

Somehow

BEHIND THE SONG

I have a certainty about eternity that is a wonderful thing, and I thank God for giving me that certainty. I do not fear death. I may fear a little bit about the process, but not death itself, because I think the moment that my spirit leaves this body, I will be in the presence of the Lord. -Billy Graham

Just Believe, Somehow

I think we've probably all dealt with loss. It's a part of life. But sometimes it can be a difficult, seemingly insurmountable pain. I wanted to share with you all a little encouragement as I have personally dealt with loss in the face of tragedy. And I was able to face the other side with peace - not because my situation was a little easier than most, not because I'm a stronger person, but because I have an understanding of what loss really means. And you can too.

It was March of 2009. My best friend, Stacy, was nine months pregnant with her third child - a complete surprise to her family. She and I had spent the previous nine months postulating what it would be like to have another baby around. After all, she was over forty and her kids were not exactly babies anymore. I remember her trepidation over the pregnancy when she first found out about it. But watching her grow more and more excited over her coming little one, more and more in love with him, was the part I remember most of those months.

When the ninth month rolled around it was a busy season at the television network where we worked. It was our annual telethon - the time of year where we raised money to stay in operation. The network was buzzing with people everywhere preparing for the two-week marathon of phone calls, late night broadcasts, mail room overloads. Neither of us were looking forward to it, but Stacy had a potential excuse to miss most of it. She was due the day it started. So when the Monday morning of the telethon rolled around and she didn't show up to work, I knew it wasn't just because she didn't want to be there. She had gone into labor over the weekend!

I called her in the hospital. She told me she was in labor but just waiting. It was taking a while. I told her I loved her and I couldn't wait to meet her new little man. That was the last conversation I had with her. Stacy passed away less than three hours later of a blood clot. But I didn't know it until the next morning when I got to work.

I came into my office, set my stuff down and immediately knew something wasn't right. I turned around to see the HR manager and probably six other people with her. They came to my desk with strange looks on their faces. The HR manager looked at me and said, "Morgan, something has happened to Stacy. She passed away last night." I don't remember much else of what happened



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after that. She grabbed me and put her arms around me. I stood there taking it in. I didn't know what to ask. I didn't know what to think. How could this have happened? I don't know how long she hugged me or what else was said right there. All I remember is how empty the room felt after they left. All I remember was wondering how everyone at work could keep on like nothing had happened. It made me mad. I started looking for someone to blame. I started looking for a reason for this terrible tragedy.

Then it started hitting me. How was a tiny little baby boy supposed to survive the world without his mommy? Yes, he had his daddy and brother and sister. But it wouldn't be right without his mommy. Babies need their mommies. What was God thinking? Stacy was the funniest, most kind and honest person I ever knew. Period. I'm not saying that because she's passed away and we're supposed to say something nice about those who have gone on. I'm saying it because it's true. And actually, I would never be able to completely describe the kind of person Stacy was. Words do no justice. Sufficient to say: she was one of those people that became your best friend almost instantaneously. She was one of those people that had the unique gift of telling you exactly like it is without making you feel worse for hearing it. She was one of those people that could take a funny situation and make it funnier. And I loved her like a sister.

Her funeral was one of those funerals where no one wants to cry because Stacy wouldn't want that, but you can't help but mourn the loss of such a sweet person. Everyone who spoke said exactly what I would have said: she was my best friend. There was no one else like her. I just remember sitting there looking at her husband and kids wondering what they were supposed to do now. How were they supposed to move on from this? What could they possibly take away from this that's positive?

Yeah, yeah, yeah, you hear people say "we'll never understand all of God's purposes." You can say that it will all be okay. But this was the first death I had experienced where I really wondered how it could be okay. How could it be okay for her sweet family? What in the world was God thinking?

It has been almost three years as I'm writing this and I can tell you that I am no closer to answering that question now. I don't understand God's ways. I don't know why things like this happen. But I can tell you this: there is a supernatural power in knowing Christ. And that power is what has made a seemingly senseless death like Stacy's something I can move forward from.

See, there's something about Stacy I haven't mentioned yet. Stacy was a believer in Jesus Christ. And not just a "go to church on Sunday" Christian. She was one of those "this thing is real whether you believe it or not and it has changed my life. Give it a try and it will change yours too" kind of



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Christians. Every conversation with her, serious or not, was seasoned with a deeper understanding of the Holy Spirit. Every word out of her mouth was somehow tied back to her close relationship with Jesus. It wasn't a part of Stacy's life. It was her life. So as I faced the prospect of dealing with her death, two things kept coming back to mind. One - because she was a Christian, she is in heaven. And two - I may not completely understand all of this, but since she is in heaven hanging out with Jesus, she understands it now. Somehow, that was enough. I finally understood that I didn't have to understand it in order to get past it. It was a deep, tragic pain, but it didn't have to cripple me. In fact, Stacy would have been sorely disappointed if I had let it.

The night she died, I went home from work with an empty feeling in the pit of my stomach and I'm sure a deer in the headlights look on my face. I turned to what I usually turn to when I need to let out my emotions - the piano. I sat down and, like so many times when I am experiencing deep emotions, a song poured out of nowhere. I listened to the words I was singing and they comforted me. I wrote them down and thought that if they helped me, they would probably help a lot of people. That song was "Somehow" and I want to share it with you now so that you too can be reminded that even though you may not understand the tragedy that has happened in your life, you can understand that there is a God who does. If you really know Him and you truly put your trust in Him, there is a peace that comes with your faith. You can face the insurmountable if you know that you have the God who made the mountains by your side.

That's really it. It seems pretty simple, perhaps even trite, but in all honestly, it's a pretty complex thing. God can take what we can't overcome and overcome it for us just by being there. So my advice, no my encouragement to you is to let him help you through it. Lean on him in your time of need. Trust that he has a reason for everything and perhaps not now, perhaps not even on this side of heaven, but someday you will understand. And it's okay. It may not seem like it is, but I promise it is. And there can be a day when you are able to move past the pain. No you'll never forget the person you loved. No, you'll never be over the fact they're gone. But you can be past the part that hinders you from going on with your own life by putting your complete trust in the One who gives - and takes - life as he chooses. He is God, after all.

Be encouraged, my friend. Christ remains our hope eternal.

-Morgan

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Scriptures for Comfort in a Time of Loss

Psalm 18:2

The LORD is my rock, my fortress and my deliverer; my God is my rock, in whom I take refuge. He is my shield and the horn of my salvation, my stronghold.

Psalm 30:5

Weeping may remain for a night, but rejoicing comes in the morning.

Psalm 71:20-21

Though you have made me see troubles, many and bitter, you will restore my life again; from the depths of the earth you will again bring me up. You will increase my honor and comfort me once again.

Isaiah 40:18-31

Do you not know? Have you not heard? The Lord is the everlasting God, the Creator of the ends of the earth. He will not grow tired or weary, and his understanding no one can fathom. He gives strength to the weary and increases the power of the weak. Even youths grow tired and weary, and young men stumble and fall; but those who hope in the Lord will renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles; they will run and not grow weary, they will walk and not be faint.

Matthew 5:4

Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted.

Matthew 11:25-30

Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.

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Lyrics: Somehow

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I found out today
That everything would change
I found out
Nothing would be the same
Oh and why is the only question I can seem to ask
Oh and I can't find the answer as hard as I try

So I'll keep on believing
Keep on moving
As hard as that seems
The world will keep turning
Everything will keep going
That's how you'd want it to be
Oh I know that's what you would say to me if you
were here now
Just believe somehow

Sometimes life is unfair
Some things will never make sense
Why a little boy will never know
The smile of his mother's eyes
Oh and why is the only question I can seem to ask
Oh and I can't find the answer as hard as I try

So I'll keep on believing
Keep on moving
As hard as that seems
The world will keep turning
Everything will keep going
That's how you'd want it to be
Oh I know that's what you would say to me if you
were here now
Just believe somehow

Oh and I've been here before
But it's never hurt this bad
I've cried many nights
Wondering why

So I'll keep on believing
Keep on moving
As hard as that seems
The world will keep turning
Everything will keep going
That's how you'd want it to be
Oh I know that's what you would say to me if you
were here now
Just believe somehow

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