

MY FAITH ONLY GREW STRONGER

A father's journey

Jeff's 20-year-old son Matthew died in a drowning accident in 2011

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I never questioned God

A very personal story, one that I have never shared with anyone except my partner, happened to me three days after my son had passed. I was at home alone and trying to edit together a video of my son's life that would be played at the chapel service the next day. I was praying all that day and asked God to show me or reveal to me something that would help me make sense of what had happened.

At that exact moment, while I was sitting there, my body went numb and I could feel the Holy Spirit coming over me. I could feel a beam of light, like rays of sunshine on my face. I was surprised at first and a little scared, however that all went away when God started laying these things on my heart.

The best way I can explain it with accuracy is that God was showing me these images of my son. First it showed my son's addiction and experimenting with drugs getting worse to the point that his life was in a full downward spiral.

At this point I prayed to God and said out loud, "Please, dear God, please show me more," and the images continued.

It showed my son getting deeper and deeper into his addiction. At this point in the images, he was sleeping on friends' couches, anywhere he could find a place to crash.

God laid on my heart and reminded me that all my adult life, ever since I had kids, I had always prayed at night for him to watch over my children, and to keep them safe and protected. So why would I be shown these images, and the way they played out? That was revealed to me as well.

As much as I loved my son and daughter, I could only advise Matthew and try to help him, but I could not live his life for him. God spared me from seeing what would have been the slow demise of my son slowly killing himself with the drug use and alcohol.

I felt honored, and still do, that God allowed me to see these images, and it greatly helped me to accept things, and I didn't need to question them.

I still grieve deeply for my son; however, I have that assurance in the back of my mind that Matt is with God in heaven and his spiritual life continues, and one day I will see him again.