

Praise in Defense of My Father

From: In Defense of My Father:
Toward a Better Understanding of the Sovereignty of God
by C. D. Hildebrand

This is the beginning of Chapter 1 of my book, In Defense of My Father. It explains the motivations for writing this important book. This month of 24-7-365, I will be giving excerpts from the book and other related subjects. I pray you will be set free to know how good our Father is and that He isn't like some say. Please listen and grow in your knowledge of our great God.

Sincerely,

Cathy D. Hildebrand

In Defense of My Father

Have you ever loved someone so much that it pains you (or infuriates you) if someone makes a false accusation about him?

We all know the expression, "Don't mess with Mama Bear." As a parent to three children, I strongly advise you to never malign my children in my presence, and do not even *think* about criticizing my grandchildren. While normally a peaceful woman, when anyone demeans someone I love, something rises up in me that isn't quite as lovely. You won't find me laughing along with anyone who is criticizing my mother or husband or any relative or friend of mine. My family, though we might have our own not-so-positive thoughts about this member or another, will jump to that same family member's defense and regard you as someone with whom we do not want to associate if you speak against our loved ones.

It is obvious that God requires no defense—from anyone. He is who He is, and as He is superior to any other being, He doesn't need to answer to anyone for who He is or what He does.

Even so, daily our Father is falsely accused and maligned, not only by those who have rejected Him but by His own children, though usually unwittingly. Each time I hear God accused falsely, my heart is grieved, and just as a child might unnecessarily come to the defense of a beloved parent, my spirit wants to leap to my beloved Father's defense, "Don't talk about MY Father that way! He isn't like that. He doesn't do the things you accuse Him of doing."

With tears in my eyes while pondering these thoughts,
I prayed, "Father, I want them to *know* You."
To my surprise, He seemed to immediately reply,
"I want them to know Me, too."

With that response, there was a sense of encouragement deep in my spirit to finally write about these thoughts that have been growing in my heart for so many years. Tears filled my eyes as I once again felt Him encouraging me to preach freedom to His dearly loved children.