

Daddy's Girl

We love going on adventures together.

WENDY WILKINSON

I've always been Daddy's little girl.

My friends say I act just like my father, sound like him, even look like him. Take away his gray hair and beard, and I have to agree they're right. I'm a duplicate of my dad. I even think the way he does.

Dad has always been my hero. As a preschooler I spent entire days following my mother around the house asking "When will Daddy be home?"

The answer was always the same—not soon enough for me!

We loved going on adventures. One such adventure was making a 10-mile canoe trip down the Potomac River with a group from church. It was my first time to go canoeing with my dad, and my 8-year-old enthusiasm couldn't have been matched by anyone present. I was definitely one happy camper.

The day was warm and wonderful. It didn't take me long to get the feel of paddling, and soon Dad and I were ahead of everyone else. I had a paddle in my hands and water behind and ahead and splashing all around. What more could a kid want!

Unfortunately 10 miles was a lot farther than I thought, and after a couple of miles my energy was zapped out. The paddle that had made me feel so powerful was making blisters on my hands. Even the water didn't seem enticing. My arm muscles burned, and my back screamed. I began wondering why Dad had dragged me out here.

Would we ever see home again, or would I just die paddling? It couldn't get any worse than this.

Immediately Dad sensed my mood. "Wendy," he said, "we're going to make it, and ahead of everyone else. You know why?"

"Why?" I grumbled.

"Because we're *Wilkinsons!*"

It may not make any sense to you, but the determined and steadfast way he said our name gave me all the will I needed. We were in this together, and I was going to make it. Dad would be with me all the way. No way was I giving up. You know why? Because I'm a Wil-KIN-son!

The rest of the trip we continued

the chant, two pumped up voices echoing over the water. "We're going to make it, and ahead of everyone else! Why? Because we're *Wilkinsons!*"

By the time we reached our destination there wasn't a bird, animal, or person along the river that could possibly have missed that fact.

In the boat of life we all have a heavenly Father, who, like my dad, knows we can get tired of our life and despair of ever reaching our final destination. The distance is far too much for us on our own. We're frustrated. We want nothing more than to give up and bail out.

But He's in the boat with us, encouraging us, telling us that we're going to make it. And why? Because we're God's kids. We're daughters of God.

He's our hero. We pattern our lives after His.

Don't you just love being your Daddy's girl?

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