Father’s Day – Stories & Illustrations

**In an eastern city of the United States, a prominent man became greatly concerned about his boy, and consequently went to the boy’s school principal and asked for suggestions. The principal gave this very significant reply: “Resign from the presidency of the chamber of commerce. Leave that position to someone whose family has grown up and is not in such great need of fatherly attention as is your boy. Your first duty during the next five years, after providing the necessities of life for your family, is at home with your boy. You should help him with his lessons; you should interest him in your business; and you should become his comrade and chum. By giving the same amount of time and attention to your boy that you now give to the chamber of commerce, you will save your boy and also probably be the means of doing just as much good for your city.” *(Morris Chalfant, in Pulpit Helps)***

**My father told me a wonderful story about a father who gave his young daughter a simple locket and told her that it contained a very valuable diamond sealed inside the locket, so if at any time she was ever in need, she could crack open the locket, sell the diamond, and make it through difficulties. The daughter grew into a woman and struggled alone through terrible times of poverty, but just the mere thought of the diamond resting safely inside the locket she wore around her neck gave her enough courage to pull her through. Many years later, she had finally become a success in all areas of her life and no longer had to struggle for survival. Her curiosity had grown to the point that she had to know how much the diamond was actually worth. The woman took her precious locket to the finest jeweler in the village to have the diamond appraised. The jeweler eyed the plain, tarnished locked with a bit of disdain, raised the mallet, and with one swift blow, smashed the little locket into many pieces, releasing a small, shiny piece. The jeweler held it up to the light and said, “Why this is not a diamond, my lady, but a worthless piece of ordinary glass!” Stunned by the news, the woman laughed and cried and then laughed some more. “No, kind sir, that is the most valuable diamond in the world!” she replied, wiping the tears from her eyes. Her father had given her a priceless gem . . . the gift of hope and the belief that she would always be all right, and for this she would always be grateful. *(Michele Goild, in Gratitude, A Way of Life)***

**To you, O son of mine, I cannot give a vast estate of wide and fertile lands; but I can keep for you, the whilst I live, unstained hands. I have no blazoned scutcheon that insures your path to eminence and worldly fame; but longer than empty heraldry endures a blameless name. I have no treasure chest of gold refined, no hoarded wealth of clinking, glittering pelf. I give to you my hand, and heart, and mind. All of myself. I can exert no mighty influence to make a place for you in men's affairs; but lift to God in secret audience unceasing prayers. I cannot, though I would, be always near to guard your steps with the parental rod. I trust your soul to Him who holds you dear, Your father's God. *(Merrill C. Tenney)***

**A young successful attorney said: “The greatest gift I ever received was a gift I got one Christmas when my dad gave me a small box. Inside was a note saying, ‘Son, this year I will give you 365 hours, an hour every day after dinner. It's yours. We’ll talk about what you want to talk about, we'll go where you want to go, play what you want to play. It will be your hour!’ My dad not only kept his promise, but every year he renewed it -- and it's the greatest gift I ever had in my life. I am the result of his time.” *(Moody Monthly)***

**To watch her tumble into bed  
After she's had her story read;  
To have her climb onto my lap,  
And snuggle close to take her nap;  
To know that in her eyes I stand  
As tall and strong as any man;  
To teach her how to do what's right,  
To hear her ask how stars give light;  
To know she'll bring me all her fears,  
Because she knows I'll dry her tears;  
To watch her sleep with rumpled hair,  
To see her scold her Teddy Bear;  
To see her dressed in Mommy's clothes,  
To watch her smell her first spring rose;  
To feel her gentle, loving touch  
As she holds the hand she trusts so much;  
To share the things that make her sad,  
To hear her say, “I love you, Dad”;  
To scold and then to see her pout,  
To help her learn what's life's about;  
My lovely princess, as only she can,  
Makes me glad I'm a Father and a Man. *(J. Dennis Shields, in Sunshine magazine)*  
Carrying a Father’s Day card into the dark room, Heart says: “Dad?” Janitor: “We’re closed. Who’re you looking for?” Heart: “My father, I mean, is Antonio Gallo here?” Janitor: “Sorry, kid. They shut down the show five days ago. He’s gone.” Heart: “Oh! Do you know where he went?” Janitor: “How should I know, kid. I sweep up. If I see him, I’ll say you stopped by. Who are you?” Heart: “Someone who cared.” *(Mark Tatulli, in Heart of the City comic strip)***

**My father was and is my hero. He never made excuses; he never looked to politicians to take care of his family. He trusted hard work. He understood the only helping hand is the one at the end of your sleeve. *(J. C. Watts, in Reader’s Digest)***

**He was the son of a middle-class government worker. His father demanded absolute obedience from his children and was given to fits of rage with his family This boy, when he was three, witnessed his father brutally beating his mother for talking back to her husband. When the boy was four, his father physically beat him on a daily basis. At six he remembered getting thirty lashes on his back with a whip. When his father wanted him, he would whistle for him as one would call a dog. At age eleven he was almost beaten to death by his father when he attempted to run away. Before this boy was born, three of his siblings had died of diphtheria, all before they were three years old and all within one month of another. His mother, fearful of losing another child, kept her distance from this boy and never fully bonded with him. His father, often drunk, launched into long diatribes about how the Jews and other minorities were causing all the world's problems. The boy grew to hate his father, but he found no safe outlets for his feelings. He began to bully other boys, play violent war games and give speeches of hatred toward Jews and other minorities. This boy grew into a hateful man who never married or had a family of his own on whom he could act out his feelings, and instead he found a larger context for the expression of his hatred. He subjected a whole race to his hatred -- this boy grew up to be Adolph Hitler. *(Barry Weinhold)***

**There is a story that is told about a very wealthy man who had an elaborate collection of art, including original Van Gogh and Monet paintings. He had a son who shared his love for art and often while he was growing up they would attend auctions together. The son eventually left home and entered the Army, where in a heated battle, he lost his life. Upon hearing the news the father had become terribly depressed, until one day he received a package in the mail from some of the soldiers who had fought along side his son. The package had within it a description of his son’s heroics, along with a portrait of his son carrying a fellow soldier to safety at the cost of his own life. This so impacted and uplifted the father that he moved one of his most valuable paintings and put the portrait of his son in its place. He would spend hours at a time gazing at the portrait. The father eventually passed away, and an estate auction was held with buyers coming from all over. The first item up for bid was the father’s most precious portrait, which of course was of no value to the others. A kind, elderly gentleman finally bought the picture for $10. The impatient crowd was now ready to get started, when the auctioneer abruptly announced that the auction was over. The father’s will stated that everything would go to whoever takes the most precious possession he had, the portrait of his son. As we enter into this Lenten Season, I want to remind you that our Heavenly Father has done the same thing for us. First Peter 1:19 makes mention of the precious blood of Christ, and in fact, whoever takes the most precious possession that our Heavenly Father has, His Son, will also become an heir to everything God has to offer. *(Ron Lauber, in The North Platte Telegraph)***

**As I reviewed my son’s papers from school one night last week, I came across one paper with a failing grade. I almost came up out of my chair. I started to yell his name when I suddenly remembered he was in bed asleep. It didn’t matter that this was only his second year of school. At that moment I saw his academic career in ruins. I was angry. But I put the paper aside and turned to the next one. It had some pencil scribblings and at the top of the page was written, “My Dad.” It was a poem about me. His poem included the time I had to leave work to take him to the doctor because he had broken his finger. I had forgotten about that. He talked about how I wrestled with him in the evenings. And he talked about a few other things he likes that I do. That paper with the failing grade was suddenly not nearly as important as it had been just a few minutes earlier. I don’t know if he planted the poem next to the failing grade in order to soften the blow, but it worked. Instead of a severe lecture, I talked to him about the poem as well as the failed assignment. It began to make sense to me that I could include praise along with constructive criticism. I got the idea from a poem I read. *(Paul Budd, in God’s Vitamin “C”)***

**A British bird expert has found evidence that male birds with the most complex and extravagant songs are more successful fathers than their less musically talented rivals. It's been known that female birds show a preference for males with the greatest song repertoires, but the new research may indicate why that talent is preferred. Ornithologist Jane M. Reid and fellow researchers studied a population of song sparrows on British Columbia's Mandarte Island. They found that male sparrows with the greatest singing ability contributed more offspring and grand-off-spring to the breeding population. This was due to those males living longer and rearing more hatched chicks to independence. *(Steve Newman, in Daily Camera)***

**I am 17 years old. It is summer, and football practice is about to begin. I am supposed to be the starting quarterback in this, my senior year, having worked all winter and spring with the coach, reviewing films, reading defenses, diagramming formations and plays. Actually I have worked my entire life for this chance, throwing 150 passes a day through a tire my father rigged in the opening of our garage, lifting thousands of pounds of weights in our damp basement before two-a-day practices begin. I am in my room trying to figure out how to tell my father that I want to quit; that I’d rather not give up my after-school job to play yet another year of football. I know too well the old sports adage that adorns many locker-room walls: “A quitter never wins, and a winner never quits.” I know how fathers live through their sons’ accomplishments on the athletic field. And now he is in my room, and I tell him. He smiles and says, “I’m proud of you. You’ve figured out something it took me 40 years to realize – something most people never learn – to follow your heart, not other people’s expectations. Of course I’m not disappointed. I’m proud to have a son like you.” In that moment my father gave more to me than many fathers give their sons in a lifetime. *(Jim Sollisch, in Peoria, Illinois, Journal Star)***

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