

43 Hours that Echo into Eternity
*An Editorial Review of **My Song in the Night** by Christian Book
Excellence Award Recipient, Esther Camealy*



Esther Camealy demonstrates immense bravery and courage in her memoir, *My Song in the Night*. This is not a light or easy read—but it is an incredibly worthwhile one.

At its heart, Esther invites readers into one of life's deepest sorrows: the diagnosis, birth, and brief earthly life of her son, Isaac. Her testimony is far more than a memoir of infant loss. It is a profoundly Christian meditation on grief, worship, surrender, and the unchanging character of God when earthly certainty seems to collapse.

Fair warning—this is not the kind of book you breeze through and move on from. Esther writes with such honesty and vulnerability that you'll find yourself slowing down, lingering over her reflections, and meditating on the Scriptures and truths about God found in these pages. The way she continually points readers to God's grace and the healing hope found in Jesus Christ will stay with you long after you've finished the final chapter, inviting you to reflect not only on Esther's journey, but perhaps your own, or someone else's who is dealing with grief.

I admired that Esther writes tenderly from a place of grief, healing, and hope in Christ without ever sensationalizing or downplaying suffering for the reader's sake. Instead, every page feels honest and infused with the hope of the Gospel. Scripture is never added as motivational or inspirational filler; rather, it serves as an invitation to encounter the living Hope to whom Esther clung—and continues to cling—in the face of unimaginable pain. Her prose has the kind of quiet strength that recalls Elisabeth Elliot's theological steadiness and Nancy Guthrie's pastoral tenderness. Yet, Esther's voice remains her own: gentle, lucid, and steadfastly fixed on God.

[Spoilers in this paragraph.] Esther's retelling of Isaac's birth, her family's opportunity to meet him, his passing, Clint's desperate attempts to keep the oxygen machine running, and the eventual birth of Josiah had me in tears. These were tough chapters, and I wept as her family wept. Reading about family members gathered to meet Isaac transforms what could have been scenes defined solely by grief into beautiful portraits of love, reminding us that every life, no matter how brief, bears immeasurable worth and dignity. I also deeply appreciated Esther's reflections surrounding Josiah's birth. I was reminded of David's confidence after the loss of his son: "I shall go to him, but he will not return to me" (2 Samuel 12:23), followed by God's gracious gift of Solomon. Esther captures that same tension of sorrow and hope with grace. She doesn't portray the birth of another child as the answer to unimaginable loss. Instead, she offers the full biblical picture of redemption that can take place here on earth in part, but that we long for fully on the other side of eternity, demonstrating that joy and grief can coexist because of the hope we have in Jesus.

This book is a beautiful reminder that, under God's sovereign care, our suffering is never purposeless, never beyond redemption, and never the end of the story. One day, Christ Himself will wipe away every tear. Until then, our calling is to trust Him. As Esther writes on page 13, *"Surrender in suffering is the path to the deepest peace, even when it feels shattering."* That single sentence beautifully captures the heartbeat of this remarkable book. Later, she writes, *"The peace I felt was not a denial of my sorrow, but a confidence in the promise of resurrection—that for a Christian, death is just an interruption, not the end"* (p. 82). Few contemporary Christian writers communicate the hope of the gospel amid profound suffering with such tenderness and theological clarity. After reading this book, I came away with a heart more deeply burdened for those who have experienced infant loss and with renewed gratitude for the hope believers have in the resurrection.

My Song in the Night is perfect for grieving parents, families navigating devastating diagnoses, pastors, chaplains, counselors, and anyone seeking to love better those who mourn. In a Christian publishing landscape often drawn toward quick fixes and easy answers, Esther offers something far richer: faithful and honest presence, theological depth, and unwavering confidence in

God's character and promises. I closed this book with greater compassion, reverence for God's sovereignty, and gratitude that Esther chose to tell the Camealy family's story. It is a beautiful ministry that will comfort countless readers for years to come.

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