

Healing Came Through Tears

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By Judith Biggs

BIG SANDY, Texas—Have you ever heard a song called “Blessings” by Laura Story? In the song is a wonderful line that goes like this—“What if Your healing comes through tears?”

The story that I wish to tell is true. It was told to me by a young man, and with his permission I will tell it to you.

Not worth living

This event happened when he was about 15 years of age. At that stage of his life, he was very angry and depressed. He simply did not feel like life was worth living.

You might ask how this could be. The reason was that he had a verbally abusive father. There was little or no money in the home, and Mom was sick most of the time. He felt trapped, with no power to change the circumstances.

Death wish

Do you know what a death wish is? That is when people consciously or unconsciously set themselves up for accidents that they hope will end their lives. My young friend was *consciously* planning out his death wish.

It is interesting to note that he felt that an out-and-out suicide was a coward’s way out.

The plan

Since he lived in the country, there were acres of trees and brush. In the area there was ample wildlife. There were plenty of dangerous wild pigs. Male wild pigs can be especially vicious.

Embarking to explore the no-man’s-land, our young friend hoped to run across one of the vicious pigs. He figured that he would go into battle with some pigs with only his bare hands. His hope was that the pigs would win and he would die.

If by chance he survived the attack, it might relieve some pent-up pressure in his life, and he might feel like he had some kind of power over his life.

The elusive pig

No matter how hard he looked, no pig stepped forward. So the pressure continued to build.

Would he at some point in his life be like his mother, who was sick all the time of a genetic disorder? Of course, Dad continued his verbal abuse of the whole family.

A flood of tears

One day while sawing a board, our young man cut his hand. It was a nasty cut requiring stitches.

The cut was not the problem, but it was the straw that broke the camel's back.

At the hospital when a doctor started to stitch his hand, the boy started to cry. The tears were hardly noticeable, but to him it was as if a dam had broken.

It was as if all that pent-up anger and frustration came pouring out. It was a very dramatic emotional healing.

Our hero won the battle. He still faces the same obstacles. We are all still concerned and pray for the young man and his family. But many of us are happy that a major battle was won through those tears.

Identifying with the boy

This young man's story is so encouraging to me.

You see, I'm like the young man. I don't know how to cry.

Like him, the challenges of life can build up tremendous pressure, and then I just want out.

Under pressure, too many people lose the will to live and turn to destructive habits and behaviors—if not out-and-out suicide.

A better way

Nobody has it easy. Many people need help.

Wouldn't it be better if we became more supportive of one another?

There are people around us who are hurting emotionally. They are tempted to turn to destructive behaviors—like alcohol abuse, drug abuse, other addictions and maybe even suicide.

Can we become vessels in God's hands to help people in their greatest hours of need?

If we can provide help to the needy, we don't need to view ourselves as some great heroes.

I believe that the heroes are the individuals who come through such tragedies and still show kindness in the way they treat themselves and others.