

Answered prayers

I guess there really is no such thing as a reset after something terrible happens. Many of you read my previous post on the loss of my neighbor, Ms. Rose. Not long after, one of my aunts, Hilarie, had a heart attack and was hospitalized. She also required surgery. Luckily, she knew the symptoms and she had her daughter by her side until it was time to go home.

I must admit, I did not realize the toll both of these events would have on my psyche. While I looked well on the outside, on the inside I was kind of empty. This was more than my clinical depression kicking in. This was facing mortality, again. Even as a veteran of the military, you never get used to that – ask a Vietnam vet and they'll tell you.

The real problem was that I didn't know how to get back to a productive state. Some people flourish in a routine and mourn and work out their issues that way. Some eat. Some don't eat. Some drink. Some come back to the Church. Some cling more to their faith and become stronger. Other than pray, I didn't know what else to do with myself. I didn't know how I felt and figured it was only a matter of time before I figured something out (and by that I mean I hoped for some prompting from the Holy Spirit).



I got that prompting. I got it in a way I've gotten it before: in that still small voice of God. He said, "Write." When I prayed about my finances, He said, "Write." When I prayed for consolation, He said, "Write." So that was my answer. He didn't say what to write about; that part was up to me. However, my directive was clear. After all, I cannot pretend to know the mind of the Lord, so I trust the direction in which he's leading me.

I have to say, it's nice to be back after such a long silence. I feel like me again. Thanks for sticking with me and this blog! Now, it's off to do more writing!