

Positively Speaking

By Mark Wilson

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Blessed are They that Mourn

In light of Green Bay Packer's recent loss to the New York Giants in the sub-zero NFC Championship Game at Lambeau, I have a fitting word for the good folks of the northwoods. It's a precious thought straight from the mouth of Jesus.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted!"

Now, I don't know exactly how a Packer backer gets comforted after such a dismal drubbing -- but it will come to pass somehow, some way. Maybe it will come with a good Giant pounding in the Big One. Perhaps it will come with one more year for the gipper (number 4.) Or -- maybe next year we can go all the way to the Super Bowl.

The point is -- we mourn in hope of future comfort.

In a more serious vein, it seems we've had more than our share of mourning recently, with the loss of several beloved friends. A Packer defeat is a tiny, insignificant matter -- a mere speck on the windshield compared to the heavy grief we humans are sometimes called to carry.

I write this article with the shadow of sorrow over my own heart. My 30 year old nephew, Donnie, was killed yesterday in a tragic auto accident, leaving a beautiful wife and two little children.

Grief strikes all of us sooner or later. Nobody is exempt. I've conducted over 200 funeral services over the years, and believe me -- death is no respecter of persons.

rich and poor.
young and old.
liberal and conservative
large and small

It makes no difference. The mortality rate is the same for each of us: 100%

So facing our impending end, there remains some light at the end of the tunnel. It's good to know that we can still have hope in our hearts, even when suffering through the darkest griefs.

We sorrow not as those who have no hope.