

A Father's *Love Letter*



JHAECIE

Copyright © 2024
by Jhaecie

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Table of Contents

Introduction	6
Chapter 1- Darkest Night	7
Chapter 2- In Watercolor	13
Chapter 3- The Shift	18
Chapter 4- Moving Mountains	23
Chapter 5- The Letter	28
A Special Invitation	31
Conclusion	32

Dedication

For sons and daughters...

*“Come now my child,
I AM waiting...”*



Introduction

“Carpe diem,” is a positive Latin phrase which means “seize the day.” A expression of profound claim to make each day worthwhile, useful, and meaningful. I often used this phrase when I was studying at the University of the Philippines. Confronted with life’s unending struggles, mishaps, and uncertainties, I would often say the phrase to calm my mind and heart, and to help me get going through the day. It is tantamount to saying, “live in the moment,” or “make the most of every opportunity.” Nike, a popular shoe brand, tells the same thing this way: “Just do it!”

“YOLO,” in today’s generation talks about “You Live Only Once.” This claim by the millennials speaks of choosing to live our lives by engaging or experiencing only the best-because we deserve it! It is a life motto based on personal entitlements and the belief that we deserve nothing less in this highly materialistic and competitive world. Yes, we only have one life to live and we have a choice.



Chapter 1

Darkest Night

Mother was with a taxi cab driver in the wee hours of the morning. She held me so tight as I was crying for hours. After trying to put me to sleep that night, she decided at once to rush me to the hospital. Waiting outside, a night shift taxi cab driver was worried. He opened the car door and let Mother stay at the passenger seat. Looking disturbed he asked where she intended to bring me in the dark and cold night. Mother, panicking and trying to reach Papa, instructed the taxi driver to take the route along the cemetery nearby. It was the nearest route to take to save my life! Rushed and bothered, the good taxi driver followed mindlessly because he knew it was a life and death situation.

With skillful defensive driving, the taxi driver honked his car horns so loud upon entering a dark, arid, and frightening cemetery. It was pitch dark with only the moon shining above. As the man drove away with blasting horns, Mother was carrying a crying baby in so much pain. Her resolved prompted the man to move cautiously as the situation, her daughter's situation, worsened with the lifeless ground beneath the car's swift wheels. There was no moment to waste!

I was in so much pain and I could not even say it! I said the pain with hot tears. The man and Mother was looking for the easy way out of their dire situation, but no one else could help. He had to drive so fast and so loud!

The eerie cemetery welcomed me in the wee hours providing the way of escape. There, where dead bodies laid to rest, I longed for my rescue. Because if I had lingered longer with the pain, I would find myself among the dead. I was a baby about 6 months. The man was an angel in disguise, he brought the two of us safely to the hospital. Alone and with a blanket wrapped around me, Mother demanded the nurses to get me a doctor. The nurses on a graveyard shift was unwilling at first, maybe there was no other physician available that very moment or she had to make my Mother fill-out a long and detailed form which made no sense at that very moment. The nurses could not see the emergency at hand. They wanted to fulfill their duties, but they could not administer the initial first-aid.

When put in life and death moments, a Mother's stern warning should suffice. And without any other word except a fuming face, Mother's voice echoed within the hospital walls. "If something serious happens to my baby, you will regret this very night!" she reacted in utter disgust and dismay. The baby, helpless without words, continued to cry. It could not breathe and something was bothering her little fragile body.

At 6 months, I already encountered near-death. It was the darkest and longest night when I had to pass through the gates where the cold and dead bodies found their final resting place. It was ultra gray in my lenses, I could not fully grasp what was happening in my world. Someone sent help and the man who brought me here already left. In a little corner, I heard a woman making a sound similar to mine. The voice was strong and unafraid. She was holding on and keeping me safe.

At the back of the old house was an empty lot with an old-style water pump. They used to get water supply for daily needs like cooking and cleaning. The house had a few plants of Great Grandma all around. I spent of few hours playing with the old-style water pump. I felt the cold water gushing out as I held as much on my left hand. Seeing the water on my tiny hand was already a sight to behold. I always felt freedom when I would spend time on an empty lot at the back of the old house.

One day, I stooped down and tried to get some water. A few drops of blood was on the floor and I knew it was happening again. My right hand covered my nose and every time that I would suffer from nose bleeding, they would tell me to pinch my nose and look up. So, when I saw a few drops of blood, I immediately looked up! Whenever Grandma saw my condition, she would place a damp towel or she would put ice on the towel and then roll it up. She would place that on my forehead and wait for a few minutes for the nose bleeding to stop. This daily occurrence led me to my second doctor who lived a few blocks away. He was a pediatrician and he was set to examine my nose. Upon entering, we were made to wait in the receiving area because he was treating the other child who came in first. It was a quiet clinic and I saw how lonely Mother was. She could not really pinpoint what I had to endure in my childhood. Nose bleeding everyday was not normal for a 6-year old who just wanted to play. After a few minutes, the doctor called us in. His clinic was rather small, but he was extremely nice to us. He put out his penlight and began to see what was happening inside my little nose.

I still remember what my kind physician said. He told us that the vein in my nose was so thin. Nothing more. I did not pay much attention because I felt it was nothing too serious. He said that I just needed to be careful during playtime and avoid accidents. He then gave Mother some vitamins for me. And how I saw that Mother felt relief. Her face lit up and we went back home. Still one day, I went back to my old-style water pump. No one was there. Usually, they fetched water very early in the morning. When they were there, I would not go. I would wait until everybody left. Sometimes I heard laughter and other times, I accidentally overheard serious adult conversations. People were always in a hurry. But the well provided an abundance of water. I always placed water in my tiny hands. I would play with that old-style water pump. I was happy playing with cold water. Great Grandma called me one time, she would want to talk to me. Great Grandma had a very long white hair that she would always make a fist-sized bun. Her favorite dress was a long skirt and it was usually plain green. She would often pair her ankle-length skirt with white or cream laced blouse. Great Grandma had a sweet smile that was sometimes accentuated with her cigar stick. But she would smile nonetheless. We would play a quick hide and seek, and just after two rounds of play, I would go back to the sofa and watch TV. Sometimes, I would watch, sometimes not.

Whenever I would hear other kids outside playing, I would just look from my window and I saw how happy other children were. They would run, tease each other, play street games, shout in excitement, and live normal lives without sicknesses.

I was looking at the passersby one morning. Great Grandma was inside the house and Grandma was doing some household chores. It was probably a weekend because kids got to play more during Saturdays. I held the bar of the metal gate and I was waiting for some kids around. Somebody was coming out of nowhere, she was a girl around the same age. She lived somewhere. And when she saw me at the gate, she just spat on me like a wacko child! I was shocked and I burst into tears going inside the old house. I told Grandma that a mean girl did it! She immediately went outside and reprimanded the girl who tried to cover up what she just did. After the incident, all the more I resorted to solo playtime. I never saw that girl around the neighborhood and I refused to go out and play with other kids. I found the world to be harsh. I loved my old water-pump who never treated me wrong. The water was always giving, it was always refreshing, and liberating. When the second doctor said that I needed to be careful from accidents because my nose vein was thin, I wanted to be alone. People would hurt me. I was a bit of afraid that the wacko girl would come back and inflict some kind of pain.

My early pain was crossing the darkest streets of cemetery as I held on for dear life! I never could identify pain at 6 months, but it was the earliest recorded in the story of my redemption. The hardest part of pain is when you really cannot define it. You cannot help but cry. Defenseless, needing, uncertain, while you still have breath, pain surfaces. Like without a warning, it heavily pours in your life like rain. Or it is there, inside your heart and mind, you know it, it is dry, barren, and cold.



Chapter 2

In Watercolor

The garden steel chairs were four. Painted in white, I sat there and witnessed the preparation for my birthday. Papa came home smiling with the balloons on his hands that he would later tie around the gate and some living room chairs, and four balloons in each of the garden steel chair. Excited to see and touch the helium-filled colored synthetic rubber, I waited for my share of giant-sized balloon. I had one giant-sized that I even sat on for a couple of months until it burst. But on the day of my birthday it was exclusive for me. I had a giant balloon and it simply made my day! Growing up in a quiet village named after a precious gem was quite special. We were some of the original or pioneers in the village and Papa even campaigned for a local office just to try it out. Papa was a soldier. One day, I brought my giant balloon outside the house. Just in front of the house because I was never allowed to go outside. I sat on the giant balloon and I was so proud. Some neighbors saw me a couple of times bringing the giant balloon outside and sitting on it.

While I was there outside, I was looking straight ahead because just a few houses away, you could see the highway or expressway. My hometown was provincial until it was granted cityhood many years ago. I was not afraid to sit on the balloon even if I was already a big girl. Compared to other girls around the same age. I grew much taller and I was always the last in line in school.

After school, I would go and sit in one of the four steel chairs. And with much anticipation, I would bring out my bond papers, set of watercolors, slim brushes and a cup of water. I held the rectangular watercolor set then I would stare for a few minutes to decide what color I would choose. Looking at the bright hues of reds, blues, and yellows made me excited to paint. Oftentimes, I would skip blacks, browns, and greys. Those colors were not exciting as compared to the other vibrant colors. As a child, I found my watercolors to be therapeutic, if you may. I was always looking forward to do some coloring after doing all my assignments. Starting off with a simple flower design, I would sketch using my pencil. Child drawn piece of artwork is special. It tells of purity, innocence, and unconditional acceptance. The sketch was so simple yet I was so proud of it! It was the second thing I was proud of at that time.

The first thing was when I could sit still on my giant balloon. Almost everyday I would try to finish one piece of artwork made using watercolor. For me, it was a backdrop for staging a playtime that was so elusive. Because there was no one, I had to play solo. My toys were mostly wooden animals. They looked so pretty as they paraded on my study table, bedside, or floor. Those farm animals made of wood were colorful. Each of its base had a platform so that you could insert the wooden figure. I was doing the ultimate childhood play-doing monologues! In my own little world, I kept my wooden farm animals close by. My toy companions were a giant balloon, papers and watercolors, and wooden animal figures. An imaginary friend would join and play, too.

When the watercolors were used up, I would ask them to immediately replace it. I did not particularly like that I would finish and use up almost all the color palettes. So when I had finished all the bright hues, I would ask them to buy me again and again. I hated that feeling! I never wanted to run out of bright hues; it was as if, I would lose happiness, creativity, and companion. I thought it was the only thing I had. And no one must take it away from me. My watercolor painting was a gateway to childhood happiness and freedom I have never known. My toys and my solo playtime was a safe space for me to explore my own little world my way, my style. Understanding my longing for a sibling, they would always find a way to support me and let me do things that would be helpful for my development such as books, board games, and some cute dolls that I would always behead. I thought they were simply stupid, weak, pretty, but shallow. While other girls longed to have some stupid toy or stuffed toy, I wanted a real playmate. A sibling. Preferably a brother with curly hair, cute round face and little lips like my Sto. Nino (Santo Nino) figurine inside a glass display. Then we would play always.

You know how sad it was to have a makeshift seesaw with no one sitting on the other end? It was seriously ridiculous! My other neighbor had a plastic seesaw and they were a.k.a Hanzel and Gretel (brother and sister). In the afternoons, I would hear their laughter while riding a seesaw. I would be sitting on my one end and because the walls were not too high then, I would look at the siblings, boy and girl, I would wonder about all the fun they were having! Sitting on my own seesaw, I understood loneliness.

When I received a new set of watercolors, I could not explain my excitement! I would hold the set with both hands, feel the cover as my fingers would glide smoothly onto the top cover. Then, slowly, I would open it and see the beautiful palettes. My fingers would dip onto the smooth squares that divided the different colors. Smiling, I would be thinking about my coloring sessions in the afternoon. I added a textbook to my watercolor paraphernalia. It was used during pulled string watercolors. Instead of using brushes, you dip a string made from abaca twine or string. After soaking about one foot string on my chosen color, I would place it randomly on top of a bond paper, place another bond paper to cover it, and then used a big hardbound book to put some weight on it. Quickly, I would pull the string to come up with a uniquely designed masterpiece. Then I felt happy looking at my pulled string watercolor.

I knew what happiness was all about as a child. I found it in the creative expression of a sickly soul. My freedom was hiding in the unlikely places of isolation where I could be in tune with the whispers of my heart. There in a blank canvass of common white paper, I patiently awaited for something to be simply created. As simple as a colored flower that bloomed as I chose a mixture of my favorite hues. I felt happy. I was not alone anymore. I began collecting my watercolor projects that I placed inside a plastic envelope. The lively hue was in stark contrast of a young life that was contained in a dark and lonely room corners filled with pain, rejection, and abandonment. In watercolors, I found that my life could still represent one of vibrance, joy, and tranquility.



Chapter 3

The Shift

The house had an extended garage that was turned into a small community church. A worn-out house that was dripping with water during rainy seasons in a certain area. The property was about 180 square meters in middle-class village. Even though it was a humble and undeveloped house, it was a happy place. Many witnessed the charismatic preaching of the charismatic pastor who was so kind and a bit funny. He had a broken tooth and yet he would preach with such authority. The brethren had high regard to the community pastor.

One Sunday, the man, who was the senior pastor waved at me and gestured to invite me in front for the altar call. There were many times that I was hesitant because I did not understand why some people fell down or got slain in the spirit. Now, when he invited me in front, I decided to follow. This was the time when my skin allergies could not be healed. The back of my knees were bruised and swollen similar to psoriasis. Asthma of the skin as they would call it. Bravely, I went in front as an 8-year old school girl with little understanding of the spiritual. His invitation was simple. He asked the people in front if they wanted to accept Jesus as their personal Lord and Savior. While he was exhorting about this, the church choir was getting ready with the song cue. It was a very touching moment when the invitation was made and we all responded to Him.

The spiritual falling was somewhat frightening. But you could not resist its power. Amidst the singing and intercession, the people began being supplied with a new kind of energy that I could not initially explain. At 8, a shift was happening in my life. From the darkness of my early days to the brightest of the moment, I could feel something, but could not really understand everything. What I knew back then was that it was the most important decision of my life. A young life that was filled with loneliness, sickness, and despair.

In a moment, all that was gone! I began to sense the serenity that I was searching for and I began to feel the love and acceptance of people around me. I knew I entered a safe environment when I was taught about my real identity, purpose, and destiny in God. The loving Father sent His love letters to me through His words. That's why the brown poster which held the promise of my childhood was already speaking to me before I even got saved. In an instant, I was taken from darkness to light! In those moments of raising my hands in surrender, I embraced my total freedom! It was an eternal shift that assured me of my place in His dwelling; an eternity that would be spent in the reality of the heavenlies! My name, my real birth names recorded in His Book of Life. What an astounding truth that an 8-year old could not begin to process! I could not take it all in! All I understood was I invited Jesus to come in to my heart and begin to work in my life. Since that day, my life has shifted. This shift allowed me to develop a growing relationship based on faith. My young life made a sudden turn from sin to salvation. A 180-degree turn. Many elders assisted the people who were slain. I sat.

Another Sunday morning, we were early at church, the drums began to produce its beating and thunderous sound during praise and worship. Many were raising up hands and expressing their adoration, others were shy to sing, and still some were clueless. I would often sit somewhere at the back because I found the preaching so overwhelming. I was shy to go to the altar for prayer because people would be looking at me. But since the day of accepting Jesus into my heart, I slowly found the altar to be an inviting place. More songs filled the air as the congregation lifted up their voices. In unison, the villagers offered songs of thanksgiving and praise. One in perfect harmony in the spirit, hearts were united to lift the Name that is above every other name-Jesus!

During this holy time, I would shed painful tears. Crying real tears was my go-to. As I listened to the songs, I was really careful of the lyrics. If the lyrics meant true for me and my situation, I would sing along with the brethren. If I did not resonate with the song lyrics, I kept mum. The Bible says, "Love must be sincere. It must come from the heart." I was careful to utter words which were not true in my heart. I was careful what my heart carried during those times. The place was filled with an atmosphere of love, acceptance, and faith. Christianity is all about faith. Everything in this life is all about the pursuit of faith-believing in Jesus and what He did for humankind. With tears of thanksgiving and supplication, I offered songs of praise. In a time of transition, I was beginning to know this Savior and Lord who taught me how to sing. And singing with the melodies He put in my heart only within my walls.

A few years after, the brethren transferred to a bigger church in a location less than a kilometer away from the bungalow with the extended garage. In that place, many supernatural occurrences happened. The building did not have windows installed at first, so you begin to appreciate some trees around the neighborhood. When it was time for praise and worship, you could see the trees singing along. A humble congregation who wanted to serve the unseen God. I was seated on the left column facing the stage. The LED TV was right in front of me so that was a good spot to clearly see the lyrics of the songs. For years, I held that spot. It was so amazing to see how God moved in the hearts of His people. Many received healing, provision, protection, and restoration. I received all!

In different times and seasons of my life, I would be amazed to experience His blessings or daily favors. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life! A wonderful promise for those who believe. When rains pour heavily, the chairs on the sides near the windowless structure were vacated. The building was still in its initial stage of construction and there were no windows so during stormy days, the rains came pouring on the sides of the church. A spectacular thing happened when there were still no windows. A church member saw in a blink of an eye, about 6 angels covering the sides of the building. In majestic awe, she refused to look no further because, according to her, she might not be able to contain the rest of what she was beholding. She did not want to create a scene and kept the vision to herself until the proper time came to relay the message to the brethren.



Chapter 4

Moving Mountains

There are times that call for mountain-moving faith. When you feel it's a dead end and there is no way out! You raise your hand while you continue to drown in the deep sea of sorrow. You have cried out and tried to save yourself, but you could not. You take one step forward then two steps back. It seems that it is an endless cycle of pain, heartache, and suffering. No one seems to get it and you are screaming deep inside. You could not find the answers you so desperately long to have. And you wait for daylight until help comes. Bruised, beaten, burdened. Lost, hurting, and cold. Indifferent, insensitive, numb. There is pain that is so familiar that you cannot anymore feel it. You feel, you know it is there, but it is a constant companion that won't let go. There is hopelessness and you are really helpless. No one really cares.

Most of life, we are tested to exercise another kind of faith which is mountain-climbing faith. It is when you take life and all its challenges one step at a time. Building your faith daily and trusting for better days to come. You know you have faith. Or probably you don't. But you have trust that any day now, things will get better in your life. You have done all you can to achieve personal freedom, but you are still imprisoned. Your past hunts you like a friendly ghost. Despite living, you are buried in the mud. You blame others. And when you are through rehearsing the past hurts inflicted on you, you begin to blame yourself. There is no cure for your pain. Helpless, lonely, tired. You have reached the end of it!

There is darkness all around and you grapple with something, with someone. Thoughts of unbearable pain fill your mind. This world has given you nothing but superficiality and disgrace. It is cold and you have nowhere else to go. Even in the arms of the one you thought could save you proved to be futile. The grave is all you long for- to end it all! To find yourself amidst the dead is a redemption. You think with unclear thoughts cluttered by abuse, trauma, and betrayal. You scream and scream and scream! But the world is deaf! The people in your life have been muted by their own aches and pains. They could not give you the answers. The tears are hot and real. Beyond you, is an empty soul plagued by the fear.

Fear is your best friend. You entertain and talk to it as if fear understands you. It is just you and fear in this world. But a glimpse of hope and positivity tries to creep in to the door of your heart you left open. An ounce of strength for the day. The moments fill you with nothingness. And it is a mirage of yourself. A reflection of all you have been through in life. You resorted to nothing! People made you feel you are nothing. Rejection and abandonment is all you have ever known. You ask, "What have I done wrong?" "Why did you turn your back against me?" Filthy, strange, and crappy. "Where is God?" You found those words in the deep recesses of your mind. It is aching and it is bombarded by images of a broken past. You see only a mirage. Hurting, you move forward. But the path is so unclear and it is not even warm to you. It is like trying to brave a storm without a covering. "Unwelcome" the sign says. Go back to your old, worn-out, dark corner...and stay there.

Most of our lives, we have to display a mountain-climbing faith. The kind that takes you to the mountain top one step at a time. It only takes a mustard seed to command your mountain to be thrown to the sea. What are your mountains? What are those standing in the way for you to achieve total liberation? Who are the people against your happiness and success? What are those challenges that seem insurmountable that hold you captive to your past hurts and pains? Who or what is your mountain that keeps you from having the love, joy, and peace that you want to have in your life? That you know even in the midst of material success, fame, and fleeting pleasure, you do not possess?

Empty, void, senseless is your life even if you have financial stability, fame, and good relationships. You feel double dead because you are broke, unloved, and overlooked. You deeply search what is missing. Or maybe you are not really searching. You are going through the motions of life and you are actually good. A mountain is something you have not located now. Life is a breeze and no need to look for unfathomable love, indescribable peace, and deep joy. So you think you are ok. Good for you. Lest you forget, life is a constant climbing, a constant battle for the win at the top! Until your last breath, there will be some mountains to move along the way in order for you to achieve your success and freedom. How prepared are you to conquer the mountains that hide your place of plenty? How do you unblock the sights when there are looming figures of debilitating diseases, deep hurts, family betrayals, abusive relationships, haunting trauma, and personal prison doors?

How do you cast your mountains to the sea and live again?

Several containers filled a dusty room painted in sky blue. The dolphin, a stuffed toy, lie in bed with pillows, blanket, and a few more pillows. Sky saw how the girl locked herself inside the room for hours, weeping and calling out the name of someone. Empty containers were cut by a sharp scissor that was left on the floor. Earlier, the girl finished pints of ice cream and drowned herself in desperation. Sky knew that the girl was helping her own despair. Suffering from youth depression, the girl stayed with the lifeless stuffed toy looking at her as if reprimanding her to stop sobbing. Outside the door, there was a TV set that was turned on and someone was watching and consuming a daily serving of wholesome entertainment. Inside, the girl heard the laughter of the people who refused to notice the shouting inside the room. Maybe they thought she was practicing for a speech class because that was her major subject. The girl kept shouting somebody's name and then there was silence. Nobody knocked at her door to check on her and really see what was happening. And then there was shouting again, coupled with throwing of things inside the her room. Still, nobody attempted to pacify her because they just let her be. They thought she was practicing for an oral communication class.

The stuffed toy, Sky, kept quiet and saw how pathetic the girl was: throwing things, cutting ice cream containers, shouting the name of someone, and crying in her little blue corner. After a few hours, the house was silent. People went to sleep believing they heard some speech practice. Sky saw the girl in the corner of the room still weeping. He could not do anything about her. He missed her embrace. Hours of waiting for restoration enveloped both of them. Sky felt pity.

***“Rest now my child,
I AM with you...”***



Chapter 5

The Letter

Dear one, His love for you is rich and deep. If you find yourself in any of the pages of this book, and your life speaks of a certain kind of void and emptiness, hear my heart as I say this: You are loved. Nothing can fill the void in your heart except the saving grace of Jesus. No one can fill your life with real purpose and meaning, but Him. A Father's Love Letter to you is found in the life-giving Book of the Bible where you can read the accounts of countless men and women who were hurt, depressed, and in life-threatening situations. No one can save you from your sin except Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God.

The Father wants you to know He sent His Son for you so that you can have a relationship with Him. A relationship based on faith that will ultimately fill the void in your heart. For truly, there is a Jesus-shaped void that only He can truly fill. It is fit for Him only and no one and nothing else no matter how hard you try. In Him, you will find true peace because He is the Prince of Peace. In Jesus alone, you will find the love that you have been looking for. Because He is the embodiment of love, He knows your greatest need for forgiveness and your deepest desire for love. The Father's great love for you caused the very life of His Son as a sacrifice for your sin.

A Father's Love Letter gives you the hope in this dark and hurting world. You will find His promises of healing, restoration, freedom, and liberation through His Love Letter. His unchanging words never fail!

A Father's Love Letter written by His very breath is like a balm that will soothe your tired minds that have been cluttered by life's worries and concerns. Let your heart be open to what He is going to say to you because it is one of personal revelation.

Dear one, there is a tugging in your heart as you read this because He is knocking at the door of your heart. Do not harden your heart when He is calling you. When you do not know where life is taking you and there are crossroads ahead, take comfort in the fact that He has a great plan for you! The gap that sin has created between God and man is so wide and no one can take you back into wholeness but Jesus. He alone can give you the answers you have in your heart as you read His Love Letter to you.

This eternal gap brought by the sinful nature of man can only find its full redemption by accepting the perfect sacrifice for sin who is Jesus. He was crucified for our sins! It should have been me or you at that cross, but Jesus was the perfect Lamb that was a substitute for us sinners! If we do not have Him in our hearts, we would suffer eternal damnation and separation from Him forever! But salvation can be found in Jesus Christ alone! I don't know you, but He knows you- your past, present, and future. And He is inviting you to have a real relationship with Him. When you find yourself in the darkest moment, there is a light that comes shining through for you.

When you are drowning in desperation and hopelessness, He can pluck you out of the mud and mire and give you a new sense of hope and freedom. He is more than willing to show you the purpose of your life! Take His hand dear one, it is not an accident that you are here. You are loved by the Father. Let Him lead you.



A Special Invitation

Accepting Jesus as Lord and Savior is a prayer away.

If you declare with your mouth, "Jesus is Lord," and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved.

Romans 10:9

Let me lead you. Pray the following:

Prayer of Acceptance

Lord Jesus, I acknowledge that I am a sinner and I need a Savior. I believe you died for my sins. Today, I accept you as my personal Lord and Savior. Come into my heart and take over my life. I thank You that my name has already been written in the Book of Life. Thank you, Jesus.

Amen.

My Prayer For You

Father, I give You my praise and adoration for showing Your grace and mercy to us! You are a loving Father who has great plans for Your children. Thank you for this person reading this and may she or he feel

Your love and leading everyday of his or her life.

Thank You for showing them the way everlasting. I ask for Your healing, protection, and peace to cover them.

Amen.

Conclusion

In a nutshell, I just shared to you some of the events in my life that led me to believe who I believe in. If or when you find yourself anywhere in the pages of the outline of my life, there is just really one thing: we all have hope and Jesus is our hope!

Into each life, some rain must fall. As we put our trust not in ourselves, but in a God who loves us, the rain that keeps pouring in will just become a refreshing time if we abide in His word. Yes, there are also storms in life, but if you allow Jesus to be with you in the storm, your fears will dissipate. Doubts will not surface and it will be replaced by growing faith. The most important decision that you will make is accepting Jesus into your life. I made that decision at a very young age.

Now, you have a choice on how you want to live your life. It is never too late for you wherever you are at this point. From the pages of this e-book, you have gotten a glimpse of my real-life transformation from eternal death to life. It is a story I will always share to tell anyone that He is real and people have hope in Him.

I am telling the you of His love, peace, and healing. For He has turned my mourning into dancing! He has turned my sorrow into joy! He is the love that I have always longed for. A love that healed me, secured me, valued, and cherished me. A love that won't let go. That love, through A Father's Love Letter, is available to you. Receive it by faith and forever be changed! You have only one life to live my friend, make the decision to open your heart to Jesus. And if you have just done that, then your best days are ahead of you!



Copyright © 2024 A Father's Love Letter