

A Father Shaped Hole

Kappa Tau First Person Essay

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When I was younger, probably around seven or eight, I listened to “Butterfly Kisses” by Bob Carlisle every night before I went to sleep. In the song a father tells the story of his daughter growing up, but still sharing a special bond together. I would dream of my dad and I having a bond similar to this. Sometimes things don’t go as planned.

In 2004, my mom told me that she and my father were getting a divorce. I was twelve at the time. I remember being in shock that this was happening to my family. As it turns out, my dad was unfaithful to my mom. He decided to run off with a woman who was much younger than he and who had become a close friend of the family. The relationship between my father and I changed. We still saw each other twice a week, but I couldn’t get out of my mind what he had done. After the divorce was final, my sister and I were uprooted from our home every other weekend to go stay with my dad. If I’m being honest, I didn’t enjoy it. Really, who enjoys going to stay in a house that isn’t yours twice a month? Even though my dad and I saw each other, we didn’t really have the relationship that I dreamed of. We would sit around and watch television together, play a board game every once in a while, go out to dinner and occasionally talk about my future plans.

Eventually, I got to a point in my life where it would upset me when I saw other girls whose dads were a part of their lives on a regular basis and not just every other weekend. I didn’t understand why my dad didn’t want that kind of relationship with me. I began to question God. I would ask, “Why did this have to happen to me? Why did my parents have to get a divorce? Why couldn’t my family just be normal?” The exact moment I received my answer is still vivid in my mind. Constantly I would ask God “Why” and this particular day was no different. God spoke to me while I was walking through Big Lots with my Dad. I heard, “I can’t tell you,” in a voice as clear as day. I remember looking around thinking someone else was talking to me

because I had never in my life heard God's voice that clear before. Once I realized that it was God who was speaking to me, I began to tear up. Not because of His answer, but because He answered my pleas audibly. God giving me a direct answer had never happened before. I was not happy with His answer, but I accepted it because my only other option was to argue with God, which would have gotten me nowhere. I would still see other girls with their dads and get a little upset, but it was a comfort knowing that there was reason for what happened to my family.

A few years later in Sunday school, my youth pastor talked about how some of us have fathers that aren't there for us like they should be. He even apologized to us on their behalf. He went on to apologize for himself and the church for not being the Spiritual fathers we needed. The fact that he apologized for these three things blew me away! I really didn't know what to think. In worship later that day the only thing I could think about was what we talked about in Sunday school. God spoke to me again almost as clearly as He had before. He told me that when my parents got divorced, my father left a hole in my heart and I was trying to fill it, but with the wrong things. During this time in my life I read a lot of books and watched a lot of television. God said I needed to fill the hole with Him, not things of this world. I didn't even realize I was trying to fill a hole in my heart. I wasn't sure how to fill my "hole" with God. I started reading the Bible more, and made sure that I took time to pray everyday, and gave my all in worship. Even so, the "hole" still remained.

While I was trying to fill my "hole," my dad announced that he was getting remarried to a woman whom I had gone to dinner with once. She also had four kids who were younger than I. The news ripped the hole that I was working so hard to fill with God even wider. Not only did I feel as though he was betraying me by marrying another woman, I felt he was betraying me because he was going to be the father to kids who weren't even his. The line had to be drawn

somewhere, and this was it. I stood up to him that day and told him that once he was married, I wasn't coming to his house on the weekends anymore. I told him I just couldn't stay in a house with someone that I didn't know at all. I think he knew that this was coming because he didn't put up a fight. That, or he just didn't care anymore.

After my dad remarried I realized what it meant for God to fill my "hole." I had to let go of wanting my earthly father to be there for me and let God move into my life to be my Father. God being my Father was weird in the beginning. I was trying to put God within the confines of what I knew an earthly father to be. The great news is that I serve a limitless God! He can do all things! He is not bound by what I think an earthly father should be! My Heavenly Father is better than any earthly father could ever be! If I'm having a bad day and I need a hug, I can call on His name and He will wrap me in His arms. If I need to talk to Him, He is always readily available! He is never too busy for me, or too caught up with work! I never have to leave Him a message! He doesn't even have voicemail! He is always there when I need Him.

Getting to the place in my life where I could proudly say that God is my Father wasn't easy. It took a lot of prayer, from me and from others; a lot of text messages from my best friend telling me to remember to trust God, and a lot of time in the presence of God.

Once I realized how to fill my "hole" with God, He took me into His arms and filled the hole that my earthly father left in my heart. Even though my earthly father isn't there for me like I always dreamed he would be, I have a Heavenly Father who is always around. Through this whole ordeal He has been by my side, I just had to realize He was there.