

“Grace is like that, you know,” I said in response. “It exposes our weakness in order to give us greater strength.” I guess that’s why we all have to depend on someone a little stronger than ourselves.” At the moment, it was the best I could do.

“Yeah, I guess so,” he replied contemplatively as he shut the truck door. “Thanks again, friend,” and he drove away.

As the two men rolled off the parking lot in the old pickup truck, I watched the weary dad lift his arm and place it around the shoulder of his disabled son. A prodigal never finds love so satisfying and sweet as he finds it in the unconditional arms of his father.

I returned to my police cruiser, drove to the far end of the parking lot, and fell to pieces, wrestling hard against the tears of stored-up emotion liberated through this unexpected encounter. Through force of will I soon regained my composure, hoping no one had glimpsed this tough, stoic, in-control cop crying like an infant.