

OH BABY MINE

(BY GREG BREZINA)

WHEN THE GRIEF IS IMMENSE AND THE SORROWS ARE GREAT, THERE IS ONE THAT OFFERS TRUE COMFORT IN OUR TIME OF NEED.

Last Saturday I had the privilege of baby-sitting my precious one and a half year old granddaughter Mary Callaway Brezina. When I met up with her, she was holding three dolls, 2 milk bottles and one fluffy stuffed lamb that she calls “Lambie”. Of course, they were too much for her little arms. She kept dropping one or the other as she tried to carry them around the house. I tried to carry some of them for her, but she would have none of it. She had to carry them all. I followed her around the house picking up whatever she dropped and placing them back in her arms. When I was younger, I never envisioned myself enjoying baby-sitting, but I’m loving every minute of it except for dirty diapers. They are still a challenge.

After several trips around the house, Mary Callaway rounded the corner in our den, and our piano caught her attention. She stopped, stood still and stared at the piano. By the expression on her face, I could see that her mental wheels were turning. All of sudden, she dropped the dolls, milk bottles and “Lambie” and sprinted for the piano.

She didn’t have the height to get up onto the piano bench, but that didn’t stop her from trying. So I reached down and helped her up. Immediately, she started banging the keys. I graciously interrupted her banging by taking her hand in mine and began to gently play the piano. With her finger, I punched out the tune “Oh Baby Mine”. As our fingers moved from key to key, I remembered that my mom had taught me that tune in much the same way.

My mom was musically gifted. She played the piano by ear. Sometimes, I would sit next to her on the piano bench and watch her play. I still remember the time she took my hand in her hand and said, “You can do it.” She then punched out one verse of the tune “Oh Baby Mine” with my finger. That tune was one of her favorites. She would always sing it softly, like she was singing it to herself. She taught me that verse, and it goes like this, “Oh baby mine, I get so lonely when I dream about you, can’t do without you, that’s why I dream about you, if I could only put my arms around you, life would be so fair”.

As Mary Callaway and I were playing, I thought, “Mom sung that song over and over because those words were on her heart. She

identified with the words of that song. Then, I thought, “I wonder what the rest of the words to that song are?”

Throughout the rest of the day, I continued to wonder about the other words of the song that was sung so frequently by my mother. Finally, that night when I got home, I went to my computer and googled “Oh Baby Mine”. This is what popped up on the screen:

Oh Baby Mine
Written by Pat Ballard

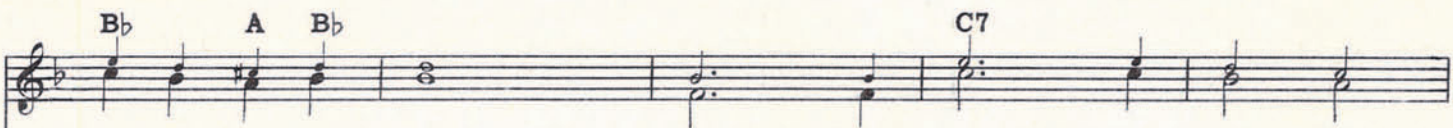
Oh baby mine I get so lonely
When I dream about you,
Can’t do without you
That’s why I dream about you.
If I could only put my arms around you
Life would be so fair.

If you were there we two could
Hug and kiss and never tire
I’m on fire
You are my one desire
I get so lonely when I dream about you,
Why can’t you be there.

Oh baby, tossing and turning in my slumber
Oh baby, holding you it seems
Oh baby, I’d give you kisses without number,
But only in my dreams.

Oh baby mine I get so lonely
When I dream about you
Can’t do without you
That’s why I dream about you.
If I could only put my arms around you
Life would be so fair.
Oh baby, life would be so fair.

As I read those words, I thought to myself, “This is the way mom felt about her lover, my dad. Mom never shared much about her intimate love relationship with my dad. Oh, she shared how they met, dated, married and what a cut-up he was. But, nothing like the words of this song. I never realized the depth of mom’s romantic love for dad.



Mom lost the love of her life when she was only 35. (My dad died at age 37.) This month mom will be turning 93. That means that she has lived 58 years without the love of her life. This song was the cry of her isolated, suffering heart for the man she married. She lost her lover at an early age and must have meditated on the words of that song many lonely nights. My older brothers have confirmed it. They told me how they heard mom cry herself to sleep numerous times.

I knew mom had a hard life, but I had never thought about how mom's heart must have ached for daddy's companionship. She was always so confident and strong around us. She always appeared in control and always seemed to know what to do. If she couldn't fix it, she knew someone who did.

I had never before put myself in her shoes. As I read the words to the song, I suddenly began to identify with her loss. I wept. I wept for my mom and the loss and hurt she has lived with all these years.

Then, suddenly this demonic thought popped into my mind, "If God was good, He wouldn't have let my mother suffer like she has." (Matt. 16:21-23) This was the same lie that I heard years ago after my daddy died. Back then the tempting thought was, "If God was good, He wouldn't have let my daddy die." The first time I accepted and believed that lie, and it affected my life dramatically for the next 17 years. Believing that lie brought me nothing but confusion, conflict and frustration.

Immediately I was able to recognize the lie, and I wasn't about to go on that miserable journey again. Through the Holy Spirit, I brought that lie captive (2 Cor. 10:3-5) and rejected it by simply saying, "The Lord rebuke you." (Jude 9) And, the thought left me along with its author. I then set my mind on the truth and experienced God's peace. (Phil. 4:8)

If you or someone you love are in the middle of pain and suffering brought on by evil in this world, you may be tempted to believe that lie and doubt the goodness or even the existence of God. Here is a question that frequently comes up when people see or experience evil: "If God allows evil to exist, can He still be good?"

The answer is yes. God is good, and He is good all the time. Scripture never attributes the origin of evil to God. It is always

attributed to Lucifer, the fallen son of the morning, who is now called Satan. God did plant the tree of the knowledge of good and evil in the middle of the garden. But, that doesn't make God evil or the author of evil.

He planted the tree of the knowledge of good and evil in the garden to provide Adam and Eve with a choice. Without a choice, there is no love. If Adam and Eve were not given a choice to choose against God, they would never have been lovers of God but would have been robots for God. A robot cannot choose to love. Robots can be programmed to do acts of service, but these acts are not loving acts because the robot does not have any say in the matter. Robots are simply carrying out the instructions of a programmer.

Suffering is part of the consequences of Adam's sin. And sin is the source of my dad's death and the resulting grief and pain my mom experienced. But just knowing that Adam's sin is the source of our sufferings does very little to comfort our souls. We need better comfort than that in order not to just survive but to thrive in this life.

So what can comfort our soul when we experience trials and suffering? We receive comfort from knowing that Father God loves us with all of His heart and that Jesus knows and understands our suffering. Jesus himself experienced tremendous suffering and emotional pain during his time on earth.

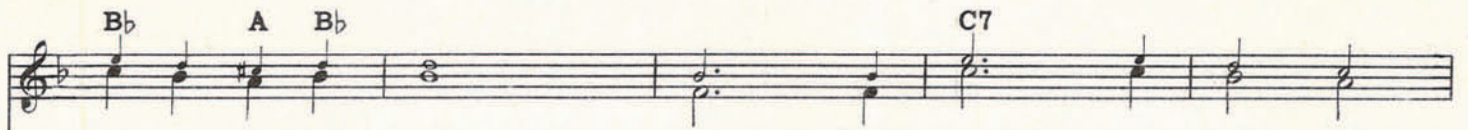
Isaiah says that Jesus had "no stately form or majesty that we should look upon Him, nor appearance that we should be attracted to Him. He was despised and forsaken of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and like one from whom men hide their face, He was despised, and we did not esteem Him. Surely our griefs He Himself bore, and our sorrows He carried; yet we ourselves esteemed Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. He was pierced through for our transgressions, He was crushed for our iniquities; the chastening for our well-being fell upon Him, and by His scourging we are healed. The LORD has caused the iniquity of us all to fall on Him. He was oppressed and He was afflicted." (Isaiah 53:2b-7a)

Jesus understands hurt, pain, suffering and loss. Please re-read this passage and read it slowly. Place yourself in Jesus' shoes. Experience what He experienced. Its okay to weep as you read because it was our sin that caused His loss, rejection, abandonment, grief, loneliness, pain and suffering.



**"LET US THEREFORE DRAW
NEAR with CONFIDENCE to
the THRONE of GRACE, that
WE may RECEIVE MERCY and
may FIND GRACE to HELP in
TIME of NEED."**





Scripture also says, "For we do not have a high priest who cannot sympathize with our weaknesses, but One (Jesus) who has been tempted in all things as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore draw near with confidence to the throne of grace, that we may receive mercy and may find grace to help in time of need." (Heb. 4:15-16)

God can comfort us because He has gone through the same pain and suffering that my mom and all humanity has. Another Scripture says it this way, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort; who comforts us in all our affliction so that we may be able to comfort those who are in any affliction with the comfort with which we ourselves are comforted by God." (II Cor. 1:3-4)

The same comfort that God gives to me, He has given and continues to give to my mom. Several years ago, mom told me this story. "After Junie died, (Junie was short for Junior. He was E.M. Brezina, II, my youngest brother who died about a year after my dad died.) I told God that their deaths were more than I could bear; I couldn't go on. At my lowest point, an angel appeared to me and said that everything would be all right. God would care

for me and the children." Then she added, "And, He has. See, God has taken care of all of us all these years, and don't you ever forget it."

I said, "Yes Ma'am," and received some of the comfort from her that she had received from God in her afflictions. Later, she told me that her faith has never wavered, and it hasn't. And, by God's grace, we will never forget. Bless His wonderful name!

Love ya,

Greg

Greg Brezina

PS Connie and I have been married over 42 years now, and we haven't forgotten. As we read the words of "Oh Baby Mine", and remember Mom's difficult journey, we're reminded to hug and kiss more often. We thank God for Mom's faithfulness to Him and her testimony to us.

bout you can't do with - out you That's why I dream a - bout you.

You Have Permission To Grieve

1. Grief is not our enemy, nor is it a mark of weakness or of little faith.
2. Grief is truly acknowledging that we have suffered loss and is a normal and necessary part of life on planet earth.
3. We need to give others and ourselves permission to go through the grieving process rather than resisting or condemning others and ourselves. "It is O.K."
4. God will reveal to His children when, how long and what to grieve. He will also show us what to do after our grief is over. (1 Samuel 16:1.)
5. Grieving is a healthy way of dealing with loss and leads us to experience the fullness of the healing and comfort God has given us.
6. Abiding in Christ will lead us to grieve with hope. (1 Thessalonians 4:13)

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