

Chapter One

DAVID SHARES...



I'M MY GIRL'S DADDY

A few years ago, Elysse wrote the letter that appears in the Introduction of this book. The evening she finished writing it, she asked me to read it. I remember asking her to leave it on the kitchen table and telling her that I would read it before I went to bed that night. Sure enough, as I came into the kitchen from working on the computer late, the letter was laying alone on the table waiting for me.

I had purposely waited until all the others had gone to bed before taking time to read this letter. I wanted to be able to focus upon it alone and undisturbed. Although I did not know the exact content of the letter, I was quite certain that it would be something that would impact my life. I cry more easily than most men (at least I think so) when it comes to personal, sentimental things. It can be somewhat embarrassing, and I had a feeling that reading her letter would be one of those moments.

Yes, it was one of those moments, as I am sure you can imagine. Even now, as I reflect on the first time I read that letter, tears well up in my eyes. I sat in awe and wonder as I read this letter from Elysse. The ideals, vision, and goals that she shares are what every father would desire in his daughter. I knew that in the 18 or so years that had passed since the LORD brought Elysse into our family as our firstborn child, I had done many things wrong. There had been many times in which I had failed in my duties and calling as a father. Yet, God, in His grace, had covered my sin, used my shortcomings, and honored my heart's cry. In my hand, I held one of the most precious gifts a father could receive—the heart of his daughter.