

This is the Day...Friday

June 17, 2022

Saying I Love You

“Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.” (1 Corinthians 13:4-7)

Most of my memories as a child are of the time I spent with my mom. She was the nurturer and the one who was by my side each day to teach me how to act like I was somebody. Dad was usually at work, providing for his family. My most vivid childhood memories of Dad were those times he played with us in the backyard. Dad always loved a good water balloon fight in the summer heat. Or the Sunday afternoons Dad joined us in the field up the street for a neighborhood game of football. Even though Dad was not able to be with me every moment of the day, he was always home when we sat down at the supper table. And I knew he was there for me. I knew he loved me.

Dad was not a hugging type of person either. I knew he was proud when I accomplished milestones in my life, but he was not the type to lavish someone with words or compliments. But he was always present for the special events in my life. He was always working to give us a good life. Working to make our home safe and comfortable. Teaching us skills that we would be able to use the rest of our lives. He was the one I called when my car was broken down. He was the one I called when the air conditioner in my house quit working. He was the one I called when I had a problem to solve. He never said it much, but I knew he loved me.

I knew Dad loved me, not because of his hugs or his words. I knew Dad loved me because of his actions. Dad was always patient with me. He never said an unkind word to me, and if he did, it was all in good fun. I never heard Dad brag about how he took care of his family or how he could fix anything that was broken. The only time I saw Dad angry was when he was defending me or his family. Dad always protected me. I could always trust that he would be there. Dad gave me hope that, regardless of the situation, I was not alone. And in the end, in his last days, he showed me a perseverance and strength that I will never forget. Each time Dad did those things, he was showing me love.

On this day which God has given you, it is good to use your words to say I love you. But anyone can say words. It is better to say it with your patience, kindness, protection, and humility. These are the things that love is made of. These are the things which allow a father to share his love with his son. These are the things which allow us to see the love of God in our lives.