



Week 1

## *Finding Your Song in Your Sorrow*

### A Gift from the Sea



*As a result we are no longer children tossed here and there by waves. Ephesians 4:14*

I pick up the sea glass, mesmerized by its frosted, opaque colors as it catches the morning's sand-sun. Like the surrounding, baited fish, I'm hooked! I love sea glass festivals, collecting at the break of dawn, and crafting amateur sea glass jewelry to display to my usually unimpressed friends!

Europeans regard sea glass as trash. In their minds, it's the "garbage" they threw into the sea that should be left there. To me, each piece is a treasure like my fellow grieving moms.

Shards of a once brilliantly colored object are now weathered and broken, pitched onto our Heavenly Hope sands. As I stare at the treasures in my hand, I muse about their history: a piece of a ship's guiding lantern?

A shattered serving plate from the galley? An ancient bottle tossed carelessly overboard? Someone's trash, my treasure.

Unique shapes of glass like unique moms with worn edges in myriads of color! Azure and cobalt blues, copper and reds, vivid greens, opaque with rainbow reflecting tones, and the rare lavender. All led to the beaches of Heavenly Hope, Umbrella Ministries, and groups like Compassionate Friends. Picked up to be admired by the treasure finders and beautifully repurposed.



### *Your Composition*

Discovery Dialog with your Composer: How did Job compare his feelings to a piece of sea glass? Job 30:22.

Prayer: Thank you, Lord that as I was broken and tossed by violent waves of grief, You were forming me into something beautiful.

Selah: I will look for beauty as I hold my weathered, broken shard up to God's light.

