

NEWSLETTER FROM SHIRLEY

HE IS RISEN!!

We recently wrapped up our 13-week GriefShare journey on Palm Sunday. A faithful group of nine participants walked through the program together—some carrying the pain of loss for many years, while others were only a few months into their grief.

GriefShare is centered around compassionate listening, solid biblical teaching, and gospel-centered encouragement that points us to the hope we have in Christ.

From GriefShare:

Easter reminds us that no matter how dark the night feels, it is never the end of the story. What looked like defeat became victory. What felt like loss became life for many. The promise of Easter is this: God is still working, still restoring, still bringing hope where it once felt impossible.

If you're in a season of waiting, grieving, or wondering what's next—take heart. The hope of Christ's resurrection is part of God's story... and yours too. It may be slow, it may be small, but day by day, the light and life can shine through even in the darkest moments.

1 Peter 1:3, Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! In His great mercy He has given us new birth into a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

There is still hope. There is still joy to be found. There is still promise.

[#grief](#) [#griefshare](#) [#griefsupport](#) [#easter](#)



In Jerusalem, the empty tomb, 2016.

Jesus didn't slowly roll out of bed that day. His spirit returned in a flash of energy so spectacular that it left an image in his burial linen. Millions of watts expended in such a short burst that it exposed an image on linen. I can imagine for a moment the entire area saw a flash of the brightest light ever. If there wasn't a stone there, everyone would be blind anywhere near it. (Todd Rudberg, 2026)

From the depths of secret pain to the heights of renewed faith: Discover how one family's journey through loss led to unbreakable hope.

Just an Ordinary Cloudy Day in December

"We strive to provide service excellence for those communities that place their trust in our company and are always dedicated to putting our customers first."

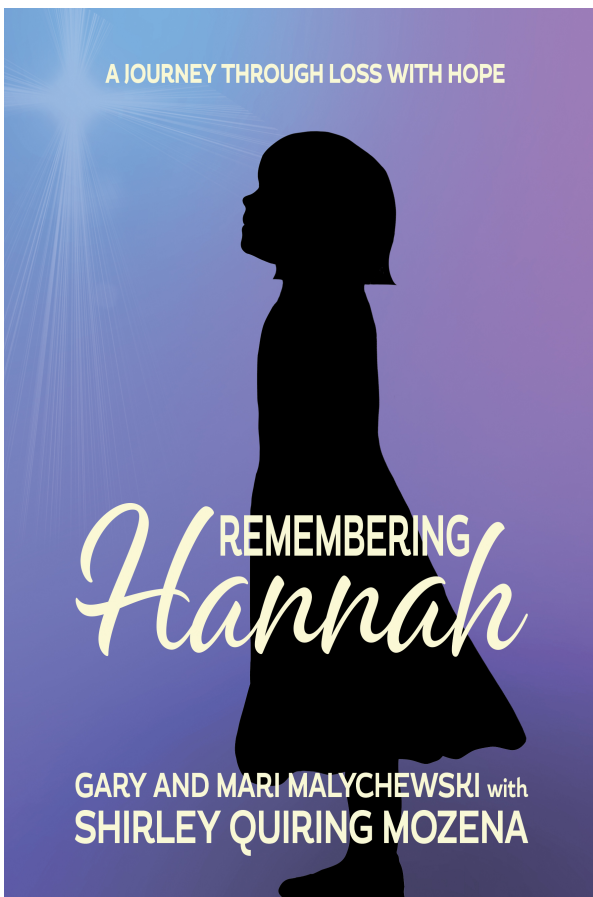
~ Waste Connections, Solid Waste Industries

Six lives were forever changed on a gray December morning in 1997, in a quiet Vancouver, Washington, neighborhood near the mighty Columbia River. Nearly thirty years later, in the spring of 2025, I interviewed these six in several sessions, their memories as sharp as the chill in the Pacific Northwest air. The morning of that fateful day dawned overcast, heavy clouds draping the sky like a woolen blanket. No rain fell, but the mist hung thick, leaving a cool dampness on the skin. Traffic hummed softly through the fog, a muted soundtrack to a typical winter day in the Pacific Northwest. Mari, thirty-one, was a stay-at-home mom, homeschooling her two oldest. Hannah was seven and soon to turn eight, her bright eyes sparkling with curiosity. Caleb was anticipating his sixth birthday that Saturday. Josiah, three, toddled around, his small feet pattering on the hardwood floors. That morning, their home in west Vancouver felt warm against the outside chill, the aroma of oatmeal simmering on the stove and faint sunlight struggling through the curtains.

Gary, thirty-two, drove for UPS during the chaotic Christmas season. He started early, the rumble of his truck engine vibrating through his seat as he loaded parcels, the cold air sharp in his lungs. His route wound through rural communities west of Portland, Oregon, each delivery a step in the holiday rush.

Kris Wright, a twenty-three-year-old driver for Waste Connections, began his route in the older west side of Vancouver, Washington....

Read more here: <https://shirleymozena.com/wp-content/uploads/Just-an-Ordinary-Cloudy-Day-in-December.pdf>



If you haven't read *Remembering Hannah*, I'm offering a partial sample to the right. Read the full chapter here: <https://shirleymozena.com/wp-content/uploads/Just-an-Ordinary-Cloudy-Day-in-December.pdf>



Podcasts Released:

With Shirley: <https://youtu.be/qlw-TMPsNpo>

With Gary and Mari Malychewski:

<https://podcasts.apple.com/us/podcast/hope-in-tragedy-90-god-will-wipe-away-every-tear/id1697554375?i=1000753026740>:
<https://podcasts.apple.com/us/podcast/hope-in-tragedy-90-god-will-wipe-away-every-tear/id1697554375?i=1000753026740>

With Heidi St. John: <https://podcasts.apple.com/us/podcast/the-heidi-st-john-podcast/id1215542663?i=1000752481545>

**WE WERE HONORED TO BE CAMAS MAGAZINE'S FEATURE
FOR VALENTINE'S DAY**



“It all began with coffee: two hesitant souls, two quiet prayers, one divine appointment.

Shirley Mozena never expected to be widowed twice. After forty years with Bill—half marked by struggle, half redeemed by hard-won connection and shared adventures, Shirley and Bill transformed “married singles” into true partners. They took mountaineering classes, backpacked the Cascades, summited Mt. Hood six times, they even took flying lessons together. When Bill died, Shirley carried no regrets—only gratitude for the work they’d invested.

Her first marriage taught her that broken things can heal. She believed her second marriage to Blair would last decades. One ordinary evening, as they prepared for bed, Blair mentioned a headache. Moments later he was unconscious, never to awaken again. The next day, he was gone. Shirley faced widowhood again, raw and reeling after only seventeen months of marriage. Yet in the silence that followed, one truth anchored her, God is fully trustworthy.

Meanwhile, Jim Mozena carried his own weight of loss. Jim’s marriage to Kathy had navigated blended families and divorces. They purchased a 1922 ramshackle house on five acres near the Gorge in Corbett. With Kathy’s expertise as a master gardener, they transformed their acreage into a beautiful garden some nicknamed, “Butchart Gardens of Corbett.” Jim raised dahlias during that time. Together they served in children’s ministry for many years at their Corbett church, learning that love deepens through service and surrender. For twenty-five years he ran a successful national consulting firm. When his wife Kathy was diagnosed with pulmonary fibrosis, Jim sold the business without hesitation to care for her full-time. “That final year,” he says, “was the closest we’d ever been.”

After Kathy passed, Jim settled into life as a devoted grandpa. But an advertisement about a matching site caught his eye. He signed up for a “try it for free” but found he couldn’t see any photos, so he joined—at the price of \$254. The price seemed a bit steep, but then Shirley’s profile appeared and after meeting her, he thought with a grin, *she’s worth \$254!* Nervously, Jim made the first call.

Two weeks earlier, Shirley had prayed, *Lord, if this site doesn’t work, drop him in my lap*, heard herself say yes when the call came.

They met at a Starbucks. Conversation flowed long after the cups were empty. By the time they parted, both knew they had found something rare—a connection rooted in shared faith and parallel journeys through grief.

Both Shirley and Jim had stumbled into ill-fated engagements after loss. Shirley's was broken weeks before the wedding. Jim's quietly ended when mismatch became clear. Each emerged wiser, more surrendered to God. Shirley poured her lessons into a book, *Second Chances at Life and Love, with Hope*.

Jim assumed romance was behind him, but their shared faith in Christ sealed the deal—an essential foundation for both.

Twelve years ago last December, Jim and Shirley married. They settled locally and filled early retirement with adventure: Israel, Turkey, Australia, Europe, a train trip across Canada. One autumn they drove from Vancouver, Washington, to Portland, Maine, and back, with Shirley speaking to women's groups along the way about hope after loss.

When friends ask if they fear losing another spouse, both answer the same. "We don't borrow tomorrow's sorrow. We thank God for today."

Their lives remain full and purposeful. Jim serves as Board Chair of Hope Learning Center in Washougal, a hybrid program partnering with homeschool families. He teaches Biblical Citizenship, leads a weekly home group, and previously served as an elder at Bethel Community Church. Shirley writes a weekly blog at [**www.shirleymozena.com/blog**](http://www.shirleymozena.com/blog) and speaks to women's groups nationwide, sharing her journey of joy forged in grief. She has published four books on grief, loss, and hope. Together, Jim and Shirley co-authored a book on remarriage after loss. All are available for purchase.

For over a decade, Jim and Shirley have facilitated GriefShare currently at Bethel Community Church, guiding those grieving toward healing. They intimately know grief's terrain—the sudden waves, the quiet lulls, the slow dawn of hope. "Grief takes work and attention," Shirley often says, "but healing does come."

Every morning begins the same. Before emails or obligations, they sit with Bibles open and coffee steaming. They read Scripture, pray for their large, blended family, and thank God for the gift of another day together. The ritual is deliberate. Gratitude steadies them against memory's undertow.

Neighbors and friends marvel that two hearts so familiar with loss can radiate such peace. The answer is simple. Jim and Shirley choose contentment over worry, laughter over lament, faith over fear. Their love is not fragile. It's hard-earned, daily renewed.

It all began with coffee: two hesitant souls, two quiet prayers, one divine appointment. Twelve years later, the cups are still raised, prayers still lifted, the love still growing. Their match, they insist, was made in heaven and sealed over a shared cup of coffee."

That's all my news for this quarter.
Enjoy the remainder of this Spring
season. Summer's coming!

Check out or sign up for my weekly
blog here: <https://>

