

## **Love That Met Me in the Deep**

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There was a season when I was sinking. Just treading water with more questions than answers. As a single mother, I was doing the best I could, yet inside I felt directionless, worn thin, and unsure of who I was becoming. It was at my lowest point, when I had no strength left to pretend, that God's love met me. Not with condemnation, but with a call. A quiet, steady calling that said, *"You are not finished. I still have a purpose for you."* Like the hymn declares, when I was far from the peaceful shore, the Master of the sea heard my cry, and His love lifted me.

That love had to lift me again when grief crashed in like a storm. The unexpected death of my brother shattered something deep within me. I was angry at God and everybody around me. Here I am, an ordained pastor and did not want to preach or pastor. I told myself, *"You should know better,"* but I felt abandoned and angry at the loss, angry at the silence, angry at God. I prayed through clenched teeth and tear-soaked nights. Yet even in my anger, God did not let go. He held space for my lament. Over time, His love carried me through the waves of grief, teaching me that faith can coexist with questions, and healing often comes slowly. What once felt unbearable became a testimony of grace and proof that love doesn't just rescue us once, but sustains us again and again.

### **Scripture:**

*"I waited patiently for the Lord; He inclined to me and heard my cry. He lifted me out of the slimy pit, out of the mud and mire; He set my feet on a rock and gave me a firm place to stand." —*  
Psalm 40:1–2

### **Prayer :**

Loving God, thank You for being the One who hears us when we cry out whether in faith, fear, or frustration. Thank You for lifting us when we are sinking and holding us when we are angry or broken. For those reading this who feel overwhelmed or lost, let them know they are not alone. Lift them with Your love. Heal what grief has wounded. Restore what life has shaken. May they one day say with confidence and hope, *"This is my story. This is my song."* Amen.