

I woke up a little late this morning, after dozing in and out for an hour or so. It always feels good when I can sleep in. I got up to let Lucky outside, as is our daily morning routine. I made a pot of coffee and put some dishes in the dishwasher while the coffee was brewing. The boys were still sleeping, following their two days back to school. I try to take full advantage of the quiet in the morning. I let Lucky back inside and we sat in my favorite chair as I enjoyed my morning in silence.

It's been about two weeks since the boys came back home from visiting with their grandpa, my ex-husband. I was glad to have them home after three long weeks without them. My ex-husband was about to leave after dropping the boys off. I asked him why he always says we will take time to talk about things, about our divorce, but he never sticks around long enough to talk. He wasn't able to give a great answer, so he came back inside and for the first time in over four years, I was able to finally get answers to certain questions and say things that I needed to say.

I have no intention of sharing all that we discussed. I will say, though, that I have been in a strange frame of mind since then. No, really it goes back further than that. I just feel like I've been in a state of grief and mourning for these two weeks. Deep grief. Not for my ex-husband, nor the things we discussed. I've concluded that his new wife can keep him. I think it's because I finally had the closure I so desperately needed, and I'm finally able to lay that coffin in the ground for good.

In processing my thoughts and feelings, I've been communing with God continually. I am sure he is still molding me and making me stretch my spiritual muscles. It is a painful process; I'm not going to lie. For whatever reason he has, I am still in a season of being by myself that is sometimes unbearable. I don't fully understand it, but I am trusting him completely. There's a lump in my throat as I'm writing this, but I do trust him. He has shown me glimpses of why this has been necessary. If it weren't for that, I would have thrown in the towel a while ago.

I would like to share a few things I've learned recently in this journey. Partly to purge, partly to have it on record in case I should forget later. I want to say that the things I've learned may not be the same for you or others. They are directly related to my history alone.

1. The idea that love means never having to say you're sorry is a load of you know what. I feel obliged to apologize for anything I have done wrong to others once I'm aware of it, and I NEED others to apologize to me, but only if they are sincere.
2. I may be alone out of self-preservation; the fear of being cast aside. Abandonment has been a steady part of my life, and I'm really quite sick of it. My own parents, especially my dad, my two brothers, my two step-brothers, my ex-husband, and even my own children at times.
3. It is possible to vehemently dislike someone you don't even know. I learned that my ex-husband's wife pretty much hates me, and the feeling is mutual. Ironically, we've barely even spoken. I have my reasons, and she knows it. I have done nothing to her. Somehow we'll have to get past it if we are forced to gather with our children and grandchildren. I care about her soul. That's about it.

4. I love others too deeply. I have for as long as I can remember.
 - a. I tried desperately to hang on to the friendships I had as we moved every year or every other year while my dad was in the Coast Guard. I clung to my special friends like a lifeline. I wrote letters and talked on the phone whenever I could. Reality hit me when I finally realized that although our friendships were true at the time, those fair-weather friends never really had any interest in keeping in touch. It was always through my efforts that our contact lasted as long as it did. That one hurt.
 - b. I grew up feeling that love was conditional, so I never felt worthy of anyone's love toward me. I had to love others twice as much to make up for the love they could never possibly feel for me. The survivor in me still wants to feel loved, but it may be that no one will ever be able to meet my impossible needs or expectations. I think that's why I end up feeling a deep disappointment from those closest to me, to no fault of theirs.
5. Forever is only applicable to God and Heaven. People are fickle. They are willing to stay in the game only as long as it is beneficial to them. I am guilty too.
6. At this moment, I wish I had never moved here. I wish I had stayed where I was, where I had friends that I could call on to talk, or to have a meal with. My time here has been quite lonely and difficult.
7. Up until this point, everything I've ever said or done was because of my agenda; all about what I want or think I need. I am going to try and do whatever is necessary to truly place my life in God's hands, seeking **His** agenda. I want to wake each day and ask, "What can I do for you today, Lord?"

I guess that's enough for now. I have not shared any of this for pity's sake. I don't feel sorry for myself. I know that I'm in the middle of a journey, and I am growing stronger as I learn these sometimes-painful truths. I do believe I have been in genuine mourning for a failed marriage after so many years. I grieve the pain and loss experienced by those I care most about. I grieve so much wasted time.

As I said, if it weren't for God showing me glimpses of what is to come, I would have given up the fight a long time ago. I'm learning to be okay with my decision to stay in bed some days, just to rest my mind. There will be days like today, when all I managed to accomplish was resetting my garage door opener after a power outage, and I made dinner in the crock pot. Oh yes, I folded the towels that have been in the dryer for days. And I took time to write these words today. It will just have to be enough.

Stay strong, and keep the faith, my friends.

Blessings,

Lisa Jo