

# Dad's Love proven.

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Published on Stories Space on 03 Oct 2016

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In which I disobey Dad and nearly die before rescue

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/adventure/dads-love-proven.aspx>

Dad was a very special person to me. Here are a couple of special stories about Dad that tell you about our relationship. The first story is one set in the deep snows of a spring blizzard. We had about 4 foot of snow on the level with more in drifts. After the snow had stopped, Dad and Granddad turned to caring for the livestock. The cattle were fine as they were in along the meadows and in reach of hay. However, the winter horse herd was isolated on a high ridge in The Burn about a mile from either house. Dad and Granddad got together via CB radio and agreed to pack hay out to them on skis. I was absolutely determined to go with him despite no skis, and being only six years old. I pleaded and begged until at last Dad relented enough to allow me to go as far as the trees at the old sawmill set. We set out, and I found that I could easily walk in Dad's ski tracks where the snow was packed. We reached the tree line, and Dad told me to go back. I pleaded and begged and cried but to no avail. Dad watched as I turned and walked verry slowly back to the house. Now as soon as I thought Dad was out of sight, I turned around and started following him. At first, it was easy. The ski tracks made following him easy, and I could stand on the packed tracks easily too. In places, the snow had even blown off enough to walk unassisted under the trees. I followed Dad all the way up Roaring Fork Creek where he turned and crossed over into the Burn. Up to now this journey had been on the level. Across the creek, a long climb began up to where the horses were trapped. This was also less sheltered, and the snow was blown into drifts that covered and obliterated all landmarks, so I became disoriented. I would bump into boulders, fall over logs and into deep holes. Dad and Granddad had also been switch backing to climb and then sliding down, so a maze of ski tracks prevented me from knowing which way to go. As the sun began to sink, I knew I had to turn round and go home. I

followed the lay of the land down hill until I found the creek. Disaster! The warm sun had dropped the snow into the creek and the morning's snow bridges had collapsed. I knew that the cold water spelled death, so I began to work along the bank looking for a way across. Roaring Fork joins Horseshoe Creek about a half mile below where I began looking, and there was no place to cross before I came to the forks. Hopeless! I started to realize how much trouble I was in and began crying "I Wanna Go HOME!" over and over again. At last, I knew that I would have to take my best shot and try to jump across Horseshoe Creek just below a beaver dam where the creek narrowed a bit, not enough, but better than anywhere else. As I held onto willows trying to stretch as far as possible, Bawling at the top of my lungs, Dad swooped down the hill behind me and scooped me up! I have no idea how long he had been watching me, or if he had just found me, but when I most needed him he was there! Dad hugged me, checked to see if I was OK and carried me home. He never raised his voice; brow beat me, or in any way "punished" me for this. In fact, when Mom wanted him to, he just said I had had enough. I learned that day that when Dad said something, he meant it. The fact that I didn't understand or agree was not unimportant, but it was beside the point. He still meant it and should be obeyed unless I was prepared for severe consequences. I also learned that my Dad loved me unconditionally and would come for me if I needed him. I learned what real respect was, and how you earned it. I also got a perfect example of how God our Father relates to us his creations which He hopes will become His dear children. God gives us instruction, and lays down the rules, His Law, but He gives us every opportunity up to actual destruction, to chose whether we will obey or not. When we have finally reached the end of us and call upon Him, He too swoops down and scoops our undeserving and disobedient selves up and welcomes us home. I have been very privileged to be raised with such a good example of "Father", so I have been able to understand God the Father and what He meant when He said "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God:" And again. "Grace be with you, mercy, aand peacefrom God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father, in truth and love." .