

*But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.*

*- Gal 6:14*



*My Dear Friend,*

*Over a year ago I began trying to fashion a cross like this to honor your father. The crude, burned result now hangs in my forge, precious as a reminder of his ordeal, and your father is now in Glory. It is fitting that the gift I would have liked to have given him I now give to you.*

*This cross was fashioned from a crude spike, rusted, and worthless. To me, it is a metaphor for our life in Christ: that if we are willing to surrender our lives to the Refiner's Fire, He can take even the very instrument of His suffering and death and remake it in His own image. It is your father's testimony, and yours.*

*May God bless you this day, and to eternity.*

*Happy Birthday!*

*Allan and Chris*