

Fix it, Daddy  
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I can remember it like it was yesterday. As a little boy, I spent hours on end playing with my toys. I could be a little rough with my toys, but I loved them dearly. Sometimes my rough play ended up destroying the things I loved. In one fell crunch, blissful play gave way to eyes filled with tears and hands gripping the toy carnage. My father would come running to me, I suppose expecting to see some mortal wound. Seeing him approach, I would lift up the broken pieces of my affection, and through the tears say, "Fix it, daddy!" My dad, who was great at fixing things, would take one look at the broken pieces in my hand, and instead give me a great big hug. I loved those hugs. They seemed endless. It didn't fix my toy, but it healed my heart. Sometimes dad would work his magic with superglue or duct tape and my toy could still be enjoyed, kinda. Sometimes I had to learn to get creative with the broken pieces. Most of the time I had to just learn how to be OK with the fact that toys break. It was more than acceptance. Somehow, my heart was OK. It's like my father's strong arms never let me go.

Now, as a father of four boys, I have some insight into what it must have been like to be my dad. I can remember it like it was yesterday. A blood-curdling shriek arises from the other side of the house. No time to think, just run to the sound. Arriving at the scene of the incident I feel the instant relief that my child is in one piece. My heart sinks though as he hoists his broken pieces to the skies and cries out, "Fix it, daddy!" Perhaps the emotion I most remember from those moments is the feeling of helplessness. It's not supposed to be this way. I whisper in his ear, "You know how much I love you, don't you?" Through his whimpering, I can make out his little response. "Yes, daddy, bigger than the whole wide world." I am not as good as my father with superglue and duct tape, but that seems less important to me now. My son knows I love him, and we will get through this together.

My world is still filled with broken "toys." I am sure yours is too. I have learned to go to a different Father with the broken pieces of my life. "Fix it, Daddy!" His arms around me aren't physical, but I feel them nonetheless. I know that He loves me, "bigger than the whole wide world." "For God so loved the world that He gave His one and only Son that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life." (John 3:16) His love is so great, He sent his own Son to be broken in our place, so that our lives may be put back together. When God's Son said, "Fix it, Daddy," He did. The Father put His Son back together, and better than ever. Daddy fixed it, and He's not done yet.

Since Jesus rose from the dead, we have the promise that one day we will live in a world where the toys don't break anymore. We will never again have to say, "Fix it, Daddy." In the meantime, our toys still break, our Father's embrace is strong and His love is everlasting. With the promise before our eyes, He teaches us how to navigate this life filled with broken toys. He teaches us how to comfort one another in our distress and to trust in Him more. And when the toys break, like we know they will, we feel His loving embrace and the gentle encouragement to go on in the way He taught us. "Don't worry, child, I've fixed it."