

I am Sad



There is time for everything under the sun... a time to weep. The news came this morning of the loss of a very beautiful soul within my church. This was a woman who lived a very simple life. She was very kind, loving and caring. She supported and gave help to anyone who needed it, and nothing was too hard for her to do.

I remember her first appearance in our midst. Pain and anguish enmeshed her person. She came, with the recognition that she needed help. She came, knowing that she was lost. She came knowing that she needed the Saviour and that in Him was peace, joy, love and everlasting life. She sought Him earnestly, she him sought with her whole heart, she sought Him and she certainly found Him. Yes! my dear sister had found a great treasure and boldly she took the step to become an integral part of the family of God.

She gave of her time, and she also gave in kind. She supported every event the church had. My sister had the gift of helping and "boy" did she serve with her whole heart and mind. She was with the children and youths in all their endeavours. She was with the women in all that they did. Tuesday Coffee Morning she was there, and she contributed with her shopping and cooking for the hospitality department on Sabbaths. Her help was not only conducted in the public domain but also in the private arena as she sought to help and aid whomever she could. I too am a beneficiary of her help. She loved to cook, and she was fantastic with her fried fish and her apple crumble. Truth be told; she could be counted on, she was slow, but she was sure. My sister had a beautiful smile and soft voice. I cannot remember her ever having a harsh word to say about anyone.

When the news came that she had gone home my heart broke within me. There were so many wicked people in the world. People who committed so many atrocities. People who deserve not to merely go to hell when they died, but to go to 'so come so blast'.

Yet still they live on enjoying good health and given more time to wreak more havoc on the land. But this gentle and kind and loving soul was taken, leaving behind a family who depended on her. Leaving behind friends and brethren who loved and care for her. I thought about the many missed opportunities of telling her how much I loved her I hoped that she knew that she was loved and cared for.

I am sad that despite how much I admired and loved this woman I had not taken the time to tell her time and time again. Yes, I did hug her, I smiled with her and listened when she talked. However, I am not sure that I did say to her "My sister I love you!"

I remember quite clearly our last conversation. She was enquiring after my health and my accomplishments. She was genuinely happy for me. She hugged and squeezed me, and we laughed together. Little did I know that it would have been our last conversation. I did not know that it would have been the last time that I saw her. If I did, I would have told her how much I loved her, I would have held her longer and I would have held her tighter. But I did not know...

Today I am sad, and I know that it is okay to be sad. However, I am also assured that one day, when the mist has rolled away, one fine day, we shall know as we are known, and we will know each other better when the mist has rolled away.

