

Hello, my friends! It feels good to be back, writing blogs again. I think I needed a break from a few self-imposed obligations, just to breathe and refocus. I was struggling to find things to write about, so I took a little over a month to relax and clear my mind. I'm glad to be here, sharing my heart and words with you again.

This past week, I learned a humbling lesson about how I need to be more guarded with the words and phrases I use in my conversations. I've come to realize it isn't always necessary to express my opinions, or even worse, make jokes or snarky remarks about things that may actually be painful triggers for others listening.

We might share jokes about addiction or complain about how hard it is being a parent. Unknowingly, there may be someone nearby who is a recovering addict, or a woman listening who wasn't able to have children or suffered the death of a child. I know firsthand how it feels when my personal triggers are ignited, so I really want to practice grace and kindness when I speak. I think the harshness and judgement of others is why so many people celebrate their small victories in silence.

Ironically, yesterday, my daughter sent me a text, and it simply said, "Today marks my third year of being sober." Old thoughts and painful memories flooded my mind within seconds, but all I could do was text her back and tell her how truly proud I am for her private victory. She just wanted to share this special anniversary with someone, because for her, it is monumental.

I am so thankful she chose to share her news with me. For the first time, I realized I had never really rejoiced for her. To give me grace, there is a tremendous amount of pain and resentment that I have had to overcome, as did she. As a family, we suffered through fifteen years of anguish over her poor choices. Her vice was not alcohol. She had developed addictions as a result of misused prescriptions and hung around the wrong people. Long story, short, this is why I'm raising my two grandsons, her boys. But this time, upon receiving her news, I entered the date in my calendar, so next year I can acknowledge her sobriety before she has to tell me.

I didn't think we would survive, but we have. She has. She has been working very hard at two jobs, trying to make ends meet. She loves her boys very much, but also knows she isn't able to provide for them right now, if ever. At least now when she comes to see them, she and I enjoy our visits together. That alone is cause for celebration. I can't even put into words how hard this road has been, and honestly, I don't want to. I would rather focus on her recovery, and our moving forward. By God's grace and love, we are healing.

The fact is life is hard. We all struggle, we all hurt, and we all have a tendency to hide our pain. Likewise, we tend to believe we aren't worthy of celebrating our small victories. My main reason for starting this web site is so I can share with you my personal victories and stories of faith. I attribute all that is good in my life to my awesome God, and it is my deepest prayer that you will experience a personal relationship with him as well. Please remember, 'you are never alone.'

Blessings,
Lisa Jo

