

UNSUNG HEROES
Copyright 2013, Paul Spite
For inclusion in newsletters, all other rights reserved

THE PRESSING NEED

He was the assistant pastor of an established church. She was a well built young lady who was heart broken. She tended to attract a lot of attention from young men, and perhaps that had gone too far. The subject of their conversation will forever remain private, as it should. I only know it involved a lot of tears on her part. He was not her father, so it might not have been exactly appropriate when he pulled her into his embrace, gently kissed the top of her head, and told her he loved her. It was though, exactly what she needed.

As her former teacher, I watched this transpire. She had caught my attention in a Sunday school class with her response to a question. In an effort to make my teaching relevant, I asked my students what question they would ask of God, were He to be briefly present in the room. Hers was, "Why did my Daddy leave me?"

She was just one of an increasingly large generation of children seeking the same answer. She had a step father doing his best to fill the role, but apparently was not comfortable seeking comfort there. The assistant pastor was a father with children of his own. Some had chosen hard paths to follow. He had a lot of experience mending broken hearts.

There are undoubtedly some who had a problem with what he did. It was not socially acceptable for someone in his role. It was questionable for someone of his age to have his arms around someone of her age and level of development. It was not really even his place as a parent. I am sure he took all that into account as he pondered how to help.

I think he saw the real need. She needed to know whether, regardless of what she had done, she was still worthy of the love of a father. So he held her and kissed her as only a father could. Every other consideration was secondary. Disregarding the regard of others, he did exactly what was needed.