

Letter from a Concerned Father

Based on Hosea 11:1-11

My Dear Child,

Since before you were born, I've loved you. You were my delight, my pride and joy. I would sit and watch you and smile and laugh. I looked forward to being with you. I enjoyed you so much. I just could not do enough for you.

I cared for you day and night. You were always on my mind and on my heart. When you were sick, I felt your pain and nursed you back to health. When you fell, I would lift you in my arms and hug you and gently kiss you.

But the more I loved you, the more you resisted my love. The more I cared for you, the more you resented me. The more I did for you, the less you trusted me.

I taught you to walk, and you chose to walk away from me. I shaped your young mind. I carefully fed it and nurtured it. But you became proud, and in your youthful ignorance you found me foolish and old-fashioned.

You took everything I gave you and turned it against me.

But still I loved you and did all I could to help you. I saw trouble coming. I tried to warn you - sometimes gently, sometimes in desperation, as shouting to one standing in front of an oncoming truck: "Look out! Get out of the way!" But you took my warnings as intrusions, as selfish attempts to "run your life."

The trouble came - the incredible hurt, the destruction, the shattered relationships. Believe me, being right brought me no joy. I suffered it all with you.

I still see trouble coming. But I can't help you...not unless you let me...not unless you help yourself.

A parent's grief for a lost child has no comfort, no consolation, except one. It's hope-- hope that the child will somehow just come back.

Come back, child.
Please, come back.

Love forever,
God, Your Father

Hymn: [A Father's Love](#)