


# Blessings come through raindrops

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Artist: Laura History Album: WOW Hits 2013 Heyo! SONGLYRICS just got interactive. Select. Review: RIFF is. RIFF is good. We pray for blessings, we pray for the world Comfort for family, protection until we sleep We pray for healing, for prosperity We pray for your mighty hand to alleviate our suffering All the time you hear everyone saying need yet love too much to give us smaller things . Because if your blessings come through raindrops What to do if your healing comes through tears? What if a thousand sleepless nights is what it takes to know that you are around? What if the trials of this life are your mercy in disguise? We pray for wisdom, your voice to hear We cry in anger when we can not feel You near We doubt your kindness, we doubt your love As if every promise from your word is not enough, and all the time you hear every desperate call And long that we will have faith to believe, because if your blessings come through raindrops What do if your healing comes through tears? What if a thousand sleepless nights is what it takes to find out you're around? What if the trials of this life are disguised as your mercy? When friends betray us when darkness seems to conquer We know that pain reminds this heart that it is not, it is not our home It is not our home 'Because if your blessings come through raindrops What to do if your healing comes through tears and that if a thousand sleepless nights that need to know what you are around What to do if my biggest disappointments or pain in this life is revealing more thirst this world can not satisfy and If the trials of this life rain, storms, the most difficult nights of your mercy in disguise Send correction texts -- This post was published a few years ago. This is the story that led to our book, Blessings through RainDrops. This book has been years in the making as we have collected stories from mothers who have lost their children and collected stories of hope from these women. I'm so excited to share this book with all of you. You can find it here: Today, look back at what inspired me to join forces with these women: Recently, at church, our pastor talked about losing his child. She lost it a few years ago, and it was unexpected. When she lost him, she said she was comforted that her late grandmother had also lost the baby. One day, her grandmother sat down on the bed and took out a picture of her son that she (grandmother) had lost in the war (so it would have been our pastor's uncle). She shared the pain of losing this child. Years later, after her grandmother died, our pastor lost his son. Although her grandmother was not there personally to comfort her, she felt that history comforted her. She knew her son was in heaven. She remembered the story from her and her words, and she carried them with her through the tragedy of losing a child. I lost my grandmother a few years ago because of Alzheimer's I still cry often. I still miss her every day. I share it with her with our children to try to keep the stories alive, but I already forgot some of them. I still open her jewelry boxes and smell the Rosary beads that she left inside-they smell just like she smelled when she went to church, just like the Catechumen oil that was used on her beads and then used at our baby's baptism. (Sacred oil Chrism is a combination of olive oil mixed with a special spirit called balm, which has a distinct smell. My grandmother enjoyed life and enjoyed being a mom to her four children. She told me that she couldn't understand how people could have children and not use them. I know that some people think that my husband and I are crazy for having four of our own children, but I share her opinion on the matter. This is the reason I took time away from my profession to stay home and raise our children. I just love being with our kids, I love teaching them, I love it when they're here with me. I would have been lost without them. I try to live under my grandmother's motto. When I got pregnant with our fourth child, I called my grandmother and told her. I knew she wouldn't remember, but I knew she'd be happy. She was on the moon for our children. She loved my children and my brother's children and she couldn't get enough of them. The family was so important to her. Family has always been important to my husband and me too. We've been dating since I was 14, and he knew I wanted a big family. I've wanted four kids for as long as I can remember. My friends know that I struggled with infertility (you can read about it here). Each of our children was conceived after trying for a year or more. I had surgery, took more medications that I ever thought I would take and went through the stress of waiting for a positive sign, just to see a negative, more times that I care to remember. Most people know that we were really blessed with four children, but few people know that I suffered a miscarriage. Yes, I have Angel Baby, as my dear friend, Christie, in the house Clover refers to our miscarriage babies. When I was pregnant for the fourth time, after trying for a year and taking a lot of medication to try to teach my body to do what God intended to do, we were so excited! I usually wait to tell our kids about the new baby until I'm almost 15 weeks old. This time we told our children early. Our eldest son was so excited. The word excited doesn't even cover it. He spoke to the baby. He chose names for her. He was confident in the field, in his opinion. They were all as excited as I was. Mickey got a call while I was with The kids in the pool that after our last visit, our doctor compared the notes and saw something that made it uneasy. When I went back to the doctors for a check-up, they said that my level has dropped. I came back the next day and they said they had fallen lower and that I might expect to lose a baby in the next few days. It was three days later that we lost our baby. At the same time, I did all pray and then haggle what I could do, all the while knowing that God had his plan set, but I still tried. I promised that I would eat so well that I would give all fizzy drinks during pregnancy, I would return to moderate bed rest, as with our other babies. I lost the baby anyway. When I lost this baby, what made me through it was my grandmother's words. Those were her words that stayed with me, even if she couldn't tell them when I needed them. My grandmother could have given me so much advice during this time. She could have been connected to me. You see, she lost the baby when she was pregnant. She gave birth to a child in her home at 14 weeks. She described to me how tiny her baby was and how much it looked like a baby already. She also lost her second child at birth - Maria, she named her. She was stillborn. They took Maria before my grandmother could see her. They took Mary's clothes, which she was to be baptized, and the nuns dress my grandfather's child. They put the baby to rest without my grandmother ever holding her. My grandmother had to stay in the postpartum room of the hospital, with other moms with their children. They reprimanded her for not calling earlier when she noticed that Mary wasn't moving. She suffered a loss and then was made to feel like it was her nurses' fault at the time. She told me the details of that day that I would not share, but I knew the pain she felt in her heart 60 years later. She told me the details about the miscarriage as well as as it happened yesterday. She never forgot these children, and she loved them all these years. I knew she would understand how I felt and she could share with me things that only we could understand. The day I lost our baby, I remembered her stories. I wanted me to run to her and say, Grandma, please. I need to talk to you today, and she'd open her hands like she's used to, and pull me out, as she always did and hugged me and understood. Here I am, one year past the term of our Angel Baby. We were grateful, a year later, to make it to my deadline... Today I held our fifth child in my arms, the fourth child on earth, and thanked God for her. I thank God for all our children every night. I put my hands on their heads while they sleep and I pray over them and I thank God for them. My husband does the same. My grandmother told me that because God took her two children to be with him in heaven, she was able to have my aunt. If you knew my aunt, you'd understand how grateful I am that God had a bigger plan that I couldn't see. If you met my little girl, you would understand how grateful I am that he brings blessings through tears. I Am I no doubt in my mind that my grandmother is reunited with her children in heaven, and I know she is holding mine. I'm sure of it. I know she's looking after our kids now. When my grandmother was alive, she wanted me to have a daughter. She lived to meet our three sons, but passed away before she had the chance to meet our daughter. I got Pregnant with Ellie shortly after she passed away. I like to think she whispered in God's ear. Our girl has the identity of my grandmother. She's funny, happy and carefree. She is perfect for our family and her older brothers are absolutely crazy about her! I know she was supposed to be part of our family. I couldn't ask for a better child. I love how her legs start kicking when I walk past her. I love the way she cries when my husband comes home from work because she can't control her emotions and is overwhelmed by the love she already has for him. (She cries until he holds her.) I love the way she lights up when her older brothers kiss her and talk to her. I love the way they light up when it lights up! I love the way she sleeps so tightly when I'm with her. This song, which I am about to quote, reminds me of the blessings that come from our pain. It's our 5-year-old's favorite song. He asks me to include it when it comes and I am reminded that God has a plan that is bigger than ours. Because if your blessings come through raindrops What if your healing comes through tears What if thousands of sleepless nights, what do you need to know what to do if the trials of this life are your mercy in disguise- - Laura's story with this story in mind, two of my friends and I wrote a book for mothers who suffered miscarriages...Ps- 10 lessons I learned from my own mom... the most important lessons I'll ever learn. Find out. blessings come through raindrops lyrics. blessings come through raindrops chords. blessings come through raindrops quotes. what if your blessings come through raindrops chords. what if your blessings come through raindrops book. what if my blessings come through raindrops. sometimes blessings come through raindrops. sometimes your blessings come through raindrops

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