

Gracious, this has been a season of lessons for me. Old cliché's I've heard all my life have been running through my mind. One that really hits me right now is "It's not about how many times you get knocked down that count, but how many times you get back up." Some days I have the gumption to fight back. Sometimes I choose to speak up for what I believe. Sometimes I think I know the answers, yet I have found that knowing the answers and being able to convey them may be two different things entirely. Have you ever been right, knowing in your heart you're right, but still had to accept that the right answer isn't the one that is wanted or needed? Or accepted?

I won't go into the exact details, but just last week I nearly quit my job on the spot. To be honest, if I didn't have two little boys to care for, to feed and clothe, and provide health insurance for, I would have done it. I don't know what it is about we females, but if you're anything like me, we cry when we get angry. And the fact that I cry when I get angry makes me cry even more because I'm so mad that I can't stop the tears! It's difficult to put on a professional face and express an opinion with dignity when you keep having to wipe your runny nose and dab your eyes with tissue. The fact was I responded to something that I strongly believed in and was called out on it. I never backed down from my stance, but I had to suck it up and take the blow, because I need my job.

Just this weekend during our vacation, an event occurred involving my grandsons and a security guard. We managed to get separated but we had a backup plan where I told the boys that if this ever happens, look for a security guard or policeman, and have them call me. The boys did just what I told them to. On the other side, I was asking for help from another security guard who proved to be worthless in his effort to help me locate my grandsons. After being reunited, I tried to address the issue with the guard that had been waiting with my grandsons. Obviously, he had already passed judgement on me as being negligent, and when I tried to explain how his subordinate was no help to me at all, he wouldn't even let me speak. I was so angry with this man-child, and with the situation. I asked to speak with his supervisor, and he arrogantly said, "I am the supervisor." Tears didn't come this time, but this grandma wanted to kick this guy where it counts. Again, two sets of little eyes were watching their grandma, the same grandma that is trying to teach them to turn the other cheek, and to love the unlovable. We went on our way, but I was so angry I could have spit fire.

A few weeks ago, I posted on Facebook some photos of the boys playing in the pool, and I said something like, "When someone hands you lemons, make lemonade." Those 'lemons' represented more disappointments, for me and for the boys. Not trying to throw anyone under a bus, but just stating fact, my ex-husband has his priorities mixed up, and in thinking he's doing the right thing, he's losing the things that are the most important. I can't judge his motives, I just see the results of the choices being made, and unfortunately, I'm hurt by it as well as the boys. This grandma gets tired, period. I was begging for weekends of relief like a dog begging for a bone, but I think that need for peace and quiet was being used against me as a threatening tool. I have now come to a point that I will not ask my ex-husband for help with taking the boys.

He makes promises he can't keep. One minute he is kind and offering words of "I should have handled this better." Later he uses his being over-extended at work for not being able to take the boys, then calls me toxic because I'm at my wits end. After our vacation away, it's all I can do to keep from calling on him to help me, but I continually pray for strength not to. I want help, and could really use a few days reprieve, but instead I will continue to bite my tongue and pray for grace. I'm not using this blog as a sideways method to ask him for help. He never reads anything I write, or remembers anything I say, so no worries there.

Yes, I am burnt out on the humble pie I have been forced to eat lately. In truth, writing about these 'events' helps me work through my frustration. I do write to encourage others, but it helps to purge my thoughts as well. In my heart, I know my Father is just building my character to become the woman he has created me to be. I also know I'm a daughter of the King, and he is faithful. He will see me through this, just as he has always been with me through everything else. I sincerely hope you find encouragement in my stories. That is my most humble prayer.

