

2-2009

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Sari Butler  
*Andrews Academy*

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### Recommended Citation

Butler, Sari, "A Glimpse of My Daddy" (2009). *Lake Union Herald*. 456.  
<https://digitalcommons.andrews.edu/luh-pubs/456>

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# A Glimpse of My Daddy

BY SARI BUTLER

**H**is arms were crossed and his head down. Standing at the end of a low counter, five-year-old Jakob was alone in the classroom. When I walked in, he raised his head. It was obvious he had been crying.

“Where’s your daddy?”

“I don’t know.”

I was uncertain: *Was he in time-out, disciplined for some earlier misdeed or was he afraid?* I crouched down so I could be eye to eye with him.

“What’s wrong?”

“I don’t know where my daddy is.” A great sob escaped as a tear rolled down his cheek.

“Would you like me to help you find him?”

“Yes!”

Brightening with hope, Jakob wiped his face on his sleeve.

His father David was a fellow teacher, and I had an appointment with him that Friday afternoon. I knew David was somewhere in the building. More importantly, I knew he would never leave his son uncared for. I figured he stepped out of his office to run a quick errand somewhere else in the building.

Jakob and I walked into the library that connects several classrooms with the rest of the school. Across the top of the bookshelves, I saw David enter the library and begin cutting across in our direction. I told Jakob that I saw his daddy. In his excitement, Jakob began to run straight toward another set of doors. It was obvious Jakob would miss his daddy because of his limited view behind the shelves. Just before he went too far, I told Jakob to stop and turn to the left through the row.

The parallels from that scenario were easy to draw. I, too, have been like little Jakob, losing faith and losing peace when I don’t see my Father. I have been saddened, too, by friends’ stories of loss of hope in God, even though “Dad-



dy is still in the building.” Even with as clear a promise as we have been given, “I will never leave you or forsake you,” we think we know better because if He were still with us, Mother would not have gotten cancer, or the job would have worked out. We defiantly and dejectedly cross our arms, put our

heads down, and say we don’t know where our Daddy is. And we cry in self pity rather than choosing “ruthless trust,” but He is still in the building.

Then there is the role of the helper. What responsibility do I, who have gone further down the road of a grace-filled relationship, have to help those who lose sight of Daddy? Can I offer hope to those who have lost hope? I, who repeatedly have been reassured of His faithfulness, know that Daddy is not far and is faithful. “You will seek Me and find Me when you seek Me with all your heart” (Jeremiah 29:13 NIV).

Lastly, how do we view our Father, a view often distorted by our less-than-perfect earthly parent? Maybe you were told that “big boys don’t cry,” or your tears were laughed at or ignored. Maybe you were told that you could cry only if there was blood. Or maybe there never was a daddy to see the tears you cried all alone.

David scooped up his son, hugging him tight. And I was privileged to see a glimpse of my Daddy in little Jakob’s parable.

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Sari Butler is a counselor at Andrews Academy in Berrien Springs, Michigan.