

Journey of Faith

As a mother comforts her child, so will I comfort you. (Isaiah 66:13)

This verse was beautifully inscribed on the new page of my journal. However, I didn't even notice it since I was in a hurry to write down the date, November 5, 2006. This was the day my brother called with news that forever changed our family. Our mother received a diagnosis of Stage 4 Stomach Cancer and a prognosis of 6 – 12 months left to live. My brother continued to explain the events of the day, but the only word I heard was cancer, as an overwhelming sense of fear set in.

In Toronto, my parents and brothers accepted the “new normal”, as their schedules quickly filled up with hospital visits, radiation and medication. Meanwhile, I was living in Texas, lacking the strength to pick myself up off the floor. Life without our mom, a pillar of prayer and faith, was unimaginable. However, even without the words to pray and the strength to stand, my spot on the floor was Holy ground.

“In the same way, the Spirit helps us in our weakness. We do not know what we ought to pray for, but the Spirit himself intercedes for us through wordless groans.” (Romans 8:26)

On December 6, my husband made the bold decision to cancel our flights to Korea despite the fact that he had a new job awaiting him and half of our earthly possessions had been shipped a week before the diagnosis. Instead, we packed up what little was remaining, said goodbye to our home of 7 years, and headed to Toronto with our 3 young children.

That winter was cold and bitter, but I was filled with the peace and strength that could only come from God. I distinctly felt the prayers lifted on our behalf, as I spent the next 4 weeks taking mom to her appointments, communicating with doctors, advocating for her care and settling her into hospice.

We had been praying for a miracle since November 5. Mom's body quickly deteriorated and shut down as the cancer spread faster than anyone could keep up with. On January 9, 2007 at 10:55 pm, just two months after her diagnosis, we experienced a miracle. But it wasn't what one might expect. It was a different kind of miracle. The miracle of the most perfect union, the Wedding of the Century, as Jesus the bridegroom came to take His bride home.

While we mourned and grieved the loss of someone so special, God poured out His unfailing love and amazing grace. He restored our hope in Christ, reminding us of His word, we “do not grieve as others who have no hope.” (1 Thessalonians 4:13)

Although over a decade has passed, 2007 is a year I will never forget. It was the year I experienced my Heavenly Father carrying me through the deepest, darkest valley. Indeed, God's promise remains true. As a mother comforts her child, so will I comfort you. (Isaiah 66:13)