
Thoughts inspired by 'In God's Time', by Marci Krull (Iowa, USA)¹

[God] has made everything beautiful in its time.

(Ecclesiastes 3:11, NIV)

Yesterday, as I tried to prepare myself for this service, I found it difficult to find words, images, for these thoughts.

I looked around a little bit in my resources—and I found a devotion by Marci Krull from Iowa. A mother who had to suffer a great loss... She wrote:

"At the beginning of winter, I took a walk through the woods and was remembering that the trees had been beautiful and full of colourful leaves only a few weeks prior.

Now the branches were bare. The field and trees were all the same dull colour.

As I took a picture of one tree, I couldn't help but think how dreary it was.

Still I noticed little bumps on each branch, and I thought about how those bumps would become tiny buds bringing forth new life in the spring.

I was taking this walk one year after we lost our foster son [...].

After the accident, I didn't know how God could possibly redeem the situation.

But slowly God reminded me of all the beautiful moments we had shared with our son, and I realized those memories were a gift that could never be taken.

We were never promised an indefinite amount of time with our son, but each moment we did have was beautiful."

I like the imagery of her thoughts. A loss of a beloved person, feeling like seeing the bare trees in the winter, seemingly lifeless.

The beauty only an echo of the lively colours now lost.
And the memories of the limbs moving heavily in summer's
thunderstorms—indeed, nothing but memories.

The loss—it may just feel like winter's grey or sky's white
blending into the snow-covered soil's white, with no colour to
spot.

In the loss, we may surely feel like we are left bare. Left in missing
the colourfulness and the liveliness, which echoes in our
memories.

And yes, now is a time of halt.
Now is the time for grieving.

Now is the time where we can just hope for the little bumps to
become buds again, to start blooming again.
Now is the time when we can just have faith that God will heal
the brokenness.

In *God's time*,
blessings *may* grow from the pain and brokenness.
In *God's time*,
beauty will come back in lively colours.
This is our faith,
this is our hope.

But in the *time of loss*,
it is *our time* to care for each other,
to be there for each other,
to pray for each other,
to sit with each other,
to listen to each other,
to remind each other of our faith in God, our living hope,
and find rest in his comforting embrace.

¹ Source: <https://www.upperroom.org/devotionals/en-2023-06-04>