

## **Momma's Healing - January 5, 2022**

In times of trouble and extreme distress, humanity cries out to God. Some people will yell at the sky, shaking their fists saying, "How could you let this happen?" or "If you were real you would fix this!" Others crumple to the floor and weep in silence, hoping the God of the universe has a moment to lift their burden. Our reactions to hardship are as varied and different as we are.

This testimony affirms that God answers prayer in His way, not ours.

The physical ailments that Mom carried with her were never fully diagnosed or treated. Her history was one of extreme depression and anxiety that she had self-medicated with alcohol. It had been recommended to her to have a drink in the evening to relax her. This was not uncommon in the 1970s.

Years passed. My sister led my brothers and me to faith in Jesus. Now adults and living in the Carolinas, Sis and I got a call that Mom was in the ICU with pancreatitis. We prayed the whole way to New Jersey! There at Mom's bedside, at the age of 50, Mom gave her heart to Jesus! She was set free from addiction to alcohol. She recovered! Her love for Jesus grew strong and our hearts rejoiced.

There is so much more to this story, but I will summarize to say that her decision to follow Jesus cost Mom her marriage. Abandoned, she ended up living with my sister for many years, and eventually, she moved in with Sam, Jesse, and me.

Momma became increasingly frail as each year went by. Doctors ran tests and said that it was this or that. They prescribed so many pain medications that she spent much of her day in bed. Even as Mom's independence was stripped away, her love for our Savior, prayer and the Word deepened.

One evening, after I returned home from work, Mom was in her den, crying because she was in so much pain. My heart broke. Holding her bone-thin hands and we asked the Great Physician for healing. We asked Him to reveal what was going on in Momma's body so that the doctors could help.

At 4 am that next morning, I heard my name being called over the baby monitor that we had in her room. Running to the other end of our double-wide, Momma was screaming in pain. The bone in her thigh had snapped in two just below her hip when she turned in bed. It was horrifying.

The next six months included a cancer diagnosis and weeks in the hospital. God held us in a mighty way. She passed peacefully at home surrounded by her children and grandchildren in late February of 2010.

Why? Why did Mom's story end like this? Why did she pass at 76, that's young for today's standards? She would ask me "why" quite often.

My answer was this: Think of all the people in the hospital and homecare that you were able to share the hope that Jesus gives you. They see the light and love in your eyes. You pray for each of them. Only God knows when our work on this side of heaven is done.

Dear family, be assured that he knows our pain.

He knows our sickness.

He knows the number of our days.

He is trustworthy.

Life here on earth is just the beginning!

God uses our reaction to hardship in our lives for His glory. It reaches the lost like no evangelist ever could.

With humble gratitude,

Liz