

A Word From the Publisher

This Sunday is Father's Day! I'm so thankful to still have my father and have him be such a big part of my life. Daddy has always been a big part of my life. He was the high school football and baseball coach and many may think he didn't have much time for me...but he did. All his players and students were an extremely big part of his life but he always found time for his children.

I remember way back when I was a mascot for Callahan High School. We also cheered during basketball season and Daddy kept the game clock during the game. One of my favorite pictures of me is during one of those games and going up to talk to Daddy. Not sure who even took the picture but I'm sure glad they did. We moved to Arkansas when I was in third grade. We lived in a neighborhood full of children and were always outside playing and riding bikes. We raced sometimes and I got in a bad wreck with another biker. I'm sure I cried and ran home and that was the end of it until Mama came in my room one night and I asked her for a pillow for my knee! It was swollen up as big as you please! The next day, Daddy took me to the doctor where they drained fluid off of it. He stood right beside me and held me close. There's something about a daddy's touch.

We had a push mower growing up, Daddy still does. Well, the boys always mowed and I wanted to. Not sure why but I did. Daddy taught me how to mow. I can still remember him telling me, "Never walk backwards pulling the mower, always turn around." I never questioned him, just never walked backwards. I still think about that when I get a chance to mow. Then of course, Daddy and I walked to school together. Who does that? Me and Daddy! I was in high school but it really didn't matter

to me. It was really pretty cool, because so many students knew him anyway I got to enjoy the beeps and waves!

Then there were the dating days. We (me & Marci) had a time to be home. Well...we would get home, in the driveway, on time but chose to sit in the car a little. That's when the back porch light began to go off and on. After the second time, we had a visit to the car. It's time to come in now. OH man! How embarrassing. It was hard enough for me and Marci to get anyone to ask us out because they were afraid of Daddy and then that! Geez! It's funny now but...wow!

I'm so thankful for my father that has a heart of gold. He still cares about us, his children, just like we are still babies. He always had a passion for teaching... that's why he was so good at it. He loved his students and players like they were his own. He taught us to be respectful and honest and always do our best in whatever we did. He taught us about our heavenly Father and to always follow His direction. I'm thankful to have a father who loves the Lord and lives for Him every day. Thank you, Daddy, for the example you have been in my life and so many others.

I wish to share about my heavenly Father. He is always available and is watching over us. All you have to do is ask Him into your life. He is there for you as a shepherd is for his sheep. We are all sheep that have gone astray, but as we ask for God's forgiveness, He brings us back in. As I am thankful for my father I am so thankful for my heavenly Father. Won't you ask Him in your heart today?

Happy Father's Day!

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