



He sees you

## Description

Mother's day. (sigh)

Wait, sweet friend, before you scroll, swipe, or click away. I have a couple of questions for you.

Is this day a painful reminder of what you've lost?

Do you feel [hopeless](#), forgotten, invisible, or abandoned?

Do you know, you're not the only one who feels this way? I promise you are not alone.

I know, for many, Mothers day is full of celebration, honor, hope, and much [JOY](#). If you're in that season, I am rejoicing with you! On the contrary, if you answered yes to the previous questions and what you are feeling is a sense of dread, hopelessness, loss, fear, abandonment, anger, and grief, I grieve with you.

There's a myriad of scenarios and life stages that have the potential to make this Mother's day bittersweet for you, if not just bitter entirely. You see, Mothers day hasn't always held joy for me. For many years all I felt was the pain.

I recall getting ready for church on Mother's day every year and having to push beyond the tears to even walk through the doors. I swore if Pastor spoke one more time about [Hannah](#) I would drop kick him. (very Christian of me, I know!)

Year after year, the same scene would play out. I'd sit there in service feeling as though a spotlight of heat was on me and everyone saw my pain and pitied me.

I feared their questions. Did they wonder what was wrong with me or what I had done that God hadn't given me a child yet? I always wished I could just crawl in some hole for the day or find a greater reason to stay home entirely. (as if all of that wasn't reason enough)

I wondered often if God could even hear me, see me, and did he really know what was best or was I being punished? I wanted desperately to be seen by God yet I only felt

naked to the world. How is it that one can feel naked and invisible at the same time?

To [the enemy](#), your pain is an easy target. He aims to hit you where it hurts. For me, every pregnant woman was an opportunity that the enemy used to remind me of how inadequate I must be, how undeserving, and how defective I was.

Was I invisible to God? This was the question that burned deeply through pain, searing it to my soul. Having given into the enemies lies, his words became my own. Muttering them under my breath, thoughts of them would run rampant through my days and I became what I believed.

I found myself so broken, wounded at my own hand and my fractured soul hurt those around me.

Maybe you've never walked through the deep waters of loss, [infertility](#) or grief. Perhaps you only recognize my words by the way someone else has treated you. Then there are others of you and this is partially your story. Maybe you are thinking about how I must have read your mail!

If you find yourself on the "waiting" side of life, I've been there and friend, I hope you can believe me when I say it won't always be unclear. One day you'll be looking back too.

When I look back over all the pain of what I felt were wasted years, I see things so differently. Now glancing at the entrusted story of my life through his eyes, I recognize where he carried me and understand how it shaped me. I can see how all the pain made preparation for my breakthroughs and are now areas of strength.

I've heard it said something like this...

Our area of greatest weakness is actually our area of [greatest strength](#) and influence, still in process.

Thank you JESUS!

I understand now His name, **El Roi**, "The God who sees me". I come to you today to share His hope. He sees YOU! It's in his name, his nature, and who he is.

So I've come to know and understand that when I feel the most alone in my grief, God is there and holds every single moment. El Roi, He sees ME! His hands, wet with my tears, lifts my chin and tells me who I am. He tells me that I am [worthy](#), [chosen](#), [whole](#), [beautiful](#), [loved](#) and [restored](#)! God has broken through the hurt and erased the words carved by pain.

**Those who sow their tears as seeds**

**will reap a harvest with joyful shouts of glee. [Psalm 126:5](#) (TPT)**

Have you sown your tears as seeds? Or have your tears merely made the ground wet and your feet muddy?

The only place your tears can be sown as seeds is at the feet of Jesus. Will you come with me there?

I'd love for you to pray this prayer with me.

Father God,

Thank you for always seeing me. For catching every single tear that falls from my face. Thank you for knowing what my heart needs most, this is you. Father, forgive me when I've questioned your love because you had me wait or your answer was no. Grant me the desires of my heart as you've given them to me. In asking, I trust your timing, your plan and your purpose in it all. Through my pain I will praise you, in each sorrow I'll lift up your name. For you alone are my refuge and my strength. You are my reward. Amen

I believe this video will encourage your heart this Mother's day.

<https://youtu.be/sz81dlfwf4Y>

### **Category**

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