

Come home, come home..

..BUT WHEN HE WAS STILL A GREAT WAY OFF, HIS FATHER SAW HIM AND HAD COMPASSION, AND RAN, AND FELL ON HIS NECK AND KISSED HIM. Luke 15, 20.

It's so unbelievable that nine months have simply sped past. But looking back all of us will mutter a prayer of thanksgiving for the unfailing faithfulness of our loving Father.

Again my mind compellingly went back to the picture of God the Father.

The Bible is full of word pictures so alive and vibrant.

One of the most moving and unforgettable clipping would be that of the royal old Father running towards a smelly, ragged young man tottering on unsure footsteps. The Father runs and the servants around are stunned rather terrified, by this flamboyant show of raw emotion of their dignified grand Master. But the

Father runs.. Oh His beloved son. How many days he felt his little body on his shoulder as a treasure as he hummed him softly to sleep? How he had run behind this little fella catching him triumphantly and carrying him home joyfully in His shoulders. How this little fella once grown up shouted and grabbed his share and ran away from home. Oh the pain of letting him go into the jaws of the wild! The Father runs seeing his beloved coming back all in one piece, though torn and tattered.

The Father runs... Every step bringing a fresh memory and his heart swells with compassion, with love Now there is his son, his rebellious son, now broken, his stomach all shrunk, shoulders stooped , eyes on the ground, broken and defeated, entering the village gate. And the Father ran , brushing the tears freely flowing unashamedly down his leathery cheeks. The Father ran laughing and calling out the pet name of his son(remember your pet name, that is what the Father called out).

There the son , stands transfixed not really believing the father who came running. He forgot his confession. He stood there gasping , looking at his beloved daddy himself running towards him. Oh how old he looks now and how he runs with faltering steps. Tears break out, his heart bursts into sobs as his Father gathers him into his arms, falling on his neck, kissing him like a little baby. His own boy, darling little boy is back home, the young man weeping on the Father's shoulders. Oh boy he is home again. He is home. Daddy will take care of everything that concerns him. Now he can rest.

Somehow I cannot read this passage dry eyed. Every time I read, the incomprehensible, unconditional love of the Father breaks me. Why should the Father love us so? I don't see the prodigal as someone next door or the rough guy standing in the street corner. It is obviously me. Obviously me, rebelling and running away from the safe shelter of my Father's wings. But my Father never stopped looking for me and when I came he came running.

My dear friend wherever you are, in a pig sty or a bar or a theatre or a dungeon, get up and come home. Papa is waiting and watching. You can't imagine what a feast He will throw for you and me. Come home. Even if you are smelly, sin saturated and ashamed. Come home. Father will take care of you. He knows how to wash you. He had already sent His only begotten Son to the Cross and when you believe, the Blood of Jesus will cleanse you clean and restore you. Come home my friend , come home.

Oh Father lead us home to you. I am weary, hungry and hopeless away from home, away from your Presence, away from the shelter of Your wings. Draw me home Father. Draw me into Your Presence. Draw me into Your encircling wings. Let me rest my head on Your shoulders. Bring me home Father. Bring me home. Love you. In Jesus Name. Amen

Dear friends, I dont know why I wrote this. I had another message, but somehow this was forced on me once again. In a home or out of a home, most of us feel homeless, fatherless. Only in

Christ Jesus, we find our home again, our rest again. With all my heart I call you to get back to worship the Lord, no matter what you are going through. May the Lord bless you all richly this month and make you a blessing in all the nations you are stationed. Love you all and praying. Laura