

December 15, 2023
13th Day of Advent

*Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.
Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.
And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon his name, declare his doings among the people, make mention that his name is exalted.
Sing unto the Lord; for he hath done excellent things: this is known in all the earth.
Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion:
for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.*

Isaiah 12:2-6

As I reflect on these verses and what they specifically mean to me, there is so much to derive from its words. In many ways, how does one begin? It could be a daily need, a job, anything with your kids, family in general, project, the possibilities are endless. For me, I reflect on the loss of my Grandmother and how God put so many steps in place, especially this year.

I grew up next door to my Grandma and Grandpa, and in later years, Great Grandma in northern Wisconsin. Therefore, I had a close and special relationship with them. For the past ten years my family "consolidated" and my parents and Grandma lived in one house. There were financial reasons (LONG story, for another devotional) however they quickly realized there was the need to be together. Over the past ten years there has been amazing care for each other. Yes, often difficult, time consuming, strain on my parents, left my siblings and I wondering how we could help, etc. We leaned on each other for guidance and decision making.

This summer my family and I spent two weeks in Wisconsin as we often do, however this year I knew it would be best to visit my hometown versus meeting up at my brother or sister's house. My Grandma was not able to travel anymore, and I suspected it would be the last time we would see her. In that week I felt such a purpose helping the family between transferring her from the hospital, nursing home (thankfully they had space one block away from my parents' house) which means paperwork. That week was busy with insurance, working with the Nursing Home, whether she is eligible for therapy, will insurance pick up or how are we going to pay, etc. While it was not a "fun" vacation, it was so meaningful knowing I was there to lift some burden off my parents. Yes, not to mention just my family and I visiting daily at the Nursing Home.

My Grandma Phyllis died Saturday, September 9th and though we were all sad there was a sense of peace. (After I was able to process a bit). She lived to be 101 and even though she never wanted to talk about dying, or even would get mad discussing her life insurance or funeral wants, she was at peace and knew it was her time. This alone is very comforting.

I believe after 100 years of her life, she finally was not afraid to die or miss out on something here on earth. We all trust in God and knew this was the plan for us and her. I am reminded when I made a mistake, in a difficult situation, regret doing or saying something I trust in God and know he will guide me.

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