

As I write this, my dear neighbor is in the hospital waiting to find out if she has a blood clot that has been making her so ill and unable to breathe for the past two weeks. She spent last Friday night in the ER, and now she's there again. Just yesterday she and I had lunch together and were talking about how we were both on the threshold of new beginnings. She's just trying to get her health back and has many praying for her to receive good news. *Lord, please make her well, and let her follow the dreams she shared with me.*

She wanted me to visit with her on the heels of my doing something I never thought I would do, for the second time this year. We laughed about the craziness of it all. I told her that the day before I was looking at obituaries of all things and couldn't believe how many have died recently between the ages of fifty-five and sixty-five. Being fifty-nine myself, it freaked me out a little bit. My dear friend and I agreed that life is too short to let life slip by, doing the same thing we've always done. We want to be the stars of our own story.

If you've followed my blogs or know my story, I am finally seeing past the valley I have been through following my divorce, and acceptance that I will be raising my grandsons by myself. I guess these realities gave me a little gumption. While at home sick with Covid in early August, I prayed and prayed, hoping to hear from God on what I should do. I wanted to be certain my decision was based solely on faith and my trust in him and hoping that I wasn't crazy.

I can't explain it, but there were issues coming up at work and I found myself growing weary. I was also in line to take on even more responsibilities as one of the ladies in the office was about to retire, taking over forty years of experience with her. When I took the job, I was up to the task, but as I have gone through so much these past two years, it just didn't seem that important anymore. On August 8th, I submitted my two-week notice to my supervisor, after being employed with the state for six years. I did this without having a job to go to.

While I was sick, pondering my next move, I realized that I needed to be closer to my grandsons on a regular basis. If they were to get sick or hurt, that drive from Nashville seemed unacceptable. Upon giving my notice, I immediately started applying to jobs closer to home. On the Wednesday of my last week, I interviewed for a job with the county, then found out I got the job on Thursday, the next day. My last day on Friday was sublime, and all was right with the world. It was a 'God' thing as far as I was concerned. God has always had my back, so much so, that I was at peace with my decision to leave. He provided the job I needed right when I needed it.

My last day with the State was August 19. My first day with the county was on August 28. I was so thrilled to be working in Clarksville, to be close to the boys. I felt so blessed and truly happy that everything turned out so well. Unfortunately, even after a wonderful interview with my boss-to-be, it turned out she and I didn't see eye to eye on many things. Because she is a public figure, I won't go into the details. I will say that I believe I was not shown due respect, especially for one trying to learn a completely new task. In my opinion, her leadership style went against what I believe in having been a supervisor myself. There was a toxic atmosphere, and it was extremely difficult to remain positive in that kind of environment. We tried to discuss these issues twice, but I found myself dreading walking into the office, and even developed a twitch in my eye from the stress that simply shouldn't have occurred.

This week I found myself praying and praying, just as before. Continually seeking God's guidance and insight, I prayed for confirmation that what I was about to do was in fact, sanctified by him, and not my pride getting in the way. I went to bed Wednesday evening, and said out loud, "Lord, if I'm able to fall asleep and rest peacefully, I'm going to take it as a sign that you are okay with my decision." Not only did I rest well and woke feeling refreshed, but my morning devotion was my final confirmation.

All week Rick Warren's devotional has been about how to face life after a difficult struggle, relationship, or hardship. The excerpt that slapped me across the face was, "So remember, there's no need to flip a switch to make your life go back to the way it was. Instead, use a dimmer to slowly turn things up again, as you completely trust in God's plan for your life." Yes, I believe I received the confirmation I needed.

I got the boys off to school, then drove to work, making sure I arrived on time. As I did every day, I walked into the office and sat at my desk. After entering and submitting my time, I emailed a copy of my resignation letter to two other departments, then shut my computer back down. I packed all my belongings into the bags I brought with me and sat them down with my purse. I walked into my supervisor's office and handed her my resignation letter in an envelope along with the key that was issued to me. She asked me if I wanted to talk about it further and I simply said, "No thank you." I turned and walked out, picked up my things and said goodbye to the other ladies as I exited the building. I quit my job, period.

After my divorce and the wars that take place physically and mentally, I was completely exhausted. I believe that's why my job with the state felt pointless. I do think it was wise to be closer in for the boys, and I thought jumping right back into another job, keeping the status quo, was what I needed to do. It was what I was expected to do. Between working and making sure food is on the table and homework is done, plus getting the boys to bed in time to be able to get them up in time to catch the bus, I was losing my grip with why I asked for the separation in the first place. I was becoming numb to the activity going on around me. And I didn't like it.

Did I act out of faith, or am I totally nuts? I'm not sure. I do know that as I write this, I do not have one regret about my decision. In fact, just as I shared from the start during my lunch with my dear friend, for the first time in my life, I can do whatever I want to do. I can go where I want, and I can choose to stay here or move closer to my sons. I have the means to make new plans. I don't have to do what is expected of me anymore. And it feels good.

I think of those faces in the obituaries. Were any of them working at jobs that they hated? Or were they taking chances and living their lives to the fullest? I just know I choose the latter. Life is too short.

As I finished writing this, my friend sent me a message to tell me there are no blood clots. Please pray for her swift healing. God is good.

Blessings,

Lisa Jo

Faith...



or Crazy?