iMaGiNe

I had an entire weekend to reflect while missing my dad. When a person has a positive relationship with their father, their daddy, their papa, holidays like Father's Day are joyful and meaningful and fulfilling. But I forget, there was a time in my life when Father's Day was like any other day, a day skimmed past with plastic smiles and hidden emotion, or simply put, a day I wished to avoid. Like I shared last week, my dad and I weren't always as close as we became nearing the end of his journey. I recall painful Fathers Days. For many dads, there is pain also, the pain of busted relationships and prodigal children. That is what happens when humanity broke us, even in the midst of a good Father Who is always working to mend His children.

For some, I imagine afflicted memories as fresh as wet paint of someone's retreating back; of angry, abusive, hurtful words; of a non-existent relationship; expectations higher than you could ever jump; or perhaps a futile connection with someone who left long before, even though he still stood before you everyday. We flatten our face like taking a straightening iron to its contour just to smooth out any emotion that might shape its edges. We try to hide watercolor eyes so-as-to not give any regret away.

But, with God the Father, you will never see His back. I am reminded of the God Who runs to us; Who stands on the porch, scanning the dusty road, awaiting our inevitable return; Who has His robe already shortened and entwined in His hand as He watches and waits, ready to come running. Who is already looking past the filth of my decisions and smelling beyond the stench of my disrespect. I imagine the Father. On the day I demanded my eternal inheritance, He lay the agony caused by my betrayal next to His forgiveness and the royal ring where it waited patiently and knowingly for my return.

Who ran first? Was it me? No. It was Him. The God of the Universe. The Father who came running so that no matter what action ever taken by me or against me, at the end of the day, allows me to lay my head on His lap, where I can curl up next to Him, so I can know the door is always open. He is a good Father; the One Who tucks our hand in His and walks us home.

Father, I pray the significance You placed on me will be an offering back to You. Please receive glory from welcoming home this child who once was lost and is now found; the one presumed dead, who is now alive. And thank You for restoring the years the swarming locusts have eaten so that others like my dad and me could have a second chance.

Lamentations 3:22-23,'It is because of the Lord's lovingkindnesses that we are not consumed, Because His [tender] compassions never fail. They are new every morning; Great and beyond measure is Your faithfulness.' (AMP)