
Wow, this is a subject that tugs close to my heart strings, how about yours? Do you know how many people have blocked emotions? I do. Guess I kinda used to be one of them. I remember saying, I just really don't like crying -- especially not in front of people.

Well, why not? The Lord created emotions, actually in the book of Genesis. There must be a reason He created tear ducts, and even biologically and physiologically there's a reason for them. I've typically preferred crying alone, you know, it's private, no one sees you and if it messes up your make up, you can straighten it up. Right now, my mind rolls back to two crying episodes I had where I just couldn't control the tears.

First crying episode

I was on a business trip in South Carolina and I was tired after landing at the airport.
I was exhausted emotionally and mentally.
I decided, I'm not going to work today, instead I'll eat lunch and rest, after all, I don't know anyone in this city.
I ate lunch and when I finished, a stranger in the restaurant walked up to me and said, "Baby, the weight on you is so heavy, I felt it across the restaurant and I've been sitting over there praying for you."
I remained quiet, I didn't know her.
She asked while standing at my table, ﷺ
I said yes and she began to pray while touching my hand [the waitresses are now looking because they know we didn't come in together].
Bear-sized tears began racing from my face because this woman called out everything that was wrong with me and I didn't know her.
Yes, people in the restaurant are really looking now.
After praying the lady said, do you have car, did you come here in a car.
I said yes, my rental is outside.
She said, go in the car, roll up the windows and cry as hard as you need to.
I did just that.
I exited the restaurant, drove across the street to a bookstore parking lot, went way in the back of the parking lot -- and baam, I wailed like an animal in the forest who was wounded and no one was there to rescue them.
I'll never forget that cry.

Second crying episode

I'm now in another state years later and I spontaneously decided to have a meal with a lady I'd met like about two days prior.
I'd been doing some reflecting on my life and thought I was fine.
The Lord was dealing with me on an issue I really didn't want to talk to people about.
After all, nothing is ever going to change, so why bother even addressing it.
Sometimes you just have to accept things the way they are right?
No, wrong!
Why is that wrong, because what I believed DID NOT align with The Bible, the Word of God.
If what I believe doesn't align, then what I believe is not true.
The Word of God is true, it is the truth, which meant what I believed was a lie.
Yes, it had been a reality for a long time, but it was a lie I believed because the situation had been that way for so long.
Well, let me tell you.
I sat at that meal table with just about a perfect stranger.
We were eating.
And I tried to be civil and talk, do the small talk exchange.
Lord, that didn't last for two minutes.
The tear ducts RIPPED and there was no way I could conceal the tears.
This wasn't a simple cry, the veins in my soul had ruptured and here I am with a complete stranger.
It's a beautiful thing when you can communicate with a person -- human spirit to human spirit -- without using any words.
Really in this particular situation it was the spirit of the Lord in me connecting with the Spirit of

the Lord in her.
That lady rubbed my right shoulder and the top of my back.
She didn't say a word.
Underneath my breathe I eked out the words repeatedly, "They are not better than me."
I just kept repeating that because that had been my inner struggle that started centuries before I was born.
I just bought into the lie because it had been passed down generation to generation to me -- and in ignorance I accepted it.

Well, Beloved reader, I simply share with you today, you have the freedom and are released to cry.
Cry in public.
Cry in private.
Cry with friends.
Cry with enemies.
Cry with your spouse.
Cry with the Lord holding you.
Cry in your car.
Cry in the bathroom stall at work.
Cry in your woman's lap.
Cry on your man's shoulder.

It's okay; you are now released and have the freedom to cry.

Beloved reader, thank you for taking your time to read this blog. If you're not a member of this online Healed People, Heal People community, we invite you to join for free here. You'll receive regular updates of encouragement wrapped in biblical truth.</p>