

My Father's Tools

I was out working in the garage today. I was putting away my father's tools. There were hammers and chisels...brace & bits. Some I used when I was a kid. I hung up two handsaws with yardsale prices still stuck to them. Apparently, Dad had offered them for sale for \$3.00 each. (I'd have gladly paid 10 times that to have my father's tools. And I'll always be thankful for whoever picked them up and set them back down thinking, "That's a good price for a saw, but I have enough saws.") They're mine now... my father's tools. I use them often, in preference to my own. I like going to that old green toolbox that Dad once accidentally backed over with the car. When I put the tool away, I say, "Thanks, Dad." There's a part of my father in everything I do.

I keep them in a special place...the tools, I mean. My son likes to use them too. But he is not so careful to put them back. He seems to make no distinction between my father's and his father's tools. And perhaps that's the way it ought to be. From Father to Son...from Father to Son... each son making his father's tools his own and passing them on to the new generation.

God, teach me to use my father's tools. Not just hammers and saws but truth and righteousness. My Heavenly Father's tools... that belonged also to my Dad.