

# ***REFLECTIONS***

March 12, 2006

**There will be earthquakes in various places, and famines. These are the beginning of birth pains.**

*Mark 13:8*

## **Birth Pains**

The tears I shed were not because a game was lost or because a goal went unmet. Rather the tears were shed because a season of life had ended. It was one we all loved so much—a time when we watched a young man grow in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man. It was a time rich with blessing.

Grief is so normal when an ending comes. We all go through it. We feel such an emptiness when something ends. Endings can sink us into a barren state that feels so lost, so alone. No matter if it is a death, a job change, a broken relationship, or a high school basketball career as it was this time, endings are a part of the process of life. And life is a process of endings and beginnings that are linked by transitions.

William Bridges has written a best selling book on the subject. The book is entitled *Transitions* and every library should find a place for it. He writes that life is a series of transitions—bridges between endings and new beginnings. He points out that beginnings are born only after there have been endings. Transitions are the times in between that we feel the hollowness of grief that produces the emotions of anger, loss, fear, regret, denial, and guilt, before acceptance.

Endings disrupt the rhythm of life often leaving a loss of identity or of purpose. The ensuing periods of transition are trying times when our activities change, places we go are different, our relationships are altered. But transitions provide a time for reflection—a time to retreat into solitude and to prayer. They offer occasion to relive memories and to prepare for the unveiling of sunrises that give birth to new days.

The Apostles experienced it. They retreated into solitude and grieved. Then Jesus returned to them and opened the doors to, “Go into all the world and make disciples...” The ending they grieved was the incubator for giving birth to the blossoms of a new season in their lives that spread the Gospel around the world.

Some seasons of life are very rich blessings as my grandson’s basketball was for me. It will forever live in my memory as I await the birth of a new one. The birth pains will go away in the course of transition. And the sun will rise to illumine the blossoms of a new season that will bring blessings of its own. God works that way.

*“You are the light of the world,”*

*Richard* +

Permission is hereby granted for reproduction and redistribution of this edition of Reflections provided all applicable copyright laws are properly observed.

Your comments are welcomed and encouraged. Richard may be reached at [richard@reflectingthesavior.org](mailto:richard@reflectingthesavior.org).