

Excerpt from Brokenhearted Disciple: Confessions for Overcoming

by Shinita Kimbrough Miles

On a Wednesday evening, nearly two years after mother's death, I finally had the first full expression of the depression I was going through. It had been like one of my many monotonous weekdays and I had just returned home from work. I was walking through my living room, and for no exact reason, I suddenly paused. Out of nowhere, I had a thought of my mother and me sitting on the front porch of her house- that was her favorite place to sit. This was a place I would go almost every day after work to join my friend. It was the place we shared stories and laughter. On that porch, we would laugh ourselves to tears and talk for hours about everything until the sun would disappear.

On that very day, I felt my loss from that thought, and my heart practically exploded with hurt and pain. I can only describe this pain as the worst human pain I'd ever experienced, and it crushed me like a garlic press with a fresh clove.

This pain was so unbearable; it caused my whole body to fold until I couldn't stand up straight. I grabbed my chest as I fell to the floor. Lying prostrate, I laid there on the floor for hours, wailing and shedding belly-wrenching tears, and calling the Lord's name. My daughter must have been deep in their sleep for them not to have heard my wailings. I apparently wasn't having a heart attack, but I was definitely having a "brokenhearted attack."