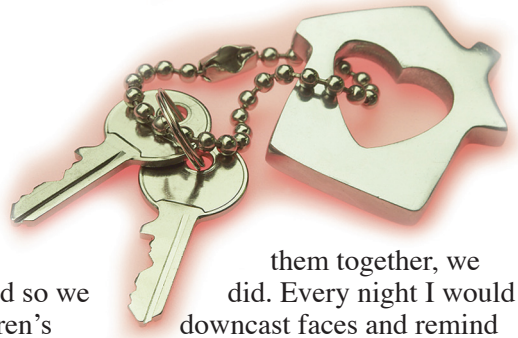
A Home To Love



"A Home to Love" is the slogan for my new real estate business. I am a woman who loves her home. Creating a warm, safe, secure home for my family and building a nest where I could care for those I love the most utilizes every gift God has given me and fills me with contentment and joy. But my home, like so many today, suffered a blow that could have destroyed it and robbed us of the future God had for us.

In 1989, I had just about everything a woman could ask for; a lovely house, three beautiful, well behaved and loving young children, two young adult step-children who were an integral part of our family, a gentle, loving, respected physician husband who was devoted to his family. Life was perfect except for one cloud that hung over us, the intermittent, consuming depression my husband suffered. We tried every remedy offered by medical science and had the prayer support of strong Christian friends, but my husband's illness continued to escalate until one unspeakable day when, overwhelmed by a darkness unknown to those who have not suffered from depression, he ended his life.

The Bible says "*A wise woman builds her house*." That day I built my house by crying out to God for His wisdom, His healing, His intervention, and His help. I knew He heard and answered immediately, as I comforted my children and heard greater wisdom than I possessed, in answering their questions and dealing with their fears and grief.

"A Home To Love"

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In the days following my husband's death, I cried out to God many times, telling Him my grief was too overwhelming to make it even through the next few minutes of my day, asking Him for help. Again and again I would end my prayer feeling unchanged, only to realize minutes later that I was being bathed in peace.

The hardest part of our day was bedtime, when the absence of Daddy's presence and the realization that he was not coming home that night threatened us with despair and unbearable grief. I gathered my three little ones together on my bed each night and, as God had impressed me to do, I helped each one share his or her feelings with the rest of the family. Most evenings there was such grief in that room, my little ones could barely lift their little faces to meet my eyes as they shared their sadness and loneliness for their father. I would then pray aloud with them, telling God our feelings, asking Him to comfort and help us.

"*Sing to the Lord*" the Bible says repeatedly, and also "*God inhabits our praises*." God had impressed upon me that after we shared our feelings each night and prayed about them together, we were to sing, and so we did. Every night I would watch my children's downcast faces and remind them that, although we might not feel like singing, God wanted us to. In weak and tremulous little voices we would begin to sing simple little worship choruses, and every night I watched a miracle.

As praise filled the room, God's presence was ushered in. The heavy oppressive mantle of despair and grief lifted, and the room was permeated with peace and a powerful sense of God's love. The dark heaviness in my spirit gave way to light, as I gazed on the transformation in my children's faces. Grief gave way to smiles while they tumbled off the bed onto the floor, giggling and playfully rolling around with each other. Every night they would pull themselves back onto the bed and one of them would say, "I want to pray, Mommy!" Invariably the prayer would go like this, "Thank you God for helping me when I am sad. Please keep on helping me." The other two children would echo that first prayer, and so great was their peace that I could tuck them into bed for the night!

I knew we were experiencing miracles. No positive thinking or words of comfort could have changed us so! I knew we were seeing first hand the truth that where God is darkness must flee. The God of love, joy, grace, faithfulness, mercy and kindness is greater than any grief, any despair, any sorrow, any abandonment, and in His presence all those things must flee.

God has continued to walk with us through the years, bringing continued healing, helping us through the many mountain tops and valleys of our lives and inspiring me to make our house a warm, welcoming and loving home for all.

Now I am motivated to help my buyers find the houses that can become the homes they need and love. I am always aware that, for a child of God, the safety and security of our homes in these uncertain times is not dependent on the best loan we can find, or the best neighborhood in the area, or the stone, brick, wood and mortar it is built with. Our security and wellbeing comes from God, whose word says, "*I called on the Lord in distress; the Lord answered me and set me in a broad place*." (Psalms 118:5 NKJV)