Happy Fathers' Day!

"A tiny sprig is planted. It becomes a mighty cedar to shade and shelter life. We scatter seed on the ground. We sleep and rise day after day. Through it all, the seed sprouts and grows without our knowing how it happens. First the sprout, then the ear, then the ripe wheat, (Kavanaugh, The Word Encountered, 78).

"A mustard seed, among the smallest of the earth, slowly rises and erupts. It unfolds to reign as the largest of shrubs, ample enough for birds to nest and hatch in. The reign of God, this matter of faith, hope, and love, this kingdom for the ages, need not measure well in isolate moments. It is a living and growing thing.

"So also our lives. Life is slow and subtle. Loves takes time to show and grow. In life, little acts count. In fact, that is what life is all about, a long parade of moments deceptively inconsequential. "Children grow before our eyes. But they age imperceptibly. We recognize growth only after it has happened. The full truth of the child is seen after the child is no more. We ask ourselves, 'Have we made progress?' We are almost never aware of it. Only with effort and discipline do we become fully conscious.

"Life, like faith and love, resists most measurement. As it develops, it is rarely noticed. We seem not to do these things by sight. Our changings are unmarked as they happen. That is why, perhaps, a daily examination of our awareness can be so life-enhancing. Examination applies the lens of believing to the blur of daily particularities. It is to notice in faith. It is to pay attention lovingly, gratefully. "Like sowers, we scatter our activities, our tiny acts of faith, flung out far and profligate, some taken by the wind, all landing somewhere. We sleep our nights and do our days, and growth takes place.

"We continue to be confident. We know that while we dwell in the body we are away from the Lord. We walk by faith, not by sight."