

# A Sad Winter Day

It was a Sunday afternoon in mid-January. Our family had spent most of the day at the church at our congregation's annual meeting. The lane into our farmyard was very icy, and skillful driving was needed to bring the station wagon carefully to its parking spot. I thought it would be fun to go skating on the lane since it was covered in ice. I put on my winter clothes and skates and went out the door.

After skating awhile I heard a loud voice from the house, and when I looked back I saw my brothers running from the barn to the house. I followed. When I got to the house one of my brothers took me downstairs to help take my skates off and told me to wait with him there. I knew dad was in trouble. I had seen him in the kitchen with the older kids around him, but I didn't know what was happening. Perhaps a silent prayer for God's help was offered. After what seemed like a long time, one of my brothers came downstairs to tell us that the doctor had come, but dad had passed away. It hurt.

Have you ever lost someone special to you? I was nine years old when dad died, about 25 years ago. I remember being sad, but from somewhere came a feeling that we will be okay. The days before the funeral were busy with company. It felt good to be remembered. After the funeral our family settled into our new routine and in time a feeling of normal returned.

It wasn't until my early teen years that I further understood what it meant to not have my father around. Life brought new experiences and I was growing independent. I had a lot of questions. My believing friends and my brothers were important escorts to turn to for help. It often seemed that it would be so much easier to have a dad to go talk to when my questions were difficult and the enemy was close. Beside us in God's kingdom are friends in faith who listen, comfort, and instruct when needed. Even though I was young when my father died, I was given many fathers in God's kingdom. I was happy when my uncles asked me to go with them to events like father and son's camp.

What is important to the one experiencing this kind of loss? They need friends. It isn't because of anything they have done or not done that their mom or dad was called to heaven. Share your mom or dad when you invite them over. I liked going to play or help at my friend Michael's house because I got to be with his dad, too! In later years, it has been nice to hear stories about my dad. It has helped me to remember him and also learn more about him.

To you who have experienced what I have, you know there are lonesome days. But there will also be days when you feel God's care and comfort as He guides and leads your life. Trust and believe in Him. As God's children, we can look forward to our own victory of everlasting life in heaven!

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## Things to visit about:

1. When someone who has lost a loved one is sad, how can we help them?
2. Songs of Zion can comfort us. Talk about songs that have helped you when you are sad.
3. Sing song of Zion #395 with your family. What does verse #5 say? What comfort can we find in these words?