

ISSUE NINE
PILGRIMAGE



REVIVE

devotional

SPRINGVALE
WOMEN'S MINISTRY

HOLDING TIME WITH OPEN HANDS

There are seasons in life when faith feels steady and predictable and then there are seasons that change everything.

This book was not written from a place of arrival. It was written in the middle of surrender. Over the past several years, my life has been shaped by circumstances I never would have chosen — loss, uncertainty, physical limitations, and the growing awareness that time is not something I can assume. In many ways, the plans I once held tightly have been replaced with smaller goals, quieter prayers, and a deeper dependence on God. These devotions were born in that space. They are not polished lessons from someone who has figured life out. They are honest reflections from someone learning — day by day — what it means to trust God with the unknown.

You will read about motherhood, fear, hope, grief, worship, and the sacred tension of wanting more time while learning to receive the time that is given. You will read about losing roles that once defined me and discovering that God's presence is still enough. You will read about loving deeply while holding the future with open hands.

Above all, this book is about surrender.

Not the kind that feels like giving up, but the kind that quietly says, "God, I trust You here."

Some devotions may meet you in seasons of waiting. Some may meet you in places of loss.

Some may simply remind you to notice the ordinary gifts you might otherwise rush past.

Wherever you find yourself, my prayer is that these pages help you slow down long enough to recognize that God is already present in your story — not only in the outcomes you hope for, but in the moments you are living right now. We are not promised control over tomorrow, but we are promised that we will not walk alone. If there is one thread that runs through every reflection in this book, it is this:

God is faithful in the forming.

He is present in the waiting.

He is trustworthy with our time, our fears, our families, and our future.

So wherever you are in your journey — whether you feel strong in faith or barely holding on — I invite you to read slowly.

To breathe.

To be honest.

To bring your whole heart to God.

Because sometimes the most sacred growth happens not when life becomes easier, but when we learn to trust Him with what we never planned, and perhaps, together, we can learn what it means to hold our days — and our hopes — with open hands.

Shannon Champ



If The Lord Wills



"Instead you ought to say, 'If the Lord wills, we will live and do this or that.'" - James 4:15

James reminds us of something we often forget: tomorrow was never ours to control. Planning is not the problem. Planning without surrender is.

We live in a world that loves five-year plans, timelines, and certainty, but faith holds plans with open hands and says: "If the Lord wills." Those four words change everything. They turn control into surrender, and anxiety into trust.

Right now, my life has made that truth very real.

The treatment I'm currently on — an anti-angiogenic therapy — isn't meant to be a long-term solution. Many patients aren't on it for two years simply because most don't live to that point.

So we don't make long-term plans anymore.

Instead, I make smaller, sacred goals.

Since February, my goal has been simple: to make it to Nate's grade 8 graduation in June. My nurse practitioner told me that's a beautiful goal. After that, I'd love to be here for his first day of high school. I want to watch some of the boys' baseball games this summer. I want to be here when Ryan starts his junior year — grade 11. Not five-year plans. Just the next faithful step.

My son Nate says the only acceptable option is that the alternative treatment works or that God gives us a miracle. And I believe God can absolutely do that. But during my treatments, my prayers have become very simple: "Into Your hands I commit my body. Your will, God." I know He can cure me. And if He chooses not to, I know I will be with Him.

So my prayer has become this: "God, I know You can do a miracle. But if not, that's okay. Your will be done. I trust You and Your will."

And maybe that's what James was really trying to teach us. Not that we shouldn't plan. But that every plan, every hope, every tomorrow should begin with the same humble words: "If the Lord wills." Because God isn't only present in the distant future we imagine. He is fully present in the next moment we are given.

So today, if the Lord wills, I will keep loving my family. I will keep showing up for the moments in front of me. And I will trust that the days placed in my hands are exactly the ones God has written for me.

If the Lord wills, **today is enough.**
And **today is a gift.**

Losing The Little Things



"Teach us to number our days, that we may gain a heart of wisdom." - Psalm 90:12

I am in a season of losing little things. Little things that, if I am honest, meant so much to me.

I am a boy mom. I was meant to be a boy mom — which still makes me smile because I always thought I wanted girls. But my boys have changed me, stretched me, and grown me in ways I never could have imagined.

Recently, my driver's license was suspended because the tumour has taken my left peripheral vision. And just like that, one of the roles I loved most disappeared. I can't drive them to baseball anymore. I can't drop them off at school or practice. I can't run out to the store when they suddenly need something. For years I was the mom who could drop everything and go. I was blessed to work from home and set my own schedule, which meant I could show up for the things that mattered — school tournaments, March breaks, zoo trips, skip days, carpools. I never complained about it. I loved it.

Boys aren't usually big on face-to-face conversations. They prefer side-by-side ones. Some of the most meaningful talks I have ever had with my boys happened in the car — driving to practice, sitting in parking lots, heading home after long days. Those moments meant everything. Looking back now, I realize how many of those ordinary moments I was given when they were little. My house was loud, messy, and chaotic — and I loved every bit of it.

And yet...

Why does it still feel like it wasn't enough? I want more carpools. More drop-offs. More first days of school. More baseball seasons.

Since September I have also had to step away from the career I loved. I was a massage therapist for twenty-three and a half years. I didn't just do it — I loved it. And I was good at it. Now my body no longer has the stamina to do what it once could. Even ordinary things feel different. Errands take more effort. Housework requires more breaks. Reading tires my mind. Each loss on its own may seem small, but when they come quickly, one after another, they can feel overwhelming.

One day I said to Brian, "How much more can I lose?"

People often tell me, "You are so strong. You are handling this so well."

But the truth is, there are many tears. There are also many honest conversations with God.

"Help me do this better."

"Why do these little losses hurt so deeply?"

Sometimes I even feel embarrassed asking that question when I know others are facing so much more. But if I am completely honest, I do not want to lose anything else.

And yet, when I finally let my guard down and tell God the truth, He gently reminds me of what is still here.

A sunny day.
The joy my silly dog brings me.
Nate ringing the bell that says “ring for a hug.”

Even though I can’t drive my boys to baseball anymore, they still come to me when their backs hurt and ask me to fix it. They ask me to make them a protein shake before practice. They come home from school and say, “Mom, can you make me some eggs?” And in those small moments, I realize something. My boys still need me.

Even in a season when I sometimes feel useless.

Maybe God isn’t taking away my role. Maybe He is redefining it. From doing everything to being something deeper. Maybe He is reminding me that my worth was never found in how much I could do. And maybe — just maybe — He is using this season to show my boys something even more important.

Him.

So my prayer has become simple: God, let my boys see You through all of this. Draw their hearts closer to You, even in the middle of losing the little things. Motherhood was never just about carpools, errands, or everything I could accomplish in a day. Those things were beautiful, but they were never the real gift.

The real gift was presence.
Conversations.
Laughter in a messy house.
Moments that shaped their hearts — and mine.

Maybe what my boys will remember most is not how much I was able to do for them, but how much I loved them, how fiercely I prayed for them, and how I trusted God even while letting go of things I wasn’t ready to lose. So even when the little losses hurt, I hold on to this prayer:

*God, let my boys see You in me.
And let the love and faith You planted in our home continue to grow long after I am gone.*

**“God is most glorified in us when
we are most satisfied in Him”**

- John Piper



180 Saturdays



"All your children will be taught by the Lord, and great will be their peace." — Isaiah 54:13

When Ryan started high school, someone told me there are only 180 Saturdays between freshman year and graduation. Suddenly time felt measurable — and fragile. It made me wonder: Have I taught my children enough?

I don't want to miss Ryan's high school graduation.

I don't want to miss Nathan getting his license or finishing high school.

I don't want to miss the lives they will build — the careers they choose, the people they love, the families they create.

When my dad passed away, I remember telling him, "Dad, I will never be ready to say goodbye."

Now I find myself in a place I never imagined — it is me who may have to say goodbye first, and I know I will never be ready to say goodbye to my children. My worries have shifted over time. They used to be about little things. Did I teach them how to do laundry? Did I teach them to cook? Honestly, I kind of hope they learn to cook better than me.

But now the questions feel heavier.

Did I teach them enough about Jesus?

Did I show them how to check their hearts with God?

Did I teach them how to love others well?

Did I show them what unconditional love looks like?

Did I show them Jesus — not just in words, but in the way I lived?

Did I leave them with enough?

Enough memories of laughter and ordinary days. Enough reminders of how deeply they are loved. Enough truth to carry with them when I am no longer there to remind them.

When they walk out the door, I often tell them, "Don't forget how loved and awesome you are. I love you more than all the stars."

My greatest prayer is that they truly believe that, and even more — that they know God loves them even more than I do.

Did I teach them that obedience to God matters more than success?

That faith is more important than fame or money?

That what matters most is how they leave people feeling — whether they helped someone, showed kindness, brought light into a dark place?

Sometimes I wonder if I have done enough.

Sometimes I feel like I am running out of time to show them what a life with Jesus really looks like — a life lived as salt and light.

It is one thing to say, “God, I know You love my children more than I do.”

It is another thing entirely to trust Him with that truth when I may not be here to walk beside them.

Trusting God means surrendering more than I ever thought possible. It means placing their high school years, their college decisions, their grief, their joy, and their future into His hands. It means letting go of the urge to manage everything — to line up mentors, to control outcomes, to prepare for every possibility.

Instead, it is believing that God will place the right people in their lives at the right time — just as He has faithfully done in mine.

I am learning that God is not only my Saviour, He is also the One who teaches my children.

And so, with trembling hands but a willing heart, I surrender them to Him.

Maybe the greatest act of faith as a parent is trusting that God loves them even more than we do.

**Trusting God means
surrendering more than
I ever thought possible.**



When The Protector Learns To Trust



“The Lord will fight for you; you need only to be still.” — Exodus 14:14

Growing up, my dad used to call me “Tuffy Tuppenney.” I was little when he first said it, but he told me I would need to be tough and learn to stand up for myself. So it wasn’t a huge surprise when, in kindergarten, a boy pulled my hair and I turned around and punched him.

I spent a long time sitting in the hallway before being sent to the principal’s office — but that boy never pulled my hair again. As I got older, that instinct didn’t fade. I was always someone who stood up for myself, for my friends, and for what I believed was right. Somehow, when I became a wife — and especially when I became a mother — that protective instinct only grew stronger.

I don’t start fights, but I have always been someone who stands guard. Sometimes I even have to remind myself: I follow Jesus.

I lay hands on people to pray for them — not to put them in their place. Still, if I’m honest, for a short girl I rarely backed down. And I usually believed I was right. That can be a dangerous place.

There is a scene in *The Chosen* where Simon the Zealot proudly shows Jesus a large knife. You can almost hear what he is thinking: “I can help. I can protect. I can fix this.” Jesus looks at the knife and says, “Very nice knife.” Then He throws it into the water. Not to embarrass Simon, but because the kingdom of God does not advance through the weapons we trust.

Simon had been trained to fight for God. His identity was built on strength, strategy, and resistance. If I’m honest, part of me understands that. Because strong people often want one of two things:

The thunder... or the knife.

Both give the feeling of control.

But Jesus keeps inviting His followers into something harder. Trust.

Not passive trust — but the kind that says, “God, I would fight this battle... but I believe You can fight it better.”

I see myself in Simon more than I would like to admit. It’s as if I come to God holding out my plans and saying, “Look what I’ve prepared. I can protect my family. I can manage this situation. I have Plan A, Plan B, and Plan C. Personally, I like Plan A best... but of course, it’s up to You.” And sometimes God gently responds, “Yes... that’s a very nice knife...” and then He throws it into the water. Not because my strength is wrong. But because my strength was never meant to carry the battle alone.

**My strength was never meant
to carry the battle alone.**

Before he became the apostle Paul, he was Saul — a fierce defender of what he believed was truth. He was disciplined, confident, and formidable. God did not destroy that strength. He redirected it.

The same man who once persecuted Christians later wrote, “When I am weak, then I am strong.” Strength is not removed in the kingdom of God....It is surrendered.

This lesson has become deeply personal for me.

I love fiercely.

I protect my boys.

I make plans.

I carry burdens.

I stand guard.

So when life places me in situations where I cannot control the outcome, it feels like God saying, “I know you have a knife, but this battle is not yours.”

That is a hard truth for strong people, but here is the beautiful part:

God often chooses strong people, and then He teaches them trust. Not because strength is wrong, but because trust is stronger.

I have not lost my strength. I am simply learning the deeper version of it — the kind that still stands guard, but rests in the confidence that God is fighting the battle.

**God often chooses strong people,
and then He teaches them trust.
Not because strength is wrong,
but because trust is stronger.**



“Sometimes God delivers us from our problems; sometimes God delivers us *through* our problems.”
- Mark Batterson



When Worship Becomes Prayer



“By day the Lord directs His love, at night His song is with me — a prayer to the God of my life.” - Psalm 42:8

Sometimes worship songs become our prayers. Not polished prayers. Not carefully chosen words, but the kind that rise up when our hearts are breaking and we don’t even know what to say to God.

When my dad was in the ICU during COVID and we weren’t allowed to see him. The silence felt unbearable. Fear sat heavy in the room. I wanted to pray — but I didn’t have the words.

So instead, we turned the music up... Loud.

And we sang at the top of our lungs:

“I raise a hallelujah... My weapon is a melody...”

When I was angry... When I was crying... When my heart was breaking.

Those words became my prayer.

Sometimes worship gives us language our hearts cannot find.

Years later, when my marriage went through a deep crisis, another song became my battle cry.

There were nights I sat on the floor with tears streaming down my face, playing it on repeat:

“This is how I fight my battles...”

I didn’t suddenly feel strong. The situation didn’t magically change, but worship lifted my eyes just enough to stand again. It reminded me that I was not fighting alone.

Scripture speaks to this kind of praise. Isaiah writes about God giving us beauty instead of ashes and a garment of praise instead of despair. Praise is not pretending life isn’t hard, it is choosing to lift our eyes to God in the *middle* of the hard. Sometimes praise is quiet gratitude. Sometimes it is whispered through tears. And sometimes it is a battle cry sung at the top of your lungs.

A few years ago, our family was walking through an incredibly difficult season.

And right in the middle of it, God gave us an unexpected gift. My youngest son received a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity — something he had dreamed about since he was seven years old.

At just ten years old, he became the Junior Mascot for the Toronto Blue Jays.

In a season that felt like our world was falling apart, God gave us moments of pure joy.

I can still see him dancing on the dugout and running across the field, completely alive with excitement. Looking back, it felt like God gently whispering:

“I see you. I know this is hard,, but I am still here, and I still have joy for you.”

That same year, something else happened that still moves me deeply. Both of my boys chose Jesus-focused songs as their walk-up music for rep baseball. Ryan chose a song that had been one of my dad’s favorites. Nate chose a song about counting blessings. At thirteen and ten years old, while many teammates chose songs filled with explicit lyrics, my boys chose music that pointed to God. They understood something beautiful: Faith is not just for Sunday mornings. It is for everyday life — even on the baseball diamond.

Worship is not only something we do at church. Sometimes it carries us through hospital waiting rooms. Sometimes it lifts us off the floor when life feels unbearable. Sometimes it becomes the quiet way our children declare their faith in a noisy world. And sometimes, when words fail us completely, worship simply becomes our prayer. So if you find yourself in a storm today and don't know what to pray... Sing.

Because sometimes the most powerful prayer we can offer is simply a hallelujah.

**Faith is not just for Sunday mornings.
It is for everyday life — even on the
baseball diamond.**



**“Your heart’s desire,
even if you haven’t
realized it, is to live
every moment in the
wonder of worship.”
– David Jeremiah**



It's The Soul That Matters



"What good is it for someone to gain the whole world, yet forfeit their soul?" - Mark 8:36

As a mother, I think about my children's futures all the time; What schools they will attend, what careers they might choose, who they will fall in love with, what kind of lives they will build. But more and more, I am realizing that none of those things matter most.

It is their hearts.

It is their souls.

Nothing else brings them closer to God in the way a surrendered heart does.

I can want faith for my family with everything in me. I can pray for their salvation every single day, but I cannot care about their souls more than they do. That is a hard truth to accept – especially knowing I may not be here to see how their stories unfold.

Will Brian and my boys fall deeply in love with God?

Will they be baptized?

Will they seek Him in Bible studies and quiet moments of prayer?

Will my boys grow into men who marry women who love the Lord?

Will they raise children who know His name?

I may never know the answers to those questions.

And yet, sometimes I find myself thinking something even harder: What if God uses even my leaving to draw them closer to Him? There is a strange and holy tension in that thought.

I would never choose to leave them, but if God uses my story to draw them closer to Him... what greater honour could there be as a mother or a wife?

Still, I am learning that faith must matter to them more than it matters to me. I learned this lesson in a painful way after my father died. I faced a major crisis and for four years I wrestled with grief and anger. I cried out to God, *"Why did You let this happen? Why couldn't my dad still be here for me?"* One day, in a way I cannot fully explain, I sensed God speak clearly to my heart: *"If your father were still here, you would have gone to him. I needed you to come to Me."*

He was right.

I would have leaned on my dad again and again, but instead, I learned to lean on Jesus.

Those years shaped me. They deepened my faith, strengthened my trust, and formed a love for God that is now carrying me through a terminal diagnosis and a story I never would have chosen. I want heaven. I truly do. But I do not want to leave my boys. Yet, in this tension, God keeps reminding me what matters most. Not the outcomes I cannot control. Not the futures I cannot see, but the condition of our souls.

So my prayer has become simple:

"God, draw my family to You. Let their hearts be soft toward You. And if my journey somehow helps lead them closer to You, then let my life – and even my leaving – point them to Your love."

Marriage In Terminal Illness



"A cord of three strands is not quickly broken." - Ecclesiastes 4:12

On August 24th, Brian and I will celebrate 24 years of marriage. Most of those years were filled with laughter, dreams, raising our boys, and building a life together. Some of those years were harder than we ever imagined.

When you stand at the altar and say "for better or for worse, in sickness and in health," you don't really understand what those words will one day cost you. They sound poetic in the beginning. Later, they become prophetic.

No one prepares you for what marriage looks like when sickness becomes terminal. No one prepares you for how love changes when the future you planned together begins to disappear. Marriage in this season is no longer about fixing problems or chasing goals. It becomes about presence... about forgiveness... about grace... about learning to hold each other while trusting God with what cannot be controlled.

There was a season in our marriage when life became painfully difficult. Dreams shifted. Priorities were challenged. Hearts were tested and crushed. It was not the story we thought we were writing — and that was actually the biggest problem. We thought we were the ones writing the story. We thought we were in control.

I believed my life and marriage were "good enough," so we did not actively allow God to truly be a part of our lives, let alone our marriage. I think there was terminal in our marriage long before there was a diagnosis.

But God.

Even in the brokenness, He was already working.

I watched our boys learn to pray. I watched Scripture appear on sticky notes around our home. I watched Brian continue to show up for them — at baseball games, school events, and late-night conversations about life, even the hard ones... especially the hard ones.

God was quietly rebuilding something in our family.

He was teaching us what covenant really means. He was teaching me what forgiveness looks like when it is lived out daily. And He was teaching us that love is not just a feeling — it is a decision we make again and again.

When my diagnosis came, everything changed.

Yet our marriage became deeper than it had ever been.

We began praying together more. Talking about eternity. Reading about heaven. Holding onto each other with a new understanding that time is a gift. Brian has cared for me with a tenderness that has made this difficult season feel strangely beautiful.

On the days I do not feel strong — or even recognizable to myself — he reminds me that I am still loved. I see the way he loves our boys. The way he guides them. The way he carries responsibilities I once held. Sometimes it feels like God is giving me glimpses of the man and father he is still becoming.

I wish illness was not part of our story, but I am grateful that restoration is.

Our marriage has survived storms that could have destroyed us — not because we were strong enough on our own, but because God became the third strand in our cord.

There are moments when I look toward heaven and wonder why restoration came only to be followed by another trial. Yet faith reminds me that God's work in us is never wasted.

Even if I do not receive the miracle I long for, I trust that God will continue shaping Brian's heart — and the hearts of our boys. Love does not end when one chapter closes.

Sometimes the greatest testimony of a marriage is not simply that it lasted many years — but that even in suffering, God continued writing a story of redemption, faith, and enduring love. Because marriage was never *only* about growing old together.

Sometimes it is about loving each other faithfully... until God gently carries one of you home — and trusting that the covenant He helped build will outlive the years we were given.



Our marriage has survived storms that could have destroyed us — not because we were strong enough on our own, but because God became the third strand in our cord.



Fear of Being Forgotten



"See, I have engraved you on the palms of my hands." - Isaiah 46:16

Sometimes, in the quiet moments, a question rises in my heart that I don't always say out loud: Will my life still matter when I am gone?

Right now my boys are thirteen and fifteen. Soon they will be fourteen and sixteen. I carry thousands of memories of their childhood — scraped knees, baseball games, car rides filled with laughter and long talks. But what will their memories of me be?

Will they remember a mom who was often tired? A mom who had to rest more than she wanted? A mom who left too soon? Or will they remember the deeper things?

I hope you remember how I would blast worship music when my heart needed strength. I hope you remember that even on the hardest days, I kept fighting. I hope you remember how much I loved being your mom. Because I never wanted to leave. Not for one second. You were — and still are — the greatest joy of my life.

I hope you keep chasing the life we dreamed about together.
Don't shrink because I am gone.
Live boldly.
Live loudly.
Live fully — for both of us.

I hope sunsets make you think of me. I hope you still take long car rides and talk out loud like we used to. I hope you sit by the water sometimes and feel the peace I always found there. Most of all, I hope you remember my faith. How I prayed for you. How I stood in the hallway between your rooms at night and whispered the blessing from Numbers:

"May the Lord bless you and keep you. May His face shine upon you and give you peace."

I hope you remember that your character mattered more to me than your grades. That kindness mattered more than winning. That I was always your biggest fan — cheering the loudest at every game, capturing every moment because I wanted you to see, one day, how deeply I believed in you. I wanted proof for the days you might doubt yourself. Life was better with you. Life was better because of you.
And here is what I am still learning: *Even when people leave this earth, love does not disappear.*

Because the same God who carried us through those years will carry you through the rest of your life. When you feel love again — in a memory, in a prayer, in a quiet moment — that is not just nostalgia. That is grace. Scripture reminds us that God never forgets His children. He has engraved us on the palms of His hands.

So maybe the truth is this: We are never truly forgotten. Not by God. And not by the love we leave behind. Love like that does not end. It continues — shaping hearts, guiding choices, and whispering courage long after we are gone.

Loved Completely



"Love never fails." -1 Corinthians 13:8

Sometimes I wonder what I was undeniably good at. If I'm honest, I don't always know how to answer that. I made mistakes as a mom. I lost my patience. I worried too much. I didn't always get it right. But there is one thing I know for sure. I loved you boys with my whole heart. From the moment I first held you, my life was never the same.

Every game. Every laugh. Every chaotic moment in the basement. Every hug after you grew taller than me. Those became the best parts of my life. I may not have been a perfect mother. But my love for you was real. It was steady. It was deep. I cheered for you. I prayed for you. I believed in who you were becoming, and I hope you always knew that. If there is one thing I want you to carry with you, it is this: **You were loved completely.**

People often tell me I have handled this journey with strength, but there are moments when it does not feel that way.

I told my nurse practitioner that my goal was to be there for my son's Grade 8 graduation. But the truth is, I know myself. If I reach that milestone, I will want more. I will want the first day of high school. Then driver's licenses. Then graduations. Then college acceptances. Because when you love your children this much, time never feels like enough. And yet, I have been so blessed.

I worked from home while they were growing up. I had March breaks with them. Summers filled with ordinary days together. I have had more time with my boys than many parents ever receive. Still, there is a part of my heart that wonders:

Was it enough?

Did I influence them enough? Did I teach them enough about faith, about life, about love? Sometimes I wrestle with the feeling that I am always wanting more time than God has given. But maybe that longing is not failure. Maybe it is simply love.

Someone once told me something that changed the way I see God. They said God is not standing in heaven with His arms crossed, keeping a list of everything I did wrong. Instead, I should picture Jesus sitting beside me, smiling — remembering the moments I made Him smile. That image has stayed with me. The closer I grow to God, The more aware I become of how much I still need Him. I see the places where I fall short... The areas of my heart that still need growth. Faith is not about arriving at perfection. It is about continuing to become more like Jesus until the day we finally see Him face to face.

Until that day, I hold onto this simple truth: **Love matters. Love lasts. Love never fails.**

If my life has taught my boys anything, I pray it is this —
that they were loved deeply, completely, and without condition.

I was never a perfect mother.
But I loved you completely.

And even more certain than my love, is this truth:
You are held in the unfailing love of God.



**"But, as it is written,
'What no eye has seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man
imagined, what God has prepared for those who love him' -
these things God has revealed to us through the Spirit. For the
Spirit searches everything, even the depths of God."**

- 1 Corinthians 2:9-10



**"I have loved you with an everlasting love; I have drawn
you with unfailing kindness". - Jeremiah 31:3**

When Time Moves Faster Than the Heart



Sometimes life changes the way we experience time. Moments begin to feel more precious. Ordinary days start to look different. You notice things you once rushed past — conversations, laughter, quiet mornings, the people you love sitting across the table. When life reminds you that time is not something you can control, you begin to understand why Scripture teaches us to hold our days with wisdom instead of certainty.

“Teach us to number our days, that we may gain a heart of wisdom.” - Psalm 90:12

I don't think our hearts were designed to fully understand how fast time moves. Sometimes it feels like my mind wants to do everything at once - rewind the moments I wish I could hold onto, pause the ones that feel too precious to pass, and somehow fast-forward to the moments I'm afraid of missing. All at the same time.

Our minds try to measure time, organize it, and make sense of it. But our hearts experience it differently. A single photograph can take us back fifteen years in a second. A memory can stop us in our tracks. And yet the days keep moving forward whether we are ready or not. That tension can feel overwhelming.

But Scripture reminds us that this life was never meant to be controlled by us — it was meant to be walked with God.

The Christian life is a pilgrimage. A long walk with God where He slowly refines us.

Life is a journey of learning to trust God when we cannot control time, learning to surrender when the future feels uncertain, and learning to know Him personally and intimately - through trials, through waiting, through perseverance. God uses the passing of time to shape our faith. Each season becomes another step in the pilgrimage - another moment where we discover that Jesus was walking beside us the whole time.

Scripture reminds us of something both humbling and beautiful:

“Teach us to number our days, that we may gain a heart of wisdom.” - Psalm 90:12

“What is your life? You are a mist that appears for a little while and then vanishes.”- James 4:14

Our lives are brief... A mist... A breath.

Sometimes that reality makes us want to hold on tighter to time — to pause it, rewind it, or rush ahead to the moments we don't want to miss, and yet God placed something eternal inside of us.

“He has made everything beautiful in its time. He has also set eternity in the human heart; yet no one can fathom what God has done from beginning to end.”

— Ecclesiastes 3:11

Closing Prayer — Into Your Hands



Faithful God,

As I close these pages, I pause to remember that every moment of my life has been held in Your hands. You have been present in the joyful seasons and in the difficult ones. You have been near in the waiting, in the questions, and in the quiet surrender I did not always know how to give. Your Word reminds me:

"Turn to me and be gracious to me, for I am lonely and afflicted. Relieve the troubles of my heart and free me from my anguish." - Psalm 25:16-17

Lord, there have been days when these words felt like my own, days when fear was close, when grief was heavy, and when the future felt uncertain. Yet even in those moments, You never turned away. Today, I release what I cannot control. I release the future I have tried to plan, the fears I have carried, and the outcomes I have tried to manage. I place my time, my loved ones, and my story into Your care.

Teach me to live fully in the days You give.

Help me to notice Your goodness in simple things — in laughter, in conversations, in acts of kindness, and in quiet moments of peace. When fear rises, remind me that You are already there. When grief feels overwhelming, remind me that love does not end.

When I am tempted to hold tightly to tomorrow, help me trust You with open hands.

Shape my heart to value what matters most.

Grow in me a faith that is steady, a hope that is rooted in eternity, and a love that reflects Your own. Guard the people I care about. Draw them close to You. Surround them with grace, truth, and the assurance that they are never alone.

And when I reach the end of the time You have written for me on this earth... let my life point others to Your faithfulness.

Let the love I have given continue to bear fruit long after my days here are finished.

Until that day, help me to walk forward with courage, to trust Your timing and to rest in Your promises.

Into Your hands, Lord, I place my life.

Amen.

REVIVE

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**“Take heart, daughter,
your faith has healed you.”
- Matthew 9:22**



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