

The Faith of a Child

August 17, 2018



“Seeing the people, He felt compassion for them, because they were distressed and dispirited like sheep without a shepherd.” -Matthew 9:36

On a beautiful and sunny afternoon when the air begins to feel like autumn breezes are drawing closer every moment, a wonderful thing was about to move me to tears. It would be another of those *proud father moments* I have experienced many times.

A few days earlier I had mentioned to our youngest son the need to visit Bronson hospital again and sit with some very dear friends for a visit. It was then that I told Aidan, our son who is just 11 years old, that my friend had asked if he could come with me sometime on a future visit to play with her daughter. Aidan was thrilled.

For a young man, prone to spending many hours conquering the challenges of video games to jump up, ready to go, it was encouraging to this father.

This was not his first time going on hospital visits with me as he always loved going. There was one day when he was much younger, and his practice was to keep his hands very clean. So, with every hand sanitizer we passed, he would take a shot and walk on.

Unfortunately, as we returned to the car after the visit of a sweet little friend of his and he proceeded to eat the ice from a coke we had previously purchased by dipping his hand in the cup, the residue of the hand sanitizer made him a little drunk from the alcohol content. Not a good thing for a preacher’s kid. But, it makes for a good story. And, a good lesson for parents.

On this trip as we were driving to the hospital we discussed our visit. Aidan had brought his favorite games so he and his friend, Izy, could sit together and play. He was so excited and could not wait to get to Izy’s room.

Now, here is the truly amazing part of my *proud father moment*. Walking down the hallways of the Bronson Children’s hospital, Aidan looked in the rooms and noticed the children who were there with their parents and some who were there alone.

“Dada, I see the kids and it makes me feel so bad for them.” Aidan said.

I looked into the eyes of a young man who had the compassion of Christ in his eyes. As we continued down the long hallways, I glanced at my son and saw something every parent wishes their child would possess ... *the love and compassion of Christ for the hurting.*

I said, *“I know how you feel, buddy. Many time’s as I have visited, especially when there is a child or a young person I have prayed for, I fall against the elevator wall, or sit in my vehicle and cry.”*

In this world, there are so many wonderful things that God created for us to enjoy. In this life, there are many times we are pushed to the brink of pain and suffering, and we wonder how long we can endure those dark nights.

On that day, like many times before, I looked into the eyes of a momma who would not leave the side of her beautiful little girl who was fighting for her life. Separated from all that they were used to: *home, work, friends, and a normal life*, this momma and her baby stood strong together, loving each other as they held hands, and fighting for life together.

For a moment, my son and I had the honor of being in the presence of greatness. We all continue to pray for and love our friends, Izy Cassel and her awesome momma, Shelly.