

Stitches and Stubs

2 Corinthians 1:3-4a “Blessed *be* the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort, ⁴ who comforts us in all our affliction...”

2011 started off with a bang at our house! Unfortunately, that bang was when our three-year-old, running at top speed, tripped and fell head-first into the nightstand.

I was in my office preparing for the morning service that Sunday when my cell phone rang. My wife informed me, somewhat frantically, that she wouldn't be at church due to the mishap which, being a head wound, was bleeding like crazy. With thirty minutes to go before the start of the morning service, I blazed home to see if I could help. It was Daddy to the rescue!

When I walked in the house, there was our little boy sitting on the kitchen counter; crying, and Mommy holding a paper towel on the wound. I took over, so she could get additional dressing; holding the paper towel with one hand, my other arm around him, and comforting him with the assurance that everything would be OK. All he could say was, “Oh Daddy, Oh Daddy,” through his sobs. After the bleeding stopped, I returned to the church and he went to the ER for stitches. When he got home he said, “Daddy helped me.” He was on the road to recovery.

Three days after those stitches were removed; he fell head-first into a table and opened the wound back up! I don't know who hurt more, him or me! Once again, he cried, “Oh Daddy, Oh Daddy” and once again, Daddy held that little boy and comforted him. When the pain subsided and the bleeding stopped, he said, “Daddy helped me.”

A couple of days later, the phone rang again. This time, he had stubbed his toe and there was only one remedy; he had to talk to Daddy! Daddy could make it better. Even over the phone, Daddy's voice comforted him in his pain.

A few days later, upon returning home from the office, my wife informed me that he had stubbed his toe again! He was hurt and he needed Daddy! When Mommy explained that I was in a meeting and unavailable by phone, he cried, “Then I need to see Daddy's picture!” Mommy placed Daddy's picture on the table in front of him and that gave him the needed comfort.

As a believer in Christ, you are God's child. When you hurt, you can cry, "Oh Daddy," and your Father will come to your aid. He is able to comfort you in all your hurts, not only when you're bleeding, but even when you stub your toe. Whether His comfort comes to you through His Spirit, His people, or His picture (the Bible), your "Daddy;" the God of all comfort, is always there when you need Him. **"He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds" – Psalm 147:3**

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