

Excerpt from
“Stepping Stones of Faith:
A Journey through grief in God’s embrace

by Wilma Link



When our son was suddenly killed in a car accident, everything I thought I knew about God came into question. If God is love... this did not feel like love to me. If God protects ... then what happened here? If I am to pray... then why did my prayers go unanswered?

If I trust God as Lord and Savior, then why am I questioning His ways? I knew I had to surrender; so, I did. Did that take the pain away? No. The pain was severe. I knew God’s truths in my head. I believed them in my heart, but it did not take the pain away. The emotional and spiritual turmoil that ensued was greater than I could ever have imagined.

Grief squeezes us and all we are feeling comes out. We, as Christians, often suffer in silence. However, I could no longer stay silent. I needed to share our — mine and God’s — story with you. My prayer is that our story encourages you to keep on keeping on. I hope it helps you realize that God is a good God and will meet you where you are. God’s love is for real people with real struggles.

Christians are human, and in our humanness, we struggle. Through grief I learned to take my struggles to God... all of it... the good, the bad, and the ugly. We can love and trust God and still

feel torn up inside. That does not mean that we lack faith. It does not make us bad Christians. We are not letting God down. It means we are human and in need of God more.

The following is an excerpt from mine and God's story

Stepping Stone of Faith: Think on these things

As I write about claiming God's Truths, I am reminded of one of the many times I fought with God over His word.

Still resisting the urge to stay in bed, I got in the car and drove off to school. Every day I passed the place of the accident, and every day I would cry.

This day was no different. As I approached the place of the accident, the tears started. Then I started. I started hollering at God. Telling Him I was tired of crying every day, tired of passing by this place and being reminded of Doug's death and that we no longer have him in our lives. I was angry, and in no uncertain terms I let God know it.

The crying and blaming went on for minutes. I finally stopped, and in the quiet I heard God say, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things" (Phil. 4:8, King James Version).

My response was immediate anger. I was furious. I pounded the steering wheel and shouted, "WHAT? Tell me WHAT is so lovely about this place? WHAT?" I couldn't believe that God was asking me to call this place a place worthy to be praised. This was the place my son's body was broken, and he was taken from us. And now God was asking me to praise Him here. I shouted over and over again, "Tell me. Tell me. What is so lovely about this place? Tell me."

I finally stopped. I could not believe that God really expected me to praise Him. But as I got quiet, I heard Him answer my question, "What's so lovely about this place? This is the place I said, 'Come home my son. I've prepared a place for you.'"

My only response was immediate praise and humility, "Thank you Jesus. Thank you for preparing a place for my son." And now when I pass the place of the accident, I smile because I know my son has a place in heaven. And that is worthy of praise.

God did not shut me out or shut me up when I was angry. He continued to allow me to feel what I needed to feel. He was not afraid of my anger or my pain. This journey I found myself on was a treacherous one indeed. I am thankful God continued placing me on stepping stones of faith keeping me from drowning in my grief.