

What is Honor?

I told my son to live with honor and He looked at me as if I was quoting Shakespeare. My grandfather taught me the definition of what honor is. I believe if he were alive today, he'd put it this way:

Honor is patience with those you love, not speaking harshly, respecting people who do for you when you cannot do those things by yourself, Honor is defending and praying for family members. Honor is defending the fort and having each other's back. Honor is defending your wingman and understanding the chain of command. Honor is manhood in that when you become a man you provide for other people. Honor is when you realize this life is not about you. It's about others. Honor is serving without the promise of return. Honor is realizing when you have been given food that you didn't plant, slaughter or earn and you feel a sense of grace and gratefulness to God and others. Honor is looking at your future and the future of others rather than allowing the past trap you in bitterness. Honor is turning the other cheek when you have been falsely accused knowing the Lord will have the last word and it is not our to judge another righteousness. Honor is self-evaluation and being able to filter our actions through truth. Honor is saying, "Wow, I blew it. Will you forgive me?" Honor is replying, "Yes I forgive you. Let's work on doing things differently starting today"

This is what honor looked like to me as a towheaded grandson because this is the way my grandfather lived his life. Man, do I ever miss him! I miss having such a powerful, flesh-and-blood example of what it means to be a husband, father and man of honor.