



## ARE YOU HURTING?

July 2017

*“Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.”*

Matthew 11:28-30

Have you ever been in a bad place, not thinking you’d be able to carry on with the hurt you’re living with? Many of us are wounded—for different reasons: broken relationships, death of a spouse, perhaps even loss of the respect you once had.

How the pain sticks! It’s like clay, heavy on your feet, keeping you immobile. Will there never be an end to the misery?

I remember years ago being invited to speak at a shopping center for New Ager. I was asked to

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do an interview on how my faith helped me with my mental illness. Although I had simply been asked to answer questions, when the time came, I was given the floor. Introduced and told to go ahead and speak! And I wondered to myself, “Now what?”

But I had my Bible with me and knew that the verses that most inspired me at the time were Matthew 11:28-30. That’s where I opened to. I spoke freely and—if I remember right—quite eagerly about what coming to Christ and following him had meant to me. No hesitation. I was in love with this Jesus the verses spoke about, appreciating how he had given me rest from the struggles I faced.

Today I wonder: What happened to the person I was back then? I don’t feel like I have the heart I had. The energy. The red-hot enthusiasm.

Was it the hard times I’ve experienced in past years that has taken away the freedom I once had in my Christian walk? How I would like to turn back the clock to before all that entered my life!

How is it for you? Have you, too, been hurting in some way? Are you, too, needing freedom from painful memories? Jesus tells you and me, “Come to me and I will give you rest—rest for your souls.”

I have frequent bouts of emotional pain, but I do know that I still have Jesus. I still have God. As I write this it is early morning. Still dark out. This is the time of day I feel God closest. The world is asleep and it’s just him and me spending time. I talk to him, writing all that I say in my journal. As I do so, he talks to me. His comfort and his warmth wrap themselves around me.

*Thank you, God, for your friendship.*

marja