

A Letter From Dad©

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The lines on the page were bold and fine.
Soon they became blotted and blurred from his tears,
As he wrote his daughter for the very first time.
He wanted to give her something that would last for years.

She was turning thirteen that day, going on twenty-three some would say.
He gathered his thoughts on the past nine years and where he's been.
You see he couldn't be home every day, his job kept him away.
He missed most of her special moments it seems for a ribbon and pin.

He covered his eyes as the hot sand blew down the collar of his shirt.
He could feel every grain as it seemed to cover his heart.
He could see visions of her at an old farmhouse playing in the dirt.
He's trying to reach out and hold her, though they're thousands of miles apart.

He wants her to know how proud he is of her and how honored he is to be her dad.
He finally realizes there is more to life than chasing his own dreams.
He prays for her in his letter and tells her to hold close to Jesus like he had.
He wrote: "When it seems you can't give thanks, read Psalm 107 it has silenced my screams."

He finished his letter to her with: "Love you kid I'll be home soon."
He folded the paper and passed it off to be mailed.
He quickly thanked his Chaplain for the idea as he ran to catch up with his platoon.
The mortars rained down that day; the insurgents' goal to take their lives has failed.

After the dust settled and the threat was gone, he noticed the red sand all around.
They tended to his wounds and weeks later he returned stateside.
As his daughter reads him Psalm 107, he gives thanks for this new relationship they've found.
He can't change what happened that day and he can no longer write, but now in Christ they
both abide.

This is a letter from dad...

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