



Tears in a Bottle

I don't need easy, I just need possible.

Bethany Hamilton – Soul Surfer

I don't need permission to cry; in fact I come from a long line of criers. Ask my mom, ask my sisters, and especially our better halves. From a commercial, to a testimony, to a tired - hungry -long day, we like to and can cry easily. I thought I might run out of tears in this illness and turned around a generation of crying for my daughter, but alas, I cannot run out of tears.

Emotional tears differ so much from these tears of sadness, deep mourning, savage fear, loss, uncertainty and anguish. In these Lyme tears, this illness had me pinned down and sapped out. I told my husband it was not my lack of emotional control or spiritual strength, it just feels like a 300 lb. giant gorilla sat down on my panic button and wouldn't leave. I was red-lined and cried often.

I came across these verses after reading a book or devotional (and for the life of me I can't remember which one – one of the many consequences of the brain fog – I forgot everything), “Record my misery; list my tears on your scroll – are they not in your record?” (Psalm 56:8)

Did that pierce your heart dear Lymie and bring more of these precious tears to your eyes? He, the Creator of the universe, the Lord of heaven and earth, lists *my tears* on His scroll, *your tears*. They are recorded, every single one. Every single one. And not just the tears, but the misery, the sadness, and the ache that goes along with them. The Message translated it like this: “*You’ve kept track of my every toss and turn through the sleepless nights, each tear entered in your ledger, each ache written in your book.*”

Oh, how I needed to hear that he tracks and knows my toss and turn, my sleepless nights, every ache of my heart with these tears. My favorite version however comes from the New King James Version “*You number my wanderings; put my tears into your bottle.*”

In my Lyme brain fog, I needed to know that he numbered my meandering, my lost-ness, and my fog along with catching my tears in His bottle. Just picture that for a moment. A room with shelves in heaven lined with ache and tears all logged in His book. He says “For you, Lord, have delivered me from death, *my eyes from tears*, and my feet from stumbling, that I may walk before the Lord in the land of the living.” (Psalm 116:8)

Just picture it with me – God has a special place in heaven for your tears. That is the only thought I want you to contemplate as we continue this journey. In your darkest places and the deepest quick-sands of depression through Lyme, remember to imagine your shimmering bottles of tears. I wonder if they become iridescent when God’s glory shines through them?