

For The Bereaved,
The Hurt,
The Grieving.



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The death of any close family member invariably triggers a great deal of soul-searching, we examine ourselves and our consciences, and scrutinize every aspect of our behaviour towards them, both past and recent. Emotional outbursts, simmering resentments, or long-held grudges, no matter how justified they may have seemed at the time, appear mean and unworthy in the light of our bereavement. *We are left with the burden of our guilt, the pain of all the things we left unsaid -* left facing the cold, harsh reality of a life in which we will never be able to say “I’m sorry” or “I didn’t really mean it”. *It haunts us, we are unable to forget it, or to forgive ourselves, left feeling like inhuman monsters, unable to make sense of all the conflicting emotions seemingly waging a private war of their own in our hearts. We don’t understand ourselves. Everything is too complicated, too confusing.*

Dawn

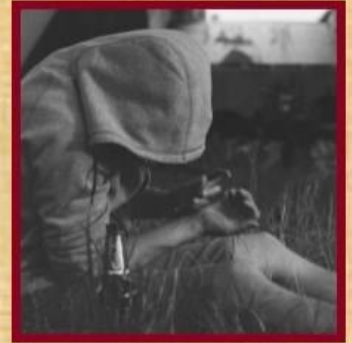
We learn through pain,
We grow through pain.
Understanding doesn't come
Through happy times,
It comes through hurt and fear,
Sorrow and pain;
Understanding comes through
Heartache and despair,
Bitter lonely nights,
Wretched, unhappy tears...
But then the Light comes,
Healing comes, joy comes
And along with peace - understanding.
He was there all along.
Waiting, Loving, Understanding.
There to see you through.
The only True Light at the end of the tunnel.

Sylvia Darling

Heartaches

We look across our troubled lives
And see so many tears,
So many different heartaches,
So many different fears.
Often we've never given God
A chance to make us well,
But kept locked up within us
The truth of our private hell.
And so we accept as inevitable
That we suffer for this and for that,
That's why we look for the slap in the face,
And the hand that keeps pushing us back.
But didn't Christ die to deliver us
From these tormenting prison cells,
Or is it that though He's forgiven us,
We've never forgiven ourselves?

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Christ died to set YOU *free*. He died to take away *your* pain, *your* sicknesses, *your* diseases both of the body *and* the *mind*.

He did it **ALL. He **PAID** the price.**

**“The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, He hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised...This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.”
[Luke 4:18 & 21]**



The Redeemer

**Behold My nail-pierced Hands child,
See the holes in My Feet,
Realize what I suffered for you
To free you from Satan' deceit.**

**Look for Me in the Word child,
If you seek you will surely find,
I offer you not enslavement,
But peace for your troubled mind.**

**In Me you'll find fulfilment,
You'll discover Compassion and Love,
Turn your back on the lies of a sinful World
And reach out to God above.**

**You need not suffer the emptiness,
Nor feel alone anymore,
Your Messiah stands here waiting,
I'm knocking at your door.**

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End of Extract.

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