

'Honey, I Miss You'

Death isn't very real to us until – very early in life – it claims someone close to us. It hit me hard when my grandmother, Susan (Mrs. Beecher) Hunter, a fiery, redheaded Irish woman, passed away.

As hard as it was for me – not yet a teenager – to grapple with that sudden wave of emotions, it must be nothing to compare with the experience of some of you reading this who have lost a spouse or, perhaps worse, a child.



Recently, I ran across an article 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, Colorado.

As he reflected on the death of his beloved wife, Margaret, Coleman wrote this:

The most painful decision of my life was asking God to take her home. She had been suffering from repeated brain seizures and her body was wasted. I whispered to her in her ear: "Honey, I love you. I love you. Jesus wants you to come home. We are going to be all right. We give you permission to let go." She closed her eyes and fell asleep.

As I write this letter, I realize I am without my editor. My greatest critic. My teammate. Soul mate. Prayer mate. Partner in everything. We traveled the roads less traveled together in hard times and good times.

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.

What a powerful expression of the love of a man for his wife!

Coleman's letter is a reminder of two important truths:

1. As believers, we have the promise of reunion with loved ones where death cannot reach.
2. Hug those you love. Now and often.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints (Psalm 116:15 NKJV).

– Beecher Hunter