

WFWP USA: The Healing Power of Simply Being There

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It's midnight, and after a day spent grappling with a stomach flu that hit me hard, I find myself unusually reflective. Perhaps it's the quiet stillness of the night or the perspective that comes after enduring something difficult. Either way, my thoughts are swirling.

Two days ago, my youngest son, who's just six, came home from school visibly unwell. What started as mild discomfort quickly spiraled into ten relentless hours of vomiting and misery. It was heartbreaking to witness. As the baby of the family,

he's used to being cared for, but nothing about this was ordinary.

I tried to distract him, watching hours of Pokémon together in the hopes it would take his mind off the pain. But every ten minutes or so, he'd cry out, writhing in discomfort, only to throw up again. Over and over. My heart ached as I watched this skinny little boy, with seemingly nothing left in him, endure so much.

When things settled momentarily, I'd try to slip away - to clean up, answer emails, or prep dinner for the rest of the family. But no matter where I went or what I did, he'd call for me. "Mom!" he'd cry. Again and again.

At first, I wrestled with frustration. I wanted to get things done. I wanted to fix him. But the truth was, there was nothing I could do to speed up his recovery. And then it hit me:

He didn't need me to fix it. He just needed me to be there.

He wanted my presence. He wanted his pain to be acknowledged. He knew that I couldn't make it go away. But what he needed was to feel seen, to feel heard, to feel not alone. He needed me to remind him that no matter how tough things were, he wasn't facing them by himself.

This realization forced me to slow down. I let go of my to-do list and set aside my own anxiety about the situation. I just sat with him. I stroked his hair, held his hand, and whispered reassurances. My job wasn't to fix his pain but to help carry it by being present.

As I reflect on this, I realize how profound this lesson is - not just for parenting, but for life. Pain is inevitable, whether it's physical, emotional, or spiritual. Often, we feel helpless when someone we love is struggling, unsure of how to help. But sometimes, the most powerful thing we can do is simply to be present.

Acknowledge the pain. Make space for it. Sit with someone in their suffering. Healing, I've come to understand, begins when we slow down enough to offer that kind of presence.

In my work with Women's Federation for World Peace (WFWP), we've been exploring the concept of God as our Heavenly Parent, especially the feminine aspect of God that has long been overlooked: the essence of a Heavenly Mother. She is the master of presence.

She embraces me in my pain, not by trying to take it away or solve it, but simply by being there. She sits beside me, strokes my back, and lets me cry. She whispers gently, reminding me that I am not alone, that I am strong enough to make it through. Her presence grounds me and brings me back to what truly matters.

Isn't that what we all need? Someone to acknowledge our pain, to sit with us, to remind us that we're not alone? Presence has a way of healing that words and actions often cannot.

Tonight, as the house falls silent and my mind finds stillness, I'm holding onto this truth. Life isn't always about fixing or doing. Sometimes, it's simply about showing up. And often, that's more than enough.