I want this book to be open for anyone…whether or not you have personally struggled with these issues, or if you just want to be more relatable to those who have.

So the stories, my personal stories, are not to be shared in detail, but are examples of things I’ve experienced…and should be added at the right places but with less detail and more synopsis of what I’ve experienced and what others might have experienced.

Some of the below may not be relevant and you can skip. Others may just be musing that you might figure out how to use.

Personal story

We had been married about 12 years.

We recently moved from our “roots” in Oklahoma to Florida.

It didn’t take us long to become deeply involved in ministry at our church.

We started a class called Family Haven in church of about 500 people. We met on Sunday mornings and spontaneously throughout the week. Most of us had young kids in early elementary grades. I taught our Sunday School class.

But something wasn’t right. The pieces of my life didn’t seem to fit together.

My relationships were tense. I found it difficult to “get along” with people at work when there was confrontation or what I felt like was an attack my ideas and leadership.

My boss even told me, “This isn’t working. You’re destroying the team.”

My marriage suffered.

I worked hard to prepare challenging lessons. But on the inside, I wondered myself if I could make this work.

Everything came crashing down when my secret sin was revealed.

I couldn’t hold it together anymore. Unfortunately, we were attending a church who really didn’t know how to handle the situation. All they knew to do was threaten me with disfellowship and tell my wife she could divorce me. That sounded a lot like “friendly fire” to me. So I told them that wouldn’t be necessary. And I simply walked away.

Many of you can’t relate. Perhaps most of you. But what we know is this, likely you know someone who has walked a similar path, or even a different path, but the results were the same. Wounded to the point of wanting out. A broken world. The pieces seemingly simply can’t be put back together.

Mikes Group

This is my swamp

Amazing grace

What is this thing called Connection, and why is it so important to life?

As far as I can tell, connection IS life. Without it, we die - if not physically, at least within.

It is a theme tightly woven into Scripture. It is understood by sociologist to be of fundamental importance to well-being. And yet, when you ask people about connection...we hear of isolation and loneliness - disconnection. When asked about belonging, our deep seated emotional experiences are filled with exclusion.

How is it that connection is of primary importance, and yet seems so elusive to so many people...to me?

So I ask myself...

Do I feel connected?

Do I want to feel connected?

Do I even think or believe that connection is a worthwhile achievement?

Or perhaps those are the wrong questions...rather I might ask...

When do I feel the happiest?

When do I feel the unhappiest?

When do I feel the joy of life?

When do I feel the inner discord of life?

When do I feel the most loved?

When do I feel the most unloved?

When do I feel the most unlovable?

When do I feel the circles of my life come together in congruence, rather than a life of segregated pieces - when is my life more like a completed puzzle, rather than a box full of individual pieces?

Is there a common thread or correlation that links connection to love, joy and peace and a purpose that gets me up in the morning to anticipate the day ahead, rather than to dread the day ahead?

If we look at the research, what we find is some rather groundbreaking discoveries that do, indeed, link these seemingly disjointed topics together.

What we find is a glaring, indisputable correlation between connection and life meaning and purpose, resulting in a tremendous satisfaction with living life, even in the midst of the most dire of circumstances. The corollary is a life of inner struggle, discord...and dare I say, fear and shame.

If that’s true...why would I ignore this research? Why wouldn’t I at least pursue the possibilities of achieving what others value so highly...and not just value...but what they would be willing to literally die for - rather than lose?

But there’s another striking finding in the research. It appears none of this has anything to do with unwinding my past. And while there are things that could be, perhaps should be, addressed that are causing some inner conflict from my past...I believe the best way to resolve those conflicts to be more about living in the present...to live for today, and to set my sights on tomorrow (aka the future). But how?

One researcher stands out to me as having codified the formula and documented it in a way that is consumable to me. Her name is Brene Brown...and her documentation is well summarized in her book Daring Greatly: How the Courage to Be Vulnerable Transforms the Way We Live, Love, Parent, and Lead. Her research led her into what she called a breakdown...or what her therapist called a spiritual awakening.

If there is anyone who has experienced a personal breakdown...it is me. And if there is anyone who needs a spiritual awakening...it is me.

Where does this road begin? And where will it lead?

Having glanced through the research...and the anecdotal stories told by Dr. Brown. And drive through the observations, findings, conclusions and recommendations as laid out by such researchers.

But I have stories of my own. I have stories I want to suppress. I have stories I want to forget. And I believe that if I don’t take a good look at my stories, and if I rely on the stories of others, I won’t come to terms with my reality. If I merely rest on the stories of others who have “been there”...then it won’t create inside of me the motivation I need to fully recognize the swamp land in which I find myself. Rather, I would be looking into the eyes of another...and attempting to leverage their own reality to try to change mine. And to me, that’s like watching from outside the arena...instead of stepping into the arena and fighting the fight with my own personal involvement.

Theodore Roosevelt said it this way:

It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, who comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who neither know victory nor defeat.

Strolling across the beach one day

I saw an image of me

Everybody Loves Raymond... explores vulnerabilities

Imperfection.. The driftwood on the beach

Numbing... Rose

This is my swamp...

Moments

One Step

Eyes Wide Open

The Real Who I Am...As I See Me

The Call of the Swamp

I’m out of the swamp.

Living free.

Happy to be me.

And I hear it.

I don’t want to, but I hear it.

The call.

To return.

To return to the swamp...and be engulfed in the muck and mire.

To be compelled to my desire.

But...I say to myself, “I’m free”

Why do I want to go back to the prison that I know isn’t me?

Why do I want to return to something I know I don’t want to be?

Is it a disease?

Can I not help to appease?

Is it something over which I have not control?

Something that will make me whole?

A call that I cannot ignore?

A call that does implore?

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As a young man growing up

I knew what was right and wrong

The choices for me were easy

I wanted to do what was right

As I walked the walk of faith

Something kept pulling me down

And took my eyes off the one

Who could take my burdon for me

Rather than trust in the loving son

I chose to be weighed down

By the shakles of a different life

A choice that would imprison me

Rather than give him my burdon

I chose to take it on myself

I refused, through my pride to give it to him

And I thought I could carry it.

Freedom

Freedom

It’s what we gotta have

Freedom

Freedom

Freedom is not free

Freedom is not free

The price was calvery

Paid for you and me

Freedom Is Not Free

I am free from my swamp…

...where the air smells fresh...

...where the water is clean…

...where the food is delicious…

...where I can laugh again…

...where I can live again…

...where I can sleep again...

...where I can feel again…

I am free…

...to allow myself to embrace joy…in the midst of grief...

...to allow myself to embrace peace…in the midst of pain...

...to allow myself to embrace today...for all it is…

...to allow myself to anticipate tomorrow...for all it can be…

I am free from my past…

...that feeds my shame…

...that keeps me bound in chains...unable to move…

...that keeps me in my cave...where darkness surrounds me…

...that keeps me in my cocoon...that protects me...from myself...

...that keeps me on my island...far, far away...from everyone…

And yet…

And yet…

I hear the voices.

...oh, why do I hear the voices?

What’s wrong with me, that I hear the voices?

You are not a good husband…

You could not give her the intimacy she desired…

Youre not a good father…

You could not save her from the vilest of offenses…

Youre not a good follower of Christ…

You have deserted your faith…

No Good Deed

Dancing with the Angels

What must it be like to be in Heaven?

Are you dancing with the angels every day?

Are your days filled with joy and glory?

Are you praising the God you lived for?

Oh, how must it be, to be in Heaven?

With no worries, with no fear, with no turmoil.

With no concern about tomorrow.

But here on Earth, we miss you.

You were our strength…

You were our support…

And now that you’re gone...life is different.

Oh, how must it be, to be in Heaven?

With no worries, with no fear, with no turmoil.

With no concern about tomorrow.

But here on Earth, we miss you.

You were a shining light…

You lived your life to bring joy to others.

Oh, how must it be, to be in Heaven?

Are your days filled with joy, with praise for the one you love.

With no concern about tomorrow.

But here on Earth, we miss you.

Your daily walk with God was an inspiration.

You spread your joy, the joy of Jesus, for everyone to see.

And now that you’re gone...life is different.

Oh, how must it be, to be in Heaven?

To sing in the angel’s choir.

To praise the God of all creation.

But here on Earth, we miss you.

And we look forward to the day we reunite.

To sing with you in the angel’s choir…

To praise the God of all creation.

————————————————————————————-

\*\*Revelation 21:4 (NIV)\*\*

"He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away."

\*\*In Heaven's Embrace\*\*

What must it be like in Heaven's embrace?

Dancing with angels in a radiant space?

Filled with pure joy, where sorrows decay,

As you sing out your praise in eternal day.

Oh, how must it be, to dwell up above,

Where worries are fleeting, wrapped in His love?

No fears to unravel, no turmoil to borrow,

Just peace, endless hope, no concern for tomorrow.

Yet here on Earth, we feel the divide,

You were our strength, our steadfast guide.

In the shadows of loss, life feels stark,

For now, in our hearts, there's an aching mark.

Oh, how must it be, in that heavenly sphere?

With melodies soaring, joy crystal clear.

To bask in the presence of the One you adored,

And live in the light of His love, evermore.

We miss you dearly, your spirit so bright,

A beacon of joy, a pure, shining light.

You gave of yourself, your heart open wide,

With the joy of our Savior, you walked side by side.

To sing with the angels, to worship supreme,

In a place filled with love, where all souls redeem.

But here on Earth, your absence we feel,

Your daily walk with God, his eternal seal.

Oh, how must it be, in that glorious choir,

To lift up your voice, to rise even higher?

With the God of creation, in perfect accord,

Uniting our hearts, in the love of the Lord.

But here on Earth, our hearts ache with longing,

For the day we reunite, our spirits belonging.

To sing side by side in that heavenly choir,

Praising the God of all, our hearts set afire.

————————————————————————————

I spent the last month of your life with you,

As I witnessed your strength slowly fade from view.

Though your body grew weary, your heart stayed alive,

Your spirit soared high, in His love, you would thrive.

We wanted you to let go and embrace your Savior,

To find peace and joy in His loving favor.

But you held on tightly, to life as you knew,

With a heart full of care, still looking out for us too.

We watched you gaze out the window to Heaven,

We sensed in your heart that you longed for the leaven.

Yet you couldn't depart from the love you held tight,

As your body grew weary, you clung to the light.

And then came the day of your sweet transformation,

A sigh and a groan marked your farewell's narration.

We hurried to witness your last gentle breath,

As you slipped from our grasp, embraced by His rest.

And we praised the God of your perfect creation,

Thanking Him warmly for your joyful salvation.

You always knew your home was in the skies,

Eager for the day when your spirit would soar.

Grasping your family, with light in your eyes,

Hesitant to leave them, yet longing for more.

—————————

I spent the last month of your life with you.

I watched you as your physical life washed away.

While you faded mentally and physically.

But your spirit continued to thrive and move toward His.

You always knew your home was in Heaven.

You dreamed of the day you would transform.

But you held so tightly to your family,

Refusing to let go of those you loved.

We wanted you to let go and be with your Savior.

We wanted to let you go and be with Him.

And you refused hanging on to life as you knew it.

Because you were still looking out for the best of us.

You always knew your home was in Heaven.

You dreamed of the day you would transform.

But you held so tightly to your family,

Refusing to let go of those you loved.

We watched you stare out the window into Heaven.

We knew you wanted to let go and leave.

But you couldn't leave the love of your life.

Even though you body was failing day by day.

You always knew your home was in Heaven.

You dreamed of the day you would transform.

But you held so tightly to your family,

Refusing to let go of those you loved.

And then the day came of your transformation.

You let out the groans that said it was time.

We rushed to watch your last breath tell us.

That you were gone from us... reaching to your glory.

You always knew your home was in Heaven.

You dreamed of the day you would transform.

And on that day you finally let go.

Meeting the God of all glory.

And we praised the God of your creation.

Thanking Him for bringing you home.

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The Story of Love

Peter

I see myself in the followers of Christ

My weaknesses, like theirs, so alive

And yet, there is something in their witness

That causes me to thrive

The stories...again and again testify

That even in the presence of the One...they failed

Just like me...I get up and try again

My attempts at righteousness...He unveiled

Oh when, oh when will I learn

Like they did, it’s not about my strength

Kitchen

Rock and Rabbi

Family game night

Simple Supper ... Wynelle Deese

Michelle

Conversation tone...answering questions...reading texts

Melissa past...

- the models

- Awfulizing

- free will model

- three r

Free

Do you want to be right or well.

Hand unacceptable

Fear...returning…

Avoidance, running, escape me feeding, her reacting

Not suicidal, processing mom

Better place...what did work last week?

- Went out with Wayne...drinks at the VIP…

- Two people in my life that have influenced me the most...Wayne and Mark...and we can’t have relationship with either one… Why?

The best weekend trip of my life…

Accomplished in one weekend what I haven’t in a year…

Playoffs?

So much coming at me...feel like I am taking a drink out of a fire hydrant. Can’t seem to take it all in. Why I am here…

Preview:

My reactions...and lack of triggers. (one trigger...minor...as I was walking through the lobby one night...music playing...it brought back good memories of me...and me & anita...listening to music and enjoying a mudslide...or wine...I knew I could sit down and relax...and enjoy a drink, but NOW is not the right time...so I simply went and got some decaf coffee...and enjoyed it just as much). That wasn’t a trigger that I felt was in the same category as “I need to get drunk.”

I know you never said, “It’s ok that Paul drinks.” What you said was, when we find the triggers...the need will go away. And frankly, it is, I am guessing, difficult to know if you’re seeing the real Paul or the substance Paul. And the only way you’re going to find out who I really am...is to see the real me...consistently...over time. Obviously we have three kids...I don’t remember how that went...except that for at least one of them...we did the ovulation method...and it was sort of a “going through the motions” kind of sex...

The book, Stop Walking on Egg Shells… BPD...I firmly believe my bizar behaviors to be substance induced...rather than “who I really am”...I’m concerning that so much of this book highlights where we have been...and went back in my mind through the history of how I became an addict. We should talk about this… (This isn’t about me diagnosing...it is about me pointing to text and saying, “That’s me!”)

Birth-control pill...started before we got married… We still made out...and were physical...honeymoon was great. So why all of a sudden did it become the birth-control pill?

But first, my journal...

Journal of Oklahoma Trip

Thursday - Appointment with Dr. Petit...

I had been drinking that day. The appointment was at 4PM. It didn't end well. However, during the session, Dr. Petit offered this challenge... try to stay sober for a week...and document the triggers that cause you to want to drink.

Also during that session, Anita and I established that I shouldn't be home when Mike and Erica visited.

I didn't take the challenge immediately...My last drink was Saturday...around noon. But I still hadn't taken the challenge.

I booked a trip to Oklahoma for Thursday through Sunday. And I took the challenge.

The week was tense...stressed. But Anita and I basically stayed away from each other... She slept in the other room through Wed night. I flew out Thursday afternoon.

From Sunday through Thursday, there were no triggers. I had no desire to drink, but focused on taking care of myself. That is, I had determined I could not depend on anyone, especially my family, to support me in this endeavor. My feeling was, whether true or not, they wouldn't support me as long as I was not willing to attend some kind of AA therapy. Anita wanted me to see Dr. Petit before I left...I chose not to.

On the plane, being in first class, there was, of course, ample opportunity to drink. In fact, they are so "helpful" in providing alcohol, they walk the isle with already poured shots. I drank tomato juice. I had no desire to drink, in fact, my desire was just the opposite. I was looking forward to some time away to reflect and enjoy life. My best friend and CPA was in the middle of tax season...so it would be difficult for him to get away (working until past midnight every night...pushing through it)...but we arranged to meet for lunch Saturday.

I also made arrangements to take my mom to dinner Friday night...and then to cook with her, my brother and sister-in-law and some of their kids Saturday night.

I hadn't made arrangements where I would worship Sunday...but I was looking for some soulfull worship time... Mark suggested Our Lord's Community Church...

I landed around 4...and went to Mark's office for a surprise visit. (Apparently I am not the only one who tells the receptionist that his parol officer was here for a surprise visit). Guess I will have to change that up...drug dealer?

I intended to stay 5 minutes. It turned into an hour and a half. It was nothing less than a "God" visit.

He and I are so open with one another, that even if we haven't talked in months...within a minute, we are deep in conversation. Of course I know his situation with his wife...but he shared something with me he says he has only told his counselor. In a locked up brief case he has a book...Stop Walking on Egg Shells...and he explained the entire story of how he got to that point... We share lots of history...just about everything, I suppose. I had already shared with him my struggles with my addictions, my drug habbit, and my drug dealer getting shot and killed shortly after we started treatment a year ago.

What I know is...that visit was instrumental in bringing me to a watershed moment. But I wouldn't fully realize it until last night or today (Saturday). Here's how that went.

I left Marks office barely in time to check into the hotel...and go to the game (Thunder vs Spurs). My spirits were high. Plus, it was an exciting game that took my mind off all the "stuff". When the game was over, I headed back to my hotel - exhausted...so I went to sleep in order to wake up refreshed for work.

Friday morning, I went to the concierge lounge where I enjoyed a good breakfast. I worked all morning - several calls, lots to do. Then went to Kevin Durant's restaurant for lunch. Wow...that was the best meat loaf ever! The mashed potatoes were sooo creamy and seasoned. The green beans with bacon were exceptional with a hint of heat. In fact, I texted Michelle...Forget the booze, this is a meal to die for...and it just might kill me!!

Went back to work, where I had several more calls...from my room. It was an exceptional work day...got lots accomplished.

I took a nap around 4. Then I went to the workout room...where I had the place to myself. Did the pool, hot tub, sauna...felt great. Then headed to my mom's around 5:30.

Mark and I texted...quite a bit since I had arrived. Basically, it was about my journey, my triggers, and my behaviors. I told him I felt so free...and resolved. There had been no triggers, whatsover... and then I said, that concerned me...I had started to become afraid by this point... Why had I not had any triggers? In fact, why did I feel just the opposite?

He asked if I was going to struggle with my mom. I told him I didn't think so...but that I would be aware...and checking myself.

We went to a great local "joint" that served latin and mexican cuisine. We shared some jerked nachos...and a Peruvian stir fry. The food was exceptional...and mom hadn't experienced either of these.

We had a good visit...and she was "mom"...meaning...yes, she said some stuff that could have triggered "off" emotions. But they didn't. I realize she is just mom...and I'm ok with that...especially since the EMDR session I had with Dr. Petit. She can be herself...I can be myself...and I don't have to live in any moments from my past...and I can separate those prior experiences from where I am today. Those historical moments "do not exist in the present"...so why should the emotions tied to them?

Note, that last week I had a conversation with her about my sister and bro-in-law and how enjoyable it was that they worshiped with us. I told her it saddened me that she refused to accept our faith...to the point that she wouldn't even be able to worship with us. She said she understood, but that she couldn't. I told her she didn't understand...We went back and forth a bit, then she said, she didn't really like this conversation. And I said "Of course you don't...because you don't want to face the fact that this is not the unity that is spoken of in Scripture...and that dad never achieved the unity that he preached." Ok...that was tense...and the next day I called her back to affirm her as my mom, and how grateful I was. But I got to say what I had felt...and that helped me. Now I can move on, and will likely never have to bring that up again.

So Friday night was great. I went back to the hotel to read more Eggshells.

And I experienced my first trigger to drink... As I was passing by the band in the lobby...it brought back many memories of enjoying music and beer in various places...many, even with Anita. Not to drink to get drunk...but just to have a couple of beers to enjoy the ambiance. And I asked myself, "Would that be so bad? Besides, no one would ever have to know." And as I rode the elevator to my room...I reasoned..."But I would know. And I would not be able to report that I succeeded, even if I lied." And in that moment, the desire disappeared, and was replaced with a desire to go get some decaf coffee...and enjoy the game (Thunder played again, but an away game).

I fell asleep...with tremendous peace and comfort.

Saturday morning...got up early...got some coffee...read more...and reflected on the journey of my life. And here's when I decided the BPD behaviors I have exhibited in recent years, were, in my opinion, more substance induced than anything. But I had to go back in my mind and put the pieces together.

Last week, Anita said she was done being treated "this way" for the past 20 years. I asked why 20? Why not 30? Because that's when the affair happened.

But for me...it started long before that. I will stop writing here about my journey discovery, because there's no way I can type it all...I will simply have to reflect and explain it. But it is this...I am not convinced that we fully grasp the real dynamics and why they happened. There are some things I have wrestled with way before the affair. And they are:

Feeling like it was never good enough.

Feeling like everything I said was taken either as a complement or criticism...that it could not be "just a statement" without meaning.

Feeling like no matter how I responded, it was always the wrong way, taken with a tone. "What do you mean by that? I was just answering the question."

Experiencing the "crazy" attacks...followed by the apologies.

And in recent times...the obsessive cleaning...and never feeling like the house was good enough to invite people over. The people who stained our tile commented on how much of the grout was missing because of being scrubbed so much...and yet, the grout was always "dirty".

Feeling my friends were never good enough. And that no matter who they were, they were a bad influence on me.

Whenever we would go out with couples...it was never enjoyable enough.

All of that...then the situation with Melissa... and I believe I went over the edge...not because of anyone, other than me. In other words...I failed to take control of my behaviors...I did not take responsibility for them...and I became addicted to alcohol and drugs. Wrongfully... and it swallowed me up.

And this...why was I the only one given the MMPI-2 so that I could be labeled...but Anita never took it? What might it have revealed? Maybe nothing...but maybe something.

So that brings me to my revelation in the workout room today...I told Mark I was afraid to go home. Because I was afraid of what might happen between the time I get there...and my appointment on Thursday...

Paul: I'm afraid to go home...that doesn't make me even close to wanting to drink...in fact the opposite...it just makes me afraid.

Mark: 1. There are so many thoughts racing through my mind about you. 2. I've been frustrated that you came in the middle of my deadline when I don't have time. 3. And yet I'm really seeing that this is a God thing that you do have the time to yourself. You've needed something like this.

Paul: I have...there's an expression I use when you try to cram so much info and can't take it all in...so I know I have a TON of processing...it's like taking a drink out of a fire hydrant...I keep getting blown away.

I have decided however, just now...rather than being afraid to go home...I should embrace it...and be ready for the fall out...and not engage...but take hope in my session Thursday...and most important, lean on God...not the booze.

Mark: That my friend is progress!!!

And that brings me to this moment...where I am sitting in the lounge (dark...closed)...and typing this out.

At peace. Going to lunch with Mark in an hour...then later at my mom's...with my brother...which will, candidly, will take more out of me than it will return to me. Oh well...It won't be a trigger!!

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Just lunched with Mark at the Mule...an amazing bacon lettuce tomato and cheese sandwich...

Great stories...he helped me understand his journey in the context of where I am now...

Then I went to lake Hefner...sat at the end of the boat ramp (lake very low) listened to Mercy Me Word of God Speak...and cried.

My mom called on the way…”Since it’s so late, why don’t you go to the store without me…”

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Good times at dinner…

Church next morning

Lunch with mom

Flight...and hotel

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Coming home…

I feel anxiety...as I walk through the house.

It’s not a desire to drink...but it’s memories...mostly of the discord that has occurred.

And I look around...and see, it’s JUST a house. A nice house. What we fill it with, is up to us.

The events that took place...they are no longer real...they are historical...But not happening in the NOW...so I don’t have to respond (phone)...Ruthie...Hallelujah…

In the Shadow of Your Grace

What can wash away my shame

Or will I live forever in its grip

Squeezing the very life out of my soul

Leaving me to rot on the heap of humanity

Have I walked too far beyond the boundary of grace

Only to look back to see nothing but emptiness

Leaving me to fend for myself in this world

Sliding faster and faster to my death and destruction

But then I stop

I don’t move in any direction

I bow down

And listen

And I hear your voice

Just the whisper of your voice

Pleading with me to return

To simply turn around and walk

And so I did turn

I took one step, just one step

I heard you say, Give me your burden

And I will take care of you

How do I trust after all these years

My shame is great, my faith is weak, and I’m tired

I heard you say, Come to Me

And I will give you rest

The Miracle

The Heart of Glass

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No more sheep

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Sat 19...

Came home from returning tile

Said we would rest

Conversation strained

Anita went to store to get away

I went to patio to read...

Situation with Melissa and George.

"You can watch him..."

It seems no matter what I say, or how I say it, it is interpreted with a deeply personal criticism

“I’ll let you make the dressing since you like your dressing better than mine.”

“I don’t like my dressing better than yours”

“What?! Now you’re being too sensitive!”

This road stops here…

Have you ever used the expression, “I remember it as if it was yesterday?”

I remember it as if it was happening today...yes, even right at this very moment.

Normally, it’s not good for me when my past takes over my in head, bringing the flood of emotions (the kind that are usually not too good) to the forefront. But this is different. In fact, I never, ever want to forget this one. Because it’s the moment that I realized just how much I was brought to the living water’s edge of God’s grace...and saw with my own spiritual eyes the miracle I so desperately needed.

The road ends here.

My choice is simple.

Turn around...and go back…

Or continue...and take the path that leads to the water…

But you can’t stay here….

The Road Ends Here

I remember it as if it was yesterday.

No, I remember it as if it was today.

Happening right now.

Happening at this very moment.

I never want to forget that moment.

The moment my eyes were opened, and I saw it.

The moment my ears were pierced, and I heard it.

The moment I turned my face to the sun, and I felt it.

The gentle breeze of Your spirit, pushing the waves to shore, the roar in my ears, the rushing across my face.

5/2/2014

Have chosen to focus on my journey to health.

Control over drinking / escaping

In the midst of turmoil with Melissa

Sleeping well, working well, enjoying social interaction

Simple Supper

It’s Sobering...pun intended

The Rose

Amazing Grace I Did Receive

In the innocence

And purity of my garden

You were brought forth

As my creation

I laid the plans for you

To bring light and life

To the world

Of lost and wondering souls

You were given parents

Who sought my direction

Who protected you

From the evil one

They showed you the path

That you should follow

And raised you

In the knowledge of Truth

-------------------------------------------------------

Love

Joy

Peace

Patience

Kindness

Goodness

Faithfullness

Gentleness

Self Control

You walk with grace

In the garden above

Your spirit shines

With the joy of His love

Beautiful, you’re beautiful

Your gentleness

The touch of your care

Is contagious

The love that you share

Beautiful, you’re beautiful

You bring us joy

While to Him you pray

Take our burdens

Make our pains go away

Beautiful, you’re beautiful

The light you shine

His answer to prayer

It lives in you

To reflect his care

Beautiful, you’re beautiful

——————————————————

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Make our pains go away.

Beautiful, you’re beautiful.

The light you shine

His answer to prayer,

It lives in you

To reflect His care.

Beautiful, you’re beautiful.

In every soft whisper,

You guide us through strife,

With words filled with kindness,

You brighten our life.

Beautiful, you’re beautiful.

Your laughter dances

Like a song in the air,

A melody sweet,

That banishes despair.

Beautiful, you’re beautiful.

With each step you take,

You spread hope all around,

A testament of faith,

In love, we are found.

Beautiful, you’re beautiful.

Now in heaven's embrace,

You flourish and thrive,

Forever we'll treasure

The love that survives.

Beautiful, you’re beautiful.

—————————————————-

no power can move the unwilling

No power can stop the faithful

----------------------------------

The most important question... how can we help?

Grace is abounding more...where sin abounds, grace abounds more.

The enemies plan is to divide and conquer.

Larry Crab.... Taylor university his son kicked out for drugs... Anger rage guilt shame...

The only he could say... How can I help.

--------------------------------------------

An hour ago you walked out the door

I can still smell the perfume where your hand squeezed mine

-------------------------------------------------

Personal struggle of shame / helplessness / sorry / pain / failure / voices / turmoil ...

Trying to numb that part...while not the rest…(that doesn’t work out so well)...what I do...does affect other people...so I’m not completely in denial about that… coming here continues to be an action of continuing improvement….a statement of my commitment to healing...

Trying to walk the tightrope…

We’ve had lots of good things going on…

Connection...practicing vulnerability for the purpose of achieving all the things that God meant for connection to be.

Mike

Michelle...breakfast

Friends

Danny

Mark

Karen / mom

Melissa / Afia

Accomplishments...trying to keep momentum going…

Finances

Home projects

Work

IRS

Organization

Introspection

Reading

Prayer

Planning

Exhaustion

Disconnection

Empty

Do not use drinking...as a defeatist attitude...

Just don't judge me for who I am

Don't judge me for what I do

No, no no

Oh no you can't

Judge me for my actions

Because you don't know

No, you don't know

The journey the journey that I do

How to connect and disconnect

Monday July 21... Anita texted Mel when she got home...then again after we ate at yayas. But on her ipad. I had mistakenly said she texted her at yaya...but my point was... If she texted using isms...mel would not get it. I told her it had to be green... She texted again on her phone. But got very very upset. Not once did she acknowledge that she was texting to the wrong number...but kept accusing that "you just have to be right..."

God wants to have a conversation with us... And the Psalms record this conversation.

Search for God

Listen to God

Know God

Trust God

Stay on the path with God8/19 night after appointment.

9:00 PM...Anita car doesn’t start at CVS.

I go down.

Battery. Good thing I took jumper cables.

Here to support...be the “knight in shining armor”

Make some “funny” comment…”Good thing the cop is over there watching us.”

Anita, “What is he supposed to do?”

Me, “Nothing...just being funny.”

Finally I ask her…”Are you upset with me?” Because she has an attitude.

Got the car started.

Get home...and we kinda get into it when she comes to me where I wrote a text, “Don’t do anything.” And she’s defending herself about not doing anything…

Fine...I throw her a, “WTF” type comment…(no, I didn’t say that literally).

But I’m tired of being the “bad guy”...when I try to be there as the Oak…

She uses the excuse, “I’m tired...I’ve been up for x hours...it’s been a long day.”

Fine...so then we get to have a session where I am accused of not being supportive.

Looking forward to that again.

And now we’re arguing...fighting...yelling… and she’s telling me how she doesn’t want to go back to Petits and “do this all again”... I feel like, I can’t win.

“Because all you want to do is sit there with a smirky grin on your face, which is belittling to me.”

------------------------

To be made in the image of God…

What does it mean?

Does it mean I am like Him in His wisdom?

...In His knowledge?

...In His power?

...In His supremacy?

Just how, am I made in the image of God?

Clearly, I am not almighty,

...I am not omniscient,

...I am not omnipotent,

...I am not invincible,

...I am not the creator of all things…

In fact, I am frail,

...I am imperfect,

...I am weak,

...I am faulty,

...I am a failure…

And yet… I am told that I am made in His image.

I can deny it…

I can ignore it…

I can turn away from it…

I can close my eyes…

I can cover my ears…

And I can pretend not to see it...

Or, I can recognize it…

I can acknowledge it....

I can embrace it…

Embrace what, you ask?

That I am made for emotion…

That I am made for love…

That I am made for acceptance…

That I am made for being valued…

That I am made for compassion…

That I am made for connection…to be more than just me…

That’s how I’m wired…

That’s how I’m made…

In the image of God…

Speak To Me

Let me be still

And sit in silence

To hear your will

And slay the Giants

That haunt my spirit

This is my prayer

Too Much of a Good Thing

BOOM WHAC!

Timing is everything

Mea culpa

You don't want to take responsibility

X Marks The Spot

The Demons

Demons Landing

Tuesday Dec 2

Good conversation with Mich yesterday.

She has thought about my birthday...and said she even turned down an invite.

Wants to go iFly Orlando

We talked a lot about the various personalities in our family

And how Mike has really reached out to her.

Tonight I am going to Mikes group.

Carpe Diem - seize the day

Kairos - at the appointed time...a moment, a season

Chronos - a duration of time, day, week ,year

----------------------

Last week met with Melissa...was a good session.

I’m trying to figure out, as we enter Christmas...what does success look like?

Had some challenges...but managed to work my way through them.

Wynelle...emails.

Different perspective on the industry… Follow the money.

Seven sides to every story...

1 the life of the oak

2 the life of the Rose

3 the oaks fallen / reactive soul

4 the roses fallen / reactive soul

5 the realities of the oaks weed

6 the realities of the Rose weed

7 the redemptive restorative unifying work the spirit does in the midst of 1 - 6

2 Corinthians 10

Ephesians 6

Ephesians 2

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Since last session:

Trying to understand the journey… Having never experienced it…

Projects: house stuff...condo stuff…

The Toilet… how do toilets work? They require significant water flow into the bowl...to create enough pressure to force fluid down...which then starts the syphoning effect….

This can be demonstrated by pouring fluid from a pitcher into the bowl… Pour it slowly...nothing happens. Dump it...and the syphon effect is created.

Over time...enough calcium builds up in the water canals to the bowl...and you no longer get a strong enough water flow to create the flush.

Here’s the thing...you think it’s because there’s something in the drain...so you snake it….doesn’t fix it. Not the problem. Misdiagnosis…

Then your tenant calls...and says...The toilet doesn’t work...we have a problem in the drain…

Points to ponder:

MMPI-2[edit]

The first major revision of the MMPI was the MMPI-2, which was standardized on a new national sample of adults in the United States and released in 1989.[3] The new standardization was based on 2,600 individuals from a more representative background than the MMPI.[15] It is appropriate for use with adults 18 and over. Subsequent revisions of certain test elements have been published, and a wide variety of subscales were introduced over many years to help clinicians interpret the results of the original clinical scales. The current MMPI-2 has 567 items, and usually takes between one and two hours to complete depending on reading level. It is designed to require a sixth-grade reading level.[15] There is an infrequently used abbreviated form of the test that consists of the MMPI-2's first 370 items.[16] The shorter version has been mainly used in circumstances that have not allowed the full version to be completed (e.g., illness or time pressure), but the scores available on the shorter version are not as extensive as those available in the 567-item version. The original form of the MMPI-2 is the third most frequently utilized test in the field of psychology, behind the most used IQ and achievement tests.

The original clinical scales were designed to measure common diagnoses of the era.

Number

Abbreviation

Description

What is measured

No. of items

1

Hs

Hypochondriasis

Concern with bodily symptoms

32

2

D

Depression

Depressive Symptoms

57

3

Hy

Hysteria

Awareness of problems and vulnerabilities

60

4

Pd

Psychopathic Deviate

Conflict, struggle, anger, respect for society's rules

50

5

MF

Masculinity/Femininity

Stereotypical masculine or feminine interests/behaviors

56

6

Pa

Paranoia

Level of trust, suspiciousness, sensitivity

40

7

Pt

Psychasthenia

Worry, Anxiety, tension, doubts, obsessiveness

48

8

Sc

Schizophrenia

Odd thinking and social alienation

78

9

Ma

Hypomania

Level of excitability

46

0

Si

Social Introversion

People orientation

69

What I DID measure positive for...is Narcissism….

The validity scales in all versions of the MMPI-2 (MMPI-2 and RF) contain three basic types of validity measures: those that were designed to detect non-responding or inconsistent responding (CNS, VRIN, TRIN), those designed to detect when clients are over reporting or exaggerating the prevalence or severity of psychological symptoms (F, Fb, Fp, FBS), and those designed to detect when test-takers are under-reporting or downplaying psychological symptoms (L, K, S). A new addition to the validity scales for the MMPI-2-RF includes an over reporting scale of somatic symptoms (Fs) as well as revised versions of the validity scales of the MMPI-2 (VRIN-r, TRIN-r, F-r, Fp-r, FBS-r, L-r, and K-r). The MMPI-2-RF does not include the S or Fb scales, and the F-r scale now covers the entirety of the test.

Abbreviation

New in version

Description

Assesses

CNS

1

"Cannot Say"

Questions not answered

L

1

Lie

Client "faking good"

F

1

Infrequency

Client "faking bad" (in first half of test)

K

1

Defensiveness

Denial/Evasiveness

Fb

2

Back F

Client "faking bad" (in last half of test)

VRIN

2

Variable Response Inconsistency

answering similar/opposite question pairs inconsistently

TRIN

2

True Response Inconsistency

answering questions all true/all false

F-K

2

F minus K

honesty of test responses/not faking good or bad

S

2

Superlative Self-Presentation

improving upon K scale, "appearing excessively good"

Fp

2

F-Psychopathology

Frequency of presentation in clinical setting

Fs

2-RF

Infrequent Somatic Response

Overreporting of somatic symptoms

Not sure how much I “care” about all that… it is simply a measure…and I like measure…”If it can’t be measured, it doesn’t exist.” I am living proof...I was BA...and they were not able to give me a diagnosis. It could not be measured. And I was admitted into a system that depends totally on measurement for payment.

How do we justify this?

Wonder how Moses must have felt…

The SOAP note (an acronym for subjective, objective, assessment, and plan) is a method of documentation employed by health care providers to write out notes in apatient's chart.

Subjective:

Onset

Location

Duration

CHaracter (sharp, dull, etc.)

Alleviating/Aggravating factors

Radiation

Temporal pattern (every morning, all day, etc.)

Severity

Variants on this mnemonic (more than one could be listed here) include OPQRST and LOCQSMAT

Location

Onset (when and mechanism of injury - if applicable)

Chronology (better or worse since onset, episodic, variable, constant, etc.)

Quality (sharp, dull, etc.)

Severity (usually a pain rating)

Modifying factors (what aggravates/reduces the symptoms - activities, postures, drugs, etc.)

Additional symptoms (un/related or significant symptoms to the chief complaint)

Treatment (has the patient seen another provider for this symptom?)

Objective:

Assessment:

Plan:

Stubbornness...

This begins...the journey...of a man…

A man who is...well...at this point...not divorced...but maybe should be.

You see...I’m that guy. The one who loves my woman. Who will stand beside her. And yet...who is the enemy. How is that? A man who loves his woman, but is the enemy?

It doesn’t happen overnight. It’s a journey...so, let’s do the journey…

I remember when I met her. It was church camp.Eighth grade.

She was so cute. I was giddy. Thing is, she actually liked my friend. I’m not exactly sure how this turned out...all I know is...I guess I won.

I remember feeling her out t on the camp trail.

It was ecstasy… and the best…

Then we were “a couple”

We hang out endlessly… totally...completely...we were...for sure, “best friends”....

When we went to college...we were for sure “a couple”...

We spent all of our time together…

-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Most adults don’t go through life the way you do...indulging your every whim….

The concept of the bell curve….

Everything that has occurred can be explained by your forgetfullness and incompetence…

What is this?

An envelope with the results of Huntings….

I might die … you might die… the only difference is, I don’t have to know. You might get hit by a buss tomorrow.

I also don’t know the lotery nuymbers...but that doesn’t mean I don’t want to know them.

You spend your whole life looking for answers...because maybe you think the next answer will make you a little less miserable…

And you know that when you run out of questions, you don’t just run out of answers...you run out of hope.

Glad you know that?

Almost dying changes nothing...dying changes everything

Do I feel worthy of receiving and getting good things out of a relationship

Why do I always sabotage an event

Problem statement

What problem are we trying to solve?

The mystery of God...is it ours to figure out, or to revere?

My Michelle

I remember that miracle day, holding you

And through the years cuddling together

Experiencing the fullness of life

These are the memories branded in my mind forever

There is no one in the world like you

You are unique

In your outgoing personality

And in your most beautiful physique

I love you for who you are

Not because of what you can do

Although what you do is amazing

I love you because you are you

Oh, my Michelle

You bring me so much joy

More than you will ever know

A love I commit to not destroy

And on this very special day

I just want you to know, how much I care

And how much I do love you

I very much want for you… for me to be there

Feeling “placed” ...and feeling at home.

Culturally we don’t get invited into much of a sense of humility

And we kind of skip over gratitude.

Whiddling things down to basics ...helps one to learn what’s important

Get rid of the house...and get rid of all the crap

You have to get comfortable with who you are, because who you are maybe all you are going to be.

What I learned...about taking on big projects...and learning how to break them up into smaller projects...and that makes the big project doable.

TINY: A story about living small (2013)

Happy (2011)

They say you can’t measure happiness...although you can apparently measure depression.

The constitution only guarantees the American people the right to pursue happiness. You have to catch it yourself - Benjamin Franklin

Jan Feb Mar Apr May Jun Jul Aug Sep Oct Nov

Time to focus on ME (Jan Feb Mar)

Physical, mental, spiritual well being

Activities of daily living...stability and replacing bad habits with healthy

A diary to document a) the behaviors and b) my response

Write a letter to the kids...and develop a plan for each one…(Feb)

Build a plan for the house (Jan)

Reach out to Angie to volunteer (sent an email)

Specific exercises to re-establish with Anita (Apr May Jun)

Trip to see Karen and Greg (soonish?)

August 8...is a Saturday… perhaps a vow renewal ceremony(?)

Find Melissa a place to live

Re-cohabitate (Nov)

Fixing your eyes

karoshi japanese

Compassion meditation

Commit acts of kindness

Count your blessings once a week

My life is a loan given by God and I will give it back with interest

Wake Up - filmed over the course of three years, this documentary follows Jonas Elrod, who woke up one day with the ability to see angels, demons and ghosts.

71% of Americans believe angels really exist

59% believe in demons

68% believe their soul survives death

Many believe there’s communication between the spirit world and ours

He sees people come out of the walls...balls of color...and they move around...

Sometimes they wake me up...they are people...they don’t have a body...they are spirits.

I don’t think it’s anything to be afraid of...I think it’s a beautiful thing…

It’s strange to think that God talks directly to man...but it’s clear in the Bible He has...from the beginning…

Moses… That’s Bible…

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I'm my own worst enemy...

Sabotage myself...

These are not true

The only natural conclusion to extinguish is to kill myself

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<http://changingminds.org/explanations/emotions/happiness/setpoint_happiness.htm>

Description

There is a 'Set Point' theory of happiness and well-being that assumes we each have a fixed 'average' level of happiness around which our day-to-day and moment-to-moment happiness varies.

This is expressed in the idea of temperament, mood and emotion, where our natural temperament is stable, with slowly moving moods and momentary changes in experienced emotions.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Twinkle, twinkle little star

How I wonder what you are

Up above the world so high

Like a diamond in the sky

If I could travel back 1000 years

8000 years away

I wonder what you like then

Were you like you are today?

As your light travels

Time passes on

The things that have happened

And the things that

----------------

Song it is well it is well with me...

Keep calm carry on

Questions are good...hell no I don't have all the answers I don't even have all the questions

Dump your doubt

take the risk

And carry on

You can't get where God can take you.

-------------------------

Today is the first time I led with specificity about amount I drink...

Contextual perspective...of what I am drinking ..

And understand context and specificity as to the cocaine use...

Four X the marks the spot...

Mike...what stood out as a live x marks the spot...invite him to...as he feels comfortable .. About I don't trust you...

So as to burn away the parts that are dying...

Similar with Melissa...tone and delivery...

Michelle...invite her to share about the hope.

Anita...ask yourself...why did I share with her about the song...

Intentionally moving into the word of gods and spirit the specialty of flesh / spirit relationship

-------------------------------

The characteristic of my contribution to the whole...

Time heals all wounds...is a conversation stopper...

Thurs...1/29...20:30

Life has been calm and stable since the hospital incident...

I haven't blogged...not because I have nothing to say...but because it gets crowded out from my busy days...

Show me your friends, and I'll show you your future.

Who sits at your table? Acceptance.

Dr. Petit...

Turbo charge where I am going...

The kinds of things spirit focused on went back younger and younger...

And giving me the gift of connection and insight and repentance and release....

The older I get the younger I grow

The younger I am the more mature I become

Tap root of pride

Foolishness

Unbelief...the fool says there is no God...I'm on my own...

Follow the thoughts that lead to..what is essential for my survival...

Where did that come from?

Talianic impulse

Forgiveness Requires Remembrance

(A Conversation With My Past)

What will I start remembering?

Growing up...adolescents

Early days of marriage

How did I form the opinion of you?

How did you form the opinion of me?

What happens when you pile stuff on…

Capture dreams...before

Discussion about ability... Are we doing / using our ability

With humility

My soul begins to ache

My feet can feel the quake

Shake

Monday...

I read this... And cried..

If there is such a thing as human perfection, it seems to emerge precisely from how we handle the imperfection that is everywhere, especially our own. What a clever place for God to hide holiness, so that only the humble and earnest will find it! A “perfect” person ends up being one who can consciously forgive and include imperfection rather than one who thinks he or she is totally above and beyond imperfection.

Tumbling

Around and around

Over and over

My body twists and turns

As I try to grab hold of something

That isn’t there

I’m free falling now

Some say I’m in a pickle

Some say I’m in a jam

Why this preoccupation with food

When all I can think is

I feel like a pretzel twisted into funny shapes

I must stabilize myself before I hit the bottom

Hey old man

Whatcha gonna do

When you’re feelin blue

Cuz they ragged on you

And they put you in the SHU

And then they flew… away

Hey old man

Whatcha gonna do

When they tag you out

Cuz you had a little bout

Your life looks like a rout

Now you’re on the out… side

Hey old man

Whatcha gonna do

When you roll the dice

And you can’t pay the price

Or make the sacrifice

You’re not given a slice...of their time

Hey old man

Whatcha gonna do

Get down on your knees

Pray for the keys

To thaw the freeze

And unlock the squeeze...they have on you

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Version 2

Hey old man

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When you’re feelin blue

Cuz they ragged on you

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Write a similar from the perspective of Mark, Mike and Anita

3/23...Petit

Shared Anita's emails...

Story of Wayne...music session...

Story of Twitch...the gig story

I think one of the central endeavors is counting the cost...

I think you've gotten a good taste of single life...

And I think parts of it are tasting good...

No one to account for and to...

And I don't know this...and it might not be fruitful...

As both of us bring issues into focus...I am counting the cost...

At the level of do I really want to do this...the why and why not

What kind of pain and when do I want to endure...

Stay with the parts...a part of me says...

There is the real me...and the reactive me...

Flashes of reactivity and immaturity and glimpses of the other...

Restorative work...close the door on the cocaine.

Consider as a part of the next step for one month ... Close the door on alcohol for one month...

And use that time to engage in the timeline...

As you engage in interactions with Anita…

So...Monday will be here soon, and I will have to give an account as to my decision. Going to run this by you to see what you think...

He said there are two parts...the "real Paul" and the "reactionary Paul." The reactionary Paul is immature. Ok...let's say I buy into that... The reactionary Paul is the guy who says, "I can't find water here, so I'll go look somewhere else." I used that example, and that's what he called immature.

But, the real Paul, in my opinion, is the guy who has figured out how to be happy. How to enjoy life doing the things that are fulfilling... going to CJ's, hanging out with my friends, going to the Saturday Morning Market, going to the Cuban Sandwich Festival, going to a hockey game, going to church, going to New Orleans. Here's what I want to know...does he consider those things to be reactionary? I'd like to pin him down a bit on that...

I'm just not ready to "not drink" so that I can spend time working on a timeline of my happy and sad moments. But, if I don't identify those things that don't work for me... (Anita driving in donuts) and the things that do (going to a hockey game with her)...he's going to say I haven't put enough effort into defining what I want out of our relationship. I'm also curious to see (won't ask) if he's going to advise her to avoid me...to shut me out...especially since I, once again, told him I disagree with the advice he gave her when I was Baker Acted. He may be trying to play a game - let's see if Paul really wants to "be single" or not.

Ok...that's where I'm going with my thought process…

3/30/2015

More Clarity...more connection and more freedom...

For example, the part of me that was saddened by my actions…

That’s the real Paul...the real Paul was saddened by the immature, unhealthy

And the part of you that offered to offered the roast...and make it for the reason I did

and tying it in specifically…

And the part of me that discerned and decided to burn the journal. That’s the real Paul

A couple of questions. ANd concerns on either side of that.

More of the release of the real Paul...that’s the whole point of all my suggestions.

So the curiousity...as it relates to Friday night...is...what specifically was reactive Paul and what was mature Paul reacting to. Once that becomes clear, then the deeper meaning of that...why is that a trigger.

That’s the deeper thread...that will unlock enlightment and impowerment at a deeper level.

What it leaves me wondering is...did you enocunter a pocket of unexpected or unanticipated painful emotion...like feeling alone, or feeling isolated or feeling a wave of this sucks...or even a connection of “this was nice to be with my friend”...and on the one hand I’m grateful to do that...and yet at the same time it’s bitter swee

The limitation of REBT...it lacks transformative depth…

The other piece of this...I stated maybe three weeks ago...and is also a tripping point...a sticking point...a triggering point...I blame Anita…

Discussion of my faith basis versus Anita’s… in light of these differences or potential differences, is restoration / reconciliation possible? ANd the flip side of that is...will these become wedges? As I have experienced insurmountable wedges...and therefore is that what I’m looking at?

Sunday morning...Easter...

Angel shows up...life altering news...response...

Why is it when an angel shows up...Do not be afraid...

Are you at a come and see place in your life?

Matt 28...1 - 10

Where am I in this story?

Going to the tomb?

Ready to look and see?

On your way to Galilee?

Are you going to show up?

Story of Car Talk... No one else showed up...

Personal mind map...

What do I want to get done today?

Reflection on the week and some hot topics...

Lashing out at Anita...texting

Artificial barriers and fences

Dealing with the medical bills

Activities of the week...

Who and what

House and my environment

Personal activities of daily living

The family and triggers

Petit: I see you as putting to death a position...a reactivity...that of blaming...

Whether that is Anita or Mike...

Reality of life...

My response

Gods result

Against pride, toward humility.

Casting off reactivity.

This brings about the feelings of isolation...and you will do the same with that.

And you are staying with feelings of justice and injustice.

And you have raised issues about intimacy...and spirituality.

You are participating in a manna experience ...they didn't know what it was...

The question mark changed into an exclamation mark.

Rev 2:17

Hidden manna

And white stone given to the one.

As you address these...you are able to suspend my therefore...and I'm asking you...what's your take?

It's easy for you to rely on your strength intellectually ...to think that is the best part of you... I, dr petit, struggle with this...when I shared that with you...you dismissed that...maybe too quickly...

The reactivity is fleshly...

Where I get stuck...with respect to Anita...when she says I need...that meets up with you...and you want to fight with her... You also get stuck at a deeper level...interpersonally...the list..yadda...

The problem is...your flesh lives and dies by lists...so the problem is it's more than you can take in...in a moment of reactivity...

Another place you get stuck is in the notion of perception.

At our close to the core of people .. In addition to surviving and thriving is to feel better do better be better...

As we grow and mature this becomes refined... So at the heart of our design...the best way is to live out our design...

Perception is a way to avoid understanding true meaning.

Gen 26... John 7 the Greek work ...valley...or hollow…

Thoughts about BA…

I get that the consequences of my Baker Act were mine.

I am not questioning the decision you made to “turn me in”...

However, I do question the clinical diagnosis...and the consequences that followed.

My insurance company assessed that I should not have been contained, based on the diagnosis code. They assessed that I should have been treated outpatient, based on the diagnosis code. The diagnosis code was, a psychological condition not induced by substances. Completely untrue. In addition, the psychologist told me, we are going to hold you because we cannot determine why you did what you did. When I was given an opportunity to sign a paper to convert to voluntary status...he threatened me with a court order...and he said, if you do not resend this, I will go to a judge and have you detained longer.

I felt helpless. I tried to reach out to you time and time again. You didn’t respond. And now, I get it. I was putting you in a position that I should not have. I will never do that again. Were I to describe all of what I went through...I have concluded you would simply come back with what I put you through. Fair enough. Tit for tat. So I won’t do that. What I will say is...if I’m ever in a situation like that again...I will not reach out to you. I have memorized other phone numbers...and will reach out to other people who I know will assist me.

Does a marriage relationship have boundaries of trust? Yes. And you and Dr. Petit have helped me understand that. I’m not saying you made the wrong decision. I’m saying I made the wrong decision for believing that I could depend on you in this situation. It is now up to me to figure out what boundaries exist where I cannot depend on you to help me.

Clearly, those boundaries exist...and will forever.

Topics of discussion:

Continuation of lease...seems to be unbounded.

Finances

Tired of being alone and not looking forward to the upcoming Holidays

What are the limits of marital “trust”

Oct 13

What does it mean to be childlike?

Some of the most liberating truths are deeper than my personality

Switch from change to growth...

Think about ring incident

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Tues October 27 dual session

Anita started...what would you want your legacy to be?

The Rose

She went back to It's never good enough... And that's true... We were living by the deeds.

What God is telling us...it doesn't matter what deeds we're doing but the key will be the condition of our hearts.

Brought up example of oil tank.

Paul....not reacting...not condemning...trying to shape this in the context of being separated.

Keep your eye on the boy.

November 2 session

Thanksgiving, Mom, Anita - discussion.

Dreams…

Mike Milvain…

In my dream, I dreamed that I told Anita about my dreams.

Anita was chiding me about how I was talking to George.

At Anita’s house. The church there was giving us counseling. And there was something like a $20,000 charge that we owed the church.

Her dad was upset we hadn’t paid it.

Ron Pitts...Anita’s brother-in-law…

Woke up feeling a high level of anxiety

Got yard work done.

Volunteered at St. Vincent’s

Mike the painter at the house today.

Breakfast with Melissa.

Breakfast with Tommy and Michelle.

Micro aggression

Petits response…

Last week when you mentioned going too see your mom...I remember experiencing something along the lines of wondering what the natural of that might be…

It felt like something of the old...rather than something of the new...it seemed a bit disconnected...and it was independent if not unilateral...it was something you came up with on your own...rather than relationally…

A possible topic…

How can this be right when it feels so wrong

One, Two, Three...

Well I had a little baby

She was hot as she could be

And whenever I would leave

She’d come back to me

Whoa oh…

We had it goin’ on

We got hitched up together

Our love was destiny

Things were going kinda nice

She was my ecstasy

Whoa yeah...

She made life good for me

We were so great together

And we had a lot of fun

We’d laugh and play all day

Under the sun

Oh no...

You couldn’t pull us apart

There were good times and bad

But the bad would run away

Cuz we never let it win

Or stand in our way

Whoa oh…

We had a great thing goin’ on

One, two, three… We made a family

The good things in life...we’re all that we could see

Oh no...

You couldn’t pull us apart

But one day the rain came

It never went away

It was like a storm forever

It caused us to betray

Our love…

Our love faded away

The lush garden of love

Is a beautiful place

But left alone too long

The weeds will disgrace

Your face

And you’ll be left alone

One, two, three...you’ll lose your family

The good things in life...they all will flee

Away…

And you’ll be left alone

So listen really hard

And take my advice

If it’s wrong but feels so right

You better think twice

Oh yeah...

You better run away...far away

The weeds of life will grow

And they’ll surely bring you down

If you don’t clean ‘em out

And you don’t turn around

From the doom...

And destruction they will bring

So get down on your knees

And pray to God above

And ask forgiveness please

And embrace His love

Oh yeah...

And be made whole again

One, two, three...the blessed Trinity

Wants you forever, forever to be free

Oh yeah..

And you’ll be whole again

11/30/2015 - Petit and me

Note: Didn’t see Mark during visit. My thought was, he is more my accountant than my friend.

To Anita:

Last week Dr Petit and I talked about how I could have handled our prior meeting together differently. I felt oddly out of control...when I should have felt in control, albeit, filled with some fear and wanting avoidance. Had I simply expressed what was going on inside...we could have turned that into a more healthy discussion...rather I shut up like a clam.

He reminded me that if there was a particular topic that, at the time, I didn’t want to discuss...it is possible to do that...and either work through my current anxiety at the time...and then work into it...or even do so at a later date. But that walking away was a poor choice.

I am anxious about the holidays...December didn’t go especially well for me last year...and I don’t want a repeat of those feelings. As it stands...no real monsters from my past have spooked me recently… Though I have had some rather vivid (at the time) dreams...that have awoken me...but I have fallen back to sleep.

I have noticed some anger issues in the past few weeks...little things that bother me. The work email...Mark…

I’ve also noticed a lack of desire to work out...or be involved with anything outside of work.

And...we can talk about the house…

It’s been slow going...but steady…

It's been said time heals all wounds...yet for the untreated or poorly treated wound, time will infect then scar. For the unset or improperly set bone, time will knit then lame. Treat the wound properly, set the bone right, then time becomes a servant of healing and ceases to be its enemy. As it is with the body so it is with the soul, the interaction, the conversation, and the relationship.

This week discussed MWSmith concert.

What Christmas means to me.

Observations… First, on the one hand experiencing some sadness to this season of celebration...but there's not the degree of hopelessness there was last year...so if there isn't then something must be displacing… What is it that is displacing some of the hopelessness? How can that be further intentionaly done…

So rather than just surviving work on thriving. There may be choosing non-reactivity...at some point I want to open up reactivity to the new covenant heart. So that more and more of the flesh dynamic can be expelled. There is something from both of us to grow from.

12/22…

Moving through Dec with grace filled survival. Which is different than “button down the hatches”

Would encourage planning to move to thrive. A view toward moving into that.

If thriving is a 60,000 feet view...if that's what we desire… I would suggest … If that's what this is about… What do we want to see more of...less of...or not at all…

And from that come the projects…

The goals begin to populate our conversations … And begins to turn around the fear…

Projects are… For example… House… Melissa and George… The van…

And if we decide to continue these alternating sessions...we can discuss the projects… And more about the future than the past. It is about renewal…

In contrast resolutions are unfortunate counterfeit for renewal. They are filled with negative and failure and ultimately defeat …

Melissa said, are we just supposed to pick up as if nothing happened?

Writing….

12/28/2015 with Dr. Petit

When you refer to the list what do you mean by that?

So there’s the “feels like” list...which is more of an emotional, very subjective … rememberance of what it feels like when the “oh, here it goes” talk starts…

That is the reactive.

Do I resist being vulnerable to my inner most thoughts and emotions. Of course I do, that’s what it means to detach.

Feb 2 2016

What does it mean when you say, I fail too, but you never identify specifics.

Anita: talked about boundaries.

Our faith

Support of one another...respect, tree fell.

Instead of defending...do something different

Detachment

adjective

1.

not attached; separated:

a detached ticket stub.

2.

having no wall in common with another building (opposed to attached):

a detached house.

3.

impartial or objective; disinterested; unbiased:

a detached judgment.

4.

not involved or concerned; aloof.

verb (used with object)

1.

to unfasten and separate; disengage; disunite.

2.

Military. to send away (a regiment, ship, etc.) on a special mission.

Synonym

disassemblestar

disengagestar

disentanglestar

dissociatestar

isolatestar

segregatestar

separatestar

severstar

abstractstar

disassociatestar

disjoinstar

dismountstar

disunitestar

dividestar

divorcestar

freestar

loosestar

loosenstar

partstar

removestar

sunderstar

uncouplestar

unfastenstar

unhitchstar

withdrawstar

disaffiliatestar

take apartstar

tear offstar

unfixstar

Antonyms for detach

associate

attach

combine

desegregate

join

unite

connect

couple

fasten

fix

hold

remain

stay

link

merge

Don’t feed the bad wolf

An elderly Cherokee Native American was teaching his grandchildren about life…

He said to them, “A fight is going on inside me, it is a terrible fight and it is between two wolves. One wolf is evil—he is fear, anger, envy, sorrow, regret, greed, arrogance, self-pity, guilt, resentment, inferiority, lies, false pride, competition, superiority, and ego.

The other is good—he is joy, peace, love, hope, sharing, serenity, humility, kindness, benevolence, friendship, empathy, generosity, truth, compassion and faith.

This same fight is going on inside you, and inside every other person, too.”

They thought about it for a minute, and then one child asked his grandfather, “Which wolf will win, Grandfather?”

The Elder simply replied, “The one you feed.”

I’m starting to feel so detached from my past…”good” and “bad”

The Battle is Won

The proud warrior stood in the face of his enemy to fight

Giving it his all with every strength, every weapon and all his might

The crowd gathered around as the intensity did grow

Waiting to see what weapons they would choose; who would deliver the final blow

Most cheered for the proud warrior, much fewer for the contender

They were hoping for bloodshed and violence, and that the other would have to surrender

Chronos...the battle time came near

The time was approaching as the intensity grew stronger

When will the battle start?, they asked...how much longer?

As the lamb of God in starking humility approached the proud warrior from the shadows

He reached out his hand and simply offered the proud warrior a rose

And with one blow after another, the proud warrior offered to the crowd a slaying

The crowd cheered in delight; but there remained a handful who dropped to their knees and started praying

The news spread like wildfire; how the proud warrior was victorious and strong

But history would prove this victory wasn’t a victory at all, as the score of this battle was called wrong

Kairos...the battle was not over

The masses continued to follow the proud warrior because they themselves were proud

But the lamb of God had a remnant of believers, and to him they humbly bowed

And together, they sang:

Jesus Rose of Sharon, bloom within my heart.

Bloom in radiance and in love within my heart.

Just As I Am O Lamb Of God

by Horace L. Hastings

Just as I am, O Lamb of God,

Now I come, now I come;

To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,

Now I come, Now I come.

While mercy's guiding beacons beam

To point me to the crimson stream

That makes the foulest sinners clean,

Now I come, Now I come.

Just as I am, without delay,

Now I come, now I come;

To Christ the true and living Way,

Now I come, now I come.

For pardon purchased on the tree,

For grace and mercy rich and free,

O lamb of God, I come to Thee,

Now I come, now I come.

Dear Paul,

I’m going to put these words on your heart. At the time you write these, you won’t understand the timing - that they were written early on Sunday morning of Valentine's Day. You also won’t understand the meaning of the verses until later.

I am giving you this gift, not just to you, but you and your Bride on a special day that I hope will be a reminder of the gift I have given you for your entire life. A gift that you still don’t understand.

What you are writing, you will later understand...is a story of love. It is a story of the Crucifixion events. How that story is steeped in good versus evil. And in that story, how it appears on the surface that evil came out victorious. But prideful people cannot see, for they are blind.

May you be surrounded by the peace that passes all understanding.

H.S.

Tues Mar 8

Discussion of building blocks...as they relate to Boundaries…

The anatomy of trust

What about the anatomy of boundaries

Better than ever together.

3/29/2016 Boundaries continued:

What is my mission statement?

Galatians 5:22-23 New International Version

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, forbearance, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control. Against such things there is no law.

Lord, our eyes are on you

To accept the love of your grace

Fully embracing joy and its healing power

Seeking your peace amidst today’s chaos

Showing others patience even when we are wronged

Treating others with the kindness we wish to receive

Being an example of goodness in the face of evil

Living out integrity as you exemplify integrity in your faithfulness to us

Granting others gentleness instead of judgment

Walking hand-in-hand with the Spirit of self-control

Lord, our eyes are on you

Ephesians 6:10-18New International Version (NIV)

The Armor of God

10 Finally, be strong in the Lord and in his mighty power. 11 Put on the full armor of God, so that you can take your stand against the devil’s schemes. 12 For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms.13 Therefore put on the full armor of God, so that when the day of evil comes, you may be able to stand your ground, and after you have done everything, to stand. 14 Stand firm then, with the belt of truth buckled around your waist, with the breastplate of righteousness in place, 15 and with your feet fitted with the readiness that comes from the gospel of peace. 16 In addition to all this, take up the shield of faith, with which you can extinguish all the flaming arrows of the evil one. 17 Take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

18 And pray in the Spirit on all occasions with all kinds of prayers and requests. With this in mind, be alert and always keep on praying for all the Lord’s people.

Motivation

Use of Time

Wisdom and Knowledge

Spiritual Strength

Restoration

God’s Spirit

Friends (1 Corinthians 15:33)

Music

Activities (my time)

Money (Matt 6:21)

Words (Matt 15:11)

Thoughts (Phil 4:8)

Finally, brothers and sisters, whatever is true, whatever is noble, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is admirable--if anything is excellent or praiseworthy--think about such

things. (Phil 4:8)

Do not be misled: "Bad company corrupts good character." (1 Cor 15:33)

For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also.(Matt 6:21)

What goes into someone's mouth does not defile them, but what comes out of their mouth, that is what defiles them." (Matt 15:11)

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Surprised by rest…

Dr. Petit the cupcake example…

5/31.. Solo session…

I have been thinking about stimulus response...

Miracle on 34th Street…

June 7… Both of us…

Petit: I think it would be wonderful to weave the theme of renewal...and there will be some topics that are new...that we have never had before…

It would probably be good to over communicate. Intentionally…

…

Discussed the incident of our trip to get product… And the discussion we had about the inheritance.

Two things that Petit is desirous…

A particular new growth and freedom that there is a capacity to recognize the movements and to name between the two … Oak and Rose vs weed… So whenever we are feeling something...it's more than just a feeling within...but that it is understood between us.

Then the plants co-join to identify what it is…

June 28 2016

I'm sensing a shift from reactive to a reflexive or reflective good…

What is the messaging? How can one be transparent without feeling the necessity to be defensive?

If Melissa and George end up at our house...that event should have happened...and it's a x … And I can handle an x…

Dogmatism… Legalism… Sullies the idea of obedience…

July 5, 2016

Maybe not that I went through that...but I'm glad I learned from the experience…

Petit recommendation … Whenever date of vow is… It is about newness…

It should be examination and excavation...where there are no faults in the foundation…

There have been wounds… Rejection...betrayal…

So whatever that date is it should be a renewal date...emotional, personally, spiritually and intimacy…

An exchange of love and foreignness…

Let's make our renewal night like our wedding night…

So look for the blocks and the reactivity so they can be eliminated…

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7/12/2016

Clean out some weeds.

Bird of Paradise…

Anita was more patient than me...at de-weeding. I’d rather take a shovel to the whole thing and start over...but not Anita..for she had a connection with that bird.

I had better memories of being at her family’s house than my own.

We laughed together, we ate together, we grew up together.

And it was a place of true family...and a place for our kids.

The Holidays…

July 4th...Corn

Thanksgiving

Christmas

Contrast with the experiences from my family…

And that’s not Anita’s fault.

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Song…

Atlanta…

Very surface

Just long enough… Just short enough

Internal tears of joy

Denver

Great trip

Sometimes people annoy me

Insights gained out of experience and training (whitebox, blackbox)

Diagram things about which we had no evidence (that bugs me, and I grow irritable)

Got our six month extension

Truck Saturday...moved Saturday night…

The incident (I said something I should not have)

“Looks to me like you are hanging on to something”

Kept separated that night...it was for the best

Worked well, as a team, I thought

Events that led to where we are, sale of house

Have been sleeping better...much better

Even when in Denver.

Dinner last night with Mel

Dinner tomorrow night with Mich

Feeling a comfortable embrace yet distance from the kids.

Would like to continue moving closer to Anita...emotionally, intimately...

July 26 solo…

Petite is moved and speechless…

Where will you be when you get to where you are going?

8/2 joint

Text miss send to Anita about breakfast with Paul…

Deny it.

Minimize it.

Own it.

Discuss how to replay it.

Petit… This connects with Brene Brown...trust is built or broken in the little things…

Marbles…

Building blocks…

Newness of life...that is the marbles...a new marble in the jar…

BRAVING:

B – Boundaries. You respect my boundaries and when you are not clear about what’s OK and what’s not OK, you ask. You are willing to say no.

R – Reliability. You do what you say you’ll do. At work this means staying aware of your competencies and limitations so that you don’t over-promise and are able to deliver on commitments and balance competing priorities.

A – Accountability. You own your mistakes, apologize, and make amends.

V – Vault. You don’t share information or experiences that are not yours to share. I need to know that my confidences are kept and that you are not sharing with me information about other people that should be confidential.

I – Integrity. You choose courage over comfort. You choose what is right over what is fun, fast, or easy. And you choose to practice your values rather than simply professing them.

N – Non-judgment. I can ask for what I need, and you can ask for what you need. We can talk about how we feel without judgment.

G – Generosity. You extend the most generous interpretation possible to the intentions, words and actions of others.

This was the week we threw out the mattress...we discussed this with Petit...

Bridgepoint 8/14

What we do is what we believe.

Proverbs 23:7 … For as he thinks

Sunday afternoon…

Discussion about the moments…

At rest. With Kirsten and Jay

Sidewalk church

Kitchen…

You said … I said nothing….not a word on sidewalk…

You don't trust me….and what have you been saying for months now? Somehow that is different…

We had a discussion about how Kirsten and jay interact

She later came back and apologized…

9:00 PM...the roach

8/16...8:40...ranting about pictures

When I try to help she just yells at me...melts down…

9:00… more yelling at me...about feeling the way she used to...and me not responding correctly…

Then she started that old routine of yelling AT me...I told her I’m not going to let her do that...and walked to the dock…

She came out...and said I could come in...as she is not going to say another word to me...she took Romeo to the room...closed the door.

9:15 ish...she came back in...and said she didn’t want to be in this place…

That she was upset at me...in anger.

But then she said she didn’t use the word anger.

I’m confused…

What I told her is...I can not be angry and we can move on.

She left the room...came back in...I explained I am a bit confused.

So, in other words...I don’t know what’s going on...but I am going to remain calm.

Sunday 8/21. Phil 4:10ff

842 /autárkēs ("sufficiency within") occurs only in Phil 4:11 where it refers to positive self-sufficiency (inward adequacy) – i.e. that comes through the indwelling power of Christ.

[842 (autárkēs) comes from autos ("self") and arkein ("sufficient") meaning "self"-sufficiency, which is entirely God-produced.

God has so ordained the universe that no matter where you are right now you have everything you truly need to be content.

Matt 19:23… Eye of a needle…

Comment from Castile… Those people are moderately rich…. God speaking to us? We ARE rich in him...

If you're not happy without it you won't be happy with it.

Cognate: 2480 isxýō – properly, embodied strength that "gets into the fray" (action), i.e. engaging the resistance. For the believer, 2480 (isxýō) refers to the Lord strengthening them with combative, confrontive force to achieve all He gives faith for. That is, facing necessary resistance that brings what the Lord defines is success (His victory, cf. 1 Jn 5:4). Accordingly, faith (4102 /pístis) and 2480 (isxýō) are directly connected (Js 5:16). See 2479 (isxys).

Aug 23...Petit

Had mistake avoidance for freedom…

Postponing the inevitable...the responsibility… Is not freedom… But bondage…

What is real comfort food…

Mar 6 2018

Sad lonely frustrated tied up in knots

Concerned

Unresolved

Feeling like a fool

Second guessing

Physically emotionally spiritually

Communication, impasse, tones and attitudes.

Petit…

The heart of a new agreement…

To agree together that it’s time to work together…

To find a better way, individually and together to

Feel better, to do better and be better…

4/9/2018 notes

I went to condo afternoon. Took PTO.

Product was to be delivered. I was concerned it would not be.

I was correct. So I started texting our contractor. I made a deal with him if he didn’t show me a receipt Monday Pm I would make other arrangements,

Anita felt I was being overly aggressive and turning everyone against me.

That was the gist of the argument. It turned toxic.

I decided to leave and said if I do, we are done. So I went to my office. She locked me out. I banged on the door. She opened it and stood blocking me at the stairs. I pushed her to get around and she threatened to call the cops. So I said, what are you going to baker act me again? Obviously that was fuel on the fire.

She brought up her financial contribution. And it all went downhill from there.

She left. I locked the doors and then thought..not right. So I unlocked them.

She eventually came back. And continued her rant.

By this time I simply listened. Not confronting. Though I admit I had prior.

I shared my texts with Tommie to no avail.

She is convinced I am a person of no integrity I think

Examples would be her and Pastor leaving

Me leaving engine running while fueling

And numerous examples of truth telling…Melissa letter..me on the job

She has a very black and white view

She came down and yelled at me at Jan .. And yelled at me at the baker act

I am not first in your life

You don’t want to be married to me

You haven’t done it since you screwed Jan

You promised me

She continues to yell

She continues to bring up me screwing Jan

Your arrogance to me is unbelievable

4/14

On way to church… awkward

Class…

My impression

Tommy messages

Haircut 6/23…

When I returned, first comment "Wow, long haircut"

When I asked what she meant…she replied, "You're getting defensive."

Wonder if, "I really like your haircut" would have been a better first response.

Church 6/24

Going to church w/o Anita feels like an obligation. So I chose not to go.

Is that ok?

11/6/18

I'm feeling it again…

…a disconnect

…an obsession

…a yearning…pulling…into the deep

Hey cowboy, where ya headed?

Why you walking out the door again?

What do you think you're leaving behind?

That you can find something better?

Or that you're simply leaving the pain?

You remember that day

When the cops came knocking on the door

And you left in handcuffs

Swaying back and forth in the back of his car

Feeling numb

Sitting in the waiting room for hours

Watching the people come and go

Wondering when your next meal would come

Being told when and where you'd do what next

All your freedom gone

No one caring

No one answering your call

Alone

Deserted

Was that what you wanted?

 What about the Young Messiah?

What was Jesus like as a boy?

When did he learn he was the son of God?

I don't think I'm here to see Angels

Or to see the Sing

I don't think I'm here to …

I think I'm here to be alive…to see it…to hear it…to feel it…even when it hurts

I know you'll tell me why I'm here.

Because Father, I am your child.

 Is devotion an outgrowth of our worship? Or is worship an outgrowth of our devotion?

Water is most refreshing to a parched land, at a time when death is near.

…bottled that place in time to keep it forever…

Worship isn’t about me, other than to shine a inward spotlight on what I need to do different in my outward serving.

Community

Music

Preparation

Looking into Word

Connection

Vision, we see a church… about 9 of them. What we aren’t saying is we are a church. Something we aspire for. But we see it, we may never accomplish it.

Thank you for being a part of the church we aspire to be.

When we sing songs…we are asking for God’s presence, but not all songs are worship songs. Some of them are praise songs. Some are God’s Word to us songs as reminders to us. Some are community songs.

When the focus of the song is on God and not us, that is worship. It’s not if we’re on key, or if we nailed the harmony… God’s glory, His name, His fame, nothing but Him is the aim.

Worship is dependent on our hearts and our perceptiveness to hear God and what He is doing and where He is calling me and us to.

Do I see a church that values worship and exalts God. Is that who we are and is that who I want to be a part of?

We do value singing songs and our leaders? What part of that is necessary to even have an awesome worship experience.

We have 10,080 minutes every week. And how many of those do we spend in worship?

And this is why the broader context of meaning is critically important.

It makes no sense to spend an hour two in a church building if we aren't going to open ourselves up to seeing where God wants to test us and move us during the remaining 9,960 minutes of the week.

5/20

1. Look at some NT words … 6 Greek words and some Hebrew
2. OT… earliest references
3. Revelation and response… when something is revealed

PROSKUNEO bow down

<http://biblehub.com/greek/4352.htm>

LATREUO sacrificial service

<http://biblehub.com/greek/2999.htm>

<http://biblehub.com/greek/3000.htm>

LEITOURGEO

<http://biblehub.com/greek/3009.htm>

THREISKIA religion cult

<http://biblehub.com/greek/2356.htm>

SEBOMAI

EUSEBIA

Abraham and Isaac

<http://biblehub.com/hebrew/7812.htm>

Same word Job 1:20

Revelation and response.

Tozer quotes on worship.

Illustration of woman with valuable jewel..she had no idea and thus didn’t treat it as.

Worship is…Placing an ultimate value on God.

You’re already placing ultimate value on something.

The world is not made up of people who don’t worship and people who do.

Have you ever struggled with the dilemma of coming clean on something?

What's the right thing to do?

Are you only going to do the right thing if you're forced into a corner?

Or are you looking for a way out? Wondering if you don't say something, maybe they will never know.

Is it like pulling the band aid?

How much courage does it take to do nothing?

How much courage does it take to do the right thing, and own your mistakes?

What's the cost?

What's the cost of NOT?

How do you earn someone's trust?

This is about integrity and honesty and doing the right thing as our tag line says.

I don't come with any excuses. Nor do I shun the responsibility.

So here it is.

You walk with grace

In the garden above

Your spirit shines

With the joy of His love

Beautiful, you’re beautiful

Your gentleness

The touch of your care

Is contagious

The love that you share

Beautiful, you’re beautiful

You bring us joy

While to Him you pray

Take our burdens

Make our pains go away

Beautiful, you’re beautiful

The light you shine

His answer to prayer

It lives in you

To reflect His care

Beautiful, you’re beautiful

3 things in worship

Find God beautiful in Worship

Seek transformation in Worship

Ask God to soften your heart and reveal Truth

Carpe Diem - seize the day

Kairos - at the appointed time...a moment, a season

Chronos - a duration of time, day, week ,year

From dr. petit:  
Seven sides to every story...

1 the life of the oak

2 the life of the Rose

3 the oaks fallen / reactive soul

4 the roses fallen / reactive soul

5 the realities of the oaks weed

6 the realities of the Rose weed

7 the redemptive restorative unifying work the spirit does in the midst of 1 - 6

As a young parent I remember sitting through a talk in church from a Family Guidance counselor on How to Discipline Your Children. To this day, as my children have grown and left the nest, and are raising children of their own, I remember some of the gems from that talk.

How do you deal with your kids dating someone you don't necessarily approve of or like. That particular story ended with the Father saying, "I don't think I can do that." To which the Counselor replied, "Then meet your new son-in-law!"

What does it mean to be made in the Image of God?

Many of my writings have described the struggles of imperfections and the desire to belong to something greater than me.

Weaving a pattern in these writings is the sheer frustration of my own failures, and how those failures have affected others surrounding me, to the point that they have, at times, withdrawn from me.

There is a dichotomy that, I could argue, lives in each God believing person who is physically surrounded by the turmoil and destruction eroding the population centers of this Earth and the desire to isolate ourselves to a quieter, more peaceful surrounding of solitude. How do we live in this world with it eroding our own deep seated desire to be not of this world? Is it possible?

I start with a simple declaration. A simple question. What does it mean to be made in His image?

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There aren't enough sermons to convince you that you are loved by God.

What does it take to grow in your understanding?

I know this, when I was baptized at the young age of 12, I had no idea what a life-long commitment would mean. I had no idea what journey I was about to embark on that would eventually bring me to a full understand of the love of God.

A life without struggle is not the guarantee.

It's a fairy tale story, but one that I think so many of us can relate to more and more through our later years in life.

It's a story that warms the heart of children…but a story that deepens the understanding of adults.

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What can we learn from the Velveteen Rabbit:

A stuffed rabbit sewn from velveteen is given as a Christmas present to a small boy. The boy plays with his other new presents and forgets the velveteen rabbit for a time. These presents are modern and mechanical, and they snub the old-fashioned velveteen rabbit. The wisest and oldest toy in the nursery, the Skin Horse, who was owned by the boy's uncle, tells the rabbit about toys magically becoming real due to love from children. The rabbit is awed by this idea; however, his chances of achieving this wish are slight.

One night, the boy's nana gives the rabbit to the boy to sleep with, in place of a lost toy. The rabbit becomes the boy's favorite toy, enjoying picnics with him in the spring; and the boy regards the rabbit as 'REAL'. Time passes, and the rabbit becomes shabbier but happy. He meets some real rabbits in the summer, and they learn that he cannot hop as they do and say that he is not real.

One day, the boy comes down with scarlet fever, and the rabbit sits with him as he recovers. The doctor orders that the boy should be taken to the seaside and that his room should be disinfected—all his books and toys burnt, including the velveteen rabbit. The rabbit is bundled into a sack and left out in the garden overnight, where he sadly reflects on his life with his boy. The toy rabbit cries, a real tear drops onto the ground, and a marvelous flower appears. A fairy steps out of the flower and comforts the velveteen rabbit, introducing herself as the Nursery Magic Fairy. She says that, because he has become Real to the boy who truly loves him, she will take him away with her and "turn [him] into Real" to everyone.

The fairy takes the rabbit to the forest, where she meets the other rabbits and gives the velveteen rabbit a kiss. The velveteen rabbit changes into a real rabbit and joins the other rabbits in the forest. The next spring, the rabbit returns to look at the boy, and the boy sees a resemblance to his old velveteen rabbit.

An often quoted conversation from the book:

“Real isn’t how you are made,” said the Skin Horse. “It’s a thing that happens to you. When a child loves you for a long, long time not just to play with, but REALLY loves you, then you become Real.”

“Does it Hurt?”

“Sometimes,” said the Skin Horse, for he was always truthful. “When you are Real you don’t mind being hurt.”

“Does it happy all at once,” he asked, “or bit by bit?”

“It doesn’t happen all at once,” said the Skin Horse. “You become. It takes a long time. That’s why it doesn’t happen to people who break easily or have sharp edges or who have to be carefully kept. Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby. But those things don’t matter at all because once you are real you can’t be ugly except to people who don’t understand.”

This is an excellent question. There are probably very few people in the church today who have ever stopped to ask themselves what the *Imago Dei* is really all about. There are even fewer who could come up with an answer if asked point-blank to state their beliefs concerning this point of biblical doctrine.

*From <*[*https://www.focusonthefamily.com/family-q-and-a/faith/what-it-means-to-be-made-in-the-image-of-god*](https://www.focusonthefamily.com/family-q-and-a/faith/what-it-means-to-be-made-in-the-image-of-god)*>*

<http://www.skylerthomas.com/?p=355>

The ink is dry on all of our past

The pages we turned are recorded at last

Some are marked by the tears of our pain

And most are marked by the joys that we gained

Memories are memories and they cannot be changed

They can only be embraced by how our minds have arranged

So here we stand on this anniversary day

Of what we bring to celebrate and weigh

It’s now our chance to write the pages to come

I’m ready to dive in, the fulness of life to succumb

To make each day count, the advantage to take

To keep writing our pages, great memories to make

You’re the one I chose 41 years ago

And it’s been such a great ride, I’m glad we have more to go

Today I celebrate the life that we made

Each other, our children, and the dreams that we prayed

~ with all my love