



REFLECTIONS

June 19, 2011

**The father of a righteous man has great
joy;
he who has a wise son delights in him.**

Proverbs 23:24

A Father Blessed

Memories carry me back to what was to be the final Fathers' Day we celebrated with my dad though we were unaware at the time. It is difficult to recall the particulars of that day, but surely there were the usual cards and packages. Whatever those were, they have long been forgotten, but if the celebration was anything like the others, we laughed at funny stories from yesteryear; and we remembered challenging times that may not have been funny when they happened but became funny after we had lived through them.

Laughter or not, being together always brought great joy. And what great joy there is as the tradition continues. Our dads are gone now, but the blessings of their lives still live. We hope they live through us, but we can see that they live through our children. What a blessing to have them and to see what they are becoming. Growing up, they were happy boys; they were committed to their goals; they were honorable in their dealings with others, and they were considerate and loving to their family.

Surrounding our boys today are the fruits of their labors, and it is clear that the fruit is not falling very far from the tree. Our grandchildren are happy; they excel in their endeavors with the potential to extend them into families of their own. Like their parents, they are committed to their goals; they are honorable in their dealings with others, and they are considerate and loving to their family.

So, the blessing of our dads' now lives into the generations. Next year the family will celebrate Fathers' Day again. We will remember our dads with the love we always had for them. And although the other particulars of the years before may be only faint memories, the traditions will continue. Packages and cards will mark the day. And funny stories from yesteryear along with memories of challenging times that became funny later will provoke laughter just as they always do. But the importance of the day will not be in the packages, or the cards, or even in the laughter.

The importance of the day will be the love that is shared. And to be a part of that love—well, I am a father blessed.

Thanks be to God.

You are the light of the world,

Richard +

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