

**James 1:2-12      Romans 5:1-11      Psalms 16:1-11**

As I reflect on my life over the last year, the one key theme that keeps coming to the forefront of my mind is “I miss my dad.” The month of May marks the two-year anniversary of his passing. One of the many things that both my mom and my dad instilled in us children was that for all things, there is good, and that death is not to be afraid of; it’s just the beginning of greater things to come, and that one day we will all be united together and be with Christ. And each day, when I think of my dad, I remind myself of this promise. But I still miss my dad. My mom is amazing. She seems to take all things in stride, puts her faith into action and moves on to the next day. She never misses a beat. However, I know she misses my dad. My brother and sister and I get together to watch football and gather for family holidays. We reminisce, but we really don’t talk much about how much we all miss my dad.

So we move on, remembering but not slowing down to hurt too much. I am very thankful for my parents. They taught me to feel emotions and hurt but also to put them in perspective; to deal with the pain and struggles of life but not allow them to consume me or to cripple me. The Bible is filled with stories of people who were going through trials and tribulations in their lives. Bad things happened, unhappy things happened, things that didn’t make sense happened. Job was tested and lost his family and all his possessions. Daniel was thrown into the lion’s den because of whom he worshipped. Mary finds out that she is pregnant yet not married. David has an affair with Bathsheba. Joseph is sold as a slave by his brothers. Yet through faith, perseverance and grace, God worked miracles and blessed every single one of these people. God blessed Job and gave him more than he ever had. Daniel’s life was spared and he positively influenced a whole kingdom. Mary became the mother of Jesus Christ. Solomon, Bathsheba’s illegitimate son, became the wisest ruler in Israel and Joseph was put in a position to save his family during a famine. The Bible is filled in every book with a story that starts out horrible and ends with God molding and creating something wonderful and unique.

And so I believe this will be the same result with my dad. Yes, I miss him dearly. I wish we could have had him on this earth for many more years. But what wondrous things are happening in my life because of him. What wondrous things are happening in this world because of him. I’m sure I might never know or get to see all the results of his life, of his effect on others. But I do see his effect on me. And I hope I can be half the person he was; that I could give my life and my all to everyone and everything around me all the days of my life, until I join him and Jesus, would be a blessing indeed. Thank you, Dad. I miss you.

*Lord, help me be all You want me to be. Help me to open my eyes to Your wishes and my heart to Your desires. Help me to walk with You in conversation, sharing my ideas, my dreams, and my needs. And when times are good, help me remember that You are faithful, and when times are tough, that You are also faithful. Bless me and keep me. Amen.*

**Wayne Sanders**  
(Submitted in 2007)

