A Father’s reflections at the time of Aaron’s wedding

February 24, 2018

Aaron is our 7th child. I never want to forget the three we lost due to miscarriages. Aaron Edward born around 7:30 am on 9/30/93 after one of the easier of Janet’s deliveries, and the only one to be born in Amsterdam, the town we lived in for 16 years.

Janet and I were just into our 40s when Aaron came along. I remember distinctly realizing that he would only reach the age of 20 when I was in my 60s which scared me. I prayed earnestly that the Lord would give me the strength do raise one more boy in the house. I was not under any impression that I had done all that superior a job with the other three but I was realizing how much strength/energy/commitment it was taking.

I was the last of my own siblings and the strongest memories of my own father was that he came home late and tired, and slept on the couch until dinner; and then, after dinner he retreated to his den and worked on his modeling until he went to bed. He also died when he was only 72 after a slow regression of congestive heart failure. So I felt I had cause for concern.

All the boys were given biblical first names. Aaron’s middle name, Edward, is not only a family name but is also the middle name of my spiritual father and mentor, the Rev. George Haney, who baptized all four of our boys. Aaron was the only son born after my own father had died, and so it was particularly gratifying that Janet’s father was able to be with us. Aaron was also able to go to the farm with his brothers and get to know the Keys’ homestead, his extended family, and form a lasting friendship with his cousin, Daniel, in particular. The two became inseparable.

Unlike his brothers, Aaron had very little to remember about our years in Amsterdam, being of the age to only begin schooling by the time we left. His life really began after we had moved to Maryland. Like his brothers, Aaron was homeschooled, but only through the 2nd grade. That was when Janet took the teaching job at NCCS, and Aaron began attending that school with mom being his teacher in the 3rd grade.

Upon coming to Maryland, we discovered Aaron’s athletic ability. He enjoyed two seasons of roller hockey in which he really did quite well. As he grew older, he made his mark on the basketball team for causing the most turn-overs. But he found his athletic home playing soccer. And while playing soccer he excelled not only on the field but also among his team-mates as an encourager and leader. He has a real gift there.

Aaron was 13 when he made a profession of faith at New Covenant Church. As I told all my sons at the time, to my mind, a boy first becomes a man when he makes a profession of faith in Christ. Like any young Christian man, Aaron learned as he grew what that meant in terms of relating to girls, to having a work ethic, and to his future. His high school senior project was on the topic of ‘honor’, and at Commencement, being asked to give the charge to the Junior class, his theme was “don’t get distracted!”

When Aaron left for college our house truly fell silent. Meanwhile, it was at Geneva that he struggled the most with who he was and who he was to be. We are thankful for the environment and the stimulation that school provided him.

And it was at college, of course, that he met Lindsey. Aaron enjoyed the theatrical stage in both high school and college, and it was attending one of his plays that we first met her. When Aaron finished his coursework at Geneva in Dec., 2016, he was determined to return to Pittsburgh – for some, mysterious, unknown reason. His willingness, ability to sacrifice, and motivation to work hard have made his parents proud.

Aaron waited until our family was all together on a family vacation last summer to propose to Lindsey. We all rejoiced with him. It was a treat to share the moment.

Prov. 18:22 says: “He who finds a wife finds a good thing and obtains favor from the Lord.” And Matthew Henry teaches a husband how to regard that wife:

 *[Always remember t]hat the woman was made of a rib out of the side of Adam; not made out of his head to rule over him, nor out of his feet to be trampled upon by him, but out of his side to be equal with him, under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved.*