

He Left His Mark

By Mark Edgemon

My father gave me to God, while my mother struggled in labor.
The hospital staff doubted we would make it.
"We are losing them both," the doctor told my father,
As he paced in the waiting room for the nightmare to end.

"God, if you can hear me, I know I haven't lived right,
But I have a deal for you. If you save my wife," he promised sincerely,
"I'll give you my son," not yet knowing it was a son.
More anxious than praying, he hoped God would hear him.

From my father's self serving bargain, the Lord Almighty
Accepted his offer, ushering needed health to my mother to be,
Giving her strength, where none existed and even more importantly...hope!
I was born normal and healthy as destiny paved my future road.

My father had given me up in his heart that day,
Never to give me a kind word or caring glance,
As if I had died and my presence was a burden to him.
He felt obligated to feed, clothe and protect me, until I could make my own way.

My God, what did I do to deserve that! A hateful father who despised me
And wished that I wasn't. I lived my growing years not understanding
Why my father cared so little for me...no answers were forth coming!
Eventually, I decided to live my own life, detached from my ancestry.

It was many years after my father's death, that the promise of my service came due.
And the Lord summoned me to Him, in a time that I was in great need and desperation.
As my father had ignored me, I realized I had ignored my true Father, who looked after me,
Clothed, fed and protected me throughout my life, waiting for my acknowledgement of Him.

As I stand now at the precipice, a canyon divides me from the rest of my future.
I now understand, that a life without meaning and purpose is living death.
And if my next step is into the abyss, then I go, but I go in faith,
Which is something I didn't have ten minutes ago!

The End