

OK to Cry

It started out as just your run-of-the-mill evening. My wife had a few errands to run on her way home, so I was there to hold down the fort with the boys. I was the captain of the ship! The boys had gone out to ride their bikes; which meant a time of peace and solitude as I sat at the kitchen table putting the finishing touches on my sermon for the coming weekend.

That's when I heard the blood-curdling scream! Now if you're a parent, there are two things you know; one is the cry of your own children, the other is when that cry is real. When the cry is real it has a sound all its own and it's that sound that sends you running! And that's exactly what I did. I immediately flew out the front door with a thousand thoughts flying through my mind in the moment!

When I got to the front yard, I found our youngest son lying in the street, tangled up between his bike and the pavement. He was screaming and it didn't take long to tell why. He had wiped out and scraped a four by two inch patch of skin from his forearm and his knee. The scrape was so deep that it still hadn't figured out it was supposed to bleed. I got him up and to the bathroom and, through his cries, I commenced with the excruciating task of cleaning the tiny bits of gravel from the wound. How I wished mommy were home at this moment! The crying continued throughout the evening as our little fella relived the horrific crash and the ensuing trauma of medical attention.

The next morning, there were a few little whimpers as the previous dressing was removed and new bandages applied, but overall, the worst seemed to be over. Our diminutive patient headed off to get dressed and ready for school.

All was well...until just before it came time to leave for school. That's when the little biker went back to his room and began to cry again. A few minutes later the crying stopped and he emerged ready for school. When asked why he was crying again, he said that since he was going to school and wouldn't be able to cry there, he had to get one more good cry in.

Sometimes, even though we have a relationship with the Lord, we can still feel like crying. I guess it's just a human thing. King David, a man after God's own heart, said in **Psalm 30:2** "O LORD my God, I cried to You for help, and You healed me."

Being a Christian doesn't mean we never feel like crying. It means we have the God of all comfort who hears our cry. It's OK to take our hurts, our disappointments, our discouragements, our depression, and our shame to Him. Whatever our need, we can cry out to Him and He will heal our wounds.