



LIFE NEWS

The weekly newsletter article of Parkside Chapel
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Daddy's Home



by Donna Romer
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It was a hot summer evening in the San Joaquin Valley. The neighborhood chatter of kids playing could be heard throughout the street, and as dinner-time grew closer, many of the moms would come out of their house and call their children home. We knew our mom's voice and would begrudgingly obey... even if we knew we were coming home to a delicious dinner! Soon these dirty, sweaty kids would breathlessly bound through the front door, ready to eat so that we could resume playing with our friends. There was just one problem; we had to wait for our dad to arrive home before we could eat.

On this particular evening, we were eager to rush through dinner so we could reclaim those final fleeting moments of summer sunlight. As we impatiently waited for dad to get home, we ran out to the patio where we could watch across the lush green grape vineyard, knowing we would soon see his truck coming in the distance, making his way home. Climbing up on the redwood picnic table on our patio, we stood on our tippy-toes watching for the outline of his grape-laden truck in the distance.

I'll never forget the joy as we spotted his 18-wheeler heading east down Floral Avenue, a road so far off in the distance that it was difficult to see. As the shadow moved closer and closer, we knew it was our dad. Soon we could hear the familiar rumble of the diesel engine and the shifting of the gears and gleefully screamed, "Daddy's home!" Jumping off the picnic table, our bare feet hit the pavement as we blazed out the backyard gate, racing down the street to greet him! Our arms flung around his waist, and the smell of dirt, sweat, and diesel would be forever etched in my memory. There was comfort, peace, and joy at that moment... feelings that have lingered with me throughout my life. Suddenly the thought of dinner and playing was forgotten; our dad was home and his smile brimmed from ear to ear across his dirt-smudged face as he laughed at our welcome.

As an adult, I miss my dad. This childhood memory has often made me wonder if I come to Jesus with that same excitement and expectancy. Am I waiting for Him with that deep love and eager

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anticipation? Do I run to spend time with Him? Am I looking for Him on my spiritual tippy-toes, gazing through the obstacles so that I can see his face? I sure hope so!

John 15:9 says,

“I have loved you even as the Father has loved me. Remain in my love. When you obey my commandments, you remain in my love, just as I obey my Father’s commandments and remain in his love. I have told you these things so that you will be filled with joy. Yes, your joy will overflow!”

Recently, I’ve been focusing on the importance of abiding in Christ. To abide in Christ is to live in Him or remain in Him. Abiding (remaining) in Christ pictures a close relationship and not just a superficial acquaintance. I’m familiar with him, and he’s not just

a distant figure from a Bible I never open. He is a vital part of my everyday life; I know his characteristics... I know him!

As a grown-up, life is no longer simply playing until sunset. We face daily obstacles that try to rob us of peace or weigh us down with worry. Today I was reminded of this childhood memory, and a smile came across my face. I want to have that same longing each day to see Jesus. I want to have that same close relationship with him and know the joy of living in his love, and the expectation of his coming.

I can still see the broad smile on my dad’s face as we ran and hugged his waist. I can only imagine the joy that Jesus must feel when we run to him. May we live each day with this same anticipation and desire to know Jesus with an unmatched enthusiasm.



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