

### 1: The Eyes of the Father (Book Review)

*The Eyes of the Father is another example of Lucy Daniels' gift for writing! If you've read her first novel, Caleb, My Son, you'll see that both novels are set in the same town. The heroine of this book is a creative woman who struggles with her heritage and her past.*

Next I think that if you talk to any married couple with children Some of us are getting ready to find that out for the very first time and others are getting ready to be reminded We were walking through Wal-Mart about a year after she was born and Suzy was sitting there in the cart and one of us asked the question What was our life like We were able to go a lot of different places on the spur of the moment But we have no trouble thinking about our current life. We have no problems remembering the sleepless nights The really funny thing is, though, these changes When our daughter was born Outside of us there were only her grandparents and some close family and friends When she woke up crying in the middle of the night because she was hungry Come to think of it When Anne went back to work When she got sick The hugs, smiles, kisses Very rarely does a child come along that affects more than a few people. There were more murders and thefts than any other place around. Roaring Camp was inhabited entirely by men – except for one woman who made her living in the only way she knew how. Her name was Cherokee Sal. Eventually, Cherokee Sal became pregnant and gave birth to baby. She died in childbirth, and no one knew who the father might be. The men put the baby girl in a box with some old rags under her. So another man rode to Sacramento and purchased some silk and lacy blankets. They men lined the Rosewood Cradle with silk and tucked the new blanket around the little baby girl. But then someone noticed that the floor under the cradle looked dirty. The next thing you knew, a few of those big, tough men got down on their hands and knees and scrubbed the floor until it was spotless. Of course, then the walls and the ceiling – and the dirty windows looked awful. So they washed down the walls and the ceiling, and they even hung some clean white curtains on the windows. Things were beginning to look a lot better. But they soon realized they had to give up their carousing and fighting. So the men started smiling and talking in pleasant, cheerful tones. Then somebody noticed how ugly the mine entrance was. So they planted some flowers and made a small garden near the cradle. And as they worked, the men looked for shiny little stones that they could show to the baby and watch her gurgle and coo. But when they held the stones down near her, they saw that their hands looked black and dirty. Pretty soon the general store sold out of soap and shaving gear.

### 2: Daughter Surprises Dad On Her Wedding And It Brings Tears To The Father's Eyes - Small Joys

*"After more than forty years, Lucy Daniels, author of the prize-winning "Caleb, My Son," returns with a new novel, "The Eyes of the Father," with the same vigor and passion but with a honed wisdom and wealth of insight. Daniels is a remarkably gifted writer who sings a tremblingly beautiful song.*

Even though the son was always on the bench, his father was always in the stands cheering. He never missed a game. This young man was still the smallest of the class when he entered high school. But the young man loved Football and decided to hang in there. All through high school he never missed a practice nor a game, but remained a bench warmer all four years. His faithful father was always in the stands, always with words of encouragement for him. When the young man went to college, he decided to try out for the team as a "walk-on. The coach admitted that he kept him on the roster because he always puts his heart and soul into every practice and at the same time, provided the other members with the spirit and hustle they badly needed. The news that he had survived the cut thrilled him so much that he rushed to the nearest phone and called his father. His father shared his excitement and was sent season tickets for all the college games. This persistent young athlete never missed practice during his four years at college, but he never got to play in the game. It was the end of his senior football season, and as he trotted onto the practice field shortly before the big playoff game, the coach met him with a telegram. The young man read the telegram and he became deathly silent. Swallowing hard, he mumbled to the coach, "My father died this morning. Is it all right if I miss practice today? In the third quarter, when the team was ten points behind, a silent young man quietly entered the locker room and put on his football gear. As he ran onto the sidelines the coach and his players were astounded to see their faithful teammate back so soon. The coach pretended not to hear him. There was no way he wanted his worst player in this close playoff game. But the young man persisted, and finally feeling sorry for the kid, the coach gave in. The little unknown, who never played before was doing everything right. The opposing team could not stop him. He ran, he passed, blocked and tackled like a star. His team began to triumph. The score was soon tied. In the closing seconds of the game, this kid intercepted a pass and ran all the way for the winning touchdown. The fans broke loose. His teammates hoisted him onto their shoulders. Finally, after the stands had emptied and the team had showered and left the locker room, the coach noticed that the young man was sitting quietly in the corner all alone. Tell me what got into you? How did you do it? Dad came to all my games, but today was the first time he could see me play, and I wanted to show him I could do it!

### 3: The Father's Eyes | [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com)

*When I speak of total trust in Christ, I mean not only in his saving power but also in his keeping power. We have to trust his Spirit to keep us and conform us to the likeness of Christ.*

Laurie Wilson, PhD, Vol. Does it matter which identity prevails? In fact the author is both a licensed clinical psychologist and an extraordinarily gifted writer. With every page the reader is engaged in a depth psychological adventure so movingly written the reader can barely put down the book. Daniels deftly weaves their narratives together intertwining them as they draw closer to each other. The main character, Lily, is the daughter of a mixed race couple. The girl is musical, and she sings well. The two are instantly drawn together and head off to Los Angeles without looking back. Once there, they marry, make music together and have a daughter, Camilla Price. Marion, the shimmering vibrant singer, becomes a ghost of her former rebellious self and reverts to being a completely compliant servant in the family living on their charity and forbearance. Having landed in the home of her ancestors—her maternal great grandparents were slaves in or near Millboro—Lily slowly works her way out of the repressed and repressing atmosphere through her multiple talents and the vivid recollections of her freedom-loving father whose eyes look back at her every time she sees herself in the mirror. Like her father, she is a gifted pianist, a talent her grandfather is glad to exploit when she plays the organ in his church. He has no similar tolerance for her musical ability when she plays at The Purple Onion, a popular club in town where Lily can more freely exercise her talent and bring her identification with her father to new life. When Lily discovers that she has additional talents as a visual artist, even greater than her musical gifts, she begins to find her way. In seconds it puffs up so large that the bars of the once-too-big cage rumples its feathers and collapse its feet. Grace has her own motives for reaching out to Lily and as the plot unfolds we gradually learn about her touching history. Slim, elegant, lithe and sinuous, Grace has more than the usual number of admiring men friends who regularly visit the year-old widow. Both women need a supportive family, which they clearly never had. And both women need a trusted witness to their sorrows and triumphs. All the characters in this moving novel are deftly drawn. The yellow canary speaks loudly and persistently when Chauncey is around. But her pleasure and comfort in the relationship are alternately marred and maddened by his arrogance and bossiness or thrilled by his unstinting admiration for her gifts. Despite the title, this book is as much a story about mothers and their daughters. The emotional intertwining of the two main protagonists comes together at a moment of emotional crisis for Lily. Chauncey has gone with Lily to a nearby city where an exhibition of her sculpture is met with triumphant success. Her simmering ambivalence toward Chauncey ebbs and flows during their trip but when they return to Millboro it erupts once again. Observing what she perceives as an unholy alliance between her lover and hypocritical grandfather pushes her over the edge. The canary in the cage confronts her eye-to-eye. She sees it begin to swell. Finally the continuing conversation between Chauncey and Grandfather but so much fire in her heart and sour in her mouth that she stood up and walked out, determined to march all the way home without saying goodbye to anybody. Instead of being ignored she is met by unaccustomed support. I want you to come back when you have more time and tell me about each and every piece. Will you do that soon? In fact, a crazy sense of peace filled the room, as if the fury and distress Lily had struggled with all day could somehow be soothed by these people. She did not know Grace intimately enough to say this. But her tongue acted on its own. We hear her thoughts and feelings when she plays the piano, her sense of herself as an artist with a career and a teacher. But growing up in Millboro continually threatened this perspective—p. Readers therefore must apply the same principles of fair use to the works in this electronic archive that they would to a published, printed archive. These works may be read online, downloaded for personal or educational use, or the URL of a document from this server included in another electronic document. No other distribution or mirroring of the texts is allowed. The texts themselves may not be published commercially in print or electronic form, edited, or otherwise altered without the permission of the Division of Psychoanalysis. All other interest and rights in the works, including but not limited to the right to grant or deny permission for further reproduction of the works, the right to use material from the works in subsequent works, and the right to redistribute the works by

electronic means, are retained by the Division of Psychoanalysis. Direct inquiries to the chair of the Publications Committee.

### 4: Through The Eyes Of My Father - Brianna Haynes | Shazam

*Lily, as her adored and adoring father calls her, has her father's red hair and blue eyes (, the eyes of the father). But she has her mother's black skin and when her charismatic cocaine-using father dies in a car accident when she is five, her charmed life quickly deteriorates.*

Published by Bill Peak on June 15, 4 Responses When I was young and foolish, I approached happiness the same way I did most everything else in my life—superficially. I viewed joy more like a quick fix rather than something of value; anything that promised instant gratification, or even hinted of a quick thrill, was all I needed. We were all shallow joy junkies back then, and we knew it. I know, I hung out with the wrong crowd—or did they? But after a while the hangovers and disappointments became much too high a price to pay for the emptiness left in its wake. Thank God I found a better way. I have since learned over the years that sustained happiness is born out of such things as accomplishments, serving others, hard work—you get the picture. No wonder I overlooked it as a lad. And to make things worse, they have a learning curve which requires great effort and patience in order to realize the joy and satisfaction they eventually deliver. Until I developed self-discipline and a good work ethic, I had no idea that the personal achievement it provides would unleash such feelings of inner peace and happiness, a thirst I now quench on a regular basis. I realize these golden nuggets I finally discovered, seem pretty much common knowledge to those of you who grew up in a loving, intact family environment—one from which both mom and dad were an integral part. I remember as a teenager growing up without him, feeling sorry for myself, wandering through life almost aimlessly. Yes, Mom was around and she worked very hard keeping food on the table and clothes on our backs—but a boy needs his dad. Hey daddy-os, listen up! You have no earthly idea how unbelievably important your love and presence is to the wellbeing of your kids—especially your sons. Not having the loving eyes of a father in my life, helping to keep my paths straight and narrow, I always chose the wrong one to venture down. You know the one—the one of least resistance which always leads to the same place—absolutely nowhere. True—but how much of that had to do with not having the eyes of a father to look up to early on—everything—absolutely everything. When we help bring our children into this world, we have a moral obligation to not only love them through the minefields of life, which by the way no one does better than a dad, but also more importantly, to teach them how to become happy. Our kids, especially our sons, find their center through the eyes of a father. Kids without intact families are practically raising themselves these days, running with gangs, living hopelessly without direction or discipline of any kind. Most all of them have mothers—but where are the DADS? Here are a couple of staggering statistics from the US Department of Census: But even more difficult for these kids to negotiate, are the minefields of life I alluded to earlier. This is where the eyes of a loving father are so vital. Life is a continuous struggle between good and bad. Choosing bad, sad, or to be filled with hate requires little or no effort to achieve, and even less to maintain. Like a contagious virus, it infects its prey very quickly, and due to its devastating side effects—despair, depression, disease, and loneliness just to name a few, it tends to contaminate forever. To this day I often wonder—how in the world did this transformation ever happen? You see, I have felt the presence of my dad in my life since the day I lost him—God has seen to that. For every time I have fallen over the years, I have somehow landed on my feet. And out of all the girls around, I end up with the best one—how does that happen? The video below completes this posting—please watch.

### 5: The Eyes of the Father by Lucy Daniels

*The Eyes of the Father When I was a child, my Easter revolved around candy and the Easter Bunny. I'd wake up early in the morning and rush into the living room to see what the Easter Bunny had left for me.*

Plot[ edit ] Francisca and her mother and father live on a farm where they raise cows and other animals. One day when the father is out, Charlie, a door-to-door salesman, appears and asks to use the bathroom. He knocks Charlie out and chains him up in the barn. Francisca and her father bury her mother in the backyard. Francisca visits Charlie, and he explains the incomparable thrill of killing others. Francisca explains to Charlie that he was not killed because he is her only friend and she will look after him. She meets Kimiko, a Japanese student, at a bar. Kimiko tries to leave, but off screen Francisca murders her, chops her up and bags the organs, putting them in her refrigerator. Afterward, she bathes Charlie, who was still chained up in the barn, and brings him inside to sleep with her. Charlie attempts to escape in the middle of the night, but Francisca catches up to him and repeatedly stabs him while admitting to him how intoxicating murder is. Francisca, distraught at being completely alone, wanders the woods until she reaches a highway and catches a ride with a woman named Lucy back to the house. Lucy has a baby son named Antonio whom Francisca kidnaps upon reaching the house. Like Charlie, Lucy has her eyes and vocal cords cut out by Francisca and is kept chained up in the barn. Antonio grows into a school age child and is shocked at seeing Lucy when he enters the barn, which he is told never to go into. Antonio later unlocks the barn, and Lucy escapes. A trucker finds Lucy on the highway, and police are called to the barn. Francisca is shown digging up the grave of her mother in the woods, cradling the skeleton and telling her how much she misses her. Coming back from the gravesite, Francisca sees police vehicles coming to the house and rushes to wake Antonio. Taking him into the bathroom while holding a knife, she brandishes it in front of her while screaming that the police will never take her baby. The camera cuts to an aerial view of the house as a gunshot is heard.

### 6: Brianna Haynes : "Through The Eyes Of My Father" Lyrics

*First of a four part series looking at the birth of Christ through different eyes.*

### 7: The Eyes of My Mother () - IMDb

*This is where the eyes of a loving father are so vital. Life is a continuous struggle between good and bad. happy and sad love and hate you pick the opposing factors. In every turn, it seems we're being tested.*

### 8: Love, Through the Eyes of a Father

*Download Brianna Haynes - Through The Eyes Of My Father lyrics. From the start you were first He loves you at your worst Hell do anything, a father He shows you what.*

### 9: Through The Eyes Of The Father Sermon by Mike Rexroat, John - [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com)

*Provided to YouTube by CDBaby Through the Eyes of the Father Â· Barbara Kohler Through the Eyes of the Father â„— Barbara Kohler Released on: Auto-generated by YouTube.*

*Ula Lii and the magic shark Bernard of Clairvaux Institutional goals Trane chiller system design and control Classification of deserts book Bedtime for Lollypop Preparing your ITstrategy The Pillars of the Earth Part 2 of 3 Current practices in high-tech home care Ground Failures Under Seismic Conditions Muhammad (Sacred books of the Buddhists) Guess what Ill be The Polo Encyclopedia Second-hand afflictions Verbal aspect in Greek : two approaches Daryl D. Schmidt Know and tell the art of narration A secret history of the IRA Scm Study Guide to Christian Ethics (Scm Study Guide S.) I Was a Teenage Fairy (Ageless Books) Quantitative Business Analysis:Text and Cases Real analysis mathematics schaum series You Bake em Dog Biscuits Cookbook Precast Concrete Materials Instituting genius : the formation of biographical art history in France Greg M. Thomas Tort liability standards and the firms response to regulation The Psoriasis Eczema Solution Phrase structure in natural language That night with my best friends brother Holsters for Combat and Concealed Carry United States of America as an emerging world power, 1890-1920 Review on application of hplc in food analysis in Algebra two with circular functions (Merrill mathematics series for secondary schools) Danger Down Under (Nancy Drew Hardy Boys Super Mysteries #20) Michael Blakemore Mystery in the old red barn Contemporary American painting and sculpture, 1974 The dramas of Sophocles rendered in English verse Introduction to abstract algebra keith nicholson Hypothesis testing II : the two-sample case Book of harmony occult*