



Links Players

Grief

But we don't want you to be uninformed, brother, about those who have fallen asleep, that you may not grieve as others do who have no hope. (1 Thessalonians 4:3, ESV)

Grief can strike at any moment. While recently packing up my 3-year-old son's golf clubs to play our first round together in the North Carolina mountains, I broke down sobbing over my travel bag.

"You were supposed to be here for this," I said to my dad, who's up there with our Lord in heaven.

Later that week, Jordan and I had an absolute blast at a course my dad and I played every summer. The next day, I had a few pictures of us printed out to place on the mountain house fridge, along with the first scorecard he ever scribbled on. I gave them to Jordan to look at on the car ride home.

After a little while, Jordan asked if he could have a picture of God to put on the refrigerator. I told him, "Oh Buddy, we don't know what God looks like."

"Yes, we do," he said, holding up a mini rubber Jesus he'd gotten a few days earlier at a bookstore.

"You are right!" I replied.

And then my son asked if he could have a picture of the disciples on the fridge too.

I haven't stopped thinking about that exchange.

The fridge is completely covered at our house. It's where special photographs, post cards and artwork are displayed. This is the first time Jordan has made a request of what goes on the fridge, and it was an all-timer!

Jesus is the son of God. He's the word made flesh. He is divine.

"The Word became flesh and made his dwelling among us. We have seen his glory, the glory of the one and only Son, who came from the Father, full of grace and truth." – John 1:14

My son is only 3, and he's been read his kids' Bible all the way through at least six times already. Jesus isn't simply a baby in a manger to him. He already knows much of Jesus' life. He has heard about the Holy Trinity and understood it enough to correct his mother!

To have a childlike faith doesn't mean a simple, naive faith. It means to be humble. To be in wonder. To be pure.

My earthly father and my Heavenly Father surely smiled over that car conversation.

And here I thought our first nine holes were unforgettable.

PRAYER: Father God, we thank you for sending your son to die for our sins. To show us your glory. May we, in our old age, have faith like a child – full of eagerness and awe

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Beth Ann Nichols

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