

ONE LIFE TO LIVE



Word to the Wise... Listen and Learn!

This is one of those quick microwave stories that I conjured up in my mind on a whim after enduring some sort of experience.

I teach my children to never blow their own horns. I told them they should let other people do that (as Eartha Kitt so blatantly said in the movie Boomerang). I also teach them to be humble and to never think they are “more” than others. Jesus loves us all no matter how fat our bank accounts are or how many degrees and titles we have behind our names.

It is funny that I said that because this story actually has nothing to do with that. Clearly, someone needed to read it.

To Hell With It? I Think Not!

Getting back on track, I think that I am a decent person. I have made many mistakes and I have made bad decisions, but who hasn't? That's life. Overall, I am a very nice person and I am kind-hearted. I do not like to be talked down to and I certainly do not like people smart mouthing me just because they think they can do it. I understand that we go through things daily, which may affect our attitudes and personalities. Life is not always cookies and cream. I am well aware of that. However, I have no tolerance for being mistreated just because someone is having a bad day.

I must admit, this story will not mark the first time that I have been mistreated and it certainly will not be the last. I was mistreated by someone that I never thought would mistreat me. Even after bending over backwards trying not to ever do anything to offend this person, I ended up being the one who was offended. She is somewhat fragile, so it is very important to always say the right words to her. I have managed to do that, but because of some personal trials, she has not been very kind. A part of me wants to throw it up in her face that I am the one that is

always trying to be kind and gentle with her, but then the other part of me says to hell with it. The Jesus in me says to have a duck's back and let it roll off. The bad temper that I used to have that flares up every so often says to hell with it. The kind and tender heart that God gave me to minister to people says to reach out to her and continue to be there. The anger in me says to hell with it. The loving daughter that I know that I am to my own mother who I would never disrespect (even when she drives me nuts - ha, ha, ha) says not to hold her actions against her because she is going through a very rough time. The human part of me says that I go through stuff too and I manage not to snap at people and be unkind, so to hell with it.

Relax, Relate, Release!

I feel better already after writing about this. It is hard living from day to day working with all kinds of personalities, juggling my own personal life, being a mother, a wife, a sounding board for others and on top of that... the hardest thing to do is to stop cursing under my breath when I get angry! So, what's the answer? Do I curse out loud? Do I get people off my back? Do I stop being nice, kind, tender-hearted and be a butthole like everyone else? Or can I just be me?

How many people do you know – really know who they are? Sometimes I do not know who I am or what on earth am I here for? I often question my purpose even though God has shared with me the many purposes that He has so carefully designed for me to fulfill. The choice is up to me to do the right thing and to follow through with my calling. No matter how mean people can be, no matter how hard life is, no matter how much turmoil is thrown in my face, sickness, life's issues, the economy... I must follow through with what God has ordained me to do in this lifetime. Why?

Because I only have one life to live.

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