

Embrace
Holy
Living

RE- FLECTING GOD

02/18/17 - Promises Fulfilled

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Hebrews 11:8-16

As I rounded the corner, my ears stilled to the sound of a child's voice from within the small bathroom to the left of the stairwell. It was muffled by the rush of water, but it was audible nonetheless. I hesitantly stopped and tightened my grip on the bannister to steady myself for what I thought would be a grieving child in pain. Just months after the death of his father, this was a common occurrence. I was unprepared, however, when I realized that the strangled sobs that I had come to expect had been replaced by the hauntingly melodic notes of a child in song.

In that moment as I breathed in the sweet sound from the other side of the bathroom door, I knew that the human capacity for burden-bearing is far greater than one would expect. In those few seconds, I understood with striking clarity that our lives on earth must be spent making music of what remains. Death does not strip from us the promises of a loving God; it simply connects us to them.

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