

Sunday Players

Drama Resources

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Hey Dad

By Bob Rictor

Hey, Dad. It's me. I've been thinking about you a lot lately – and not just because it's Father's Day.

It's kind of weird. You keep popping up in the strangest places. Like the other day – we were driving somewhere, Leah was next to me, the boys were strapped up in their car seats behind us. I reached back and gave Shaun's knee a squeeze – you know, just to let him know I love him. Suddenly I was four years old again in the back seat of that big ol' ugly Ford we used to have. Everything was so vivid. And there you were, reaching back from the driver's seat to give my knee a squeeze. You know, up until that moment I'd forgotten all about that. But there it was. How many times did you do that to me? I can't even begin to count.

And remember the wrestling matches? Ken, Sue and me trying to take you down. I think of those times every time the boys and I wrestle. Were we as rough on you as they are on me? Now I know why you and mom stopped at three kids. But isn't it great seeing them laugh so hard? Kind of makes all the bumps and bruises worth it.

We started subscribing to Highlights magazine. It's a slightly saner way to spend time with the kids. I remember you lying on the living room floor with us finding the hidden pictures, reading about the Timbertoes and Goofus and Gallant. I have a confession to make: no matter what you said, I always liked Goofus best.

The other day you asked me if I knew you loved me. Yeah, I know you love me. We've had our problems along the way, and we haven't always gotten along, but I know you love me. The only thing is that over the years I'd sort of forgotten all the ways you've shown me your love. It's taken me squeezing Shaun's knee, and throwing the football around with Josh, and the snuggles and kisses I give my kids to remind me.

I wish I had known that when you asked me. I could have said so without a doubt. I wish I had known. I wish I had known that that was the last thing you would ever ask me. Oh, Dad, I would have never let that conversation end if I had just known. I would have told you all the things I've learned from you. I would have thanked you for the godly heritage you passed on to me. I would have told you how deeply I love you.

Dear God, when you see my dad up there in Heaven with you, would you do me a favor and give his knee a squeeze. Tell him it's from me. He'll know what it means.

I miss you, Dad. And I love you, too.