



WEEK FOUR
JOHN 14:2-3; ACTS 1:1-11

Jesus tells His disciples that He is going away to prepare a place for everyone who believes in Him.




REMEMBER THIS:

“These are written so that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God.”
JOHN 20:31, NLV




SAY THIS:

Who can believe in Jesus?
I CAN BELIVE IN JESUS.



DO THIS:



Add plastic building blocks to bath time this month. Encourage your child to build whatever they like. Say, “Jesus went away to build a special place so everyone who believes in Him can live with Him forever. This special place is called Heaven.”

BASIC TRUTH:

JESUS WANTS TO BE MY FRIEND FOREVER.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE FUTURE THERAPIST OF MY CHILDREN

By Jon Acuff

Dear therapist who, may one day be counseling my children,

There are two things I need to say right out of the gate:

1. I tried my best.
2. I hope you have a sound machine.

The second point is more of a personal preference rather than a revelation. Having gone to counseling myself, I appreciate when a therapist has some sort of sound machine that makes you feel like you’re at the beach. Gentle electronic waves lapping against the shore tend to help you forget you’re actually in a strip mall off the highway. The second point is easy to address. The first point is a little more detailed.

I did try my best as a parent, but I know my kids are going to have many, many things to tell you about someday. They will sit on a couch and regale you with stories from their childhoods. Some will make you laugh. We put a high price on humor in our family, and laughter often filled the halls of our home.

Some stories will be gross. Ask them about the time we thought a squirrel had died within our walls. Turns out it was a year-old ostrich egg that had cracked undetected in a decorative bowl. The smell was like getting punched in the face by a vengeful bird from another continent.

Other stories will not be as funny, and you will quickly discover something I had to

admit a few years into the adventure of parenting. I am not perfect. I tried to be for the first few years. I promise I did. But all too often . . .

I was impatient with my kids. I lost my temper over things that didn’t really matter.

I discouraged when I should have encouraged, or encouraged when I should have been more realistic.

I gave them bad advice. I took some things too seriously and others too casually.

I chased after my work instead of after them. I was on the road traveling for business, trying to be somebody when I already was somebody . . . A dad. A father. And in this case, a launch pad for some therapist’s new boat.

Tell my kids I love them. That I’m so proud I got to be their dad. Tell them parenting involves a lot of mistakes, and forgiveness, and messiness, and laughter. Tell them I’ll pick up the bill for your work—which I assume might be high, depending on the quality of sound machine you’ve got.

Sincerely,
 A not-so-perfect parent.



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