

# HEART & HAND

Reaching for a hand and touching a heart.

May the warm glow of the season fill your days with colors of love & joy.

Happy Autumn



## A NEW LIFE, NOT A NEW NORMAL

BY CHAPLAIN LIZ DANIELSEN

So many people talk about finding the new normal in your life after you've had a loss. What is that really supposed to mean? For me, nothing has been normal since my husband died or from any of the other losses I have had to experience. How about you? The American English Collins dictionary tells us, "Something that is normal is usual and ordinary and is what people expect." The Webster Dictionary says normal means "conforming to a type, standard, or regular pattern: characterized by that which is considered usual, typical, or routine." What I have discovered is that nothing is ordinary, and this new normal is not working for me. No matter how I try to conform to what people expect or try to find a routine, it is impossible. Everything has changed, and what I have discovered is that God is revealing to me that I have a new *life*, not a new *normal*.

Everything has changed in my life. This has helped me understand what I am



"God is with me as I discover what God still has for me to do as I trust Him every step of the way."

experiencing so I can heal and continue everyday knowing God's plan for me as an individual. My new life reminds me every day that those loved ones are no longer with me. No more memories to be made, no more conversations, no more days together to celebrate with them, and no more times of prayer. The list goes on. They will always be

a part of me as all those memories are held in my heart. I look forward to our home in heaven where we will catch up with each other, sing, praise God, and worship Him together. That is a promise I hold on to. Heaven is a place more wonderful than we can ever begin to imagine. It is a place where joy, beauty, peace, and happiness will never end.

However, I am still here on earth and it is hard, but as I spend time with God, He

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# JESUS LOVES US AND WALKS WITH US

BY DR. BETH GRANT



**"The more we learn to love like Jesus I believe we will also find ourselves modifying our steps to walk with people that need Jesus and that He loves so much..."**

Nine years ago, David and I were walking and running through an airport concourse as we had for 37 years. From our first week of marriage, we had walked through airports around the world, and I knew David's gait. Just as clearly as he had his unique voice, personality, and appearance, my husband had his own unique gait. We had learned to be in step.

Suddenly I realized that my husband's gait was changing. My heart panicked. Before doctors believed David had Parkinson's, I knew. Because I knew this man's steps, and they were not the same.

Recently, I realized I now have two gaits: one that is comfortably mine, and one that I'm still learning in order to be in sync and supportive of the steps of the man I love. We have literally walked the world together for 46 years. If you see me walking ahead of him, it's his preference. Sometimes, we match our steps. Other times, he wants me to set the pace ahead to spur him on into his best possible gait.

Another truth has become so comforting. Jesus knows each one of us so personally that if He knows the "number of the hairs on our heads," He also knows our gait. Like the devastated, confused disciples after Jesus's crucifixion who walked on the Road to Emmaus, Jesus appeared and walked with

them. The just-resurrected Son of God loved His grieving disciples so much - that much! - that He got in step with them, talked to them, and revealed Himself as they walked.

And the more we learn to love like Jesus, I believe we will also find ourselves modifying our steps to walk with people that need Jesus and that He loves so much - whether they are struggling to take the next step toward Him or running the race He calls us to with strength. An old Gospel song says, "He walks with me and He talks with me, and He tells me I am His own." Not my favorite song, but so reassuringly true when we daily walk with Jesus!

"Thank you, Jesus, for loving us so much and so personally that you know our very steps and stride on the good days and difficult days. Thank You for walking that close to us on this journey! And thank you for the privilege of walking with this good man named David."

## Remember Me

To the living, I am gone.

To the sorrowful, I will never return.

To the angry, I was cheated.

But to the happy, I am at peace,

And to the faithful, I have never left.

I cannot be seen, but I can be heard.

So as you stand upon the shore

Gazing at the beautiful sea

- remember me.

As you look in awe at a mighty forest

and its grand majesty

- remember me.

As you look upon a flower and admire

its simplicity - remember me.

Remember me in your heart,

Your thoughts, your memories of the  
times we loved,

The times we cried, the times we

fought, the times we laughed.

For if you always think of me,

I will never be gone.

-Anonymous



**"I will give you a new heart and put a new spirit in you; I will remove from you your heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh."**

**Ezekiel 36:26**

reminds me that I have a new life. I can make it as I trust Him who created me to take me step by step. I am so glad to have had the opportunity to begin my journey of having a personal relationship with the Lord at the early age of 11 years old. Many years have passed since that day, but He was faithful then and He is faithful now. I am finally getting to understand that I do not need to find a new normal and that this new life can be good. God is with me as I discover what God still has for me to do as I trust Him every step of the way. In Ephesians 2:10 it says, "For we are God's handiwork, created in Christ Jesus to do good works, which God prepared in advance for us to do." In this new life, I want to be God's handiwork to the world. He stills wants to use me, and He wants to use you.

Whatever your loss, a new life is offered to you when you are ready. It will not be normal. It will seem strange at first, but once you decide to let yourself have this new life that God has prepared for you, you are on your way to healing. The first step is to receive healing for your heart. Ezekiel 36:26 says, "I will give you a new heart and put a new spirit in you; I will remove from you your heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh." The second step is to receive this new life after loss as a gift from God. Thirdly, step into your new life with courage and confidence.

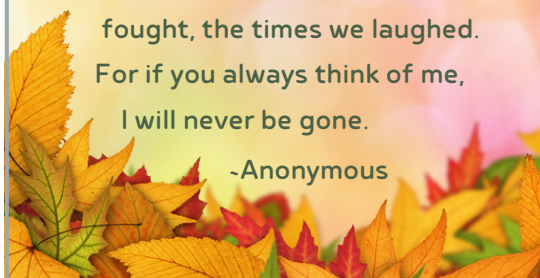
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**I am here if you want to chat.**

**Contact me at**

**Chaplainliz@scsm.tv or**

**call me at 540-349-5814.**





Dear Chaplain Liz.

I love receiving and reading the Heart and Hand. Every article is so interesting and meaningful.

I have chatted about a couple of the articles to my neighbor and she is looking forward to reading the Heart and Hand. I know she will enjoy it!

You all do such a wonderful job of putting this all together.

Thank you! Love, Norma

**WE ARE SO THANKFUL FOR YOUR SUPPORT.  
TOGETHER WE ARE CHANGING LIVES!**

**THE RESULTS ARE IN!**

**WE WON BEST  
Counselor/Therapist  
AND**

**Charitable Organization**

**6 YEARS  
IN A ROW!**

*Thank you  
for the votes!*



## WAYS YOU CAN HELP

### 1. Pray Regularly

### 2. Give monthly to help with

- Rent & Utilities
- Supplies & Training Materials
- Support Groups
- Community Events

### 3. Make a One-Time Donation



ENVELOPE



OVER THE  
PHONE



ONLINE



IN PERSON

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SCAN ME



## FOLLOW CHAPLAIN LIZ'S BLOG

[WWW.SCSM.TV/BLOG](http://WWW.SCSM.TV/BLOG)

## SCSM Mission Statement

Providing support and education with a Biblical perspective to those who are ill, dying, grieving and experiencing personal losses, and to those who journey with them.

## SCSM Vision

To establish a local, national and international resource center to provide ministry, training, and a retreat for those who are ill, dying, grieving and experiencing personal loss, and to those who journey with them.

## SCSM Values

- God's Word
- Prayer
- Every Human Life
- Integrity
- Confidentiality
- Excellence in Everything We Do

# THE BLESSING OF THORNS

AUTHOR UNKNOWN



Sandra felt as low as the heels of her shoes when she pulled open the florist shop door, against a November gust of wind. Her life had been as sweet as a spring breeze and then, in the fourth month of her second pregnancy, a “minor” automobile accident stole her joy. This was Thanksgiving week and the time she should have delivered their infant son. She grieved over their loss.

Troubles had multiplied. Her husband’s company “threatened” to transfer his job to a new location. Her sister had called to say that she could not come for her long awaited holiday visit. What’s worse, Sandra’s friend suggested that Sandra’s grief was a God-given path to maturity that would allow her to empathize with others who suffer.

“She has no idea what I’m feeling,” thought Sandra with a shudder. “Thanksgiving? Thankful for what?” she wondered. “For a careless driver whose truck was hardly scratched when he rear-ended me? For an airbag that saved my life, but took my child’s?”

“Good afternoon, can I help you?” Sandra was startled by the approach of the shop clerk. “I . . . I need an arrangement,” stammered Sandra.

“For Thanksgiving? I’m convinced that flowers tell stories,” she continued. “Are you looking for something that conveys gratitude this Thanksgiving?”

“Not exactly!” Sandra blurted out. “In the last five months, everything that could go wrong has gone wrong.” Sandra regretted her outburst and was surprised when the clerk said, “I have the perfect arrangement for you.”

Then the bell on the door rang and the clerk greeted the new customer. “Hi, Barb-

ara, let me get your order.” She excused herself and walked back to a small work-room, then quickly reappeared, carrying an arrangement of greenery, bows, and what appeared to be long-stemmed thorny roses. However, although the ends of the rose stems were neatly snipped, there were no flowers.

“Do you want these in a box?” asked the clerk. Sandra watched. Was this a joke? Who would want rose stems with no flowers? She waited for laughter, but neither woman laughed.

“Yes, please,” Barbara replied with an appreciative smile. “You’d think after three years of getting the special, I wouldn’t be so moved by its significance, but I can feel it right here, all over again,” she said as she gently tapped her chest.

Sandra stammered, “Ah, that lady just left with . . .uh . . . she left with no flowers!”

“That’s right,” said the clerk. “I cut off the flowers. That’s the ‘Special’. I call it the Thanksgiving Thorns Bouquet. Barbara



**"It took time for me to learn that the dark times are important to our faith! I have always enjoyed the 'flowers' of my life, but it took the thorns to show me the beauty of God's comfort."**

came into the shop three years ago, feeling much as you do today,” explained the clerk. “She thought she had very little to be thankful for. She had just lost her father to cancer; the family business was failing; her son had gotten into drugs; and she was facing major surgery. That same year I had lost my husband,” continued the clerk. “For the first time in my life, I had to spend the holidays alone. I had no children, no husband, no family nearby, and too much debt to allow any travel.”

“So what did you do?” asked Sandra.

“I learned to be thankful for thorns,” answered the clerk quietly. “I’ve always

thanked God for the good things in my life and I never questioned Him why those good things happened to me, but when the bad stuff hit, I cried out, ‘Why? Why me?!’ It took time for me to learn that the dark times are important to our faith! I have always enjoyed the ‘flowers’ of my life, but it took the thorns to show me the beauty of God’s comfort. You know, the Bible says that God comforts us when we’re afflicted, and from His consolation we learn to comfort others.”

Sandra sucked in her breath, as she thought about what her friend had tried to tell her. “I guess the truth is I don’t want comfort. I’ve lost a baby and I’m angry with God.” Just then someone else walked in the shop. “Hey, Phil!” the clerk greeted the balding, rotund man.

“My wife sent me in to get our usual Thanksgiving arrangement, twelve thorny, long-stemmed stems!” laughed Phil as the clerk handed him a tissue wrapped arrangement from the refrigerator.

“Those are for your wife?” asked Sandra

incredulously. “Do you mind telling me why she wants a bouquet that looks like that?”

“Four years ago, my wife and I nearly divorced,” Phil replied. “After forty years, we were in a real mess, but with the Lord’s grace and guidance, we trudged through problem after problem and the Lord rescued our marriage. Jenny here (the clerk) told me she kept a vase of rose stems to remind her of what she had learned from ‘thorny’ times. That was good enough for me. I took home some of those stems. My wife and I decided to label each one for a specific ‘problem’ and give thanks for what that problem taught us.”



## THE LETTERS

BY KRISTINE MORGAN



**"Her words ministered to me, validated my great loss, and reassured me that Kinsey will never be forgotten."**

A dear friend wrote to me consistently for a solid year after our daughter's passing. At first, the letters came every single day. Then, at least once a week. As I read her words about her kids, her house, a recent snowfall, or the hawk that follows her on morning walks, I felt taken in, pulled close - away from grief's chilly isolation - to an easy, normal conversation that invited me away from my world of pain into her everyday life.

Mostly she just shared about her day, the kids, or things God was showing her. She rarely addressed my loss, and it was refreshing. But, every once in a while, she

spoke of Kinsey, expressing her own sorrow that she was gone. She would share with me how Kinsey impacted her and her children and that tears still flow when they think and speak of her. Her words ministered to me, validated my great loss, and reassured me that Kinsey will never be forgotten.

Grief is irrational, unpredictable, and frustratingly erratic. Some days I would have a seemingly "normal" day and other days were completely overwhelming. There was no rhyme or reason to it. It's a hallmark of the grief journey.

That's what I loved about the letters. I got them, I read them, I laughed, cried or both, and I felt taken in, cared for, and thought of. BUT, I didn't have to initiate or respond. At the time, there was no emotional currency for either. Loving people who are experiencing deep grief often requires us to find creative and meaningful ways to minister without overwhelming them or requiring anything of them and also understand their need to isolate. My friend mastered this. Her letters were a lifeline to me when I was drowning in unimaginable sorrow.



## RESOURCE CORNER

BOOKLETS AVAILABLE ON OUR WEBSITE  
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HEARTACHE TO HOPE**



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ENCOURAGEMENT?**



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FROM CHAPLAIN LIZ**

**Spiritual Care Support Ministries Hours:**

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9 am - 2:30 pm

**Tuesdays & Thursdays**  
2:30 - 5 pm

**540-349-5814  
[www.scsm.tv](http://www.scsm.tv)**





# Paraphrase of **1 Corinthians 13**

For the Visitation of the Sick & Dying  
By N. A. Allen

**If I could explain** life with its joys and sorrows, its sickness and health, to all I meet but do not love each as an individual made by God, I might as well be talking to an empty room.

**If I can reach** out to others with compassion and the reassurance they seek but do not have love, my efforts would be futile.

**If I could buy** the cures for the pains and suffering in the world today but not love those I'm sent forth to visit, my money would be wasted.

**Love is patient** when it is necessary to repeat yourself over and over to a patient who has a hearing loss or is so medicated they can't concentrate on your words.



**Love is kind** when you tell someone how beautiful they are, because you're able to look at them with your heart and not your eyes.

**Love is not jealous** when those I visit are able to teach me that redemption is love in the midst of suffering.

**Love is not proud or boastful** when I am paid a compliment by the family, staff or patient, and they tell others how much they look forward to my visits.

**Love is sharing** the special gift of your life with those you visit, your laughter as well as your tears.

**Love does not broadcast** the problems of those I visit with anyone, not even family members, theirs or mine.

**Love is willing to yield** my scheduled plans to sit with a dying patient, who even in their last hours can teach me that the best of all love and life is yet to come.

**Love is being able** to spell hope J-E-S-U-S no matter how bad things seem, knowing all life is in His hands.

**Love is not being afraid** to say good-bye knowing we'll meet again someday.

Pain, suffering, indifference all will eventually vanish, but **love is everlasting.**

These three things I have learned through visiting the sick and dying, Faith, Hope, and Love, but the **greatest of these is LOVE.**

"Pain, suffering, indifference all will eventually vanish, but love is everlasting."





# PRAYER & PRAISE

## WE PRAY . . .

- That we will show humility and kindness in all that we do at the Center and in our private lives.
- That we will follow the guidelines in scripture to direct us as we help others and make decisions for the Center.
- That the Holy Spirit empowers us to do what He has called us to do.
- That more people of all ages would be willing to volunteer at SCSM.
- For more ongoing financial support.
- For the leaders of our country that they will make decisions that will benefit all people.
- For our Veterans that God would bring healing to their bodies, minds, and spirits.
- For teenagers and young adults to experience the love of God.

## WE PRAISE THE LORD FOR . . .

- Every day that we can serve the Lord at SCSM.
- Providing a Center that we can offer support that leads to hope.
- Giving us the opportunities to learn and grow so we can be equipped to help others that are experiencing trauma from losses and for those who journey with them.
- Our volunteers who are called by God to come alongside others who are hurting.
- Our prayer intercessors.
- Churches and individuals who support us financially.

## MEMORIALS AND THANK YOU'S

### IN MEMORY OF

John Shephard and Bauer Scott Shephard, given by Patti Shephard; Arvid Danielsen, given by Joseph Dahle; John Neth, given by Jack & Joyce Neth; Ray Wickham and Calyssa (Cally) Wickham, given by Julie Wickham; Priscilla Staples, given by John and Debra Staples; Gilbert Crowder, given by Dorothy Crowder; Arvid Danielsen, given by Liz Danielsen; Nicholas Daymude, given by John and Debra Daymude; Paul Kuhn III, given by Deborah Kuhn; Russell Jones, given by Judith Jones; Charles Green, given by Donna Green; Boyd Connally, given by Brenda Connally; Rob Christianson and John McCarty Sr., given by Ann Marie McCarty; Sgt. Jason A. Shaffer and Jennifer Shaffer, given by Roger and Gwen Shaffer; Arthur DePuy, given by JoAnn DePuy; Barbara Cale, given by Norma Baum.

### IN MEMORY OF SHERRY MOORE

Given by Debra Mroczek; Stephen and Janet Miles; Deborah James; Via Brown; Martha Ginader; Douglas and Doreen Freeman; Tom and Karen Goowin; Vint Hill Manor Homeowners Association.

### THANK YOU

Jay McCargo for sponsoring the Family Grief Camp; Lorraine Tammera for taking pictures for the Volunteer Appreciation Luncheon; Roger Coles for helping with Canva training; Brenda Connally for office supplies; Bobby and Pam Reynolds for providing SCSM with coffee, sugar, etc.; Patrick and Anna Hansen for donating snacks to the SCSM kitchen; Mark Brown for honey; Marty Ronayne for refreshments, coffee, etc.; Debbie Dallesandro for the white tent; Val Nieter for donating coffee, coffee cups, water, etc., for the Center; and Dennis Yeatts for hosting the Spouse Loss Game Night.

*A very special thank you to*

**The Patrick Ryan Gay Foundation for donating \$5,000.**

**Be on the lookout for our  
Wreath Fundraiser!**



**SCSM will be selling holiday evergreens  
from September until November.**

**You do not have to live locally to participate!**

**Coming soon!**

**Celebrating  
Christmas  
with SCSM**

**Please join us for our  
annual Christmas  
celebration event!**

## People need to hear your story!

Please let us know how SCSM has impacted your life.

Send in your stories or short testimonies to: [ahansen@scsm.tv](mailto:ahansen@scsm.tv)

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**Spiritual Care Support Ministries, Inc.**  
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WAIT FOR THE LORD;  
BE STRONG  
AND LET YOUR  
HEART TAKE COURAGE;  
WAIT FOR THE LORD!

PSALM 27:14