the end, when it really mattered, the Lord restored so many years life had gnawed away at (Joel 2:25). And I know, that just as Heaven waits, my dad waits.

I really wanted my dad to notice. Me. Life was simpler then. Life turned on a dime then. I grew up with snarled hair and hand-me-downs, weekly baths and four-wheelin' on dirt roads. We played outside til dark and walked barefoot, uphill both ways, sometimes even in the snow 😉. We played in piles of raked leaves and did homework by kerosene lamps and heated the house with wood and coal, and had a list of chores, that if we didn't get them done, we didn't get dinner. And we respected the adults in our lives (mostly, sigh). My dad left for work in the dark and came home in the dark and there was never enough time. With my dad. I wanted to be just like him when I grew up.

I curled up with sadness many nights as I just wanted him to *see* **me**. 'Pick me, Daddy! Pick me!' was the cry of my heart. Years later, I would pick others, I think, because I longed to be picked by the person I most had sought after who I feared would never see me. 'Over here, Daddy. I'm over here, Dad! Can't you see me?' was a constantly silent plea. Even glancing at the years in the rearview mirror, that little girl longing inside of me was still jumping up and down, flailing arms, yelling, 'Daddy! Daddy, watch! Over here! Hi, Daddy! Daddy! See me get it right this time, Daddy.'

But the years would happen, and with it, the responsibility, the work, the plans, the obligations. We would grow apart, and in time, it no longer mattered, I told myself, if my dad never recognized the depth in his daughter, or the growth or the pain or the wandering. I don't think I felt tethered to anything anymore, and maybe more than a little lost. I think back now and realize I was just looking for home, a place to belong. And on the day I realized that a holy God saw me—He is the God who sees me (Genesis 16:13)—then, I would come to know, my dad had been seeing me all along. I think there is an innate ability in the innards of a daddy placed there by a Heavenly Father that grants him hero-status in the life of his little girl(s), no matter what age.



My dad. When he passed away, my whole world grieved. Yes, life keeps right on life-ing, but colors are muted, drabber; sounds, a bit flatter. I grew up more and the hole inside became a lot bigger. I still look for you sometimes, Dad, around a corner or dream of a nice long visit with you. I see you looking back at me in the mirror more these days and I hear your words fall from my lips. You pointed me to Jesus for so long, Dad, that it is your counsel guiding me often, and I can't wait to see you again and tell you all that has happened in your absence. You'd be so proud of me, Daddy, of all of us, really. I didn't think we would make it without your leadership. But you taught us—me—well. And I think I finally did get it right. Thanks to you. Now I know you saw me all along. Thank you for teaching me that Heaven is worth it and that it waits.

Dad, I'm coming. Do you still leave the light on? I bet you are watching for me. Happy Birthday, Dad. I'm so grateful for the years.

✨***Philipians 1:6 'And I am certain that God, who began the good work within you, will continue His work until it is finally finished on the day when Christ Jesus returns.' (NLT)***✨