

With the schedule I've had this past week, I haven't had time to think about what I wanted to share for Today's Thoughts. I have so many thoughts that are all over the place, with no real direction or focus. So, I've decided to just share what is on my mind. I hope you'll hang in there with me, and you will feel like you can relate. As always, I pray my words might encourage you and to help you see that you aren't alone in this adventure called life.

My ex-husband and I are attempting to rotate weekends with our grandsons. They are with me most of the time, so my free weekends are my sanctuary. When the boys are with me, we find our rhythm, and we manage well with our day-to-day schedules. After they've been with their grandfather, mentally and physically I struggle to readjust to the increased volume in my house and go back to worrying about what to fix for dinner. Laundry is a given, and I spend every afternoon picking up couch pillows from the floor, pick up bits of trash and place dishes in the sink. Yes, of course I tell the boys to pick up after themselves, but sometimes I'm just in a place where it's easier to do it myself. Please keep in mind that this is my second time around with this. It wasn't easy with my own children, and it isn't easy now.

This week, I have withdrawn to my room to try and give my mind a rest. As a mother of three grown children, it is easier now that they are out from under my roof. But every mother will tell you that we never stop worrying about our kids. I use the term 'worrying' for lack of a better word. Scriptures are clear that we shouldn't worry about what we're going to wear or what we're going to eat because our Father in Heaven knows we have need of these things. I wonder if there shouldn't be a disclaimer in there about mothers and their children. Seriously, I don't wring my hands worrying morning, noon, and night, about my kids, but I do ponder in my heart the choices they make and the direction of their lives, and whether they seem happy.

I shared a while back how I relinquished my former name, 'self-pity,' after a spiritual epiphany. I have been leaning on that newfound freedom, and I have been so excited to see what God is preparing for me. I felt led to start teaching again and planned to initiate a home Bible study. Lo and behold, our church announced that summer small groups would begin this month, so now I am so excited that I'll be leading a small group from my home.

Most who know me well are aware that I have been divorced from my husband for one full year. My divorce was final the day before my birthday last year, so it will be a bittersweet time for me in the years to come. I'm still trying to heal and work out with physical therapy for my leg following a full knee replacement. As it turned out, my ex-husband remarried the day after my surgery, but I didn't find out until a month later. Like everyone else, I have had to overcome many things. When I felt as if I had been released from my bondage of self-pity, I was ready to take on the world.

As he always does, Satan has been nipping at my heels ever since. He finds joy in reminding me of my dreams that I placed firmly in God's hands. He taunts me constantly as he reminds me of past pain and how I don't deserve for my dreams to come true. I am genuinely lonely at times, but I try to tell myself to 'suck it up, buttercup,' because the separation and eventual divorce were my choice. My dearest and most encouraging friend reminded me about the dreams I have for traveling and exploring, so that was extremely helpful for me. If God decides that I need to press on by myself, I will do just that.

I am getting older and with my knee still healing, I have been discouraged at times for not being able to do more. I felt discouraged when I saw the price of gas today, but praise God, I can pay for the gas I need. I become frustrated when my grandsons argue over the silliest things, and I want to hang them up by their toes. But earlier this week a young man that I used to teach in Sunday school as a little boy decided it was all just too hard, so he took his own life. I am truly grieving over this, yet I'm able to hug my grandsons. His parents will never be able to hug him again in this life.

Yes, life really is tough. I sure do understand this. But I also know this is the time for our preparation, the character-building phase of our existence. One day we will see the face of Jesus, welcoming us home for the last time. Lord, all I can ask is that you will continue to give me grace to face each day, and help me keep my eyes on you, that I will trust in your promises, that all my tears will be wiped away. Not my will Lord, but yours.