

## Blessed by Wise Parents

The longer I live, the more I realize the good fortune of having loving, supportive, Christian parents.

In all likelihood, most of you have the same awareness. Sadly, some do not – coming from circumstances in which the needs of the child, including for love and encouragement, are not met. Some of my friends and acquaintances who found themselves in such situations have succeeded and have lives of fulfillment and happiness; others, not so much.

My father and mother always wanted the best for me and my two brothers, and they showed it in their daily interactions. Among their desires was for the three of us to get a college education – something both of them were denied. And they made personal sacrifices and shepherded us along that path.

As a barber who developed his own business, my father had hoped that one day he could change the sign on his shop to say: **Hunter & Sons Barber Shop**. But that career was not for us. He recognized our dreams and was glad as they developed.

I can identify with what Max Lucado, minister and author, wrote in his book *You Changed My Life: Stories of Real People with Remarkable Hearts*. Here is what he said:

*Uncommon are the parents who attempt to learn the God-given talents of their children – and blessed are their children.*

*Read my name among the blessed. Crankcase oil coursed my dad's veins. He repaired oil-field engines for a living and rebuilt car engines for fun. He worked in grease and bolts like sculptors work in clay; they were his media of choice. Dad loved machines.*

*But God gave him a mechanical moron, a son who couldn't differentiate between a differential and a brake disc. My dad tried to teach me. I tried to learn. Honestly, I did. But more than once I actually dozed off under the car on which we were working.*

*Machines anesthetized me. But books fascinated me. I biked to the library a thousand times. What does a mechanic do with a son who loves books?*

*He gives him a library card. Buys him a few volumes for Christmas. Places a lamp by his bed so he can read at night. Pays tuition so his son can study college literature in high school.*

*My dad did that. You know what he didn't do? Never once did he say, "Why can't you be a mechanic like your dad and granddad?" Maybe he understood my bent. Or maybe he didn't want me to die of hunger.*

(more)

Max Lucado can say – and so can I – that we were blessed by wise parents.

Perhaps you haven't counted that blessing among all that God has given you for a while. It's never too late.

If your parents are still living, make it a point to tell them how grateful you are for their giving you life and encouraging you in it.

And if your parents are no longer alive, add such a blessing in a prayer of thanksgiving to God.

*Honor your father and your mother, that your days may be long in the land the Lord your God is giving you (Exodus 10:12 ESV).*

– Beecher Hunter