

Love Conquered My Grief

Both my mother and father passed away within a span of four weeks, and my heart was broken. I was totally stricken with grief.

After they were gone, I embarked on a journey through a dark, lonely place. But it was there I learned to cry out to God from the very deepest part of my heart.

So deep was the pain that my tears could have been blood. I needed to get past it, but grief was taking over my life.

I was a wife and mother with a full-time job. In addition to that, I was involved in ministries that needed my attention. I wanted to begin to heal. So, why couldn't I?

The more I focused on my pain, the stronger it became. I was fearful of the thought of my parents no longer being here, and I began having thoughts about harming myself. I was deteriorating and lost more than 30 pounds.

I struggled to believe that even God could take this devastating pain away from me. I allowed my deep grief to smother what I knew of who He was and what He could do.

I know now that God was there in the midst of my pain. I left Him, but He never left me.

God Himself met me in a very special church service one Sunday. Today, I am in my right mind because He touched me and healed my grief.

I heard God's voice say to me: "Lillian, I took your mother and father, but I did not take the sun, moon stars or flowers. I left these things here for you to continue to go on living."

I can go on, and I can experience God's love in His creation. I worship, praise and thank Him today for His grace and mercy.

And I am living in His strength and using my faith to conquer my pain. I am also using my experience to help others who are struggling with grief. I know how to pray for them.