

A Mother's Testimony

by D.A.J. of Oklahoma City

When my children were small, a little girl down the street developed a brain tumor and eventually died. I thanked God that that wasn't one of my children and I always tacked on, "because you know I couldn't handle anything like that". Then, a number of years later the son of a neighbor was mountain climbing in an area "off limits" and fell to his death, and again I said, "Thank you Lord for not letting that happen to one of my children, because You know I could NEVER handle anything like that."

Years later when my daughter was killed in an automobile accident, I was devastated. All her life we had been so very close. Just hours before the accident we were fixing supper and were talking about the rapture, and she looked at me and said "Mama, will we know Jesus when we see Him?" Then, less than two hours later she was with Him.

I think the only way I made it through that time was by saying to myself, that's OK, it won't be long and I'll be with her. I wanted to die so badly. My next-door neighbor was convinced that I was going to commit suicide. But, all through that hard time, all through my inner being the hymns "Leaning on Jesus" and "Standing on the Promises" were going over and over and I found I was leaning, oh, how I was leaning. An evangelist called and asked if I would be on his TV show to tell how God prepares you for a tragedy. I didn't even know He had prepared me. He is SO GOOD!

So many cards, so many people coming over to see me, so many different forms of condolences and yet there is one that stuck in my mind. A woman, I don't remember who she was, looked me in the eyes and said, "There are things worse than death." As I looked into her eyes I saw great pain. However, the moment passed quickly and other people moved in and that was that.

I thought I had suffered the ultimate. I had always heard that there was no loss greater than losing a child. When I read in the paper that a teenager had been killed in an accident, I called on the parents. It's really true that when you share and help others that you are helped yourself.

Almost 3 years ago, my son told me he was "gay". In all honesty I cannot tell you that it came as a complete and total surprise. We had questioned (to ourselves) some of his actions, but I would not let my questions surface, because I trusted my son. He had accepted Jesus Christ when he was 10 and loved the Lord, and because of that he could not be a homosexual. I didn't realize that Satan had been telling him that he couldn't help what was happening to him, because he was made that way. He didn't have a choice.

Again, I sank into the depths of despair. Then I remembered that dear woman saying, "there are things worse than death." I didn't know what to do. I wanted to handle it. I wanted to kidnap him and put him in a place where they deprogram people. I wanted to knock his head off his body. I wanted to do a lot of things. But mostly, I blamed myself. Also, I had always heard that an overbearing mother caused homosexuality in boys. I had never thought of myself as overbearing, but I decided that I must be. Then, I heard that it was more closely related to the father and his relationship with the son. That was nice, now I could blame his father. If someone reading this has gone through or is now going through this, you know what goes through the mind.

The very best that has come out of this situation, so far, is the wonderful closeness that I have found with my Savior. It is in the very early morning, in His presence, studying the Word and on my knees, before the Throne. How I treasure our time together. It took me about two years to realize that I can't change my son, I can only love him. He knows I will not accept and cannot accept his sin and lifestyle, but I think he does know that I love him very much.

I have, now, turned him loose. Given him back to the Father. He made him and loves him more than I ever could. I believe with all my heart that we are put here with a free will, and my son chose to believe the biggest liar that ever was. But I also believe that one-day, in His own time, He is going to turn my prodigal son around and bring him back into His fold and that He is going to save his soul. It may be that He has to take him out of this life, and that's okay with me, as long as his soul is saved. That is the important thing. My job now is to pray for him. There are things worse than death and I am going through it now. My faith and trust is in God, not my son, and I rest now, in His care. I don't panic anymore nor am I frantic anymore. I know Whom I have believed in and I am certain that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. Ah, sweet rest, He's in charge, I'm not.... Hallelujah.... what a Savior!!!!!!... Praise His Holy Name.