

SEND US YOUR [CRAP]

Questions about the sermon? Text them to us or write them out and submit them in the back of the Worship Center. 2-3 questions will be answered at the end of the service. (Please include your first name.)

TEXT TO 651-321-3030

[UNANSWERED PRAYER] HAPPENS



WEEK 3



Psalm 13:1-3

How long, LORD? Will you forget me forever? How long will you hide your face from me? How long must I wrestle with my thoughts and day after day have sorrow in my heart? How long will my enemy triumph over me? Look on me and answer, LORD my God. Give light to my eyes, or I will sleep in death....



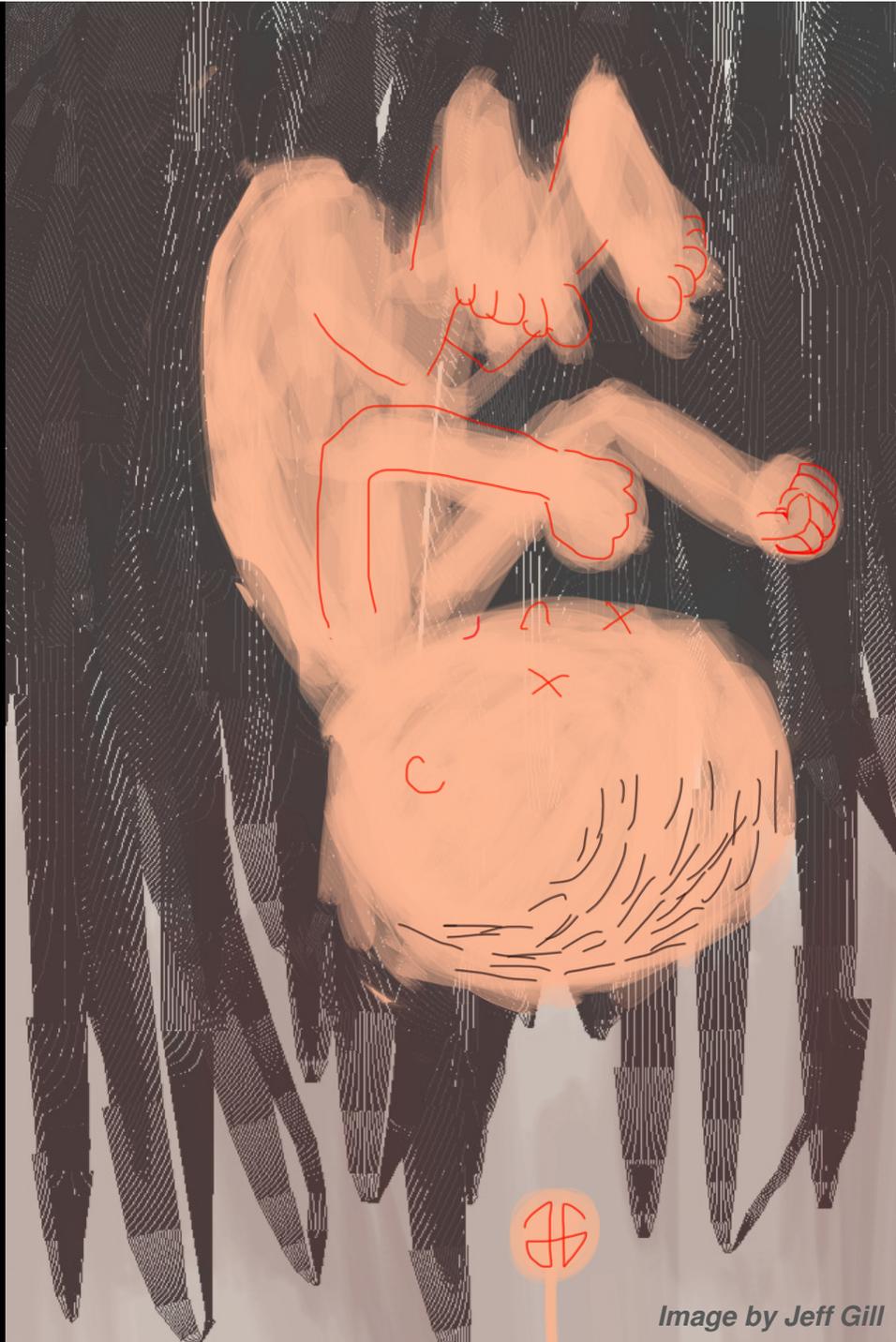
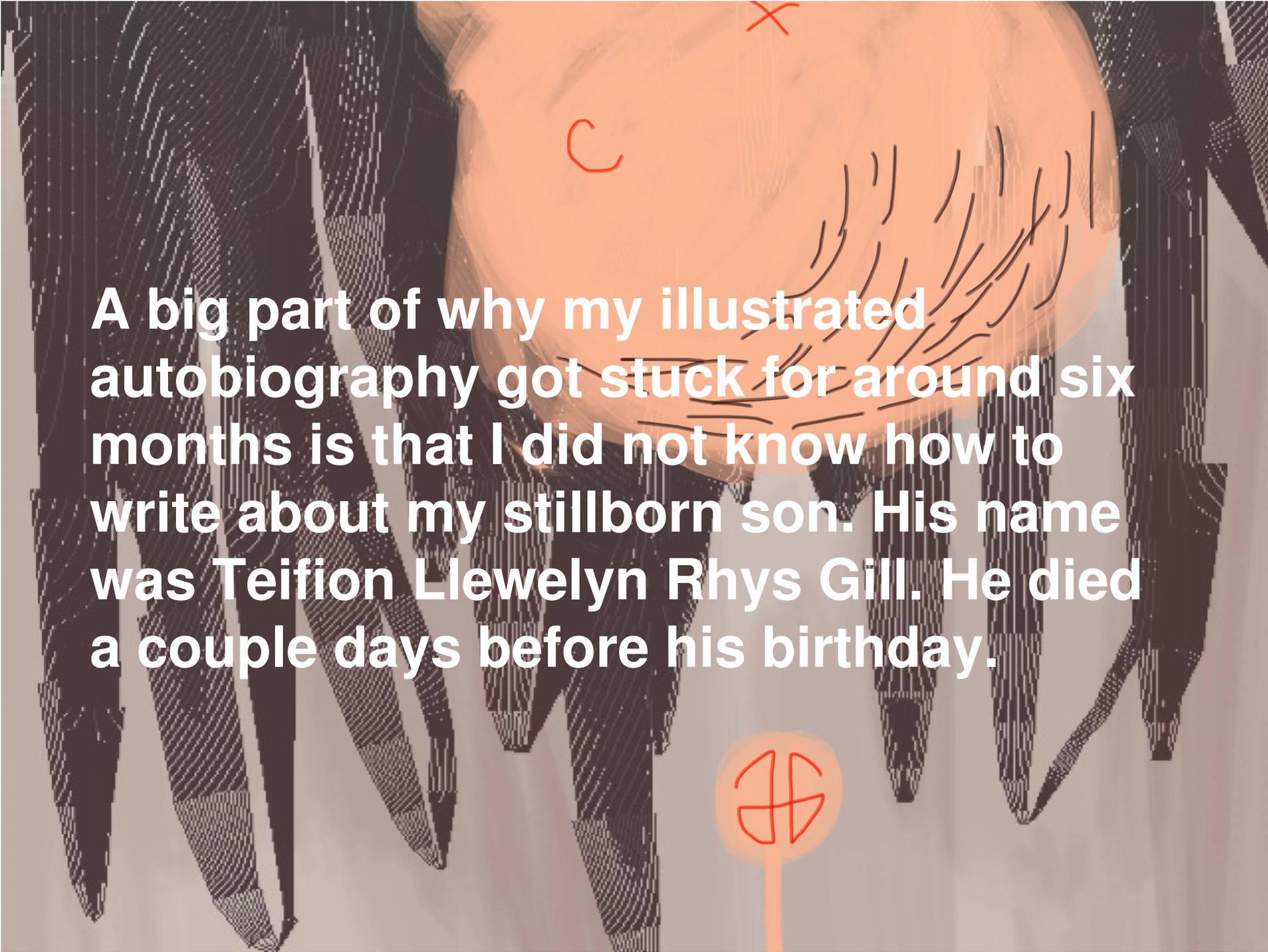


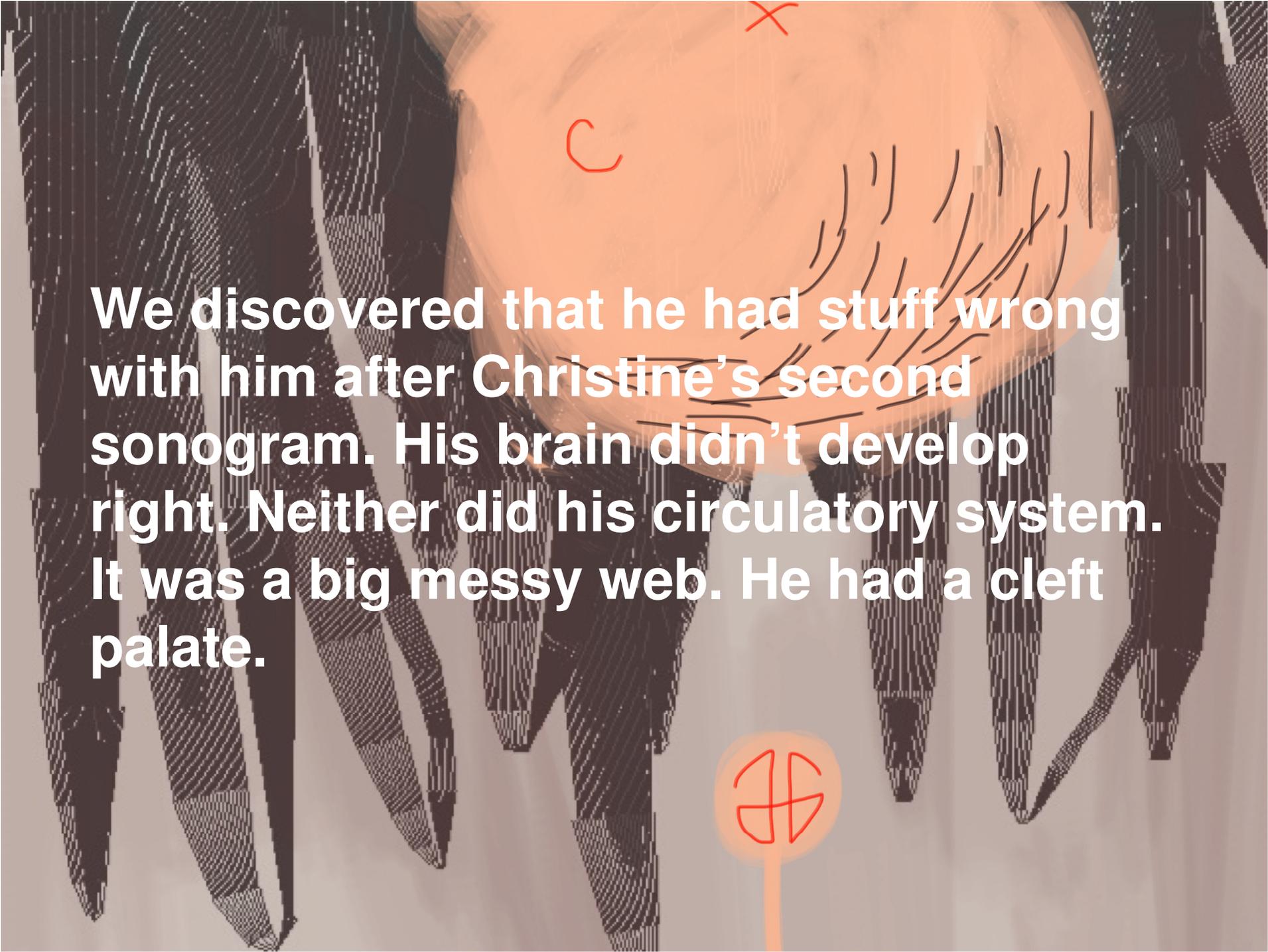
Image by Jeff Gill



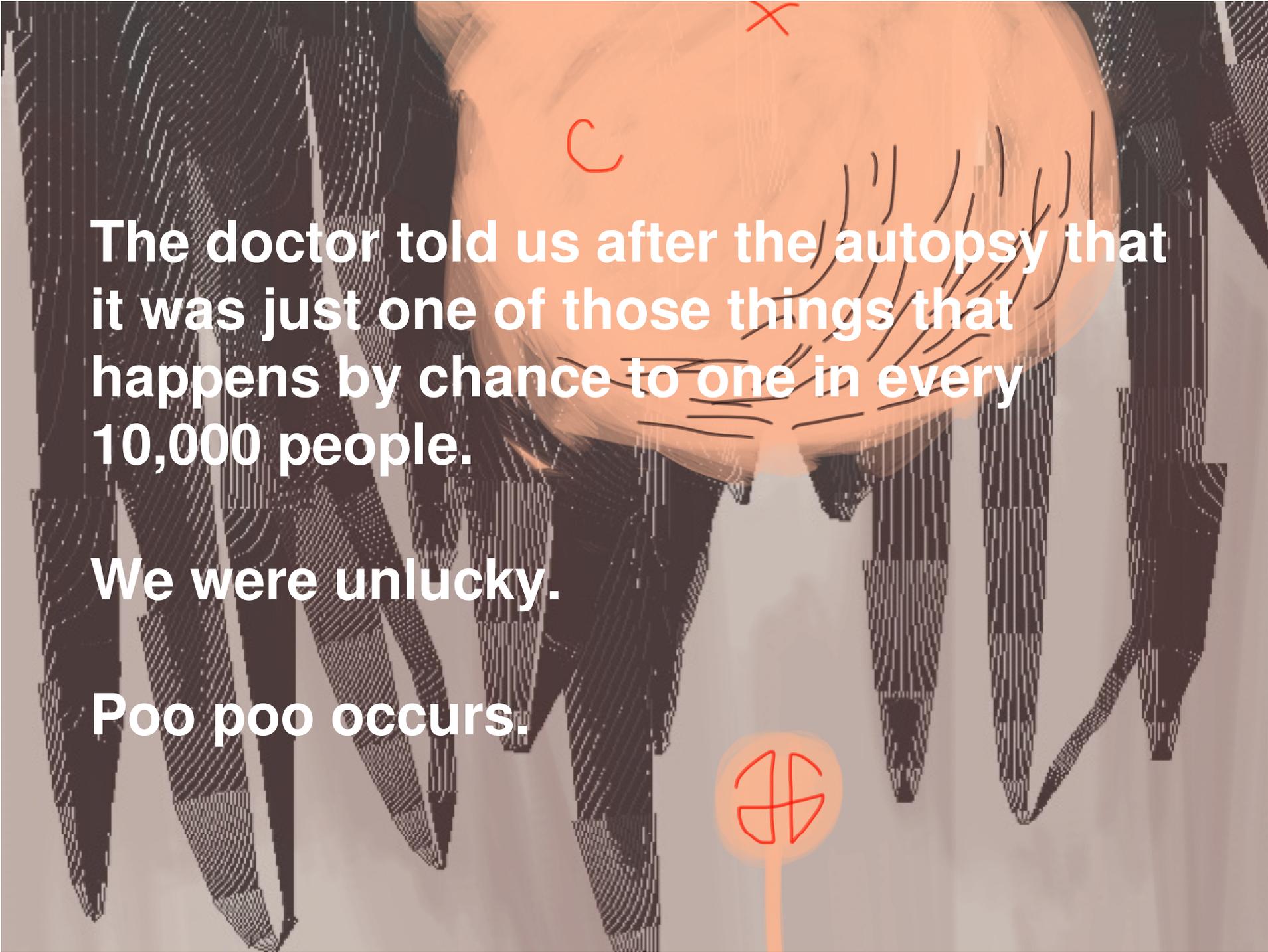
A big part of why my illustrated autobiography got stuck for around six months is that I did not know how to write about my stillborn son. His name was Teifion Llewelyn Rhys Gill. He died a couple days before his birthday.



Teifion came along too soon after our first child. We weren't ready for another child. Christine was still dealing with post-natal depression. But we decided he was a gift and began to be excited about him.



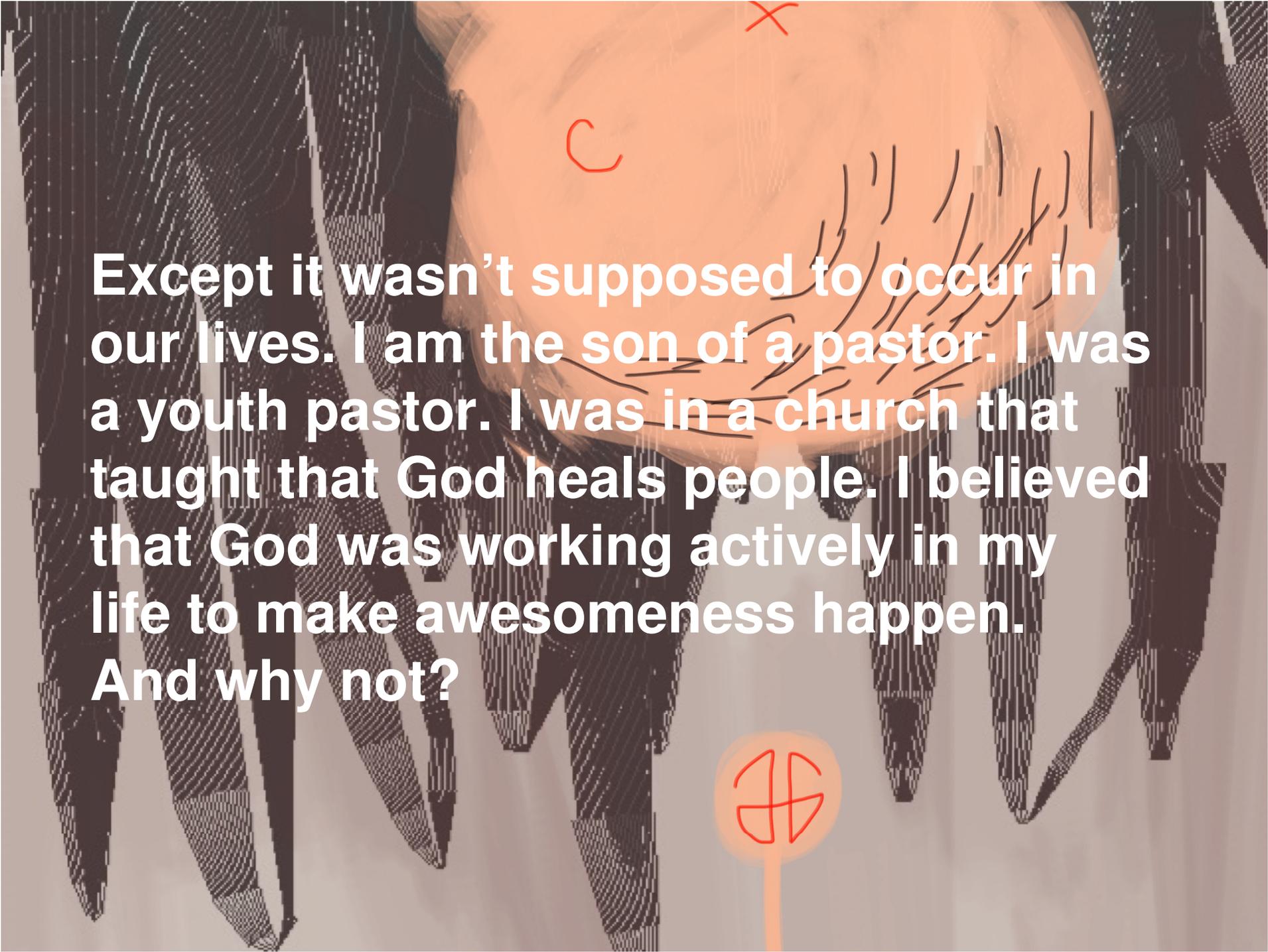
We discovered that he had stuff wrong with him after Christine's second sonogram. His brain didn't develop right. Neither did his circulatory system. It was a big messy web. He had a cleft palate.



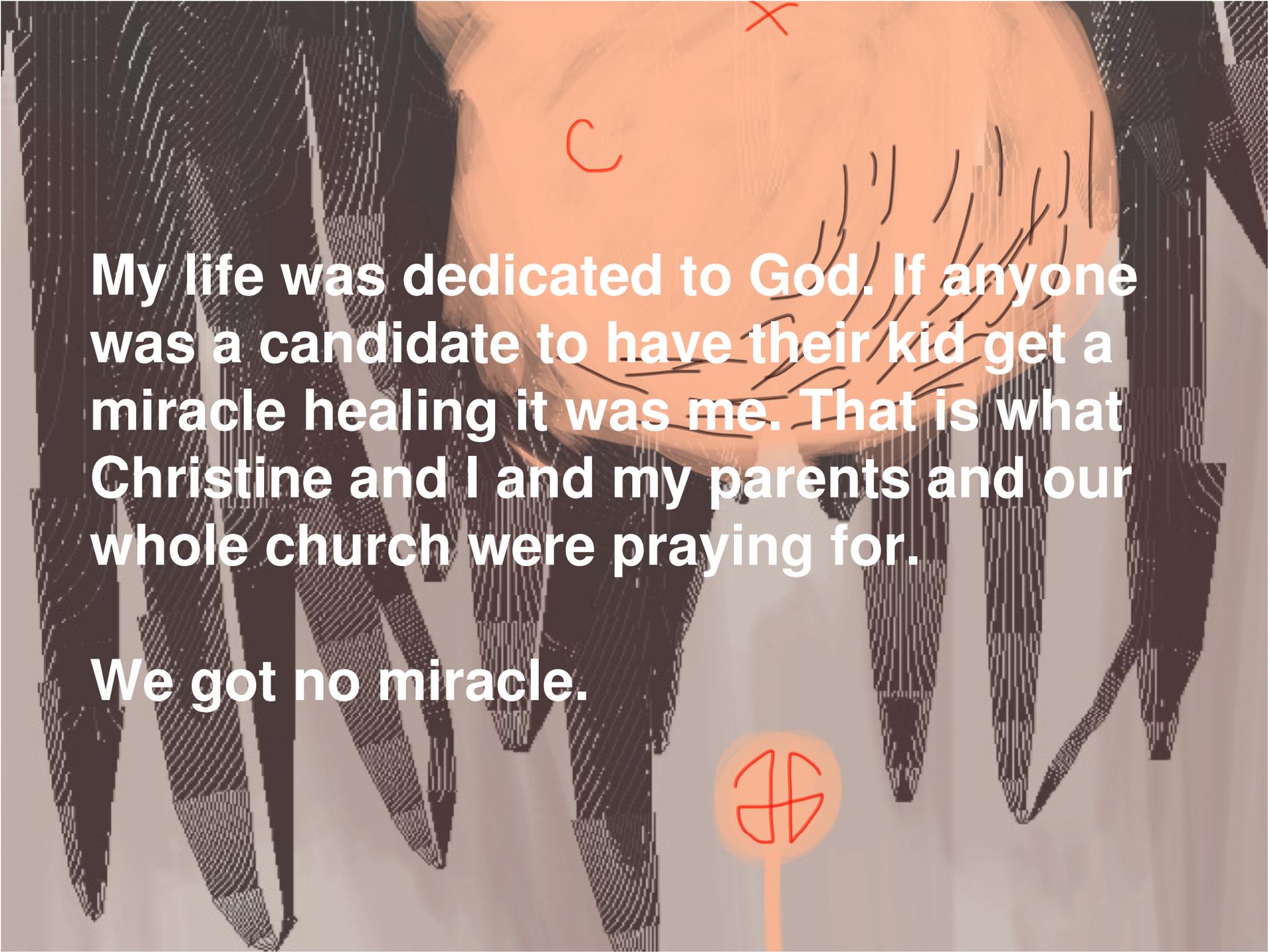
**The doctor told us after the autopsy that
it was just one of those things that
happens by chance to one in every
10,000 people.**

We were unlucky.

Poo poo occurs.



Except it wasn't supposed to occur in our lives. I am the son of a pastor. I was a youth pastor. I was in a church that taught that God heals people. I believed that God was working actively in my life to make awesomeness happen. And why not?

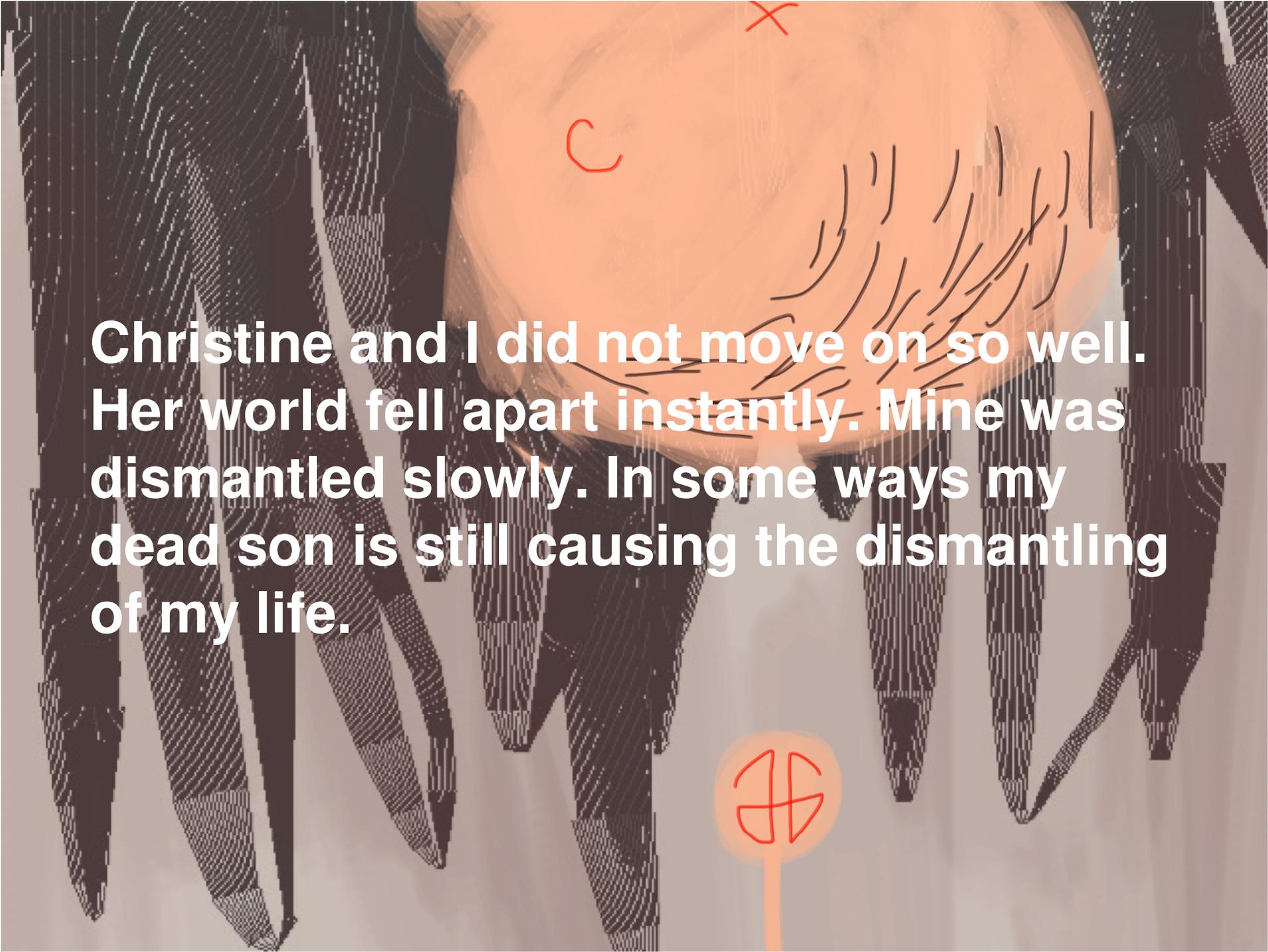


My life was dedicated to God. If anyone was a candidate to have their kid get a miracle healing it was me. That is what Christine and I and my parents and our whole church were praying for.

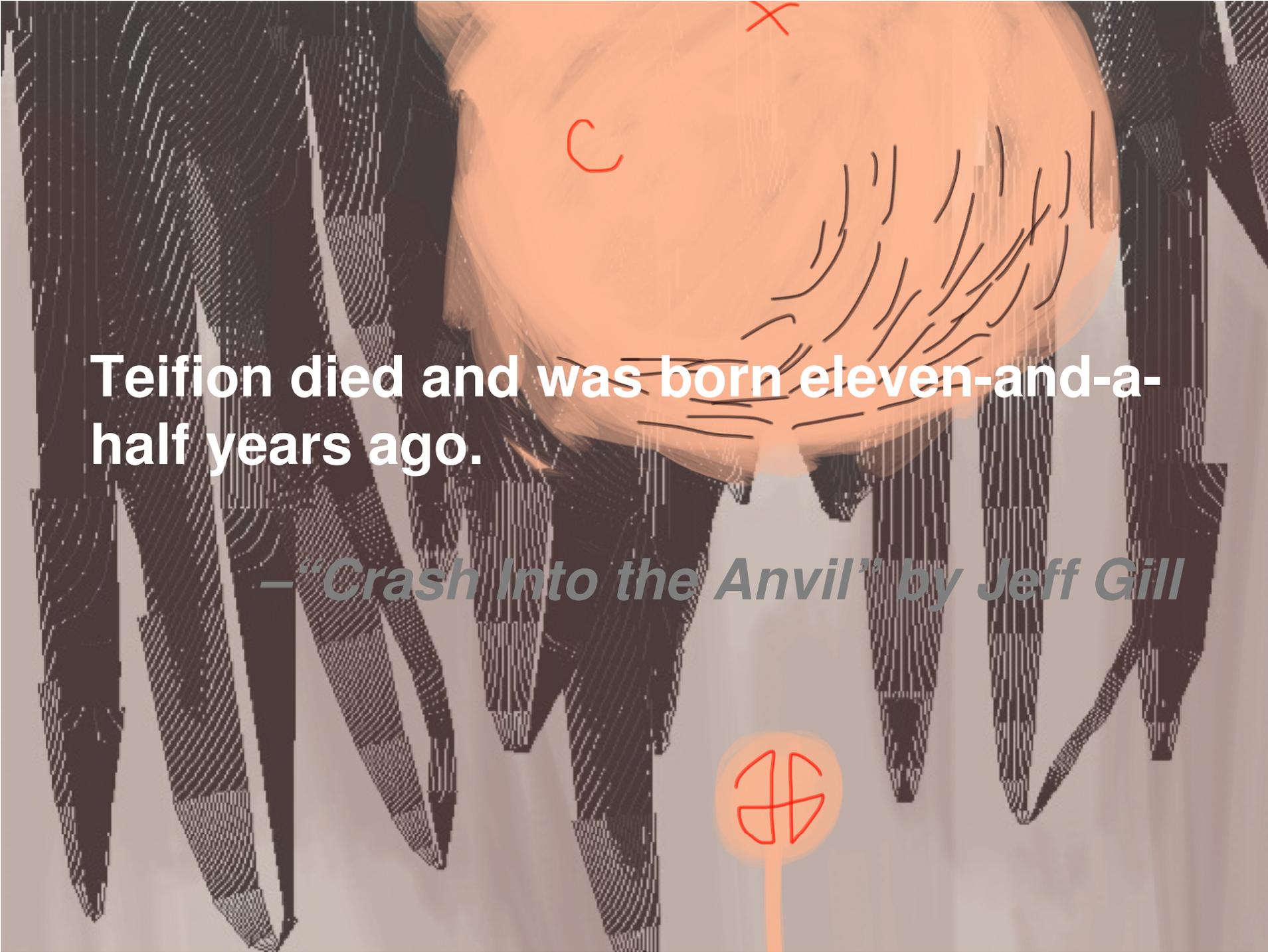
We got no miracle.



We got reasons. Reasons why it didn't work out this time are a lot easier than questioning your beliefs. When it isn't your kid that is dead, it is really quite easy to come up with reasons and move on. That is what our church did.



Christine and I did not move on so well. Her world fell apart instantly. Mine was dismantled slowly. In some ways my dead son is still causing the dismantling of my life.



Teifion died and was born eleven-and-a-half years ago.

– “Crash Into the Anvil” by Jeff Gill

Isaiah 61:1-3

The Spirit of the Sovereign LORD is on me, because the LORD has anointed me to proclaim good news to the poor. He has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim freedom for the captives and release from darkness for the prisoners, to proclaim the year of the LORD's favor and the day of vengeance of our God,

to comfort all who mourn, and provide for those who grieve in Zion—to bestow on them a crown of beauty instead of ashes, the oil of joy instead of mourning, and a garment of praise instead of a spirit of despair. They will be called mighty oaks, a planting of the LORD for the display of his splendor.