



I am with you always, even to the end of the world. Matthew 28:20

The Cup

I stood, drinking juice from the cup I held. Hard to express, even though Christmas time was near, I felt...not sure how to express how I felt-I guess blah might be the best word-no not even that. Sadness mingled with memories of my Sweetheart. I just don't have words for that feeling. He loved Jesus on earth and Jesus walked him Home. Though we miss him we are comforted knowing He is happy and well.

Oh, did I tell where I was? I was standing in his office, now mine. God always is with me, with us. He knew how I felt and what I needed. As I held the orange cup in my hand, the shade of sorrow lifted. My eyes fell onto another orange cup sitting on the shelf before me.

The orange cup matched the one I held. They were my husband's special cups. Oh, what a sense of Jesus' love and compassion. I had randomly picked the orange cup out of our cupboard downstairs. Randomly? Walking upstairs, turning into now my office, was it a mistake I was where I could see that twin orange cup I had not seen before?

Oh, the peace, the comfort that bright orange cup sent to my heart. Yes, Yes, a thousand times yes: Jesus is with me even as tears overwhelm me. I had to write this to share with others. Jesus knows how we feel while we mourn a loved one no longer visibly here. He is with us always.

I thank You, Lord Jesus, for reminding me I can go on living each moment because You will never leave me, nor anyone else who acknowledges You. You gave me tangible proof that you care. I held in my hand and beheld on the shelf the matching cup at the time I needed the reminder of Your love. I felt, too the love of my Sweetheart still lives in my heart. Your faithfulness always comforts me. In Your name I pray with a grateful heart for those twin orange cups!

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