

A Reminder from God

The longer I live, the more convinced I am that “coincidences” don’t just happen; events and circumstances have a reason or purpose.

Take something that occurred this week, for instance.

Monday’s Perspective, entitled *Honey, I Miss You*, featured a letter by Lyman Coleman, who is widely regarded as a pioneer of the modern-day, small-group movement in churches. He is the founder of Serendipity House Publishing and is now retired (mostly) in Denver. In the conclusion to his letter, as he reflected on the death of his beloved wife, Margaret, he wrote: “Honey, I miss you. I miss you. I miss you. I will keep the light on for the kids. I will be there for friends. And one day we are going to join you. All of us. Because Jesus promised it.”



Monday afternoon, I received an email from Benjamin Sweger, interim executive director of Mountain View Health Care Center in Elkhorn City, Kentucky. He wrote:

“That article really struck home and to my heart; it was two years ago today that God called my wife, Bethany, home quite unexpectedly. I continue to remember Bethany’s smile, her genuine heartfelt compassion and concern for others, and her

fondness for Diet Coke! I am amazed at how often my mind recalls the smallest of incidents or details that only now I savor with the absence of these moments.

“I am glad you reminded readers to share their love with those closest to them because we are not guaranteed one more moment to share together on this earth ... that will come in another time for all eternity in heaven. I have made it a mission to tell folks (and especially the many staff members I am able to work with as an interim ED) to make certain they stop (take time to) and smell (engage) the roses (others).”



When I talked to Ben on the phone, he said the fact that the Perspective appeared on the exact day of the two-year anniversary of his wife’s homegoing “was a God-thing. I needed to see that and know He’s still watching over me.”

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Because of his experience, Ben said he often takes the time to sit beside a resident and ask him or her to tell him about the spouse who has passed on. “It’s amazing to watch how their faces brighten up and their eyes sparkle as they recall memories of their loved ones.”

Such a practice is its own brand of therapy. Try it, and see how it works.

– Beecher Hunter