

"What my Father Means to Me"

To me my Father is all that the name implies. It is to him I owe my earliest ideas of what the Fatherhood of God might mean. One of my first recollections of him is that he would take me on his lap and sing such songs as "Power in the Blood" and "How firm a foundation!"

He has always emphasised true obedience and the strictest honesty in dealings with everybody. Sometimes I thought he was harsh and unreasonable, but as I grew older I learned that he was only working for my own good.

In the past few years his work in the interest of the Church has called him away from home much of the time, but we are still pals. Last summer this was impressed upon me in a greater sense than ever before when he took me with him on one of his itineraries along the Ohio River. Then only did I realize the burdens he had to bear and what he meant to me. Then and there I resolved to mean more to him as a son.

He has always held before me the highest ideals and the Four-square Life. Some years ago when he was seriously injured and seemingly about to die, a man who had been his fellow worker for ten years remarked, "He's the squarest man I ever knew!"-----

-----and that is what my Father is to me.

