

# When the Going Gets Tough, I Go to Jesus

## How I Found New Strength Through Eucharistic Adoration

Just a few years ago, my life seemed perfect. I had a great job, an awesome family, a beautiful house, and loving and trusted friends. Then my husband's company offered him a position in Denver, Colorado.

It was an exceptional offer, a dream come true, yet I didn't want to move from Canada and leave behind my happy life in Toronto. Then one day as I reflected on the daily Bible reading, I realized that God was calling me to stand by my husband. So began the most painful, difficult and uncertain season that I've ever known — and at the same time, the most peaceful, joyful and rewarding.

**Blow Upon Blow** Leaving Toronto meant saying a sorrowful goodbye to our son, who had won a scholarship to a local university. I had prayed hard for him to be accepted there, so our family would not be separated, and now we were the ones who were leaving!

Other blows followed. My mother-in-law, who we were very close to, died suddenly of a heart attack. As we grieved, my husband and I couldn't help wondering "Would she have died if we hadn't moved?"

Our two daughters were not adjusting to their new life. One of them wouldn't even unpack and could barely find a reason to get out of bed. It became clear she was suffering from depression and anxiety; after various solutions failed, we made the painful decision to send both daughters back to Canada — back to the school relationships and environment where we hoped they would thrive again.

Then came the final blow. My husband's company reorganized and he was informed that he was no longer needed after twenty-two years of employment.

**Light in the Darkness** I don't know how I would have survived that time if I had not also been discovering where to find peace, joy and strength to face the challenges. It all began when a woman in my parish asked me to sign up for a regular hour of prayer before the Blessed Sacrament.

"What would I have to do?" I asked her. "Oh, you just show up and spend time with the Lord," she said.

I thought I could handle that, but my first time around, the hour passed so slowly. Within a month, though, my visits to the adoration chapel had become a pleasure. I was finding the Lord there — and experiencing so much peace and comfort. Once when my husband and I were especially concerned about our daughter, we went to the chapel together and just cried before the Lord as we asked for guidance.

It was Jesus, present in the Blessed Sacrament, who kept drawing me to the chapel. There I surrendered all my pains and frustrations to him. There he freed me from the guilt that pressed in on me. There he gave me strength for each new day, and confidence that no burden was impossible, because he was at my side.

**Watching with Jesus** We moved back home to Canada after my husband lost his job, but our employment situation remains difficult. And so the joyful discovery I made in Denver continues to sustain me. Although I don't know what the futures holds, my hour of Eucharistic adoration draws me closer to the Lord who holds our future in his hands. It increases my trust and confidence in him. This quiet time with Jesus has become a sort of armor, equipping me for whatever struggles come my way. When the going gets tough, I go to Jesus.

by Rhorie Abalos

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We invite you to sign up for a weekly hour at the adoration chapel at Blessed Sacrament Church. We have open hours available for you to choose from. All ages are encouraged to discover this source of peace and grace and blessings. **Call Marlene at 651-738-0677, ext. 13** for information.

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