

Week 23  
157/208

**Transforming Daily**  
**“... joy comes in the morning ...”**  
*Psalm 30:5*

One of the most difficult things for me to understand was the passing of my sister's husband's mother. She was a godly wife and mother. She had the gift of mercy and was one of the most patient women I know. Don't get me wrong, she was firm and strait forward in her demeanor. Mrs. Touchton was only about 4'2" tall, but she had the respect of everyone, men, women, teens and children alike, as if she were 10' tall.

In the early 80's, she was diagnosed with cancer. Her husband did everything within his power to see that she was physically healed (ultimately she was healed when God called her home), but it wasn't God's will for her life this side of heaven. I believe it was sometime in 1983 when God received her into heaven. At her funeral (at this point in my life one of only maybe three that I had attended), one of her brothers-in-law gave me a perspective about that funeral in particular, and for funerals in general, as well as, on life and death that I have never forgotten.

The theme for her funeral was from Psalm 3:5, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy comes in the morning." I was under the impression that funerals were to be somber, serious without levity or laughter. It bothered me when I heard her brother-in-law laughing and sharing funny stories about Mrs. Touchton. I also noticed others who were cheerful and in an attitude of celebration. Even her husband smiled through his tears and chuckled at some of the stories being told. I couldn't understand it, so I asked her brother-in-law how he could be so cheerful. He said that for the believer joy was the only right response to offer at their passing. He explained further that she was where all believers long to be and will indeed be one day.

Respect wasn't the issue, honor and memorial was. The funeral was a worship service to honor God in Val Touchton's name. She and the family had already endured the pain and anguish of her disease and death. There was no reason to remember her that way, but to remember her when she was healthy and well. Maybe you're going through something that looks hopeless and without happiness. Maybe you have been through pain and anguish and wonder if you'll ever smile again. My prayer (though I may not even know you) is that you will somehow find your solace in Christ as you remember that weeping may endure for a night, but joy comes in the morning.