

- A. If I were to throw a pity party, I would first need to make a list of guests to invite. The list would include my many woes, my reasons for asking God, "Why me?"
1. A childhood lost to selfishness, anger, alcohol, and bitterness.
  2. Unrequited love and never measuring up as a teenage girl.
  3. My parent's divorce, and the anguish that followed for years and years.
  4. Abandonment from my dad when I needed him the most.
  5. A mother who was clinically depressed, until death.
  6. The trials of motherhood, failure in a marriage.
  7. Watching my child go through the demons of addiction.
  8. Putting my life on hold to raise my grandsons, alone.
  9. Being the only one remaining; parents and siblings all gone, so young.
  10. Uncertainty for my future: Retirement, hoping for a mate, utter loneliness.
- B. I would invite my woes to play over and over again in my head, strengthening my resolve to feel sorry for myself, that I've earned this time to wallow and mourn. Many would agree, as well!
- C. Party favors might include:
1. My favorite pajamas...for days.
  2. Tissue or toilet paper for tears and blowing my nose.
  3. A bottle of wine, or two. Or three.
  4. Microwavable meals for the boys, so I don't have to cook.
  5. My phone, scrolling social media to remind me how pitiful I really am.
  6. My Bible... Because I know this can't be all there is.
- D. Planned Activities:
1. Sleeping to forget.
  2. Sleeping some more.
  3. Watching movies that inevitably make me cry.
  4. Laying outside on my lawn chair, looking up and asking, "Why?"
  5. Searching Google for statistics on everything I'm going through.
  6. Praying for comfort, peace, wisdom, a lobotomy.
  7. Sleep.
- E. The Finale – A Wonderful Surprise!
1. Realizing God woke me up again, to another day. A new day.
  2. With hope, praying to God, asking for forgiveness, praising Him for who He is.
  3. Finding a special box and placing all my unwanted 'guests' inside, sealing the lid.
  4. Wrapping the box in love, sorrow, grief, compassion, mercy, and the blood of Jesus.
  5. I realize my suffering has drawn me even closer to my Lord.
  6. I lay my gift of pain before my Father, surrendering all that I have left.
  7. This world is not my home. He's saving a place for me, soon.
- F. Final Thought – I used to view my trials and heartache as enemies, determined to keep me down. I now see them as the gift they are. With every blow I've experienced, Jesus took the pain upon himself. By His stripes, we are healed. God bless you.