HEroes

(In honor of Dick Gott, my dad)

I was blessed with one of the greatest dads ever. I wish it hadn't taken me his entire lifetime to figure it out.

We sure had our ups and downs. When I was a little girl, I only wanted to please him, to have his full attention. He was my hero. But life, work and responsibility demanded louder than I did. It wouldn't be until his final years, that my greatest desire would come true. Even negative attention from him was better than little attention, so if I had to be naughty to garner his focus, then so be it! That's how badly I wanted him to ***see*** me.

I thought my dad was brilliant. I wanted to be brilliant too. Just like my dad! To this day, I continue to do many things, just like my dad! And I'm proud that I view things now, just like my dad! I remark often, 'I am my father's daughter.' I am proud to be…just like my dad!

I remember the deep despair I felt every time I let him down. The disappointment which exuded from him following so many of my poor choices was debilitating. I still recall; as if it were yesterday the first time, I saw my dad cry. It was like popping a balloon. I deflated the hope in me he held. Letting my dad down was worse than letting myself down. Because of this, it became impossible for me to face a Heavenly Father, when I couldn't face my earthly one.

I think the enemy wishes to decapitate the relationships we have with our dads, because that so greatly affects our bond with Him as our Heavenly Father. In these years since my dad has been gone, I realize how disrespected our fathers are in this life. Because I disrespected God by dishonoring my dad, it became preposterous to believe a Holy God could choose me. I mean, after all, my own dad got stuck with me. It seemed unattainable I could ever be outfitted for His purpose when, with my dad, I felt such a failure dressed in filthy and ill-fitting rags.

But my Heavenly Father had other plans for this earthly dad and me. He revived all the years the dross, the sediment, the waste, had buried. What lay in shackles, the shambles of a disrespected dad and a disillusioned daughter, the Lord gently restored. And because what the Lord did for me, when he passed away, I lost not only my dad, but my very best friend, and yet, I gained eternity and a beautiful heavenly Father. As I continue to sort through the memories, I am sad. But I'm not upset. Because I was blessed with one of the greatest dads ever. I wish it hadn't taken me his entire lifetime to figure it out.

God, I am so grateful for the years ***and*** the miles. Happy Father's Day, Dad. I miss you.

Is 43:4 '"Since you are precious and honored in my sight, and because I love you, I will give people in exchange for you, nations in exchange for your life." (NIV)