

Rhonda (*Healing: Was it hard for you?*)

Was it hard for you to hear the song "It is Well with my Soul"? It's been one of my favorites for years...when the rivers of peace attended my soul. Then the billows of sorrow started rolling. Five years ago, as time was approaching for my husband's long-awaited college graduation, our lives started on a roller coaster.

The year began with our youngest son needing specialized "visual therapy" and our youngest daughter's surgery. March ended with the funeral of my step father-in-law. A few months later, on the second day of my husband's new job, we learned I had cancer. Telling our four children was so difficult since they had just lost their grandfather to cancer. The summer was full of doctor's appointments, more surgery, treatments, etc.

In October, my father lost his battle with emphysema. We felt bombarded with grief and the loss of health as once known. My family coped and continued on, picking up broken pieces. A year and a half later, just as we were starting to feel the sun shining again, God knew I needed to be at my mother's on a Saturday morning in June. How that happened is another testimony in itself, but I was there when a call came through from the police in Dallas, TX confirming the number they had found on my oldest brother's cell phone index. They continued to tell us that he had drowned there while on a business trip.

My world seemed to crumble with that call. My heart felt ripped apart. This is where I broke...this is when the song I loved so much became one I could not even sing. I would stand while the congregation sang it, wanting to shout at God, "It is NOT Well with my soul". I have used that song as a litmus test to my healing - how I respond in my heart when I hear it.

Psalms 147:3 declares that "God heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds." I'm here to tell you that He's true to His Word and has done that for me. In that process, I prayed that God would open my eyes to see how He was using our tragedies for good and where He was leading me because of them, not in spite of them. As I cried out to Him, He drew me to Scripture that I could claim and then I waited as He renewed my strength and my faith. The biggest healing came when I let go of what I knew as my earthly security and let God fill that need as only He can. He can be your healer, father, friend, protector, shield, mate, comforter, whatever your need is today, if you'll open your eyes and heart and let Him fill you.

With time, prayer, and many tears, my heart is healing and in December, I had my first completely clear body scan and blood work.

Many of us up here have stories of how God has healed us physically, emotionally, mentally and spiritually, how He's here for us and how we can now stand and boldly sing "It is Well with My Soul" as we Lift Up Our Eyes!