



**Psalm 83:1**

**"O God, do not be silent!  
Do not be deaf.  
Do not be quiet, O God."**

*God spoke to His people, the Jews, through the prophets. And then, God was silent. While He still loved his people, for 400 years they did not hear from Him.*

The healing after the botched surgery had begun and life gradually returned to normal. I still wrestled with the question of "Why?" Why did God allow the hemorrhaging after childbirth? Why did he allow me to have the complications I did after surgery? Why didn't he want us to have more children? And God was silent.

Time went on, and we were given another chance at the surgery to correct the issues from the complications I had experienced. This surgery would take place at a different hospital with a different doctor and we decided to try again. Were we crazy? Probably so. Looking back, I wonder how wise the decision was considering all the trauma I endured. It was a risk and a gamble, but we chose to go forward and the surgery went remarkably well. While the chances of pregnancy were small, still there was a chance. The doctor was optimistic. And then God was silent. For almost six years.

There was a chance of having another child but it didn't seem the dream would be realized. But don't ever think I wasn't grateful for our daughter. Have I told you about her? God couldn't have blessed us any more than he did with her. She has such a sweet spirit. She loves the Lord, loves her family and uses her gifts for God's glory. She's a wife and a mommy now and she's beautiful inside and out. She's a whisper of grace from God.

And God was silent. Then He spoke.

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