

New Series

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RELATIONSHIP SERIES - COUPLES

LOSS

By Dave Chenoweth & Karin McBride
Co-founders Walking in the Light Ministries (UK)

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UNDERSTANDING THE LOSS

By

Karin McBride

'He said, "While the child was still alive, I fasted and wept; for I said, 'Who knows, the LORD may be gracious to me, that the child may live.' "But now he has died; why should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I will go to him, but he will not return to me.' Then David comforted his wife Bathsheba...' 2 Sam 12: 22 -24

Jesus taught us to comfort one another and to weep with those who weep. It is very difficult sometimes for others to understand what happens whenever there is the loss of a baby in the family. It is a great mystery to me that no-one appears to know what to do, particularly in some instances the husband. The woman who has 'lost' the baby sometimes has to undergo a series of tests to ensure there wasn't 'something wrong' with her! She agrees as she already feels a 'failure' and something that ought to be the most natural thing in the world she 'cannot' do...

For many years I have listened to pastors and people teaching on this subject. Having lost my first baby 5 days after her birth, I was anxious to know whenever I became a believer exactly where she was, was she in heaven or some sort of purgatory? Someone had had told me straight after her death that because I didn't believe in God at that time and because I hadn't had her baptised that firstly I would not be able to have her buried on consecrated ground and that my little 'bundle of joy' who had had such a short life and impacted my life and others so dramatically and intensely would remain in some sort of spiritual state of neither being in heaven or earth! As this was spoken to me right after she died and I was very young and naive, I believed it! Why wouldn't I? I had no spiritual grounding in the Lord and anyway I had made my mind up firmly that there

could not possibly be a God – a God of love would not allow my beautiful baby to endure the coldness of death and to put me through this...

This became one of the most important moments of my life; losing Tracie became a major spiritual marker in my life that would eventually lead me to Jesus and the Cross. For almost 9 months I had carried this life within me, I was there whenever she first kicked me, I was there whenever I felt her move within me and I was there at her birth and whenever she left this world five days later. I was grief stricken, confused, anxious and 'looking for' my baby for years. No-one could tell me where she was, no-one held or comforted me. One week after we had buried her I ended up in hospital again with my lip needing stitches, scars I still bear until this day from what would later be referred to as an 'unfortunate incident'.

What people don't understand is that whenever you lose a baby particularly so close to birth you are dealing with two great opposites – life and death. Yet Jesus had to die to give us life. Through the death of my daughter I began to earnestly search for the truth and the very essence of life itself. It took me a while and took me into some interesting places over the years, but eventually I found it. I was amazed to find myself again at the entrance of the door looking at the Cross in the distance. He had asked me to run into His arms that Saturday morning in May 1984, whenever they physically ached to hold the baby I had just lost, but I refused and had to go through the wilderness a little while longer, but the Lord will never give up on us and will return us to Himself because He understands more than anyone what you are going through and how your heart needs to be mended.

As I look back at this time, I learned a lot about the world we live in and life itself. Life is precious and we must never take it for granted; God however was able to use this terrible time to enable me to connect to Him, her creator and mine. I gained so much comfort from the scripture at the beginning of this piece, it was first read to me by my first Pastor, who became the first person to not turn his back and 'change the subject'. That one verse contained so much for me personally and I related so much to the character of King David and how he dealt with the suffering of the loss as a man of God.

Now I know where my daughter is, she is part of the eternal plan and purpose that helped to shape my life enormously. She changed and influenced my very thought patterns and emotions forever – her life was extremely brief but so impactful and she never spoke a word. Some people can live a lifetime and never achieve this. She was created by God and I thank Him every day for her life, she left her own legacy in a way that I will be always forever grateful for and consider it a privilege that I had that brief time to know her and love her.

In your walk with Jesus always be mindful that you seek God and ask Him to help you to bring Jesus to other people's lives. Live impactful lives you never know how your words or a hug or your very presence in a room will speak to another and show them Jesus – let Him shine - always!

Love and blessings in Jesus

Karin

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