

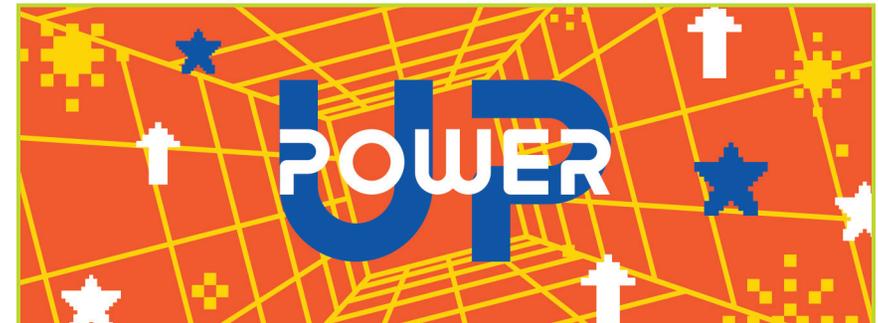
WEEK FIVE

LUKE 10:25-37

A Samaritan man finds a hurt man, and he stops to care for him.

SAY
THIS

WHO GIVES YOU THE POWER
TO DO EVERYTHING?
JESUS GIVES ME THE POWER
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DO
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CUDDLE TIME

Cuddle with your child and pray, "Dear God, waiting is hard. Waiting at the doctor's office, waiting in long car rides, waiting for Christmas—all of these things make it hard to be patient. Thank You for sending Jesus to be our friend and give us the power to have patience. I pray [child's name] and I will trust Jesus to give us the power to be patient. We love You, God. In Jesus' name, amen."

REMEMBER THIS

"I can do everything by the power of Christ."
Philippians 4:13, NIV

BASIC
TRUTH

JESUS WANTS TO BE MY FRIEND FOREVER

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THE HUMILITY OF CONNECTION

By Tim Walker

Growing up, I had a hard time connecting with my dad.

As a kid, all I could see were the differences between us.

I liked to read comic books.

I loved to draw.

I would play with action figures for hours.

I didn't like to play sports.

My dad was a gifted athlete, who had a history of sports accomplishments.

Growing up, he played on the church softball team so our week usually included time at the ballpark.

He seemed so foreign to me.

Then something changed. When I was 12, my mother was diagnosed with a malignant brain tumor. She died a year later.

Suddenly, two foreigners had to learn how to relate.

We stumbled our way through it, but a trust and respect was built.

There's something about survival that knits people together, and changes their relationship.

I didn't become more athletic. He didn't start reading comic books.

But we found more firm common ground than our interests. We found a way to enjoy each other without having to be like each other.

And in the process, we found some ways that we were surprisingly alike.

Now I consider my dad one of my closest friends.

But in a great twist of irony, I am now raising three very athletic boys.

Two of them love basketball.

One loves lacrosse.

And while I have a basic understanding of both games, the intricacies of each are beyond my comprehension. My brain refuses to get concerned with stats or fouls or penalties, and simply focuses on games won or lost.

But I try to find ways to get involved in their world.

I could never keep stats, or coach, but I can help set up the gym for a game, send out emails about the weekly schedule, update the team website, or serve my allotted time in the concession stand.

And while I don't like to watch sports on TV, I love watching my boys play.

I marvel at them. They do things I simply can't do.

And while they are not involved in band, or art classes, or drama productions, I'm okay with that.

It's humbling to be the geek dad in the stands. The one who knows more about comic mythology than basketball stats, but I think I am able to discover some of the same things my dad did.

Connection takes humility.

Connection takes work.

And connection takes time, cultivated in many invisible acts.

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