



TEARS?

February 2018

*He heals the brokenhearted
and binds up their wounds.*

Psalm 147:3

Although we fight them back, although we hide them, although they bring no end of embarrassment, I don't believe tears are such a bad thing. I believe that those who never cry are missing something. When I look back at the many times I've cried, it was then that I felt God at his closest.

When I cry, it's as though God draws close. With compassion he gathers me to him. Like a hurting child in the arms of her mother he comforts me. What could be better than this? What better experience of God could we have?

Isn't it when we melt into tears that we best remember what it was to be a child? And wouldn't it follow, that we would more than ever know how much of a child of God we are? With certainty we know we are his.

Think back to times when you couldn't hold back tears. Like most of you, I've sobbed over the loss of a loved one. Singing *How Great Thou Art* in church brings tears every time. But most of all I remember meeting God on an Easter Sunday morning, a newborn Christian—my first time in church. I couldn't stop weeping. *That* was embarrassing! I had nowhere to hide.

It matters not how trivial our sadness or how great our grief, Jesus will always be there. Like the

© marja Bergen

Copy to your heart's content. Share. But don't sell.

good Samaritan, Jesus bandages our wounds (Luke 10:34) and stays with us as we heal. This is compassion. This is love.

Afraid to let go? Don't be. Find yourself a quiet corner and spend some time with your Lord. Show him exactly how you feel.

No need to be embarrassed.

marja