

HEALING HEARTS UPDATE #3

from Ellen McGillis

Dear Friends:

I am sitting home on a Sunday morning because there is ice on my windows and on my steps. That indicates to me that it is not safe outside on the streets or sidewalks. Were some of your windows iced over and could you see through them? When I looked outside through my iced windows, the world was a blur and all the objects beyond the windows were blurred.

That reminds me of Paul's writings in I Corinthians 13:12. KJV. Paul wrote,

“Now I see through a glass darkly, but then face to face, shall I know Him even as I am known,” in other words, perfectly clear. What happened when the atmosphere warmed up? We could see through our windows perfectly clear. So when a terrible loss occurs in our life, our vision may become severely out of focus. So what can you do to help your focus?

Right now, life has taken your previous plans on a detour. God has chosen to take your loved one home. It was on the news a few years back regarding a little boy who was about 4 years old. and terminally ill. He recognized that his parents were grieving deeply. I don't remember if he had a dream or what instigated his following comment, but here is what he said.. “God. told me that He needs me with Him.” With a bit of a twist to that comment, your loved one has served his time here on earth and the Lord has called him or her to Himself.

Years ago I had a loss that to this day, the hurt was so bad, I don't know how I survived that time. The pain could only be explained like a huge bear had pulled his claw through my heart and divided it in about 4 pieces. It took some time to let go of that loss. There may be days that you come close to that loss also.

My plans this letter is to cover about grief. So I went on line to “Related chemical changes with grief.com.” Wow! I did not find any essays as I had hoped for, but there are many choices of books you might be interested in, that was with Amazon. So there is another source of helps for you to investigate. I pray someone will take note of that subject if you can find it. I will appreciate if you pass it on to me.

The reason that subject concerns me is that might help us relate to one day may be relatively calm and the next a fresh supply of tears and sorrow. While driving for my job, I had the radio on to a station that Dr. Dobson from Family Life Radio was speaking. He was talking about Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane, that 'He sweat as it were great drops of blood.' Of course, I can't remember the explanation, but you would know that Jesus was grieving at that time and changes were going on I His body.

The other reason of my interest in that subject is the reaction from an acquaintance of mine, who lost her husband suddenly. She said, "I can look at the wall and cry." Another day seems as if you are past the worse of the grief. Logically, that seems crazy, but that is real. I want you to understand that is normal. You are not losing your mind.

I sit here and write what is on my mind, but have no idea what is on yours and how you are or are not coping with your loss. I thought that if you either email me, (address at the end of this letter) or put a legibly written note as to how you are doing and put it in my Bethany P.O. slot. Write as if you were sitting in a group and would like to pass on your thoughts, or ask questions, give Bible verses that are helping you, etc. It would also be good if you would put you first name. Should you want to keep your name and note private that will be all right also. I expect that you will write what can be put in these letters for everyone to see and pray for you. Any urgent requests, please call them to the church prayer line.

Final comments are as follows:

God doesn't give you what you can handle,
God helps us handle what we are given.

Hymn for the week: **"We Have an Anchor"**

*Will your anchor hold in the time of storms of life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?
We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll:
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love.*

God be with you 'til we meet again,

Yours truly,

Ellen McGillis

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