

Covenant Life

- Our next in-person Community Gathering will be next Sunday, June 27th at 4pm in the MSMCS gym. Please come and bring a friend.
- The Camp Jesus Family Carnival Day & Cookout yesterday was a tremendous success. We will post pictures on our website www.GodsDelight.org.
- If you were not able to attend our Pentecost prayer meeting, you can listen to the audio of the prayer meeting [here](#) or review the Word Gift summary [here](#) or read the transcript [here](#).
- Your ongoing financial support is sincerely appreciated. Please donate online [here](#) or mail your donations to P.O. Box 225008 Dallas, Tx 75222.

Reflection - The readings today, including the responsorial Psalm, center on the theme of danger and storms. This last year and a half have provided each of us many life 'storms'. What has been our response? Did we have faith? Or, in fear, did we wake up Jesus? I heard a saying that when a storm breaks out, rather than praying to calm the storm, invite Jesus into your boat. Seems like a great response.

We can put so many names on our 'storms'. Whether we are concerned for our culture, our country, its leaders, our Church, its leaders, our children and grandchildren, masks, the list goes on and on, so many life storms... What is our response? Do we invite Jesus into our boat? Do we invite God to be God and Father us?

I read an article today on the front page of my newspaper's Opinion section. It was written by Micheal W. Smith for the Dallas Morning News and I want to share it with you since I was very blessed by it. If you have the time pause from this letter now and read the attached article "*Let God Father You*" below.

God's first thought is of us. That we are His child. He loves us so totally and unconditionally that He gave His only begotten Son to ransom us, to reconcile us, to open the gate to eternal life for us. Not just the universal us but US. Each one of us. You, me, each of us. And as Michael W. Smith proclaims we too cannot know who we are until we know ***whose we are***...and this is a lifelong journey.

Yes, God loves us. Proof is everywhere and inside us. What this article encourages is that we *let* God love us. Whatever our struggle, whatever life storm we are experiencing. Invite Him into our boat. Let Him Father us.

Let us pray "Heavenly Father, You know the storm I am facing...You know that I have not handled it well and have lost faith. Right now I give it to You. I surrender and put my full faith and confidence in You. I invite You into my boat, my life, this storm that I am dealing with. I know You can calm it and I proclaim my faith and confidence in You. Father God, my Father, I trust in You. I love You. Help my unbelief and rescue me. Amen."

God bless,
David

P.s. Happy Father's Day to all the Community Fathers, Grandfathers, and Great grandfathers!

Let God Father You By Michael W. Smith

In our American culture, statistics tell us we have a crisis in the role of the father. According to the U.S. Census Bureau, 1 in 4 children live in a home without any sort of father, meaning biological, step or adoptive. You might read those numbers and think, "OK, 25% isn't too bad." That is until you realize the total — 18.3 million children. For perspective, that's the population of the entire New York metropolitan area. The organizations that deal directly with this dilemma call this social ill "father-absent homes." The other side of this coin, though, is that there are households across this country where a dad lives in the home yet, due to workaholism or materialism or both, is rarely present. He eats and sleeps there but quality time is small. So, regardless of poverty or affluence, many children in our nation suffer from AWOL dads. For all these reasons, as a child or a dad or both, Father's Day may be a tough day for you. As for me, at 63 years old in a marriage of almost 40 years with five adult children and 16 (and counting) grandchildren, I have always seen my dad as my hero. The day he passed in

November 2015 from complications of dementia was one of the toughest days of my life. I still have moments when the grief grips my heart. Father's Day became bittersweet as I celebrate with my own family but miss my dad terribly. Before I came along, my dad had gotten all the way to the minor leagues in baseball before taking a job working the swing shift in an oil refinery to support my mom and his widowed mother. So I got into baseball when I was very young, and Dad was always my coach, all the way into my teen years. But as music began to become my passion and take over my interest, my father never protested the change. He just traded in his ball glove to become my unofficial PR agent in music. Dad supported my sister and me in anything we put our hearts and minds to. No matter what I did, my father was always my biggest fan. Following my dad's retirement, my parents moved near my family in Franklin, Tenn., outside Nashville. As he got older and dementia began to set in, one day while I was recording at my studio, Mom called and said frantically, "Son, your dad has fallen down and I can't help him up! He's completely pale and I think we're going to lose him. I've called 9-1-1. Please get here as soon as you can!" When I pulled up to their house, I saw a firetruck, an ambulance, and several other emergency vehicles, all out front with the lights flashing. I walked in to find Dad just as Mom had described. I thought to myself, "This is it. He's gone. Dad's going to go to heaven today." Even though I knew he was prepared, I wasn't. I just wasn't ready to let him go. Finally, the paramedics got him onto the stretcher and wheeled him outside and into the ambulance. But then believing they didn't have time to get him to the hospital, they began to work on Dad right there in the back of the ambulance. Now, my father had all these personal sayings like, "What in the wide world of sports is going on here?" When he wanted everyone to be quiet and listen to him, he would say, "Hold the phone! Hold the phone!" So, while the paramedics were working to try and save Dad, I was standing and watching at the open back doors of the ambulance. All my parents' neighbors had come out and were standing around me and Mom. They all looked very concerned and some were praying. Within a few minutes, I saw Dad raise his head up just a bit. He slowly opened his eyes and saw me standing there. Suddenly, with increasing volume as he gained strength, he called out his infamous phrase, "Hold the phone. Hold the phone! HOLD THE PHONE!" Shocked by his sudden

revival and outbursts, the paramedics stopped their compressions and backed up. My dad then announced to those first responders and every neighbor gathered around, "Y'all know who that is out there? That's my son. Michael W. Smith!" I just smiled and thought to myself, "Oh Dad, you are just too much." But his very first thought coming back into consciousness in this world was of me. And his love for me as a father. Many years ago in my early 20s, I came out of a very dark time in my life and made a personal decision to follow the faith of my earthly father and enter into my own relationship with my Abba father through his son, Jesus Christ. One thing I have come to understand from all these years of experiencing life walking with my God is this: No matter who you are or your circumstances, you can know that very scene that happened to me with my dad plays out in heaven all the time. Your Abba father looks at you and says, "You know who that is right there? That's my child. That's my girl. That's my boy." His first thought is of you. And his love for you as a father. All those years ago, I realized I could never step into my destiny until I knew who I was. And then I understood that who I am can only be determined by whose I am. Regardless of who you are or who your parents are or were, regardless of their presence or absence, how good or horrible they might have been, I want to encourage you to wake up in the morning, look in the mirror, and find the strength in your heart to tell yourself, "I know I'm not there yet, but I like who I'm becoming." We can make those declarations because of truths such as the one the apostle Paul wrote in Romans 12:2: "Don't copy the behavior and customs of this world, but let God transform you into a new person by changing the way you think. Then you will learn to know God's will for you, which is good and pleasing and perfect." (New Living Translation) I believe that to be true for me, and I also believe it can be true for you. Together, we can confess with confidence: "Father, I love what you're doing. I know I've got a long way to go. I know I blew it yesterday. But today, I love who you are making and molding me to be, in your image." We have all heard the phrase "God loves you" countless times, but the other side of that thought that can change any life, just as it did mine, is you have to let God love you. Whatever your struggle, whatever your pain, whatever you have walked or crawled through, whatever you did to someone or someone did to you, God can father you. This has been my message since my dad

went on to heaven as I have had the privilege of taking my music all over the world. That is also the message of my new book *The Way of the Father*. So, this Father's Day, I want to leave you with one final truth that I believe with all my heart: "See how very much our Father loves us, for he calls us his children, and that is what we are!" (1 John 3:1 NLT