



Devotional Thoughts :: The Prodigal Bomber- for those with lost children

The Prodigal Bomber- for those with lost children, on: 2011/11/24 0:12

I noticed the post where a sister talked about the pain of having an adult child who is lost. Ginnyrose talked about her own experiences in this area. I wrote the piece below about four years ago and it was the first ever post on my website. I do not have lost a child and I also have a special needs child (down syndrome) but having a son who is not saved is a unique pain. The Lord asked me to place him in His hands and I did this. I trust the Lord, that's a declaration. Yet, the pain of flesh and blood is still there. I do not fear for him but I grieve for the pain of my prodigal son. Yet the story of the prodigal son as told by the Lord seems clear. The son realized his state and got up and returned to his Father's house. He had to realize his state, desire to return, and get up and make his way home. And don't you love the fact that while he was a way off, the Father saw him and came running. And then, he was restored, praise God.....

The Prodigal Bomber

Luk 15:24 for this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found.

Have you ever prayed for a loved one for a long time? You pray and trust in the Lord and you actually see that person getting worse, going from one bad decision to another. You talk to them and you share with them and you try to counsel them and convince them that everything they need, the answer to their deepest problems lie with the Lord Jesus.

The deeper the trouble they get into, the more desperate we become some times in sharing Jesus. And yet, the greater their need, the greater their rejection of you and the truth that you hold out to them. You see them going down and you know in your heart that this beautiful light that is within you would be the answer to their seeming hopelessness and despair, and still they reject you. I would like to encourage every brother and sister that is in that category today.

This morning I saw an image of my son, call it a vision, call it a dream, be very cynical and call it wishful thinking if you like. Yet in my vision I saw my son standing beside me at the mens study on Monday night. I was introducing the men to my son.

I was telling them how I had held him up in the air when he was less than a week old and that I had dedicated him to God, even although I myself had walked away from God at that point.

I was sharing how at the age of seven my son gave his heart to the Lord. And up to the age of 13 how we would walk to a home group together in the warm summer evenings and talk about the Lord and how exciting the prospect of Him perhaps coming back soon. I shared how that my son went into middle school and was bullied. How he went off the rails and I lost my son.

We did not speak any more, just scream at each other. How he ran away at 16 and I found myself outside a house, where he supposedly had stayed a few nights, challenging the man inside to come out and fight with curses. How this was the lowest point of my Christianity and that I had, for a moment, reverted back to a life that I had long ago left behind because everything was spinning out of my control.

How I got back home and fell to my knees, completely broken and cried out to God. How the Lord whispered to me, "Let Him go Frank, give him to me, you just speak life into him." How the Lord asked me this question "What would have happened if the prodigal Father had not let the prodigal son go?" Giving me no answer, but the answer came from the Spirit within. I shared how my son's life got worse after I handed him over to Jesus.

So many times tempted to doubt the Lord but never gave into the doubt. So many times having to ignore what was happening in the natural and trust the Lord that He was in charge and that there was movement in the spiritual.

Then in my vision I was standing on an airfield. It was WW11. Thirty planes had went on the bombing mission, 23 had came back, six had been reported to have been destroyed, and the last one was unaccounted for.

The last one was my son. I stood on the airfield with many, just staring into the skies above. Straining to see any sight of the bomber. There was nothing. One by one the people that were looking walked away until I looked around and I stood

alone in the field. I kept straining my eyes, yet there was nothing.

At a certain point a friend came out and looked at his watch, he said "Frank, they would have ran out of Gas 20 minutes ago, cmon, its time to go." I told him to go on in, I would be there in a minute. When he left, the silence and the loneliness overwhelmed me. I just fell to my knees and cried out to God.

Now it wasn't even humanly possible for my son to return. And as I lay there on the grass, I heard a very faint noise. My intellect told me that my mind was playing tricks on me. Yet, the noise got a little louder. I looked up but I could not see anything. There was clouds and darkness and nothing.

Yet the noise remained, I strained my eyes again, hoping against hope, faith fighting against unbelief and there it was, only a speck in the distance, but it was certainly a plane. It was my plane, it was my son, and against all the odds and even the laws of physics, here comes the plane.

It is battered and torn and only one of the props was working, but it was his plane and he was coming home. All those who had left the field now were back and were screaming and shouting with joy. Miraculously, even although all hope had been lost and all had given up, including myself, here came my son and the plane landed even although it was almost completely destroyed by the flack.

Now I am back at the mens meeting. And I say "This is my son who was dead but is alive again, he was lost but now is found."

Will this happen? Yes I believe it will. When it does I will be glad to report it to you. He has made me a promise and no matter what, I believe the report of the Lord. So many times we have to come to an end of ourselves and that is where the Lord steps in. And when He does, then all the glory will be His.

Perhaps you find yourself alone in the field of life today? Can I encourage you, you are not alone. Yes there will be times when every one you know will not stand with you, that things seem impossible, that you have come to the end of yourself, but do you know who you will meet when you arrive "at the end of yourself,?" yes, Jesus.

Keep staring at the skies for that field is a field of hope. Our God is bigger than all that we can see. He sees what we cannot. Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. All things are possible. Rest in hope, rejoice in hope, let expectancy do its work. He is pleased with our faith, and He is pleased when we come to Him and believe that all things are possible, it is in this diligence that we will find our reward.

Re: The Prodigal Bomber- for those with lost children - posted by DieingtoLive, on: 2011/11/28 20:11

Dear Bro. Frank

Can't reply to this right now too busy crying my eyes out while I just read this out loud to my husband. So many, many memories it invoked.

I was looking for my last post and your reply when I saw this.

I am enrolled in a discipleship program soon to start and will be back later to thank you for your transparency and devotion.

"It is not a matter of If but When" the Lord spoke to me one blessed day after coming to the end of myself many years ago.

Thank you more than you realize.

In Christ alone sister -k-

Re: The Prodigal Bomber- for those with lost children - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2011/11/28 20:42

Very touching, Frank.

I have said this so many times, I would much rather bury a child who is ready to meet the LORD then live with one who is running away from Him. And I mean that - this is where we are - still.

We have surrendered them to the LORD. Other than praying for them, we have backed off completely, trying to stay out of God's way so He can work.

Now the oldest of these boys has entered into a relationship we understand to be sin (Please, no debate! from anyone) and I am wondering how we are to deal with it when he brings her home for Christmas. We like her, no we love her, but she still belongs to another man. This has become a serious prayer matter for us as we, again, do not want to interfere with God's working. The Holy Spirit seems to be saying, "just love her!", but how? This will require special enlightenment, skills and supernatural enablement that will exceed any natural ability now within.

BTW, we have been praying for this prodigal for 20 years...today he is 38 YO.

And thanks for posting, Frank. I look forward to hearing the report of reconciliation. :-)

ginnyrose

Re: , on: 2011/11/28 20:51

Hi sister K,

I am glad that the Lord could speak to you and encourage you through these words. God bless you sister.....bro Frank

Re: - posted by mama27, on: 2011/11/28 22:24

I too, am choked up. Thank you so much for sharing this...I never wanted to be the parent of a prodigal (x 2), but I don't suppose anyone does. The experience surely shows us the Father's love for us in an entirely different light, doesn't it? May the Lord give abundant grace to every parent on this forum who is in the midst of this, and do His complete work in each and every prodigal...To God be the glory!

Re: , on: 2011/11/29 0:16

Hi Mama, yes sister, let the glory be all Gods. I believe this was an important part of my vision, that ultimately it took a miracle for the return of my son, and God gets all the glory. I think also, and anyone with children knows this, there is such a great pain involved, but there should not be torment. Torment is the domain of the evil one. When we see our children suffer, we as parents experience pain. The Lord sees our tears, He is well able to comfort us. I had torment, and it led me to agony which led me to sin, highlighted in the story by my challenging the man with curses to fight. Yet, as always, the Lord made beauty from the ashes of that situation.

I finally released Christopher into His hands and there he stays. And the Lord has gently challenged me over the years "do you still trust me Frank?" And I do. I went from agony and torment to peace and trust, yet not without pain. The silent, grieving pain of the mother or the father. Its because my heart is still open that I feel this pain, but its because my heart is still open that I can feel and express love to my son. Torment and agony often lead to a total breakdown in our relationships with our adult children. Trusting in God allows us to continue to love. I pray for every parent of a prodigal on this forum. God knows and sees your heart. Let us pray that every single one of them will lift up their eyes and see where they dwell and decide to get up and make their way back to thier Fathers house. And when they do, the angels will song and we will dance for joy that this, our child who was dead, is alive, was lost and now is found.....brother Frank

Re: The Prodigal Bomber- for those with lost children - posted by Jasmine, on: 2011/11/30 19:19

While I've been coming to SI for years, I rarely post but you dear brother appolus have brought me to such an occasion. I too have a lost adult child. So many things you have written ring true to my own situation. Only God knows and I truly mean that. I don't know anything or anyone in this human life that has broken me the way this situation has. Thank you. Thank you for having the courage to share something so very intimate and personal and I stand with you in your resolve.

In Christ we live, In Christ we die.

Re: - posted by mama27, on: 2011/11/30 19:44

To those of you who have been on this prodigal journey much longer than I have - you both make me shudder and give me hope at the same time. I shudder to think at how long this could go on. It is a good thing we don't know the future. I have hope that if you are making it, maybe I can make it too. I must be honest and say though, that I have been asking God to make me numb, because the pain is too great to bear.

I have implied through my posts for the past year that it has torn apart our whole family. And in unexpected ways....People handle grief differently, but once happy and vibrant people have withdrawn. Because our prodigals have departed so drastically from the narrow path on which we raised our children, all our other children have moved much more toward the world as well. I suppose it is in part so that they can still maintain a relationship with their brothers, but also I am imagining they might be thinking that the path was too narrow and that it is what drove the boys away. (by that I mean no tv and movies, modest dress, we don't go to the beach b/c of what you see there, internet filters etc. I do not apologize for these standards - indeed before God I cannot go the world's way even if I lose ALL my children)...

So I live in a home where the world has now invaded. In addition to the pain of watching our sons live in a world of sin, there is the pain of being blamed in part for their choice of sin. I suspect many here know what I am talking about. It is difficult to put pain into words so I will close....

Again - thank you Bro Frank for your post.

Re: , on: 2011/11/30 20:29

To Jasmine and Mama, it makes me weep to feel your pain. There is a tearing and a wrenching that is almost impossible to put into words. Guard your marriages with all that you have, such destruction can wreck havoc with your relationships with your husbands and your wives. If I had to look with spiritual eyes it is like Satan going for the jugular.

It is a true dying, a true picking up the cross mama to be blamed for your boys choices in life. Its a unique excruciating pain. We deal with an enemy that has no mercy, this is like the knife being twisted, and so sadly it is so often other Christians twisting the knife. Keep loving sisters, keep close to Jesus, its your only answer and it is your boys only answer. Stay close to your husbands, and if any husbands are reading this, stay close to your wives. Resist the urge for recriminations.

I remember several years ago, my son is 28, dreading fathers day, just dreading it. I knew that there would be a sermon and testimony of wonderful fathers and wonderful children. I had so badly beaten myself up it almost seemed like a physical pain. And out of no-where the Lord spoke to me and said " I am pleased with you son." I was so broken to hear this. I realized that I had not only been listening to the enemy for months screaming in my ear, I had been carrying him around on my back. And just one word from my Lord delivered me. My prayers tonight are with all suffering parents. God the Father knows and He loves His children, and He has a throne of grace that can meet the deepest needs. Before that very throne I pray for mama and Jasmine and every parent.....brother Frank

Re: - posted by mama27, on: 2011/11/30 21:26

Thank you...thank you....It was Thanksgiving weekend a year ago that our oldest son moved out so that he could more freely sin...just a month after our youngest son ran away (he is back home now)....I am human - this holiday was particularly hard. And did you know that in today's youth culture, when you become a man, you no longer go home for a sibling's birthday? Even if you only live 30 mins. away? It is not "cool"...we have another birthday coming up....sigh...

But Romans 8:28 is ALWAYS true whether I feel like it or not. How much more quickly I want to "get right" in the slightest area of my life where I might have grieved the Lord, than if I had not experienced this...

Re: - posted by DieingtoLive, on: 2011/12/2 1:11

So much in common w/ all of you. The older I get it's no longer just "the smaller the world gets" but "the more I get to know people the more they have in common" I know we've probably all heard "There's always someone who's had/got it worse than you." That one keeps me humble. Especially here.

If it wasn't so late and I didn't feel like prayer is more needed right now I'd give you all a blessed earful, ha. I mean that in the way of sharing some of our trials, ha, not like it sounded..lol But most important the blessed hope!

hope I can get your website off to a niece w/ an almost 18 yr. boy bro. Frank. She just left husband #6 and the kids are n't doing to well. I'm amazed they're not worse than they are. But I feel this boy might really feel a connection through your own life experiences.

Wish I had more time but just want to say I think I'll go pray now. Goodnight and God Bless

My list just grew another name. -J-

Love sister -k-

Re: The Prodigal Bomber- for those with lost children - posted by Jasmine, on: 2011/12/3 13:17

While the word of God is my primary source and where I dwell, I wanted to take a moment to share a resource I was blessed with after being in my situation for many years which still continues. It's a book called, Parents with Broken Hearts by William L. Coleman. God really used this book to confirm so many things it was ridiculous. It was like someone had been watching my situation all along (of course someone had been but you know what I mean). It was just that real. It was just that honest. It was just that comforting. Maybe it will be the same for someone else. I looked it up on Amazon and I guess it's been reissued but I also looked it up on half.com and it's being sold for as low as 75 cents. May this be a blessing to someone anyone who is a parent or knows of a parent with a broken heart.

I'm praying

Re: - posted by mama27, on: 2011/12/3 13:24

The Lord led me to this book as well, Jasmine....I have added yours to my ever-growing list of prodigals....what a glorious day it will be when God is realized in their hearts!!

Re: - posted by Jasmine, on: 2011/12/5 14:53

mama27 thank you for your kindness and appolus thank you for your compassion.

Re: The Prodigal Bomber- for those with lost children - posted by Lordoitagain (), on: 2014/5/28 19:19

"bump" ...

I read this with great appreciation for the work of God in such "hopeless" situations. THANKS for sharing!

I thought about mama27 and her continual burden for her prodigals. Many prodigals don't even realize that the only reason they are still alive is because a mom or dad or grandparent has humbly interceded before the Almighty on their behalf. Sometimes it is a long wait that seems it will never end ... but after much pain and heartache, "And when he came to himself" finally happens!