

# Phoenix Rising

This grief newsletter is sent to members and friends of Paradise Valley United Methodist Church following the loss of a loved one. PVUMC pastors are available to you if you need one-on-one support. Contact the church office for more information at 602-840-8360. If you wish to be removed from the mailing list, contact the church office or e-mail [ddoran@pvumc.org](mailto:ddoran@pvumc.org).

Debbie Doran, Editor

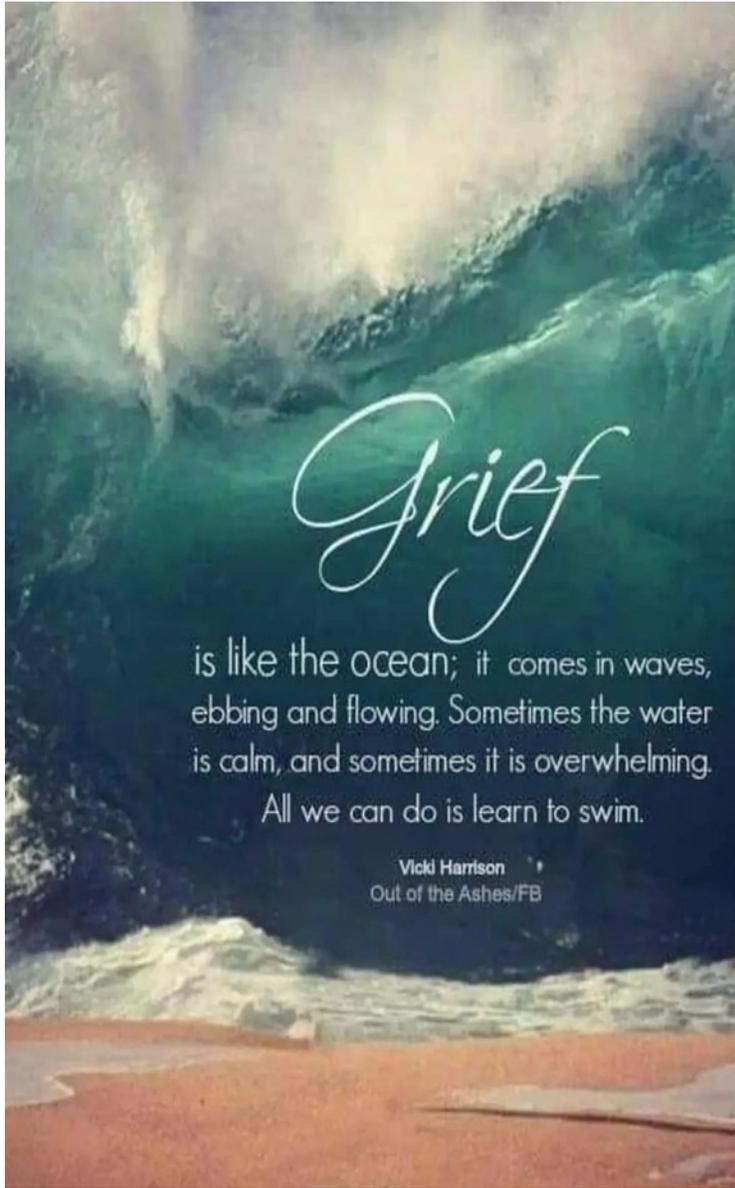
## Grieving, An Ongoing Process

You are still in the beginning of a new year, and the beginning of a new season of living. Grief is with you each day. Sometimes, it is overwhelming, incapacitating; at other times, just a sharp pain.

Imagine climbing out of a rocky canyon. Each grab with your hands and each step to find a place to foothold creates great pain in your body. You know there is no way to go but up. You rely on God, family and friends to help you move forward. Eventually you find a ledge. You pull yourself to its safety and rest. Looking down, you see how far you have climbed. Looking up, you see how far you need to go.

Sometimes it is a terrifying journey, too much to contemplate. You cry, scream, throw yourself down in agony. You wonder if this torture will ever end. Time does not diminish your grieving completely. It will always be with you, but it does change and you can begin to heal.

In mourning my mother's absence, I have had to allow our relationship to transition from one of **presence** to one of **memory**. After 17 years, she is still with me, and I treasure those memories.<sup>1</sup>



# Grief

is like the ocean; it comes in waves,  
ebbing and flowing. Sometimes the water  
is calm, and sometimes it is overwhelming.  
All we can do is learn to swim.

Vicki Harrison  
Out of the Ashes/FB

## Hymn of Promise

In the bulb there is a flower; in the seed, an apple tree; in cocoons, a hidden promise: butterflies will soon be free! In the cold and snow of winter there's a spring that waits to be, unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.

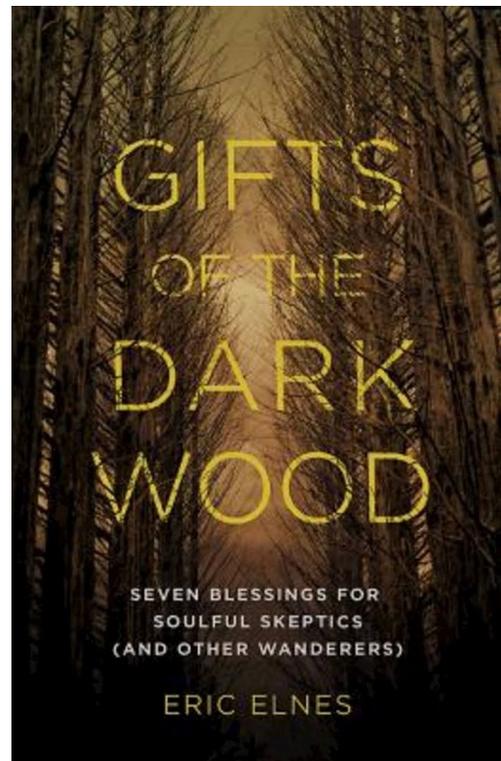
There's a song in every silence, seeking word and melody; there's a dawn in every darkness, bringing hope to you and me. From the past will come the future; what it holds, a mystery, unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.

In our end is our beginning; in our time, infinity; in our doubt there is believing; in our life, eternity. In our death, a resurrection; at the last, a victory, unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.<sup>2</sup>

## GIFTS of the DARK WOODS

One doesn't move from uncertainty to clarity, but from uncertainty to TRUST, which requires the ongoing presence of uncertainty.

One doesn't move from failure to success, but from failure to FAITHFULNESS, which requires the ongoing possibility of failure.<sup>3</sup>



## A Tale of Isreal's Two Seas

There are two seas in Israel...The Dead Sea and The Sea of Galilee. The Sea of Galilee is teeming with life. It has 27 species of fish, some found nowhere else in the world. Its shores are full of birds and lush vegetation.

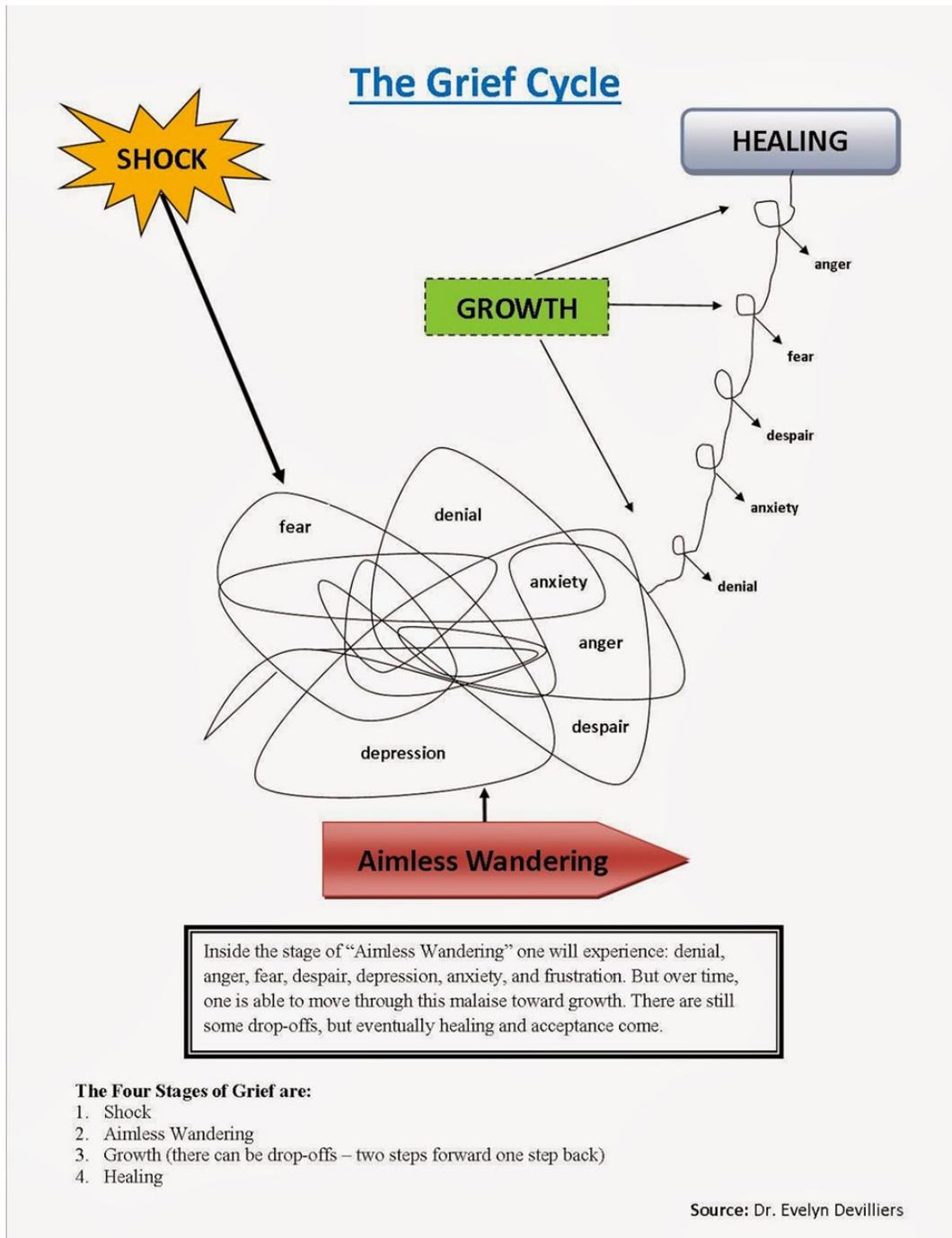
The Dead Sea, on the other hand, contains no life at all. It is toxic and bitter. Yet, they are both fed by the same river, the Jordan.

How could two seas, fed by a single source, be so different? The answer is: The Sea of Galilee receives water from one end and gives out water at the other. The Dead Sea receives water but has no outlet. It keeps it all within itself.

So it is with life: If you only receive, but do not give, you do not live.

So, give, live and love.<sup>4</sup>





**Footnote:**

1. Paula Rugen
2. United Methodist Hymnal, page 707, words and music by Natalie Sleeth, 1986
3. *GIFTS OF THE DARK WOODS*, by Eric Elnes, page 8
4. Posted on FaceBook by Israel's Voice