

“A wise son brings joy to his father” [Prov. 10:1a]

In the heart of a bustling town nestled between green rolling hills and lush forests, there lived a man named Brad, a humble carpenter known for his skillful hands and wise heart. Brad had but one son, Henry, a young lad with eyes that sparkled with creativity.

From a tender age, Henry shadowed his father in the workshop, absorbing every stroke of his chisel and every furrow of his wood carving. Brad watched with pride as his son's hands grew steadier and his understanding of his craft deepened.

As Henry grew, so did his wisdom. He listened intently to his father's tales, learning not only the art of carpentry but also the values of patience, persistence, precision, and a job well done. Brad often marveled at his son's developing skills.

One summer evening, as the golden sun dipped below the horizon, Brad sat on the porch of their modest home, a weary smile gracing his lips. Henry approached with a glimmer of excitement in his eyes.

"Father," Henry began, "I have an idea for a new design. A table that not only serves its purpose but also tells a story."

Intrigued, Brad nodded, inviting his son to share his vision. As Henry spoke, his words carved a picture of elegance and ingenuity, each detail carefully thought out, each curve imbued with meaning specific to their family vacations, outings, and special moments.

With Brad's expertise and Henry's creativity, the workshop buzzed with energy as they brought the design to life. Days turned into weeks and weeks into months, but neither father nor son grew weary, their bond strengthening with each passing day.

Finally, the masterpiece stood before them—a table adorned with intricate carvings reflecting their family's journey. Brad's eyes glistened with pride as he beheld their creation, but more than that, he felt a profound joy in his heart—a joy that only a father could know.

Years passed, and the fame of Brad's and Henry's craftsmanship spread far and wide. Their workshop became a sanctuary for those seeking not just wooden furniture but a piece of art infused with their own unique family biography.

One crisp autumn day, as the leaves danced in the wind and the air filled with the scent of wood shavings, Brad sat once again on the porch of their home, a contented smile gracing his weathered face. Beside him stood Henry, now a man with eyes reflecting the

same patience, persistence, and satisfaction in a job well done that had always filled his father's heart.

"Father," Henry said, breaking the peaceful silence, "thank you for teaching me not only the art of carpentry but also the art of living." Brad's heart swelled with joy as he gazed upon his grown son.

And so, in the quiet embrace of their home, surrounded by love and memories etched in wood, the timeless proverbial truth of "a wise son brings joy to his father" [Prov 10:1a] took shape in life once again.