

Weddings and Provisions ...

People ask me every day, “How are you?” and “Are you doing better?” I answer, “Yes, I am doing better,” and I am. There are fewer times when I feel myself somewhat out of control with tears that come without warning. I am grateful! I am provided for in ways that are truly extraordinary. Like the gift of 15 stalwart men from our church who spent four hours in my yard last Saturday trimming, weeding, spreading mulch (which they had purchased for me gratis), cleaning gutters, and raking the debris off my roof! Then grilling hamburgers and brats, all the condiments provided by them, asking me not to lift a finger, the whole enterprise their idea, a part of the Galatians 6:10 ministry. They did it for me, and they did it for Bob, honoring his own contributions to our church and giving back in the way he would have most appreciated, keeping up the yard he loved.

But grief can be raw, unexpected, and profound. Yesterday I attended two weddings, one in the morning and one in the afternoon/evening. I got through the first one very well, able to cheer for the beauty of their seasoned union, supported by friends, being graciously included. And I made it through most of the second—until the sweet young couple’s first dance to a song that we loved, Adele’s rendition of Bob Dylan’s “To Make You Feel My Love.” So now I’m lying on a lounge chair on our deck. A single cloud puffs past my oak-leaved tree house, white against a cerulean blue sky. I’m listening again to Adele sing this Dylan classic in her throaty, tender contralto.

‘When the rain is blowing in your face,
and the whole world is on your case,
I could offer you a warm embrace,
to make you feel my love ...’

Tears roll down the corners of my eyes into my hair.

“Oh Baby, would that I could offer you a warm embrace.
I know, you’re with Jesus. You ARE embraced, you are free
from pain, you are seeing sights that are glorious, and you
are part of the ‘great cloud of witnesses’ that may know a
bit about me, about my sorrow. But I am not with Jesus yet,
and sometimes I am so sad.”

These are the thoughts I think on that lounge chair on my
deck gazing through the branches at the puff of white against
that awesome blue. Adele’s voice soars,

‘When the evening shadows and the stars appear,
and there is no one there to dry your tears,
I would hold you for a million years,
to make you feel my love.’

“Babe, it’s all the same—the summer day, the Sunday paper
waiting to be read, the other lounge chair where you stretch
out too, the breeze rippling the leaves.” She sings,

‘I could make you happy make your dreams come true ...
there’s nothing I wouldn’t do,
go to the ends of this earth for you,
to make you feel my love.’

And I think, "Babe, I am so of Earth, and you are so of Heaven. I am longing to have you here to comfort, to share this summer day, to comment as you always did on the loveliness we see from our tree house vantage point. But you are seeing vistas I will have to wait to know as you do. And I'm the one who needs YOUR comfort. Though I am glad for you, would not wish you back, I ache for the privilege of what it was like to be together." 🍃