

The Years of Tears

"Tears last for a night, but joy comes in the morning." Psalm 30:5

It was a verse on my fridge door for years. Years of deep, indescribable pain. Agony.

Tears flowing like a river.

Night was as a thousand years. No relief with the dawn. Morning brought only consciousness of pain. Heaviness fell like a blanket. Fear. Loss. Emptiness. Loneliness.

Heart and soul raw, as if dropped in scalding water.

Where is joy?

"Take one day at a time" they say. I survive only second by second. A minute is a giant leap.

"It will get better, there is always a silver lining, God will use it for His glory" they say.

No silver linings. Only deeper darkness. Confusion. Loss. Fear.

Night after night, suffocating, piercing pain.

Deep calls out to deep. All Your waves and billows have gone over me.

Heaviness of heart that will not leave. Clinging to God in the darkness.

No care for silver linings. Dreams smashed. Buried in the ground.

Where is hope?

Where the joy that comes in the morning? Could there ever be joy again?

Sharing in the fellowship of His sufferings.

"I never knew Lord. I'm sorry. I never understood your pain."

"You are the God who sees me".

Small cracks of light, just enough for the step I'm on.

I have no strength Lord. *"My heart and my flesh fail.*

But God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever."

Step by step He leads me, on through the darkness. *"Guide me to your light Lord.*

I am bruised and battered, but if you can use anything Lord, you can use me."

And then came the morning. And with it, joy.

"Well done good and faithful servant, enter into my joy.

Now Go. Feed My lambs, feed My sheep."

"Lord, I see more clearly now, the darkness was simply the shadow of Your hand."

"Those who sow in tears shall reap in joy. He who continually goes forth weeping, bearing seed for sowing, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him" Psalm 126.6

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