

MY TWO FATHERS

Most of the people I know have got themselves two fathers -
- the one here on earth below, and the One up in Heaven Above. That's the way I was brought up, and I thank my God for blessing me with them both, because as messed up as I've been throughout this life of mine, I hate to think what I would have become without both my mother and my father.

Of course I shouldn't take it for granted in this day of broken families -- single mothers, and single fathers, grandparents raising their kids' kids, and kinfolk raising children they are related to, and all sorts of divorce situations, where you need some kind of score card to keep track of just who is who... and I mean no offense to any of you -- and that's not even taking into account orphanages and foster families...

God's plan was simple: one father and one mother per family. If you have a problem with that take it up with the Lord. Sorry if I sound harsh, but there's no gentle way to tell ourselves that we all messed up big time thinking we were smarter and wiser than the One Who made us in the first place!

Human beings are born naturally rebellious -- those of you who have raised your own children know exactly what I'm talking about. Now just consider how our Heavenly Father regards us -- HIS rebellious children! -- and loves us in spite of ourselves, just as we continue to love our own rebellious children here on earth below.

I prayed an unusual prayer after I read 'Psalm 51', when King David prayed, "Against Thee and Thee alone have I sinned, oh Lord..." You see, I've had this attitude toward sin -- it made ME feel bad -- shame & guilt & all... it made ME look bad, in front of my Christian friends... My sin was all about ME!

So I prayed this prayer that the Lord would show me just how my sin made Him feel, what it felt like -- in a small way what my sin did to Him, the way that David prayed.

As I thought about this years' Fathers Day, I received the answer to my prayer -- though it took me a few days to sort it all out... I was focused on my earthly father and what a wonderful generous provider, what an example -- a role model -- he was to me... and how I disrespected him, and

dishonored him, and broke his heart... and he kept right on forgiving me, and loving me no matter what... I grew up loved without condition!

Over the years I've 'lived', looking back on the wreckage of my life, slowly I began returning to my senses, and realizing there was no way I could straighten out my life without Divine Intervention!!!

The Lord graciously rescued me, but my flesh continues to demand its way -- let me not kid myself anymore -- I sin because I enjoy it! And I feel guilt because it might hurt my reputation! And I neglect to take into account the toll my my sin is taking on the people I supposedly 'love'...

But when I pray the prayers the Lord's Spirit guides me to pray, they are answered! First my heart was broken as I thought about how I had acted toward my earthly father... then it hit me that my Heavenly Father loved me even more than I could ever imagine, giving His Son to die for me...

So think about someone you really love -- someone who loves you very much -- someone down here in the world -- someone you can see and touch -- someone who really loves you -- yeah, someone you really, really love... now think about hurting them, and how that makes you feel when it comes to mind again... I can tell you of myself -- I HATE MYSELF and could kill myself... but that would hurt the one I love -- the one who loves me!!!(???) even more!!!

Now focus that feeling toward the Lord Whom we can't see... but Who has done such marvelous things in our lives -- Who has answered our prayers -- and delivered us -- and provided for us beyond generously -- we can have no doubts He is real... but because we can't see Him... we pretend He doesn't see us...

So I ask myself point blank, make it as personal as I can -
- "Do I really love Thee, Lord -- or am I just acting it out? Because if I love Thee as I claim to do, why do I then sin against You and repeatedly break Your heart?"

I remember my earthly father, who points to my Heavenly Father, and am ..?...!...?...!...?...!... THAT HE STILL LOVES ME!!! I ask myself, can I go on breaking the Heart of One Who loves me that much? Because if I can, I ain't got a heart, but a hard stone where my heart should be.

Nestor Jaremko 6-15-2013