

The Cordial of Christmas Eve in June

"And for the next half-hour they were busy-she attending to the wounded while he restored those who have been turned into stone."

*(C.S. Lewis, *The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe*)*

If you have at least once come across The Chronicles of Narnia, you'd remember Lucy Pevensie, the little girl who had the extra pound or so of passion and faith in Aslan, the King of the land, who is "...good but not safe. He's a lion after all."

As time goes by and I think I'm more experienced in working with people, I keep expanding the ways I identify not only with Lucy, but very much, with the "clients" she initially set out to help. She was given a gift, the Cordial of Christmas Eve, in a precious diamond bottle. That Cordial had the power to heal the mortally wounded. That was her job, her call. She did this with Aslan himself. He would change the type whose hearts have turned into stone. It's a perfect match for someone who honestly wants to help people heal. Only one problem: your job is to engage pain and sometimes death, the kind that kills the soul. And you hurt.

Victories are small, and heartaches ferocious. Lucy's efforts don't get to the numbness within. She did sign up to be the instrument, the healer, the carrier of the precious cordial. . .Yes. . .and the miraculous healing does not show up. The mortally wounded go on wounding. How disappointing, Lucy. Your unmet expectations, for you and them, make you just one of those you want to rescue.

Not a big deal, that heart. Lives are at stake. She is not a quitter and what others have resorted to might be just what she needs. Enter the ones whose hearts turned to stone. It is all for the sake of helping, of course. Stones are strong. And they are very useless in the business of pumping life. It ain't working, Lucy.

Review the script. Your heart is good, although naive, check. And proud, Yes. He is with you, all the time, check. Silence. No problem. If you won't cooperate with me, then I'll sit here and be quiet until you do something. Kiss that precious rock bottom!

Lucy, take a giant swig of your cordial! What does it contain? It's yours to take, too! The subtle and vital difference the Lucy in me missed in the book (and the movie didn't help her either) is that the helper remained the helper and she never switched to become the cordial.

Staying put will work for you, dear Lucy. I guess the crying and mourning for the wounded is part of your job. Apply the healing cordial to your own heart when it hurts. Take time and pour it generously. Your job was never meant to leave you dry and empty while you fight to bring living water and fullness to others. Drink, deeply, dear soul.

Let the thirsty one come—anyone who wants to; let him come and drink the Water of Life without charge.

Revelation 22:17b TLB



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