



Broken Dreams

I stand in front of a pile of broken pieces and try to force back the tears that are already threatening to choke me. No! I won't allow it – I can't cry! I shut that door! Then I kneel down and pick up the first broken piece. This dream is still all too real for me:

...he wanted to marry me – next Spring – as soon as I have enough money saved up for the house. I could already see them in front of me – our two children, a girl and a boy...

Everything is broken – it was only a lie! I feel so used, so disappointed!

Then the next broken piece, only a short time later! He was one of the nice customers who promised me a job in his brother's store:

The store ended up being a bar, and I had to constantly drink with so many men – only with a lot of effort and difficulty was I able to get away from there...

This

one little colorful piece still hurts the most:

We were a happy family, mom, dad, my little brother and I. And then one morning he was gone and never came back.

Mom said that he had to travel out of the country and would be home soon, but he never returned...

Right beside that broken piece there are many small broken pieces from the life of a little girl with my name:

...She wanted to become a nurse, like her aunt ...wanted to have a family ...a handsome husband that would take good care of her ...lots of animals and a house in the country with a big garden ... a nice car and everyone in the town would admire her...

**Three large broken pieces
are lying in the back, and I
don't even want to look at them:**
*The promise that I gave myself that I
would quit this "job" in summer and
would go back home...*

*I really wanted to go to
German class, I was
already signed up,
could already imagine
what it would be like to
speak German fluently, and my
mother would be so proud of me
and visit me at my new job at
the grocery store...*

*...I never wanted to fall for
another man. I wanted to stay
single, and now I'm together with
someone again and I don't
understand why I stay with
him – sometimes he
isn't very nice...*

**It hurts so badly!
I need to numb the
pain somehow,
to get away...**

Hey! What's that?
Suddenly, I hear a
voice – very quiet,
very gentle!

**I understand
you! I know
your pain, your
disappointment,
your brokenness. I
took all the pain in your
life upon myself.**

It can't
be! Nobody under-
stands me! I can't
hope anymore...
can't dream!

**I understand
that too! But
do you know
what – I was
dead. I died on the
cross for you. But I didn't
stay dead! I rose
again and I will
live forever.**

Who are you? What do
you want from me?

**I am Jesus! Because I
live, you also should live!
Trust me! I won't
disappoint you!**

Dear Friend!

This short talk reminds us of Easter. Many of us stand in front of a pile of broken dreams and hopes just like these and we fight daily for survival. We put up a good front, but it looks completely different on the inside. Sometimes we feel like a small wounded child – left totally alone. That is exactly how we can come to Jesus! Why not right now, right before Easter? Jesus accepts us, forgives our guilt and helps us to stand back up. He has very special dreams for your life, and with his help, step for step, you can experience how they become reality and how you can have a meaningful life. You should live!

Your friends from Herzwerk!