

Check out this picture!
Zachariah's fish really did **die resting in the arms** of ...Superman.

Who is Your **Super Hero**?



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"He who **dwells in the secret place**
of the **Most High** shall **abide under the shadow**
of the **Almighty**." Psalm 91:1

My son's first pet fish **died** when Zachariah was seven.

We adults obviously realize that the **death** of a person is much more intense than the **loss** of a fish; but for Zach, this was his first experience of **losing** something close and personal.

So, we took this situation seriously, handled our son's **heart** with **gentleness**, and walked with him through the **grief**.

I was moved to **tears** myself when, during our little **memorial** for the fish, Zachariah **tenderly** said of him between **tears**,

"He was a part of our family. I even **called him brother**."

What was most stunning is how we found the fish upon his **death**:
peacefully resting in the **arms** of...*Superman*.

Our son had put a **Superman** figurine in the tank over a year prior, and the fish had found that spot under **Superman's arms** many times before. Then, on the day of his **death**, the fish returned to the very place where he'd become **accustomed** to **resting**.

I can't help but ask:

In whose -- or what's-- **arms** do we **rest**?

To where do we **run** for **refuge**?

What am I **accustomed** to '**sitting in the midst of**'?

Whatever or whoever it is, it's my **Super Hero**.

The person, place, or thing that I make a habit of '**running to**'
will be where I end up, at "the end."

Who is *your* **superman**?

When the waves of **grief** come,
when seasons of **mourning** hit,
when **uncontrollable emotions** abound,
under whose **arms** do you **hide**?

Between whose **shoulders** do you **dwell**?

"The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him,
who shelters him all the day long;
and he shall dwell between His shoulders."
Deuteronomy 33:12

If you have relationship with Jesus, you are 'the beloved of the Lord.' You shall **dwell in safety** by Him. He **shelters** you all the day long. You **dwell** between His **shoulders**.

"We who have been made holy by Jesus,
now have the same Father he has.
That is why Jesus is not ashamed to **call us his brothers.**"
Hebrews 2:11

Now *that's* one great Super Hero.

CHALLENGE

Do you know what else is **amazing**?
When we allow ourselves to **grieve**, we really do **heal**.
As Zachariah experienced **sorrow** off and on for a few days, we
taught him that God gave us those emotions, and we're to **lament**--
His Word instructs us so.

"Lament and mourn and weep!
Let your laughter be turned to mourning and your joy to gloom.
Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and He will lift you up."
James 4:9-10

I believe to the depth of our **grief**, our **lament** is proportionate.
Permit yourself to **cry. Wail.**
Not only will the Lord **hold** and **comfort** you,
but He will also **lift you up**.

Sure enough, a few days after his fish died and Zachariah took time
to **lament**, he woke up ready and asking for a new fish.

*Whether your **pains** from **loss** are provoked by something small like a
fish, something bigger like a job, or something enormous like a loved
one, I pray this precious story is a timely **encouragement**. May Jesus
meet you **in the midst**, as you seek **refuge** under His **arms** of
safety and love.*

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