





y patient died today. She was so desperate for healing and had been crying out to God from her bed when she became too weak to stand. We had prayed together and acknowledged God's ways were so often beyond our human understanding. And now he had taken her.

As I was gently washing her body with my colleague, I had an odd feeling, like it wasn't quite real, like she was still there. But of course, I knew she wasn't. I fleetingly wondered where she was and what she was seeing in glory. And then I began to marvel that one day she will be resurrected. I thought of the women going to the tomb to anoint Jesus' body and the reality of what an astounding thing it is for God to raise someone from the dead. Worship welled

up in my heart again as I thought, one day
– in my flesh – I will see God.¹ What a miracle.
What a mind-boggling statement that is, in
my flesh I will see God. In that moment, in the
presence of sorrow and death, God brought
the realisation of the eternal hope of the
resurrection close to my heart.

God's ways are not our ways, for he is sovereign and utterly good and tender towards us, his precious creation. As my colleagues talked about this patient and her faith, which she had so willingly displayed for all to see, I bowed the knees of my heart in the presence of our awesome King and worshipped him for our eternal hope of glory in Christ.

Bethany Fuller is a staff nurse in Surrey and CMF's Peer Support Coordinator for Newly Qualified Nurses and Midwives

1. Job 19:26