

Reinhold Niebuhr Got it Right – Melinda Poitras

Beth Moore has written a new book that would be on my Christmas List fo' sho' if it were coming out before February. The title is "So Long Insecurity: You've Been a Bad Friend to Us."

*Isn't this kind of harsh? I mean - wow. Insecurity might not have been as good as **security** would have been but I'm sure it was trying at least! I mean it might have put me through proverbial hell but at least it saved me from boredom and I mean - the insecurity was crippling but MAN did it fill the lonely nights I otherwise would have spent feeling content and loved.*

That paragraph sounds stupid. **Because it is.** It also sounds like the conversation I have in my head all the time. **Because it is.** I do not let things go. I do not let anything brush off of my shoulder. I love all. I keep all. I fix all. Which would be wonderful if "loving all" didn't mix with an obsessive need to protect, defend, and justify. If "keeping all" didn't weigh me down with a LOT of things I don't need to keep. And if I were actually physically capable of fixing it all. **But I'm not.** Every once in awhile, as harsh as it sounds - it's okay to say things like "So long. You've been a bad friend to me." **Especially if it's true.** Because lies are pretty. But they're empty. And frustrating. And exhausting. And making things what they're not - it's impossible.

Step One: Pray this beautiful, wonderful, necessary prayer **and let it go.**

"God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change; courage to change the things I can; and wisdom to know the difference."



Step Two: Move on to the rest of the prayer.

"Living one day at a time; Enjoying one moment at a time; Accepting hardships as the pathway to peace; Taking, as He did, this sinful world as it is, not as I would have it; Trusting that He will make all things right if I surrender to His Will."

Someone asked my sister what I enjoyed doing. She couldn't tell them. I couldn't tell her. I have allowed all of the enjoyment to be sucked out of my life. People did things. Things happened. There are circumstances I cannot control but I can control this one. And I'll take the blame. **I have allowed all of the enjoyment to be sucked out of my life.**

I have been immensely blessed. And I need to realize it. So,

You may see me. You might not. Because I'm about to head off to enjoy my life y'all. And I realized that many of the things I enjoy don't effect you at all. I enjoy them because they are **for me.**

Writing - in my journal. Singing - in the shower. Dancing - in my room. Lounging - in my pajamas. Visiting - the girls in the dorms after curfew. Photographing - insignificant moments that used to matter. Typing - e-mails only one other person will ever see. Sharing - my opinion with a single voice on the other end of the phone line. Texting - my best boy at 2 A.M. Reading - with Deandra after midnight. Praying - in the prayer room.

And I am going to be "*reasonably happy in this life and supremely happy with Him Forever in the next.*"

I recently discovered that I don't have to answer the phone. And I don't have to answer the door. But **I do** have to answer for what I did with my days. And I don't intend to spend the rest of them miserable.

"Amen."
