S1E2: "Kiss the Wave"- From Submission to Surrender Transcript

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Welcome to Vivid Life

You're tuned into Vivid Life, the podcast with Dr. Marceline Gurley. Hey there, welcome back to the Vivid Life podcast with me, your host on this Vivid Journey, Dr.

Marceline Gurley. I hope that God has met you right where you are, and I know He hasn't left you there. One thing about God, He has this mission to take you from glory to glory, if you accept the invitation.

On this journey, this healing journey, that invitation is so beautiful and necessary. If you're here, I feel like you accepted his invitation. And this is just a tool and a resource for your wholeness.

There is no savior here. No, only a servant. Myself and our future guests are not the source, but mere resources. And we are happy to lead you towards healing in your vivid life.

In today's episode, I want to clarify and give context to a statement that I made in episode one. I said that I too need healing, so I'm here to glean as well.

You may have wondered what I meant and how can the host of the podcast need the substance of the podcast? Well, here it is. It's my story. It's still fresh.

It's still a place that stings and aches. But God's working on that.

Clarifying the Need for Healing

I want to start with this quote, though. And the quote is by Charles Spurgeon. And it says, I have learned to kiss the wave that throws me against the rock of ages.

Yeah. This quote, I have learned to kiss the wave that throws me against the rock of ages is one that I feel in the very depths of my soul in this season of my life.

It's not just words. It's a lived experience, a reality I'm walking through every single day. At the age of 38, I was living what I would dream or deem as the dream life.

I was running my private practice, winning awards, accolades, writing books, designing and producing products and resources to support those I served.

Leading in ministry at my local church alongside my husband. We were enjoying our kids. opening up our home to foster children, helping those who needed our love and attention.

Simply enjoying the life we dreamt of. It felt like God was smiling on everything our hands touched. I can honestly say, looking back, I was cocky.

The Wave of Loss and Grief

Feeling like I had the corner market on Jesus. Like everything we prayed for seemed to be falling right in our laps. Life was simply beautiful until one day it wasn't.

My husband threw me a vow renewal, celebrating 10 years of marriage, having been together for 17 years and have known each other for 20 years. It was honestly one of the most beautiful days of my life, until it wasn't.

Two weeks after the vow renewal, we adopted our precious baby boy. He vowed to raise a kingdom citizen. It was

just the most beautiful day until it was not.

What would have been a month post the vow renewal In 10 days post adopting our son, my husband graduated to heaven and entered his eternal rest as a result of a tragic car crash less than five miles from our home.

All was beautiful in life until it wasn't. So here I am with babies to raise, dreams to live, people to serve. And I can't see the beauty in all of the ashes until I made a decision.

to kiss the wave that threw me against the rock of ages. Losing my husband felt like being caught in an unrelenting storm. The kind of storm that knocks the breath out of you, that disorients you, that makes you feel like you're drowning.

Because grief isn't gentle. It's not gentle. It comes in waves, sometimes small, manageable ones, and other times tidal waves that crash over you without warning.

for a while, I felt like I was constantly being thrown around by the forces of my pain, struggling to find my footing, gasping for air. I wanted the waves to stop.

I wanted relief. I wanted my life back the way it was before. I wanted normal, but normal was redefined for me. But here I am. And here's what I'm learning.

The wave is not my enemy. The very thing that I thought would destroy me is actually pushing me into the presence of God. When Charles Spurgeon says, I have learned to kiss the wave, he's not saying that suffering is easy or that we should pretend to enjoy pain.

No. He's saying that we can come to a place where we embrace the hardship. Not because we love the suffering, but because we trust where it's leading us.

And that wave grief, loss, uncertainty, heartbreak has forced me to lean on God in a way I never have before. Before this, Boy, I knew God as my provider, my healer, my guide.

But now, now I know him as my sustainer, my rescuer, my anchor in the storm. And if this wave had never hit me, would I have come to know him like this?

Would I have discovered the depth of his nearness, his tenderness, his unwavering presence? Maybe not. Surrendering to the wave doesn't mean I stop feeling the pain.

It doesn't mean I don't cry, that I don't have moments of deep sorrow, or that I don't wrestle with the why of it all.

Learning to Surrender to God

Although I've stopped asking why, I still wonder why. It means that I've stopped fighting against what God is using to shape me. It means I've come to trust that even in this, the hardest, most painful thing I've ever experienced and faced, He's working.

I have learned And I'm still learning to kiss the wave, to embrace this season, to stop resisting what God is doing in it, and to let it push me closer and closer to him, the Rock of Ages.

Because he's the only thing that will never be shaken. And if I have to go through the waves to know him more deeply, to trust him more fully, then I will lean into them.

I will not fight the storm. I will let it carry me to the one who holds me through it all. There's a scripture in the Bible in 1st Thessalonians 4, verse 13. And it says, brothers and sisters, we do not want you to be uninformed about those who sleep in death so that you do not grieve like the rest of the world, of mankind, who have no hope.

This scripture has been my anchor, my reminder that while grief is inevitable, hopelessness is not my portion. I'm reminded that I have permission to grieve, but not as someone who has no hope.

I have permission to feel the weight of loss, but not as someone who has lost everything. My husband is not gone forever. He is just on the other side of eternity, resting in the presence of God.

That truth although very true, doesn't erase my pain, but it strengthens me to keep going. It gives me a reason to put one foot in front of the other when my heart wants to collapse under the weight of sorrow.

So I choose to grieve by showing up. I choose to grieve by remaining on mission. Because the calling is still calling. The assignment is still before me.

My husband's departure did not change God's purpose for my life. The mantle has not fallen to the ground. And if it has not fallen, then I must carry it with the weight of responsibility and the grace of God to sustain me.

So I honor my husband. by continuing to walk in purpose. I honor him by living in a way that reflects eternity by stewarding this life with the understanding that everything I do should echo beyond time.

He would not want his passing to be the end of my pursuit of purpose. He would want me to live well, love well, and serve well, even through my pain. So I choose to rise.

I choose to keep pressing forward, knowing that my obedience to God is a continuation of the work that my husband and I both believed in. And above all, I choose to honor God, the one who holds me together when I feel like falling apart.

I choose to remain in his hope because what else is there?

Grieving with Hope and Purpose

Where else could I turn? I have tasted and seen his faithfulness, even in suffering. And I will not let grief convince me that he is not good because he's still good.

even now. There was a moment when I asked myself, if you run away, will you really truly find healing? Cause the temptation was there to run, to hide, to escape the crushing reality of loss.

I wanted to outrun the pain to somehow move faster than grief could catch me. But I learned the hard way that when you run from the wave, it only, only swallows you whole.

It's only in surrender, not resistance. that I am finding clarity, focus, and strength. When I stopped fighting the wave and let it carry me, I realized it was never meant to draw me.

It was meant to bring me closer to the rock of ages. My submission to the wave became my saving grace. It gave me perspective. It gave me purpose. It gave me the courage to walk forward, step by step, day by day, into the unknown with hope as my companion and eternity as my destination.

I wanted to share this part of my journey with you, because my life isn't perfect, not even close. Even on my best days, I am nothing without God. No matter the degrees, the titles, or the accolades, life still happens.

Lost still comes. Pain still found me. Because grief doesn't care about achievements or success. It comes for all. And let me be clear. I am no expert on the subject of grief.

And I will never profess to be I am simply walking through it, just like so many of you. I don't have all the answers, but what I do have is a heart that wants to create a space where those who are hurting feel safe.

a space where you can breathe, process, and maybe find something that helps you on your own journey towards

healing. This podcast is definitely not all about grief.

I promise you that. But you may hear pieces of my story as we journey forward, as I heal, as I grow, as I glean from the wisdom of the incredible guests who will join us.

Because healing isn't a destination, it's a process. And I'm in it with you. Because one thing I've come to accept is that I will live with grief, but I refuse to be consumed by it while living.

And that is my prayer for you too. Whatever you are going through, I pray that you are not consumed by it. That you won't let the weight of your pain drown you.

Juice Shot and Closing Encouragement

but instead may learn to ride the wave, letting it guide you not away from God, but toward him, the rock of ages, the only one who can hold you through it all.

And there, in his presence, healing will start. Healing will remain and healing will reside. Yeah. So I'm excited and honored that you've decided to keep journeying with me.

The next episode, I have an ultra special guest and I can't wait to spill the juice with them. Talk about spilling juice. Before I go, let's have some I'm an avid juicer and a certified juice therapist.

And juice is a method that I've used to heal my body from the inside out. And today's shot of healing is brought to you by my book. There's a juice for that, Exploring the Power of Juicing.

And today's juice is Mojito Mi Green. And this juice I love because it's spinach, it's mint, it's cucumber, and there are limes in there. And it detoxes the body.

A benefit of it is detoxification. It supports your digestion. It improves your oral health and provide a refreshing taste while doing it. You can find the link for my book in the show notes.

One thing that this juice reminds me of It reminds me that releasing things is preparation for healing. So let's toast and close with this in mind. There is always hope for a vivid life.

Happy healing.