



BOS Monthly Letter of Hope

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Allowing God to Turn My Pain into My Purpose

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It took the sudden and tragic passing of my only son Lamont to cause me to have a desire to bring awareness and light to how a parent grieves the death of a child and how they're treated during the process. Most people are unaware of what to do for a parent who has experienced such a great loss, let alone, what to say.

After my son's death, all I wanted to do was talk about him and listen to other people share about how much he meant to them. You see, doing these things not only helped me in my grieving process but also made me feel that Lamont was still alive and near. People were very accommodating in the beginning but, after a month or two, I noticed that less and less people wanted to talk about or hear me talk about my son. That HURT! So, as other people returned back to their normal lives, I was left to figure out and process my grief with just a handful of people. My life, as I knew it, was no longer normal and in my attempt to make it bearable I received comments and questions from those I thought understood like: *You need to let it go. You're making Lamont your god. What's wrong with you? Why do you need to remember that?*

As long as I can remember, all I have ever wanted to do is help people and make a difference in the world. When I gave my life to Christ and asked Him to use me any way He wanted, to show love and compassion to people, I had no idea that He would use one of the best parts of me to accomplish that task. It's been seven and a half years since Lamont went home to be with Jesus and it has taken me all this time, through my healing process, to trust God enough to lead me to help parents who are suffering the loss of a child.

Although there have been many times in the past that I wanted to move in the direction of helping grieving parents, the timing just wasn't right. I had to go through some dark days. I had to feel the force of the punches in my gut that took my breath away. I had to feel the vulnerability of being cut open for all the harsh elements of the seasons of grief to tear at my very existence. I had to go through all of that to know what to do and what not to do; to know what not to say and what not to say to help other parents who are grieving.

I also had to feel the Light of God's presence dwelling in me, reminding me of His word, "And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not." (*John 1:5*). The Lord had to remind me on those days when I felt like I wasn't going to make it, "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: But they that wait upon The Lord shall renew their

strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.” (*Isaiah 40:29-31*). And, on those days when the tears just wouldn’t stop and I wanted to stay in the bed, I could hear my pastor’s voice quoting one of my favorite scriptures, “For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion: in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall set me up upon a rock.” (*Psalms 27:5*).

I had to make a choice if I was going to run from God or run to Him in my grief. I chose the latter because not only did I want to please The Lord, I also wanted to continue to serve Him. Sometimes, we learn the most about God’s love and will for our lives and what we are made of through the difficult tests of life. I can honestly say that The Lord is a Healer. He will take our darkest and deepest hurts and breathe life into those experiences to help others.

I’ve come a long way in these past seven and a half years and even though God has turned my pain into my purpose, there are still times when I just miss my son and want him here with me. In those times, when my heart is hurting and the tears are flowing, the warmth of God’s love and His presence brings calmness to my spirit and dries up my tears. Then, I realize again, that I will be okay.