

A Really Hard, Horrible, Rotten, Lonely, Bad Day....

Dear God,

I'm lonely. As if You didn't know, I had a horrible, rotten, very bad day and it didn't get any better as it went along. I tried to e-mail friends...talk on the phone...mope around. I even bought myself some flowers. (*What a surprise! I really shouldn't have!*) Nothing worked. I talked about You, wrote e-mails to request lots of prayer from many people, but I didn't talk to You much; You seemed so far away.

I'm angry about my circumstances. Why do people have to get sick and suffer? Why does cancer exist? Can't we all just drift away to heaven in our sleep?

My grandpa Eli is one of the loves of my life and he is dying of cancer. He's so strong; he puts up a good front for me on the phone. I almost believe he's perfectly healthy...except when I hear he's lost 50 pounds and isn't eating much at all. He laughs with me, jokes with me, tells stories about the "old days" when he met my grandmother on the dance floor during the big band era. He makes those times seem simpler – purer in some way, but I'm sure it was hard. He lived and worked through the depression. He made \$15 a week working at a cigar factory, went home and turned it all over to his mother. She then gave him a big kiss, he tells me. He had many jobs and worked for one company as a machinist for 23 years, only missing 2 days of work... and those were Saturdays.

When I tell him I'm still not married he laughs and says, "You know, I didn't think you'd have such a problem honey." When I ask him how he feels he says, "I think I'll live another day." He's been saying that for 20 years now, and he's almost 91. You'd think that would make it easier to say goodbye, wouldn't you? People tell me he has lived a long full life and we should be grateful for all the time we've had with him. Well, I just say that was more time to get to know him and to love him.

He has become a love of my life, not a boyfriend or suitor that came and went but a constant source of joy, laughter and love in my life. He's a positive spirit to the end. He's taught me how to take joy in simple things. Every year he fills a jar with coins and my brother and I get it for Christmas. He delights in seeing our

eyes light up at all the silver coins as we count them on the floor. I will never outgrow this tradition. Hey, it's laundry money and I'm takin' it! He's led a simple life but it's been a good one. I've learned so much from him and I believe I have some of his spirit... with the exception of the "not missing work" thing. We know at this point that my career goal is "trophy wife," right?

He's a fighter and now it's my turn to fight for him. God, I'm fighting for him. I don't want him to go. More importantly, I don't want him to suffer or lose his dignity. He's almost 91 and has more hair on his head than both his sons combined and he's "strong like a bull," he tells me. He used to say, "A beer a day keeps the doctor away" even though he hasn't had a beer in a very long time. He beat cancer once; why is it beyond You to help him beat it again? Why do I feel so helpless?

I don't know how to deal with this type of pain, God. I tried to escape it by running off to some "chick flick" about a woman who gets dumped, runs off to Italy, buys a house and falls in love. I just wanted to cry, "God! Why can't that be me?" I'm thinking I need some man in my life to turn to in times like this. I'm there in the theater sitting next to my sweet married friends and they are holding hands and all I can do is gorge on my smuggled popcorn and hotdog! I know You were there with me, yet besides the screaming I did in my car on my way to the movie theater, there wasn't much prayer going on today. I don't know why. I don't have the answers.

You know my heart. You know I want to trust You to justify what's going on, but it's really hard right now. I want someone tangible to talk to, to get that last hug from at the end of the day, to go through these hard times with. I can't help it; that's how I feel. You say You want me to be honest with You God, to pour my heart out to You – so here I am...what's next? Am I supposed to go pick up my Bible and try to find comfort? I guess I could do that. I'll flip the pages until I find some verse I feel is just for me, but what if it's just me making it up?

What do You really want to say to me? Can't I just have five minutes of Your time where I can really hear your voice? I know... I know... it's a lot to ask but, I thought I'd give it a shot. I love You always; You know that. I trust You always. You are good. Love, Kerri