

HER BIRTHDAY PLEA

I heard her desperate cry, “Dear Dad!”
and wondered how it felt, that rift
in father’s love I never had,
because my own was such a gift.

She longed for his paternal care
that cuddled her in babyhood. . . .
But what God willed that he still share
had died or was misunderstood.

She wanted words, his hug, his time—
Not online posts or cards that say
another’s sentiments in rhyme—
his presence on her special day. . . .

Her painful plea is surely heard
by You, dear Father up above.
I pray she’ll search within Your Word
and find Your everlasting love.

— *David L. Hatton, 3/17/2018*