



RUNNING FATHER

Luke 15:11–32

aka: The One Where Grace Beats
Guilt to the Finish Line

You've probably heard the story, or maybe you've lived it. A son takes what isn't really his yet, blows it on all the wrong things, and finds himself broke, hungry, and humiliated. He rehearses his apology speech on the long walk home, hoping for mercy, maybe a little pity, but definitely didn't expect a welcome.

Then, something unbelievable happens.

Before he can even make it down the road, his father runs to him. No lecture. No punishment. No "I told you so." Just open arms, a hug that won't let go, and a party to celebrate the kid who came home.

What's wild is that in that culture, fathers didn't run. It was undignified. Disgraceful, even. But love doesn't care about appearances. Love moves.

Running Father is about that kind of love. The kind that meets you halfway when you're covered in regret. The kind that interrupts shame with a hug. The kind that throws a feast instead of a fit.

Because that's who God is. Not the angry figure waiting to scold you, but the Father sprinting toward you, laughing, barefoot, robe flying, just to say:
"Welcome home."