

I wish school started in September, after Labor Day, like it did when I was younger. I've always believed September 1st would serve as a more suitable New Year's Day as well. With the return to school and the temperatures cooling, it just 'feels' like a time for new beginnings. My senses get confused with 'back to school' shopping mixed in with buying floaties for swimming. It is still summer, after all! September also holds the promise of the beautiful fall months, with color-changing leaves that crunch under our feet. A warm cup of coffee or spiced cider goes down awfully good on a crisp fall morning.

As it is, we survive Christmas, then do our best to celebrate the new year as we mull over our guilty indulgences over the previous few months. We wake to a chilly January morning, with barren trees and ice-covered walkways just waiting for someone like me to slip and break an ankle.

Maybe that's why I'm feeling so anxious right now. I feel the need for change, to recollect what has been and contemplate where I'm going. Decisions have been made that are beyond my control, forcing me to make new plans as they apply to my grandsons and myself. I have been in a constant state of prayer, seeking God's answers for the new obstacles placed before me. As he always does, God has shown me what I believe I need to do, but these decisions require a huge leap of faith on my part. I've made the decision to jump.

I have been working for the State of Tennessee since November 2015. I have been commuting to Nashville for six and a half years. I'm tired of that part of things, to say the least. But the reality of our situation is that my two grandsons need for me to be closer in, should they get sick or get hurt. Not only that, but my time is becoming increasingly valuable to me, and I'm wasting at least two hours a day driving to and from work. These are hours I could be taking better care of myself, or time I could spend with the boys. I have made the decision to leave my job with the State and find something within city or county government, closer to home.

As I write this, I have only one week left at my current position, with no job to go to presently. I'm happy to say that I have an interview on Monday morning, and many good prospects lie waiting in the wings. I can't explain it, but I don't feel anxious about my job. I believe God has this, and he will make sure we are taken care of. I'm excited to see what he does. Many who doubt will get to see firsthand his provision for the three of us, and I can't wait!

Previously I mentioned my decision to continue to color my hair to cover my grays...I've changed my mind again. Growing up, my mother always made me wear my hair short, and I hated it. My ex-husband always said something about being 'short and sassy' when my hair ended up shorter than I liked. I didn't like that either. Well, I've decided I'm going to take the plunge, cut it off, and start over. I don't plan to keep it short, but I need to start somewhere. Change is good. Sometimes we need to go back to the beginning and regroup.



Jacob's Return to Bethel

Then God said to Jacob, "Arise, go up to Bethel and dwell there; and make an altar there to God, who appeared to you when you fled from the face of Esau your brother."

And Jacob said to his household and to all who *were* with him, "Put away the foreign gods that *are* among you, purify yourselves, and change your garments. Then let us arise and go up to Bethel; and I will make an altar there to God, who answered me in the day of my distress and has been with me in the way which I have gone."

Genesis 35:1-3 NKJV

Sometimes we need to get back to the basics. We need to return to our own 'Bethel', just as Jacob did in the old testament. We need to shed the 'junk' we have accumulated, including the stinking thinking we have been processing, day after day. We need to clean house spiritually and get rid of the cobwebs of sin that are lurking in the corners of our mind. We need to wash ourselves in the river, get down on our knees and build an altar of thankfulness, dedicated to our Creator.

I admit, I've been stuck. I've been dwelling on things I can't change, causing me to be angry without even realizing it. Frankly, I'm exhausted! I am so tired of spinning my wheels, hoping for a different outcome. I am ready to move forward, period. I don't know where God will take me and the boys. I don't know what life will look like tomorrow, let alone six months from now. All I know is it is time to move on. Your prayers for we three are genuinely appreciated.