

Keeping Your Footing When Life Takes a Drop

She never even stopped her movements when the turbulence rocked the little plane. She just kept taking inventory of the soda and little liquors. My hands were gripping the seat handles as we descended toward Denver International Airport, but her legs appeared to be well practiced at moving with the plane.

I feel the same way, except on the inside.

This Saturday night, Feb. 15, I got a call from my brother and mom. My dad was snowmobiling when he possibly threw a blood clot and died immediately.

I find myself in the middle of turbulent grief, but I am steady. In the middle of all the pain, the legs of my soul are well practiced. Yes, leaning away from the stomach-dropping thoughts and into faith. God is here. I know how to lean on Him.

Because I've leaned on Him before.

I've leaned on the Lord on the days when I've been irritated with a wet towel on the floor and on the days when I've opened the shocking office bill from a recent doctor visit.

We can't know how to stand strong in the Lord after the horrible "Your dad died" phone call unless we've learned how to stand strong in the Lord in the plain ol' weekday.

The Spirit has brought this verse to my mind today, and I've said it over and over to myself. Maybe you need to hear it too:

"Some trust in chariots and some in horses, but we trust in the name of the Lord our God" (Ps. 20:7, NIV).

Christy Fitzwater *is the author of A Study of Psalm 25: Seven Actions to Take When Life Gets Hard. She is a blogger, pastor's wife and mom of two teenagers and resides in Montana. Visit for more information about her ministry.*