



Links Players

Heartbreak Hotel

My flesh and my heart may fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever. (Psalm 73:26, ESV)

In 1956, Elvis released a single entitled Heartbreak Hotel. The opening stanza goes like this, “Well, since my baby left me...I found a new place to dwell...it's down at the end of Lonely Street at Heartbreak Hotel.” In 1987, Whitney Houston released the song Where Do Broken Hearts Go. Those lyrics, in part, read, “Where do broken hearts go, can they find their way home, back to the open arms, of a love that's waiting there?”

To state the obvious, both songs lament the loss of love and the gut-wrenching, heartbreak that accompanies the loss. Unfortunately, there are heartbreaks aplenty surrounding humanity in this “vale of tears.” The loss of a loved one. The breakup of a marriage. Failed business endeavors. An unexpected diagnosis. The Dow Jones in a downward spiral. Sadly, this list of heartbreaks could be greatly expanded.

These heartbreaks represent severe disappointments in life. There are, in addition, lesser heartbreaks. By lesser I don't mean to suggest that these lesser heartbreaks aren't accompanied by deep pain. I only mean to suggest that some heartbreaks are worse than others.

I can only imagine the heartbreak that Mito Pereira is feeling since losing the PGA on the seventy second hole. I can only imagine the heartbreak of Francesco Molinari after hitting the ball in the water on number twelve at Augusta in 2019. I can only imagine the heartbreak of Scott Hoch who had a two-footer to win The Masters and missed.

Researching the golf archives on heartbreaking moments in championship golf will cause even the strongest to get weak in the knees. The list is seemingly infinite: Doug Sanders misses a short putt to win The Open. Greg Norman watches Larry Mize chip in to win The Masters. Greg Norman watches Bob Tway hole it from the bunker to win the PGA. And who could forget the Jean vel de Velde debacle on the seventy-second hole, eventually costing him The Open? As Jim Nantz might say, “That was one for the ages.”

No one who plays this great game is immune from pain and disappointments. A lost match to your rival. A triple bogey on the last hole to miss shooting your age. An ill-advised club selection that sent your ball sailing out of bounds. A three putt from eight feet that cost you the championship

trophy. A chunked wedge that fails to clear the lake, drowning your chance to win with it. A drive that kicks left leaving you stymie behind the tree. If you play golf, you know heartache.

The scar tissue from painful disappointments on the golf course pales in comparison to the heartbreak we all encounter as we journey through the “pilgrim way.” A wayward child. A parent who no longer recognizes you. A friend’s betrayal. As we all know, living in the “in between,” that time between Jesus’ first and second coming, is not for the faint of heart.

So, back to Whitney’s rhetorical question—Where do broken hearts go? Take that broken heart to King Jesus, who “lives forever to make intercession for you.” He alone is wise enough, comforting enough, and powerful enough to see you through the storms of life. Forget “tying a knot and hanging on.” Cliches are useless. Go to Jesus in prayerful communion and allow him to envelope you in his loving embrace.

Prayer- Jesus, comfort all those who mourn!

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Dennis Darville

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