

FATHER'S DAY

THE FATHER MUST EARN RESPECT.

GOD EXPECTS HIM TO:

Instill a Valid Set of Values.

Educate His Children to Face Life.

Teach Them Respect for Authority.

Teach Them to Serve God - Others.

Teach Them That Work is Honorable.

(No one has a free ride)

TEACH THE WORD OF GOD TO HIS CHILDREN.

(Prov. 22: Deut. 6: and 11: Eph. 6:4)

NOTE: This is where most fathers have missed the way.
Have relied on "let mother do it," or the church.
Most children grow up unskilled in the Bible.

On a poetic scale, Robert Frost captured something of that cross-roads moment that day in the colonel's office (and a thousand times ten thousand like it in your life and mine).

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,

And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day,
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence;
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

On his deathbed, David gave a magnificent charge to Solomon.

a. 1 Kings 2: 1-4: "Then the days of David drew near that he should die, and he charged Solomon his son, saying: 'I go the way of all the earth; be strong, therefore, and prove yourself a man. And keep the charge of the Lord your God: to walk in His ways, to keep His statutes, His commandments, His judgments, and His

testimonies, as it is written in the Law of Moses, that you may prosper in all that you do and wherever your turn; that the Lord may fulfill His word which He spoke concerning me, saying, 'If your sons take heed to their way, to walk before Me in truth with all their heart and with all their soul,' He said, 'you shall not lack a man on the throne of Israel. '''

THERE ARE SOME BASIC QUALITIES FOR FATHERS:

1. He must be a man of
 - Integrity.
 - Responsibility. (Doesn't run away) (Daughters know Dad is still there)

Builds his family on the rock.

- Resolution.
 - Loyalty. (He is the responsible head)
 - Sensitivity.
2. He must stay on the course. (Convictions must be held, and there is no room for compromise.)

John Milton wrote: "He who rules within himself and rules his passions, desires and fears is more than a king."

The Psalms sum it up very well:

"Who may ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or who may stand in His holy place? He who has clean hands and a pure heart, who has not lifted up his soul to an idol, nor sworn deceitfully." (Psalms 24:3-4).

ABOVE ALL. A GODLY FATHER MUST BE A MAN OF MORAL COURAGE.

A. We Need Some Men of Moral Steel for This Age of Crisis.

J. G. Holland has said it well:

"God give us men. The time demands Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;

Men who possess opinions and a will;

Men who have honor, men who will not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagogue And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

For while they rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds, Mingle
in selfish strife; lo! Freedom weeps.

Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps."

B. This Old World Needs Some Men of Velvet Also.

1. A man of Gentle Character.

2. A man of Tenderness and Affection to his children.

3. A man of Gentleness to both wife, mother, mother-in-law, grandchildren.

Spencer M. Tree expresses our needs well:

"Tis the human touch in this world that counts, The
touch of your hand and mine.

Which means far more to the fainting heart, Than shelter
and bread and wine;

For shelter is gone when the night is o'er And bread
lasts only a day, But the touch of the hand And the
sound of the voice Sing on in the soul always."

Many of you may recall the popular song; "Cat's in the Cradle"
song by Harry Chapin. The words always bring a tear to my eye
because I am a father, and over the years I have had to travel so
much. The song unfolds as follows:

My child arrived just the other day;

He came to the world in the usual way, But there were
planes to catch, and bills to pay, He learned to walk
while I was away.

And he was talkin' 'fore I knew it and as he grew, He'd
say, "I'm gonna be like you, Dad.

You know I'm gonna be like you."

And the cat's in the cradle and the silver spoon, Little
Boy Blue and the man in the moon.

"When you comin' home, Dad?" "I don't know when, but
we'll get together then;

You know we'll have a good time then."

My son turned ten just the other day.

He said, "Thanks for the ball, Dad, come on, let's play.

Can you teach me to throw?" I said, "No, not today, I got a lot to do." He said, "That's okay." And he walked away but his smile never dimmed.

It said, "I'm gonna be like him, yeah, You know I'm gonna be like him. . . ."

And he came from college just the other day;

So much like a man I just had to say.

"Son, I'm proud of you, can you sit for a while?" He shook his head and he said with a smile, "What I'd really like, Dad, is to borrow the car keys. See you later, can I have them please?"

I've long since reined, my son's moved away.

I called him up just the other day, I said, "I'd like to see you, if you don't mind." He said, "I'd love to, Dad, if I can find the time.

You see, my new job's a hassle, and the kids have the flu, But it's sure nice talkin' to you, Dad, It's been nice talkin' to you."

And as I hung up the phone It occurred to me, He'd grown up just like me;

My boy was just like me.

And the cat's in the cradle and the silver spoon, Little
Boy Blue and the man in the moon, "When you conlin'
home, Son?" "I don't know when, but we'll get together
then, Dad.

We're gonna have a good time then."

The melodrama of this song was played out in Chapin's own life almost like a self-fulfilling prophecy. I have been told that his wife, who wrote the words of the song, asked him one day when he was going to slow down the torrid pace of his life and give some time to their children. His answer was, "At the end of this busy summer, I'll take some time to be with them." That summer, ironically and tragically, Harry Chapin was killed in a car accident.

It is not possible to read that postscript of Chapin's death and miss the larger point - that something was known, believed, and even "preached," but never lived. When we chase manmade crowns and sacrifice the treasured relationships for which Had has made us, life loses its meaning. Unquestionably, the story elicits our sympathy, but a gnawing feeling within us says that love was squandered as the spirit lost its battle to the flesh.