

The Two Fathers Who Changed My Life

By: David Burruss

You know, Father's Day has never really been about me. Sure, I might get a fresh pack of socks or underwear. I usually end up grilling my own steak, and I don't mind that at all. But those little traditions aren't what make the day special in my heart.

What makes Father's Day meaningful to me comes down to two things. First, the man I call "dad." And second, my Heavenly Father, who never fails to show up for me.

First, to the man who chose me. We didn't share the same bloodline, and I don't carry his last name. But none of that mattered to him. He stepped into my life and decided to stay. He raised me, protected me, taught me how to walk like a man of integrity. He was there for the scraped knees, go-cart wrecks and the hard lessons. And even now, he's still the voice I hear in my head when I need direction.

When I think about him, I'm reminded of Joseph, the earthly father of Jesus. He wasn't biologically Jesus' father, but God trusted him to raise His Son. That says a lot. Matthew 1:19 shows Joseph as a "just man," someone full of compassion and strength. My dad may not have had to take me in, but he did. And he loved me like I was his own.

I've learned over the years that real fatherhood isn't about biology. It's about showing up. It's about consistency. It's about love that costs something. Proverbs 20:7 says, "The righteous man walks in his integrity; His children are blessed after him." I'm one of those children. I carry his wisdom with me, and I thank God for the legacy he's built in my life.

But the deepest reason I love this day is because of God. My Heavenly Father has never left my side. He's patient when I'm stubborn. He's faithful when I'm shaky. And His love for me doesn't depend on how well I perform or how many mistakes I make.

Psalms 103:13 says, "As a father pities his children, so the Lord pities those who fear Him." That word "pities" is full of tenderness. It means He sees us, feels for us, and leans in with compassion. That's the kind of Father God is.

Even more than that, He adopted me into His family. Galatians 4:6 says, "And because you are sons, God has sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying out, 'Abba, Father!'" I love that we get to call Him "Abba." It's personal. It's close. It means He isn't just a distant God. He's our Dad.

And every single day, He's guiding, forgiving, and loving me like only a true Father can.

So no, Father's Day isn't about the gifts or the grilling. It's a reminder. A reminder of the man who showed me what love looks like here on earth. And a celebration of the Father in Heaven who loves me more deeply than I'll ever deserve.

If you've been blessed with a dad like that, make sure you tell him. If you haven't, I promise you this, you still have a Father who sees you, who knows you, and who calls you His.

That's why Father's Day will always matter to me.