

God is not like my Dad

As I have grown older I've learned many lessons
some questions are hard and need some confession
And while swirling thoughts aren't a pain all that bad,
sometimes they make one seem angry or sad.
Especially, I'd say, from my limited view
was the weird notion that my world was askew.
Why some things seem fine until you peek underneath,
and find that reality is not your beliefs!
The biggest one, I think, to hit this young lad,
is the thought that my God, is not like my Dad.

No, my God is loving, He is kind and He's good
He helps me and gives me the things that He should
I do not deserve all that the gifts that He gives
but he gives them anyway, because that's how He is.
I have come to be sure of a positive fact,
as I've lived and I've learned and I've grown up quite fast
and this is the knowledge that first seemed so sad...
the truth that my God is not like my Dad.

My Dad is quite angry and stews a whole lot
he growls and he glares at the state of his lot.
His family is scared to be different than he,
and that's why they all must flee to be free.
My Dad doesn't talk much, not even to say,
"I love you, I like you, I want you to stay".

No, he pushes, he bullies and gets his own way
and those that have loved him get pushed far away.

But the Bible you see, has a much better tale,
about One who is different....it never gets stale!
Can you see where it goes, this seeming sad ballad?
Its a good thing to know God is not like my Dad!

Now I must be fair and be fully correct,
and say that my Dad was not the worst wreck.
He did some things right, and those deeds were quite bright,
and when I ponder them, it gives me delight.
But woe to the day that I woke up "iron-clad"
knowing that God was not like my Dad.

You see, for years upon years my faith was in man
and the main one I knew had me as his fan.
And unwitting it was, but alas it is true
I thought that my God was just my Dad's hue.
Imagine the crestfallen look that took place
when I felt the cold sting of Dad's sin on my face.
For my Dad is a man, and like all the rest,
he, just like they, is not sinlessly blessed.
So I was set up in my mind it would seem
to learn a lesson that's quite hard to glean,
And that's why it made me so sick and not glad,
to learn that my God is not like my Dad.

One day if it pleases my Father above,

a son I will have, to train and to love.

But I hope his perspective is different than mine
and he'll see me walk a very straight line.

And when I have bad days, for surely they'll come,
he will not feel dumped or lose sight of the One
who loves, cares and listens to the thoughts of His son.

For to say that a Dad is not quite like God,
shows that that Dad, is a glimpse of his God.

And to hope for much better, and see a small view,
of the One in the Bible, we will know when we're new

Seems to me a much brighter, and happier plan,
than having my son be fed up with a man.

A lesson I've learned, and I think it is true,
is a good one because your future is you.

You don't have to leave a confusing legacy,
where others are left feeling abandoned and messy
Just fix your eyes closely on Christ...loving, not mad
and be grateful that God is not like my Dad.