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## The Father of the prodigal.

Sunday is Father's Day. We who were blessed to have a loving earthly father will remember them & give thanks to the Lord. Today's post is about our Heavenly Father. Jesus gave us an important insight into the heart of the Heavenly Father when He told the story of the prodigal son in Luke 15. The father of the prodigal freely gave to him his portion of the inheritance. After the prodigal son wasted his inheritance by foolishly using it with riotous living, he ended up in the pig pen feeding the pigs with husks. He finally came to himself & realized how good things were at his father's house. He said to himself, "I'm going home & ask my father to forgive me, & just let me be his servant. ". When he was still a long distance from home, the father who no doubt had been looking for him every day saw him coming home, & he ran to meet him, fell on his neck & kissed him, & welcomed him home. He told the servants to bring a robe for his son, shoes for his feet, & he put a ring on his finger. He told them to kill the fatted calf & prepare for a party to welcome the prodigal son home. Think about the kind of Heavenly Father we have who is willing to forgive us & welcome us home & throw a party to rejoice over us. Talk about the best Father in the whole universe! He wants us to be in a right relationship with Him. If we stray, He is willing to forgive us & restore us. The story of the prodigal son & how the father welcomed him home always brings tears to my eyes. I loved my earthly Dad very much. I still miss him so much. But the Heavenly Father is the most perfect Father, the greatest Father, & the best Father of all time. As we think about fathers this weekend, don't forget to thank the Heavenly Father. Maybe someone reading this needs to come home to the Heavenly Father today. The words of the invitation song come to mind: "I've wandered far away from God—Now I'm coming home; The paths of sin too long I've trod—Lord, I'm coming home. I've wasted many precious years—Now I'm coming home; I now repent with bitter tears—Lord, I'm coming home. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord—Now I'm coming home; I'll trust Thy love, believe Thy Word—Lord, I'm coming home. Coming home, coming home, Nevermore to roam; Open wide Thine arms of love—Lord, I'm coming home.

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