



4 Days



■ by Erin Davis, MSW, LCSW

I am lost—abandoned in what feels like a nightmare; only I'm not waking up. My brother died 4 days ago. Before we could figure out what was wrong, we lost him. I can't accept that he's gone. It doesn't feel real. Wails of grief echo through my house, but I am silent and inconsolable. My only brother whom I dearly love is alive no more.

I long for the face of my friend, and yet I'm angry with him. How could he not be here? How could he not come? We sent for him days ago. His absence is now my greatest sorrow. My mind wanders and I begin to wonder if I was wrong about him. Does he really care for me? Does he care about any of us? This doesn't seem like what a friend would do. It feels empty and callous.



My sister says that there must be a reason he hasn't come and that there is still hope. I want to believe her, but it has been 4 days—not 3—4 days. He must be beyond recovery at this point. I thought I had so much faith—like I was special. However, my pain has absorbed every bit of faith I thought I had. I even see my sister wavering. She won't say it out loud, but I see it in her eyes. They are more distant and lost since this morning.

I've decided to join all of the people that have come to mourn with us. I don't see my sister amongst the group. Maybe, she needs some time alone to wrestle as I have. Before I can finish my thought, my sister bursts in the door breathless and pulls me aside. She tells me he's here and that he wants to see me. I don't wait for my mind to catch up; I race out of the door. My heart drums loud and hard—consuming all other sounds—vibrating through my body and taking a hold of my every movement. Nervous excitement ripples through me like tiny bolts of

- Continued on Page 2 -

Reflection taken from the Jul | Aug 2018 issue of *PRESSING ON*, a Publication of Chicago Christian Counseling Center
Chicago Christian Counseling Center has locations throughout Chicagoland and Northwest Indiana

www.chicagochristiancounseling.org

800.361.6880 | info@chicagochristiancounseling.org

facebook.com/ChicagoChristianCounseling | Text CCCC to 22828 to join our email list

Promoting health and wholeness through professional counseling, consultation and education from a Christian perspective.

4 Days



■ by Erin Davis, MSW, LCSW

Continued from Page 1

lightening—fueling me with the adrenaline I need to keep going. I don't know what I'll say to him. What can he do now?

Finally, I see him walking toward me with his usual entourage. I want to get him alone, but it seems impossible because the crowd is pressing in on him like cattle at feeding time. Before I can prevent it, the sobs begin to erupt out of me and I can walk no further. I collapse at his feet. I don't want to look into his eyes. I don't want to accept this. However, I can't stop myself from crying out to him and telling him the obvious—"If you were here, he would still be alive."

After what feels like a lifetime, I muster the courage to look up from the ground that shelters me, I realize he is trembling. He's looking at me with the gentleness I have come to know so well over the past years, and tears pour from his eyes. He loses his composure in front of the crowd and weeps like a baby. This unlocks me and I embrace the grief I have stifled over the last 4 days.

His unraveling brings me an assurance beyond the answers I am seeking. I'm not alone... this pain I carry is not only mine...he is here to bear the unbearable weight with me. I still feel the sting of death...the loss in my life, but something tells me that this story is not yet finished. Maybe, my sister was right after all...maybe there is still hope... even on the 4th day. ■



Erin Davis is a Licensed Clinical Social Worker and sees clients in our River Forest, IL location.

This reflection is based on the following Bible passage: John 11:1-44



An invitation to reflect...

This reflection came about from a desire to understand the humanity of the stories in the Bible. Often, I would read scripture looking for a promise of certainty to stand on, instead of as an invitation to reflect. When I see the humanity of the experiences of Mary, Martha or even of Jesus, the words take on new life and meaning. I begin to explore, question and discover more in myself and my experience with God. When I read these with clients, I use them as tools of exploration...to notice what God is eliciting in them. What do they feel in their bodies, or what word or phrase jumped out at them? ~ Erin Davis MSW LCSW

www.chicagochristiancounseling.org

Promoting health and wholeness through professional counseling, consultation and education from a Christian perspective.