

God has a Heart Too!

I wrote this in 1989 at an emotional time of my life.

I have resurrected this as written and is followed by a Healing (Miracle) Testimony. Kevin

“I, as have most of you, have suffered the heartache of longing for a person you love, to love you too.

This heartache doesn't happen overnight.

It is the result of a continual giving of yourself, going out of your way, showing your love in affection, reaching out for just a sign of a sincere response, for a hug, a kiss, a kind gesture or an act of thoughtfulness not backed by selfish motive, continually hoping and 'hanging out' for just something that you can cling to.

How often we receive nothing.

No glimmer of hope. An emptiness.

Doesn't our being feel like a heavy weight, our heart feel so down that we could collapse in on ourselves?

But what can we say or do? We can't make them love us. It is no use embarrassing them into a token and temporary display of love and affection. We would see right through the falseness and feel even worse.

Do we give up to rid ourselves of the weight of it all?

And how could we if we love them?

It seems to be a heartache of no escape.

Well, I have reached so many times that point, of the decision to give up after another stab of rejection of love, and the hurt of the hardness towards me.

Your life seems so worthless when love does not come your way, yet you are full to the brim, overflowing, with love and affection to lavish on your loved one, if only they would let you get close.

But not so.

It seems that the increasing frustration that comes over time, can only be let out by tears, and how many of us have been there?

Well, recently, my pent up emotions welled up into a full-on cry.

It was during this that the Lord spoke to me.

He said that, I now know a little of how He felt during all the years that I rejected Him. Every time He tried to speak to me, to teach me, to help me, to encourage me, to get close to me, to show His love for me, just waiting for that glimmer of hope that I might respond, only to be ignored and His love trampled on. And,

even now, He longs for just a simple 'I love you Dad', to take time out and sit and appreciate Him.

He said that I now know a little of the love and the deep heavy weight His heart feels for the Lost.

It was only but a week later and my 4 year old son, Joshua, finished up very ill in hospital, severely constipated. I spent the night with him.

He was in pain and was drugged with pethadine, which continually jerked him awake if he dozed off.

He was hallucinating and was on a drip, not allowed food or water.

He had been vomiting for 3 hours, he was thirsty and his requests for a drink became pitiful to the extent that he was now asking for the empty cup.



They had given him a saline solution and I was encouraging him to go to the toilet and that only through this would he be allowed a drink.

Well I watched him get up a dozen times that night, dragging his drip trolley behind him, labouring to walk, tired, attempting to go but in vain, and I rewarded him with some drips of water on his tongue, pitiful to see.

By 8am there was no improvement and in fact he was looking much worse. The Doctors got very busy when they saw him and for the next 3 hours there were several blood tests. Needles, every finger pricked more than once, barium solution xray and booked him in for an operation at midday with a twisted bowel.

I watched him as they prepared him. He was beside himself (I was beside myself!).

He was exhausted.

The drug was still causing him to jerk, hallucinating, blood oxygen count at such a dangerous level, he could suffer brain damage and they were still not sure whether they could operate.

It was 11:30 am now, 30 mins to go.

His mother was in by now, and I felt so upset, so emotional, so useless as I was watching my son die before my eyes that I could not stay. I just could not watch another minute.

As I got in the car, I cried and cried, I never cried so much before. (sorry, twice on the same pdf!!! ...not me).

In the midst of this, my Heavenly Father spoke to me.

He said that now, I have experienced a little of how He felt as He watched His Son, Jesus, die on the Cross.

Yes, it wasn't just the sin He couldn't stand looking at, it was the agony He felt watching His beloved Son suffering unto death.

Just try and imagine you in the same situation with the addition, that you had the power to stop it.

For God could have stepped in, but He loved us so much that He allowed it to continue to give us the salvation that was so undeserving.

So often we picture God in His strength and might and forget He is the source of all love.

We don't realise that He too is hurt by our indifference and the rejection of His approaches in love.

How elated and on 'top of the world' we are when our love is accepted and returned.

Accept the love of God and respond from your very heart, as He Deeply desires your relationship.

JOSHUA.

So what happened with Joshua?

He was born 1 month prem with a type of hernia that causes the intestines to be in a sac outside the belly button.

At birth they just poked his intestines back from the sac thru the belly button and finished it with a stitch.

He had stomach bowel and 'toilet' problems from birth.

In hospital, he has now come full term from that decision.

The twisted bowel caused a cut of oxygen to a large part of the bowel. With it contamination of the blood.

As they operated on him, his organs began to shutdown.

The surgeons removed the dead intestine area (over 1mtr) but were concerned for his future.

His intestines (praise God) were longer than normal.

But after leaving hospital he was unable to fully digest and absorb all the nutrients.

The food went straight 'through him', producing 'dirty water' when he went to the toilet.

The doctors said that he will need to have over 60% of foods removed from his diet to overcome this.

That this would be his future, there is no way around it.

As a believer, I took this on board but didn't ACCEPT it.

Because of his constant physical problems throughout his life, Joshua had become insecure. Could not count the times we heard him grunting and groaning, trying to pass, while hiding behind a chair.

I spoke the Word over him. I told him bible stories and encouraged him about how much Jesus and God our Heavenly Father loved him and wanted the best for him.

Every Sunday, he had hands laid on him by the Pastor in Church, with corporate prayer.

There was no visible change in him for over 6 months except that he stopped losing weight.

The digestion problems still remained and with a powder in his food, was able to reduce the symptoms.

Then during a bible story time about his angel, he laughed and I sensed a breakthrough, and I knew that his wall of fear and insecurity had a crack in it, and that the Word had got in.

The Pastor prayed over him the next sunday and Joshua received his healing (miracle).

He has had no problems or symptoms since that day.

Stay in God's Word.

Most miracles come with time.

They require Faith (Trust in God's Word), obedient action, and in many instances, time."

Remember the 10 lepers. They were healed as they went.

He is now (in 2016) 31, married with a son
God is not just Good, He is Great!
Thank you Jesus!



Here are the 4 generations.
Joshua holding his son, my grandson.

Watch for the post of “We are delivered by the Truth”.