

I usually have my blog topic settled in my mind, and have it written and posted well before this time of day. I don't know how Thursday became my 'blog' day, but when something works, I try to stay with it. I do find writing to be an extra challenge when I'm not in my best frame of mind. This has been such a weird week for me, and I'm not 100% sure why. I knew last week would be a little difficult, having come home from a wonderful vacation, only to have to jump right back into the routine of getting the boys off to school, cooking dinners, etc. I thought I had successfully addressed the angst over the one-year anniversary of my knee replacement surgery, and my ex-husband's one-year anniversary being married to 'the other woman.' I acknowledged those feelings that, well, sucked (pardon), but somehow I rolled with it and thought I was just fine.

This week, however, has been an entirely different story. Nothing has changed that I can see, other than I have had the hardest time getting out of bed each day. I'm not really doing anything differently...Set the alarm for 4:30 AM, make coffee, wake Cason at 5:15 AM, get him to the bus by 5:55 AM. I go back home, sit in my favorite chair, and drink my coffee. Sometimes I'll do my scripture reading then, but often I just sit back and sip my coffee, and even doze off a bit. I wake Alec at 7:15 AM, get him to the bus by 7:45 AM then pull in the garage to start my day. If I'm well rested, I sit down at my desk and do my daily reading and Bible devotional, then write in my prayer journal. I know it probably sounds boring to someone else, but honestly, this is my favorite time of the day.

Many days this week, if I didn't make my bed when I woke up, the desire to go back to bed has simply been too strong to resist, so I kick off my slippers and slip back under my covers. I love to lay in my bed, with my head propped up by pillows, and watch the world outside my window come to life. Having fallen asleep again, I usually wake up thinking about food, so I grab my phone and see it's 12:00 noon. I scramble out of bed, decide if it's time to get dressed or not (usually 'not' this week), make breakfast or lunch, then go sit at my desk. Even in the midst of this funk I'm in, I still keep Bible and prayer time my priority. God has been so good and so faithful to me, and I know somehow there is another lesson for me, even in this weird season.

I have deduced that the lesson I'm currently 'in' may be found somewhere in the middle of the two books I'm sharing below. I have just finished *When Women Walk Alone*, by Cindi McMenamin. Goodness, did I need to read this book. It has study questions to help you really dig deep into where you are, assuming you might be going through alone time of your own. She provides many examples of women who have walked alone or are walking alone in their lives, and through their stories and the scriptures that apply, I have found new strength as I navigate my unknown future as a woman alone. I am all for anything that draws me closer to God. It is my sincere prayer that I don't remain alone for the rest of my life, but I know God has this, and can do so much more with my story than I can.

I have just started reading the second book, *Church of the Small Things*, by Melanie Shankle. This is a book my ladies Bible study group from church just started, and after the first session, I can already tell this is something I need. I have a bad tendency to feel the need to plan for the next big event, or holiday. If I have nothing exciting to look forward to, I fall into a slump. I feel like my life is a mundane, blank slate between each milestone, and I have decided that this isn't healthy. The purpose of this book is to show us that the stuff we do in between the milestones is just as important.

One example the author gave was from when Jesus fed the five thousand with five loaves of bread and two fish, provided from a little boy's lunch. She talked about how we all hear about Jesus' miracle, the disciples gathering twelve baskets full, and the little boy, but nobody ever mentions the mother who made her little boy's lunch. Do you think that mother considered for one second the potential miracle that was going to happen through the lunch she provided? She was probably in a hurry to get her son out from under her feet and grabbed whatever she could find! This thought just blows my mind. I'm hoping I will look differently at the daily trips to the bus stop and cooking dinner every day, by the time I finish this book.

Like I said, God has this. He knows how I'm feeling. He knows the small worries I'm carrying, and most importantly, He knows exactly what I need. I can find peace trusting him while I wait for this weird season to pass, still in my pajamas.

Blessings,  
Lisa Jo

