

# Elaine Bickel

Child of God ~ Servant of God's People  
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## Daily Devotion

### The Gift

It's hard to imagine how excited little Wilma was to receive the gift of a glass dish from a classmate at Christmas. The person who had chosen her name had selected it especially for her. She carefully tucked it away for her walk home from school. While we don't know the exact details, we do know that somehow on her cold walk home in the mid 1920's, Wilma's precious gift of a glass dish was broken. When she arrived home, she tearfully told her father about what had happened to her glass dish. Her dad patiently listened and tried to comfort her. Still, her heart was as broken as the beloved dish. Now, at this point her father could have reminded her to be more careful the next time or told her she should just be thankful she didn't cut herself on the broken glass. He could have reminded her that they had other glass dishes in the house and she could pretend one of them was her special dish. Perhaps he could have used the old, "Well, what is done is done and you can't cry over spilled milk" lecture. Certainly every father has that one memorized. Wilma's father did not choose to do any of those things. Instead, he took the time, he made the effort and spent the money to go out and buy a new glass dish for his beloved daughter. The dish her father gave her still survives and so does the true story of his kindness. Wilma (Poellet) Reinbold is now in heaven with her earthly and Heavenly Father. The dish was there for her ninety plus years as a daily reminder of her father's love. What a gift her father gave her. He gave her so much more than a glass dish. In fact, looking back now, perhaps that broken dish was a blessing, since it led to such a beautiful gift of care and love by her father. Our world would be so different if every child had a father like that.

A father who listened, cared and soothed our broken heart in a way we cannot begin to imagine. I was blessed with a father like that. He was only on earth with me until just before my thirteenth birthday, but he remains one of my greatest blessings. He kept his billfold and his teeth on the refrigerator. There was usually one dollar in the billfold. My mother paid the bills and he had better things to do than worry about money although he worked very hard to provide for his family. While he never bought me a glass dish, he did buy me a small record player for Christmas since I had been faithful in hoeing beans all summer and he even bought me a green long play record with Christmas songs so I'd have something to play on it. He kept his promises. He listened to my heart and always had just the right words to make me laugh in the midst of those tears. Then one day, my daddy went to heaven and that day I learned how blessed I'd been that God had given me a Christian father. When my older brother told me my father had died, my first response was, "I have another Father who will never die!" I'm certain my Heavenly Father gave me those words to remind me of His presence and to comfort me as only a Father can. Shortly, the world will see an increase in tie sales and barbecue equipment and tools. Another Father's Day will be observed with cards, hugs, steaks or burgers. Perhaps it is a good time to thank God that no matter what our earthly father may have been like, we ALL have a father like Wilma and I had, in fact, He is much better than any earthly father ever could be. We have a Heavenly Father who comes to us in our brokenness, when our world has fallen apart and we feel like nothing will ever be right again. He doesn't just buy us another gift, He gives us the gift of His Son to cover our sins and heal our brokenness. He knows what is in our hearts even when we are not able to put it into words. He listens to our words and knows our thoughts. He never leaves our side. He will never die and because He sent His Son to make eternal life possible for us, we will never die either. Every day is our Father's Day. Psalm 147 has some reminders for us about our Heavenly Father, "He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds. He determines the number of the stars; He gives to all of them their names. Great is our Lord and abundant in power; His understanding is beyond measure." Every child needs this Father and our Father wants every child to know Him better. He alone can bind up our broken hearts and make us whole. What a gift He is!

By Elaine Bickel