



Blessings to You on Father's Day from Shepherds of Love!

What is the most valuable life lesson your Dad taught you?

The older I get the more I think about where I came from and how did I learn about acts of *kindness and compassion*. Where did I develop this hunger to seek people in need and try to help by giving all I had, but most of all I want to give them *Jesus?*

When I was in grade school I watched my Daddy work so hard as a mechanic to provide for our family. He earned very little money during my childhood and a Sunday Meal of pork roast, mashed potatoes and gravy were a luxury. Mom prepared it with so much love because she knew the value to the dollar and where it came from. Some Saturdays Dad would come home with a dozen tamales spent with his last \$5.00; Mom would be so upset because she knew it was her grocery money. She fussed at him, but he sat down at the dinner table and enjoyed every bite. His reply was, "Well mama, the old man at the Fairgrounds on NW 10th Street needed the \$5.00 more than we do. Now don't you worry we will have plenty to eat." Funny thing, we always had more than enough to eat. Daddy just knew we would be okay.

During my teenage years, I had the habit of making friends with kids who had new cars and big houses. Their clothes were store bought and not homemade like mine. Before long I became jealous and began whining about why I couldn't have a new car or store bought clothes (poor me). So one hot summer day, my Dad had enough of my ungrateful attitude and we took a drive. Just us, this was not normal. I thought "Oh dear, something is up." He thought it was time to teach me valuable lesson and he did. We drove to "Sand Town" located below the bridge near the Stock Yards. The drive was slow and deliberate because he wanted me to see how homeless families live and how little they have. I remember looking out the window and thinking this is scary and sad. He parked the car. We got out and walked near some railroad tracks. He was quiet. I was nervous to say the least. I wasn't sure if he was showing me my next home or what, but I knew I had best pay attention. Finally, he asked, 'Sister, have you seen enough?' I can still hear his voice to this day. I think I said, "yes", but I am not really sure. I just wanted to get back to the car safely because people were watching us.

Finally, we made it safely to the car and before we drove off he said, "Sister, take a good look and remember there are always people who would love to have what you have. Someday you will understand what poverty looks like. *I want you to show compassion not judgment.*

