

We are in the last moments of March and three months have simply sped past. And what had not happened, or what did happen😊! Yet in everything our Lord is so faithful and keeps us loving anyway. How thankful and grateful we should be that such an awesome God ever condescended to choose me, love me and go to the Cross just for me. We can never ever comprehend the mystery of such love, we can only receive gratefully and joyfully with open arms.

Once again my heart went back to the story of Prodigal Son. (Luke 15, 11-32). My heart was searching the heart of the Father. I recently read a full book on this parable based on Rembrandt's painting of *The Return of the Prodigal*. It is written by a former Harvard professor, Henri Nouwen and when he saw this painting was so moved and

like a Prodigal started searching out for The Father, relinquishing the honours of the world.

***“The younger of them said to his father,
“Father give me the portion of goods
that falls to me.” SO HE DIVIDED TO
THEM HIS LIVELIHOOD.***

When the younger son, the heart's desire of every home, came to the father, face to face and demanded, "Father give my portion." the heart of the father broke. He knew out there, was sin waiting with open mouth. The father knew there was the pig sty waiting for his beloved son, who bears His image. The heart of the father was bleeding for He knew what lay before His beloved son who is now blinded by the charm of the world. Yet He divided and gave the son's portion and sent

him away not knowing when he will return or will he ever return?

The father who is certainly rich and powerful, who knew that His son is walking straight into destruction could have refused the money and chained him, until he is cured of his sin-sickness. But the Father LET HIM GO... Could that be love, that lets His son walk into death! All the pain and agony which will come later to his son, was felt the very day in the Father's heart, when the son stepped out of home. Yet the father let him go, the father loved, the father prayed, the father in his pain and agony waited, yet the father hoped against all hope...yet the father kept on looking at the horizon waiting for the walk of his beloved.

It is so hard to let go, it is so hard to leave our cherished ones to let go into this wide world and only to trust the

God of Heavens to watch over them. The father lets him go, for he knows this world with its betrayals, its lies, its filthiness will teach his son, what he cannot teach and what the son was not willing to learn from daddy.

The contrast, the opposite of everything good, fires such a deep longing for the Presence of the Father and the love of home, that even when our soul is shattered to smithereens, we somehow grope our way back to our Home the last hope. And be sure the Father is gonna run to receive you Home. It is good for the soul to know it has sinned and broken the heart of the Father, it is good that we get back to the Father's home where He will bind our broken hearts and put the joy and laughter back into our lives. Is there the heart ache of another Father who also would send His Beloved Son, to the

Cross through which many Prodigals will walk home to the Father! All have sinned and strayed far away, but our Heavenly Father, sent His Most Beloved Son and has built a highway for us to return Home. Come let us hit the road home! Father, Father we have strayed, sinned, wounded, bleeding and broken, yet you sent your only Beloved Son, the apple of your eye to be broken on the Cross, so we could come home to you, healed and restored. Thank you Father for your love that lets us go, for your love which runs to receive us and your love which rejoices over us wee sinners. Thank you for the Cross. Keep us close to you. Help us to do what your heart's desire. Help us to bring many sons to glory. In Jesus Precious precious name I pray. Amen, amen, amen.