

I was really looking forward to getting up this morning, having a warm cup of tea, and then heading out to a new place I heard about that has antique booths and other wares to enjoy. Unfortunately, opposite to what the weather forecast had shown, we were pummeled with rain showers, thunder, and lightning. As I sat in my chair drinking my tea, I knew I didn't want to go anywhere in this rain. I decided what I really felt like doing was going back to bed and perhaps sleep a little more. That's exactly what I did.

I woke an hour or so later. Still hearing the wind and the rain blowing, and my little Lucky dog trembling in fear next to me, I picked up the book on my nightstand and started reading. I could hear the boys were up and playing their video games. It was turning out to be a lazy Saturday, and I was absolutely okay with it. I read for a little while, but my eyes grew heavy again, so I snoozed for a few hours more.

I wasn't sure what time it was when I woke again, but Lucky was sitting on top of me, letting me know the rain had stopped and it was time for him to go outside to use the bathroom. I debated asking one of the boys to take him, but knew I would take the time he needed to do all of his business. I threw on some shoes, a baseball hat, and a light jacket. Lucky was spinning around in excitement as he always does when he knows we're about to go outside.

I had missed a call from a friend, so I called her back. She had called to invite me to share a sandwich with her, but I had already missed lunch time. I told her that I had been lying in bed all day, just snoozing and relaxing. I must have turned my ringer off because I didn't hear her call. I think I was sharing my choice to be lazy with her, out of guilt. It's not like me to lay in bed for an entire day unless I'm feeling extremely depressed. This was foreign to me... laying in bed, simply because I felt like it.

She encouraged me to revel in it. She told me to take a bubble bath later, keep reading my book, just enjoy the moment. My friends, I'm really trying to learn to do just that. When I was younger, and a wife and mother to younger children, moments like this were impossible. I would feel guilty if I slept past nine o'clock in the morning on a Saturday, because there was always so much to do. My ex-husband had an internal clock that woke him with the roosters. Often, if I tried to sleep in on Saturdays, he would come in a few times in the morning to remind me that the day would get away from me if I didn't get up. It has taken me a long time to allow me to do what I wanted, to silence the tapes that were always telling me what I should and shouldn't do.

I remember watching movies where the female would be on her own, having coffee in quaint little coffee shops, or out on the balcony. Or she would wander around her house in nothing but an oversized t-shirt, sitting on the floor reading a newspaper. I remember feeling envious of that woman, free to just be herself, no one telling her where she had to be and what she had to be doing. Perhaps all has come at a great cost, but I can finally say I am now that woman. Maybe not the walking around in a t-shirt, since I have two boys in the house with me. But I feel free, somehow.

This lazy day is drawing to an end, and the sun that finally showed up, will be going down in just a few hours. I made a dinner of hamburger helper, but I'm not ashamed to say it was kind of nasty. We'll all probably have a bowl of cereal later tonight. The pan is still on the stove, and a few dishes in the sink, but they'll be there when I get ready to clean them. There is no rush. No one is looking over my shoulder to see if I'm doing my job on their timetable. I can't tell you how amazingly freeing this feels.

Now I'm sitting here writing my thoughts with you in mind. If you've never visited my website before, my reason for these blogs is to share my unyielding faith in a great, great God. It is also to offer encouragement to anyone who feels so very alone, as I have experienced in my own life, many times over. I want you to know there is peace to come. I promise you there will be more trials and possibly more lonely times to come as well. But my God loves you so very much. He has rescued me so many times, I've lost count. He will do the same for you. All you have to do is ask.

Blessings,

Lisa Jo