

The Tears of Two Fathers

(To be emotionally dead...then live again)

It was mid morning; I was in my early 20's married to my first wife with two boys, Adam and Jamie. The Yom Kippur Holiday, (Jewish Annual Day of Atonement for the Sins of the Nation), service at the little Orthodox synagogue was always longer than I liked so I arrived late.

I had gotten up early so I could worship with my Dad along with 82 Holocaust survivor members, people who remained faithful in their obedience to their God.

My Dad had been praying for hours already when I came into the service.

My Dad lost two children and a wife in the death camps. As you can imagine, to my parents, I was their sole reason for living, a special gift from God after the war.

My wife at the time did not like my parents, even though it was my parents who always came through for us in the beginning of our marriage with money and groceries ...and never said a word to us about their help.

My parent's only joy was to see me and their grandchildren. It had been several weeks since I allowed them their joy.

When I arrived and took my place next to my Dad he turned towards me. The look on his face was one of compassion for me...but there were tears in his eyes. Then as if forcing his expression to change he became angry and he said I should follow him out of the synagogue.

My mother that morning was crying deeply...why had she not heard from her son for almost 6 weeks, why could she not see her grandchildren, he blurted out. It was more than my Dad could bear, to see the woman he loved so deeply at this late stage of her life be in so much emotional pain.

My Dad with tears told me he never wanted to see me again, that I was dead to both him and my mother...then he began to walk back towards the synagogue without me...back to his God to whom he would pray for strength, solace, and for peace in this new emotional pain.

To hear those words, see his face and feel his new agony that I had inflicted was more than I could bear. I began yelling for him to stop and wait, he didn't. I yelled loudly to him, he turned and I passed out and fell to the ground.

He ran to me and fell to his knees, cradled and held me, crying that he was sorry. Can you imagine... HE ran to me and said HE was sorry. What had he done? Nothing...I did it all! I had become insensitive to one of the greatest love's of all, the love of a father for their child.

Like you I grew up in a family with relatives. There were always plenty of people to wipe away my tears; Aunts, Uncles and Cousins, my Mom and Dad. Yet, when I think of someone wiping away my tears I think only of my Dad.

That morning so many years ago in front of the synagogue, with my Father rocking me back and forth, holding me in his arms, tears streaming down his face, wiping away my tears, with people walking by staring at us, offering His forgiveness when it was me who caused him pain...changed my attitude and my emotions and my life.

His hands were rough and callused, his fingers crooked and long. Years ago in the old country his grandmother chased him upstairs trying to hit him with a rod. To get away he jumped head first from a two story window, breaking his fall with his hands.

There was something in my Father's touch that took away more than the drop of hurt from my cheek. It took away my fear of rejection.

"The Apostle John says that someday God will wipe away your tears. The same hands that stretched the heaven will touch your cheeks. The same hands that formed the mountains will caress your face. The same hands that curled in agony as the Roman spike cut through will someday cup your face and brush away your tears. Forever." (Max Lucado)

The theme of the Book of Revelation is one of rewards for those that believe in Jesus, the Messiah of Israel, and the Son of God. That reward is to go home. If my earthly father Armin can show so much sacrificial love to me his son when it was I who caused his pain...

...Then how much more sacrificial love does the Father of us all have in sending His Only **SON** to die on that Cross in place of me, the one who caused **HIS PAIN**.

In many of my stories I imagine God speaking directly to me.

"My child God said to me. I wanted to tell you personally what the Crucifixion of My Son meant to me.

You have children and grand children and I know you love them. I know that you would do all you could to protect them from harm and that you would gladly take upon yourself their death. I know this because you were created in my image with the ability to Love.

I know that if men took your child and beat him with whips that ripped both flesh and bone from his back...**that you could not be restrained.**

I know if men forced your child to carry a beam of heavy wood down the street as people swore at him, mocking him, and spitting on him... **that you could not be restrained.**

I know if men forced your child to lie down on that cross and then drove nails through his feet and hands to hold him there...**that you could not be restrained.**

Could you Ernie? The Lord asked softly...no Lord I said quietly.

I stood and watched as they did all those things to my Son. I stood there not for His sake **but for yours**, because He took that punishment not for His sake **but for yours**....I honored you through His Pain. But Ernie, when Jesus...MY SON cried out ...**MY GOD...MY GOD...WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME?**

That was more than I could bear, so I turned away and cried uncontrollably. My Son had wept over Jerusalem; and now I wept over my Son. Yes, I could not look upon the Worlds Sins that MY Son was bearing, but even more than that, if I had looked at HIM at the moment HE said those words...**I knew in my heart ...**

That I could not be restrained!

Ernie...I wanted you and those that say they love my Son, to know that even for the Joy set before both HIM and I...the Cross was the most difficult thing either of us have gone through.

Have you ever given any thought to the tears Jesus will wipe from your eyes? Why am I going to be crying before Him? Maybe because as hard as I tried while here on Earth encased in this broken vessel of clay, the motives of my heart have always been tinged with pride.

Maybe because in my own way I too have Mocked God by trying to blend into the sewage around me like a Chameleon instead of standing alone for HIM?

Maybe because I haven't taken His command to share the Gospel serious enough and He will show me the hundreds of times **I could have made** a difference in someone's life by planting a seed for the Holy Spirit to water.

I will stand before Him looking into His Eyes filled with Holy fire and use words to give an account of the life He gave me to live out before HIM. He will then show me the times He had given me words to speak in the power of the HOLY SPIRIT, but I chose to remain silent.

To my shame my life is full of words never spoken. Words that were meant to give life by planting seeds into the hearts of people that God put into my path. Thousands upon thousands of words never spoken have filled my memory with **If Only Moments**. Only God knows the answer to “what If I...obeyed and spoke”

In the end when we stand before HIM and HE wipes the tears from our eyes, the lesson we will learn is that our lives will be measured not only by what we did, but also by what we did not do.

Because you still live in this vessel of clay, everyday you have life is a day of hope that you will walk before HIM in obedience. I know that I am weak and I know I am not Holy. But, I also know He said my weakness will show His strength if I look to Him for help.

I know that HE called me to stand out in the crowd, to let the light within me shine out like a pillar of fire in the wilderness surrounding me.

Joy holds this life I have lived for 63 years together...because of what awaits me when I get home. Like Abraham before me I too am a vagabond looking for a city whose builder and maker is God, to a city with eternal foundations in Heaven.

My daily prayer is that those I love and cherish will come to faith and belief in Jesus the Messiah of Israel as their Savior and Lord. And together we will spend Eternity in Heaven.

If not, I know God is greater than us all and His Judgment is Just; and He has promised to wipe away every tear from my eyes and give me HIS PEACE.

Jesus says to you and I:

Let **ME** help you.... I have walked in your shoes...**Come**.... take up your **CROSS** and...Follow **ME**.

If you feel the need ... then ask Him to help you match up your walk with your talk ...**I have.... and HE WILL... if you follow HIM?**

AMEN and all Gods people said.... AMEN!