

# Reflections on the Third Year Anniversary of Learning my Son, Robby was Murdered

Written by Dori Greeson

Today marks three years since I got that call a mom never wants to get. I had just left a business luncheon and was sitting in the Starbucks drive thru line. My mind was on Robby and I was asking God to bless him and let him know that He was there for him. Then, my phone rang. I saw that it was Robby (or so I thought). I said "Hi Robby." The person on the other end was Robby's friend, Kate. I said "Hi Kate, how are you?" There was silence. I said "Kate, are you okay; is Robby okay?" Kate's response was ..... "Robby is dead." ..... I said "What! What happened?" Kate said she didn't know yet. She said she was sorry. I thanked her for calling me and we hung up.

My response ..... NO ROBBY, NOOOOOOOO!!!! Getting out of the drive thru, driving back to my office, pounding, pounding, pounding on my steering wheel while yelling "ROBBY, COME BACK, COME BACK!!!! OH GOD!!! HELP!!! NO, NO, NO, PLEASE ROBBY, COME BACK!!!! GOD, HELP, HELP ME, HELP ME GOD. I called Gene and didn't get an answer. I left him a voice mail. I called him again, leaving him another voice mail. I got to my office, stepped inside, and yelled. I yelled again and pounded my feet, pounded my fist on my desk. I screamed, I wailed, I pounded my desk over and over. I wailed, and wailed and wailed, yelling out to God for help!!!! No one was in the office with me that day.

I called Gene a third time and reached him. I told him, "Gene, Robby's dead. Can you come?" Of course, he said, "Yes." My neighbor from next door came over to my office thinking I was being attacked by someone. I told her what happened. She held my hand and sat with me. I was shaking and she just held my hand. She stayed with me until Gene came. Gene and I hugged tight. I sobbed and wailed. Gene cried and held me. We prayed. We cried out to God. We had no answers. We thanked God Robby was safe in His presence. That was our only solace. Gene held me until I wasn't shaking anymore. He held me until I stopped wailing. God was with us. God helped me to remember He cared for Robby and us. I thought of my other precious son, Ben. I asked God to help him. God strengthened me. My voice was almost gone. I felt I had damaged my vocal chords. I was able to call my boss to tell him and all I could barely say to him was "Ed, Robby is dead." Ed said "WHAT?" I couldn't say it again. Ed asked if

Gene was with me. I whispered "yes", Ed said for me to go home.

I hung up and God strengthened me to finish the little bit of work I had left to do and make the phone calls I needed to make. Gene called David and Donna. Gene took care of all the calls while I finished up my work. Before leaving my office, I received another phone call from Robby's friend. She told me Robby was murdered and to go online to read about it. Gene and I did read about it. It was awful. I was so upset. Why would anyone kill Robby? Who was this person? We read the short report and learned about Lindsay. We learned she had a son and a mother. God helped us feel concern for this woman. We prayed for her, her son and her mother. We then left to go home.

I became numb. I didn't know what to do. I didn't know what I wanted. Our dear friends expressed to Gene they would all come over. I didn't know what I wanted but it seemed best to me for Gene and me to be alone for a while. I was comforted knowing our friends would have come if Gene told them to. I felt their prayers and support.

A friend who lives in our neighborhood walked over in the misty rain, and showed up at our door, Gene answered the door and Tori came in. She held my hand and quietly sat with me. David and Debbie came over. God comforted me that night. I knew God was answering my prayer for help.

My longing for Robby seemed more than I could bear. I hurt and cried for days .... for months. I cried every day. My sadness was deep. I wondered if I would ever be okay. God brought to my mind other times I wondered that and reminded me that I would be okay. I just wasn't okay yet. God helped me listen to Him and trust Him to get me through my days.

We have "Open mic" nights at our church where anyone can share whatever they want with the rest of us. It was on one of our Open mic nights in January (four months after learning Robby died, three months after Robby's memorial service) that I shared with everyone how sad I still was and told them I was still crying every day. I asked for prayer. Before we all said goodbye to one another, our pastor, Kevin prayed for me. Kevin and others were already praying for me and expressing their love to me but my sharing helped everyone know I was still mourning and hurting. I was surrounded by loving arms and prayers that night.

A few days later, I realized my daily crying had stopped. My sadness was lifted and I was feeling lighter. I praised God and rejoiced over answered prayer and the love and care of my good friends, my family in Christ.

I tried many times to write a letter to Lindsay. The words just did not come. Gene wrote his letter to her and mailed his letter

the end of July, 2016. Lindsay responded with great remorse and humble gratefulness to hear from Gene and to be forgiven by him. Her letter touched us.

Once again, like many other times, I sat down at my computer to write Lindsay and to my surprise, the words from my heart flowed through my fingers. My letter expressed to her that I had forgiven her. I expressed I needed Jesus just as much as she did. I, like Gene, shared the gospel, the wonderful words of life and forgiveness with her.

Lindsay's response to my letter was also filled with her sorrow over taking Robby's life. Nothing she said, of course, would bring Robby back or satisfy my longing for him. I knew that already and to this day, that is true. I guess my longing for Robby has lessened only because I know he is with Jesus. I know I will see Robby again. I know my son is okay. I am grateful for that.

Now three years later. What joy!!! What peace!!! What excitement, experiencing the joy of forgiving and the joy of experiencing one humbly receiving forgiveness and being set free by God!! All three of us - Gene, me and Lindsay have been set free. The truth has made us free!! God's love, His forgiveness, grace, guidance sets us free!!

For three years now, God has been working out for good the horrible wrong and tragic murder of my son. He promised me that He does work all things together for good—ALL things to those who love Him and are called according to His purpose. He promised me He is close to the brokenhearted. His instructions to rejoice and praise Him are instructions that do indeed bring joy and peace.

Some still ask me how in the world I am doing so well after such a terribly heart wrenching tragedy? How could I possibly forgive? One person immediately comes to mind. God. I believe God. Without a doubt, I know He is good and He loves Robby, He loves the woman who killed him and He loves me. How could a person who really loves me allow my son to be murdered? How????? What kind of a loving Father would allow one of the most precious persons in my heart to be taken away? I asked those questions many times. My mind goes to Satan. Satan means everything he orchestrates to be for harm and to destroy. God means everything He allows or orchestrates to be for good, to bring the best out of us. I had a choice - let Satan get his way or humble myself to God, seeking His refuge and purpose for it all. I did yell out to the Lord for help. I was desperate!!!! I cried and cried and cried and cried some more. I looked for God's cushions. I looked for them because I was so sad and needed rest from my sadness. God did provide the cushions all along the way and He still is. For, you see, I still miss Robby very much and still have the longing to be with him and to hear his deep voice.

I'll name some of God's cushions: Before I was looking for them .....

1. I was alone in my car, stopped in a line of cars to order coffee and was able to pull out of line to drive back to my office which was right around the corner.
2. There were not any clients in my office so I could let out whatever response I had without having to hold back.
3. My friend from the office next door heard my cry and came over to sit with me.
4. My husband came and held me.
5. My husband made important calls for me
6. God gave me the strength to finish up some things at work so I could leave without things being left undone.
7. When at home, my friend Tori came over to hold my hand and quietly just sit with me.
8. My brother and sister in law came over to just be with us too.
9. Gene let others know and just took care of things.
10. Gene and I, along with three other couples were already scheduled (planned and paid for a year earlier) to leave two days later to spend a week in the mountains of North Carolina for a couples' retreat, so my work at the office was already covered.
11. That next week, I had a peaceful environment with some of my closest friends and surrounded by God's beautiful nature.
12. My sister, Donna spent time on the phone with me.
13. I have a supportive and caring group of people I meet with every Sunday, Wednesday and throughout the week at Suncoast Community Church.
14. I have people who are praying for me.
15. My boss and his wife have been very supportive.
16. My boss mailed a letter to all of our financial clients letting them know what happened so I wouldn't have to deal with possibly having to tell them individually and they would know to show care and support. He also suggested in lieu of flowers or anything they might want to give, to give toward our prison ministry in honor of Robby.
17. Gene and I received so many beautiful, encouraging cards.

Those are just the cushions during the initial weeks and months. God is still providing them. I think of the passage, Psalm 4:1 "Answer me when I call, O God of my righteousness! You have given me relief when I was in distress. Be gracious to me and hear my prayer!" The God

who takes such good care of me has guidelines for me to follow. One of His instructions is to forgive each other. Ephesians 4:32 "Be kind to one another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, just as God for Christ sake has forgiven you."

When you know someone loves you, has forgiven you, and wants the best for you, it's a sure thing to listen to that person and follow their instructions especially when that person is God almighty who knows you perfectly.

So, I know how I could truly forgive Lindsay or with a pure heart reach out to her. I know God is good and right, so I obeyed His command and forgave Lindsay. God is so beautiful, He's my comfort, His love is sure. His instructions are pure and filled with wisdom, conducive to peace and joyful living.

I still do not know why God did not give me my son, but I know He is good and I trust Him.

Pro.3:5-6 Trust in the Lord with all your heart; and lean not unto your own understanding. In all your ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct your paths.

I have found great joy in forgiving Lindsay. First of all, humbling myself to God, trusting Him and accepting the life He gives me is a great place to be. It's a place of refuge and security. James 4:7 Humble yourself to God and He will give you grace. He will bless you. I have been so blessed by God. He has lifted me up and freed me from despair.

Reaching out to Lindsay has brought about a beautiful relationship between Gene, Lindsay and me. We have become friends and have a deep love for one another. Our letters to each other have been encouraging and inspirational. I would have missed out on so much had I not forgiven her. I would be bitter and in so much emotional turmoil now. I would be angry and resentful. The bitterness that would be in me would be pouring out onto those around me and drowning me. I would not be growing in my faith and experiencing the peace and joy I have been experiencing these last three years. I would be fearful of the future because I would only know hurt, pain and bitterness.

The message of God's redeeming plan of salvation has continued to be shared over and over again as Gene, Lindsay and I share our (His) story.

For More Information, Contact:

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