

# BLESSED ARE THE FATHERS

By Steph Van Rossen

Blessed are all the Fathers  
Whose heart grew two sizes  
Who came apart and  
Completely undone  
Who felt the planets shift  
In the most beautiful thing  
They have ever seen  
Placed, safely, in their hands  
Thrust in their chest  
Skin to Skin  
Heart to Heart  
And were suddenly,  
Formed anew.

Blessed are the Fathers  
Who have taken up the mantle  
Of 'Father Figure'  
In ways planned  
And in the other,  
The messy tangle of humanity.  
Blessed are they who have worn it with humour,  
With grace,  
With love.

Blessed are the Fathers  
Who, caught unawares,  
Have become a new person –  
With terrible jokes  
Khaki shorts  
And Reeboks.  
Who never liked gardening  
But now Instagram their lawn  
And *another* Bunnings run  
To hang up shelves  
That could collapse  
At any moment.

Blessed are all the Fathers  
Building presents  
Within their skill set  
(and far beyond)  
In the dead of night  
While their children dream  
For the double blessing  
Of Joy and Surprise.

Blessed are the Fathers  
Who feel the weight of the world  
On their shoulders.  
Which is, really, far too much,  
They have a bad back already.

May we be bold enough  
To love them well  
To express our gratitude  
To hold them  
As they carry it all.

Blessed are the Fathers  
Tasked with the impossible  
(A task that never stops  
Even when children are fully grown)  
To build a world  
For a small child's dream  
And not let it tumble  
When 'real life' breathes on it.  
Who clean up the messes,  
Each tiny speck of glass,  
Every invisible thread,  
And somehow,  
Bring it back to fullness.

Blessed are the Fathers  
Who hold hope  
And the whole world  
For their children  
In their hands.  
And who love their children  
Simply, for being who *they* are.

May we remember that God  
Is not formed  
In the images  
Of our earthly fathers.  
These fathers who have  
Loved and disappointed us  
Who have held us  
And those we have lost.

It is God  
Who whispers  
In our grief  
Our brokenness –  
I am with you  
I am your Father  
I am all that you need.

It is God  
Who holds us, each one,  
Tenderly  
In the palm of His hand  
– His beloved.

Blessed are the Fathers  
Who are  
Humbly, Imperfectly, Lovingly,  
Made in *His* image.  
**Amen.**