

A Tangible Reflection of God's Love

I went out on a hot date the other night, and boy was my wife Angie jealous. I hated leaving her out in the cold like that, but there's just been a stirring in my soul lately. Sometimes a man has got to do what a man's got to do!

It had been a long time since I'd done any courting, but let me tell you, this old dog still knows how to hunt. I slickered up real nice; put on my best Sunday go-to-meeting clothes, shaved, and slosed myself with some of that fancy smelling water. I even ran over to the Kroger and picked up a dozen roses. I know, it all may sound old fashioned, but this was one pretty girl, and I wanted to make a lasting impression.

I punched the front door bell feeling like a young school boy. Without delay, the door whisk open and a vision of loveliness stood before me, smiling coyly. Her beauty nearly stole my breath. I paused for an instant to pray she would be mine forever. My heart fluttered as I gently took her by the hand. Then, out of nowhere, my wife Angie jumped up and ruined the whole moment.

"Remember Romeo, get her home by nine. She's got school in the morning."

"Oh momma," my daughter Kailey huffed, "You're just jealous because dad and I are going to Red Lobster!"

It was true. Angie loves Red Lobster.

For a ten year old, Kailey is a wonderful conversationalist. Her quirky sense of humor kept me laughing all the way to the restaurant. I had the low down on almost every student in her fifth grade class by the time we arrived.

Once there, I opened her car door and we strode hand in hand into that seafood lovers paradise. Kailey carried herself with such grace I was genuinely surprised when the waitress handed her a kid's menu.

"Mam," I interrupted, "Could I get adult menu for my daughter?"

It was the least I could do. Kailey deserved to have someone acknowledge the steps she had made toward maturity. However, being her first time to order off of the adult menu, we had to send the waitress back twice before I finally broke it down.

"Do you like fish?" She shook her head no.

"Do you like shrimp?" Still no...

"Do you like seafood at all?" I implored.

She crinkled her little nose and whispered, "I really just wanted to make mom jealous."

I had to laugh. That crazy girl! She ordered steak. It was good though. I should know. I ate most of it. Maybe we should wait a few more years before fully abandoning the kid's menu.

After dinner we went for ice-cream and stopped to shop at some of her favorite girly stores. I believe she really enjoyed herself. I was glad. I wanted the whole night to be about her.

As we pulled into our drive I reached under the seat and pulled out a CD I had bought for her from an artist named Mark Harris. Along with it I had typed the lyrics to his song entitled "Find Your Wings". It was framed nicely along with a picture of the two of us. The chorus reads:

*I pray that God would fill your heart with dreams
And that faith gives you the courage
To dare to do great things
I'm here for you whatever this life brings
So let my love give you roots
And help you find your wings'*

Kailey hugged me like she never wanted to let go. I pray she knows she never has to.

But anyway- I realize it was the Lord Jesus who put that stirring in my soul. He just loves all of his little girls so much. If you ladies only knew how special you are to Him!

I'm thankful He's teaching me to be a godly dad who's a tangible reflection of that love and care for my baby girl. Warning fellows, the bar will be set high for those of you who dare to one day come seeking my princess' hand.

-Guy Sheffield 12-01-06