

## **I Call Him Mickey** by Mark Bergin

News from Haiti is bleak – the photographs devastating, the video footage heartbreaking. But even amid the carnage, there is beauty – sparkling masterpieces of self-sacrifice and heroism, courage and compassion. Our beneficent Maker has not ceased revealing himself. He has not stopped breaking through to remind us of a divine beauty that transcends all the world's ugliness.

Jeannox and Marie Jeanty have seen it. The parents of a healthy baby girl born in Port-au-Prince just two weeks after the quake struck, they represent but one of many couples to usher in new life inside makeshift clinics. Though death surrounds, the miracle of birth is ongoing.

Very few things in creation can match the beauty of that. My growing little family tasted it for the third time last month with the arrival of our baby boy. The birth of each of my children spikes in my memory like a horn blast on a sound board, every vivid detail amplified to its highest peak.

There was my first, with all the attendant giddiness of novelty and the holy fear of entering parental responsibility. She was so small, so helpless, so precious. In a moment, I understood our heavenly Father's affection for humanity more I had from a thousand sermons. And she had her mother's eyes, a future knockout, no doubt.

Then came my second, a smiling little ball of cuddle, wet, wiggly, and priceless, eyes as blue as mountain lakes, cheeks puffed with the pink of life. The great thing about baby girls is that they arrive on the scene ready to give dad all he could have ever dreamed – snuggles.

It's different with boys. As much as a father may love snuggling his newborn son, he longs for the days of body slams and footballs, when the youngster grows old enough to roll in the dirt, pee in the yard, and draw up a decent attack plan to kill imaginary bad guys with sticks modified to look like guns or swords.

Still, when my boy broke through last month and gargled and gasped for those first breaths, I wept. On its own merits, the moment had beauty enough. But the back story of my teenage battle with cancer and the resulting prognosis that I would not likely ever father sons added a measure of gravity. All children are a blessing, and with this one the delight of surprise.

His mother and I named him Micah, a Hebrew name meaning "Who is like God?" I call him Mickey. His presence in our home is a daily reminder of the answer to his name's question. Who is like God? No one.

**No one has filled the deeps and stretched the skies but him alone. No one has fashioned the marvels of earth or conceived the space of the heavens but one. And no one sets the seasons of feasting and mourning, of living and dying but God.**

**There is none like him – not one. May every hurting person in Haiti believe it and hope on it. May the wounded and ill know his mercy in the hands of selfless caretakers. May the grieving and lonely feel his comfort in the company of compassionate ministers. And may every nursing mother see his beauty in the face of their infant children – and testify to those who doubt, that he is good.**

**I will say as much. And one day, not long from now, I will play in the dirt with my boy – and worship.**

**For Prime Time America, I'm Mark Bergin**