

PONDERINGS ALONG THE PATH

By Nadine Boyd

Dear Compassionate Friends:

I have always loved the words in Psalm 139 and they bring me great comfort;

1 You have searched me, Lord,
and you know me

7 Where can I go from your Spirit?
Where can I flee from your presence?

2 You know when I sit and when I rise;
you perceive my thoughts from afar

8 If I go up to the heavens, you are there;
If I make my bed in the depths, you are there.

3 You discern my going out and my lying down;
you are familiar with all my ways

9 If I rise on the wings of the dawn,
If I settle on the far side of the sea,

4 Before a word is on my tongue
you, Lord, know it completely.

10 even there your hand will guide me
Your right hand will hold me fast.

5 You hem me in behind and before,
And you lay your hand upon me.

11 If I say "surely the darkness will hide me
And the light become night around me,"

6 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me
Too lofty for me to attain.
For darkness is as light to you.

12 even the darkness will not be dark to you;
The night will shine like the day,

13 For you created my inmost being;
You knit me together in my mother's womb.

14 I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made;
Your works are wonderful, I know that full well...

I love these beautiful, poetic words because they speak to the constant presence of God with us, and His constant love for us. He knew us and loved us when He "knit us together" in our mother's womb. Don't you love that picture in your mind's eye of all the little cells knitting and merging together to become a baby?

As parents we experienced this encompassing love for our children. We loved them from the moment we knew they were there, whether they grew in our hearts through adoption or foster care, or under our hearts as our birth children. We love them completely and unconditionally whether they "go up to the heavens" or "settle on the far side of the sea". I believe that when God was "knitting us together" He gave us the gift of love. Yes, it hurts so badly to lose our precious children; and oh yes, we are angry and so very sad about it. But remember He knows the words before they are on our tongue and still loves us completely.

My sweet husband said once he really didn't understand what love was until he became a father. I wasn't hurt by that remark; I understood completely what he was saying, because your love for your spouse, your family, or your friends is completely different than your love for your children.

Remember when you were growing up and misbehaved? You knew you were going to get in big trouble. You knew you would disappoint your parents and may be punished, but never questioned whether they would still love you. So, too, we love our children.

This month we celebrate the gift of love. Celebrate the gift of your child's life and the gift of your love for each other. Celebrate the gift of our Compassionate Friends caring and strength for each other.

In friendship,

Nadine