



**I** gazed out the window into the darkness. The passing lights of other cars illuminated a steady stream of tears that trickled down my face. I searched for a tissue and all I could find was some used, crunchy gift wrap tissue, so it had to do. As our truck journeyed down the highway, my heart cried out for my mom and dad. Silent, piercing cries that no one else could hear. Over and over my heart screamed but no matter how loud, it would not and could not, change a thing. It was Christmas Day night and Rod and I were traveling home from Charlotte. And I felt so alone.

**But** I wasn't alone. I was with my husband. We were coming home from a fun weekend with our daughter and her family. It was a wonderful Christmas, but my heart ached for those I missed; my mom and dad, and others I had known and loved. It ached for the way things used to be, of Christmas past. Everything was different this year and even though I had very few moments alone, I had the **sense** of being alone. That feeling overwhelmed me in the dark truck that night, in the mall the week before as a multitude of shoppers rushed by, and in a church full of joyous people. Even around the people I loved and I knew loved me. I felt alone in the present and had an underlying fear of being alone in the future.

**As** I struggle with my own feelings of loneliness, I think of others who surely experienced feelings of loneliness or of being alone. I wonder how Abraham felt as he picked up his belongings and moved to a place he did not know. What was Joseph thinking when, thanks to his brothers, he was tossed to the bottom of a well and then sat in a cold, dark prison, accused of a crime he did not commit? David must have felt alone as he ran from his enemies. Did Hannah feel frustration and loneliness as she looked at other women holding and nursing their babies? Did Leah cry out in loneliness asking if someone would ever really love her? I have to wonder if the Samaritan woman felt lonely while looking for love in all the wrong places. And was Paul lonely when he was beaten, shipwrecked, in prison, and running from danger?

**We** all struggle with loneliness at some point in our lives. Difficult circumstances we face, changes in life we can't control, overwhelming grief, the feeling that no one can possibly understand us, and being disconnected from others are just some of the situations that can lead to feelings of loneliness or of being alone. But thankfully, **our feelings don't change facts**. And the fact is, while we may feel alone at times, God promises we are **never** alone.

**The** cure for loneliness is to turn to the **ONE** who loves us and understands our feelings. God Himself, came to us in the form of a man, Jesus. And in that human body, Jesus experienced all the pain and emotions we feel. But Jesus knew where and to whom to turn to. In his "aleness", he lifted his eyes to his Father. And we, like Jesus, need to lift our eyes to our Father in heaven and remember the facts; the Truths promised in His Word. He



goes with us and before us. He never abandons us and His presence never leaves us. He understands our heartache and fears. He sees every tear and nothing can separate us from his love. Choosing fact over feelings, we know that even ***in our aloneness, we are never alone.***

***<sup>10</sup> So do not fear, for I am with you;  
do not be dismayed, for I am your God.  
I will strengthen you and help you;  
I will uphold you with my righteous right hand.***

***Isaiah 41:10***

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