

8/25/2020

Things I've Learned Over the Past Year

Part 1: Discomfort can be much more than a reality, but a precious gift, if you let it.

The moment I got the phone call that my mom was being care-flighted and “it was bad”, I got that stomach-dropping sickening feeling that you only get a handful of times in life. My whole body shuttered with disbelief and fear of the worst. In seconds I'd been forcefully broken out of my life-mold that I had become quite pleased with and comfortable in (to an extent that I didn't even fully grasp at the time). The unwelcome shift sent a shiver up my spine, like a chilling wind that slices through a coat that's too thin. Information that I thought would sooth my raw nerves only exposed them even more. Words like “unresponsive”, “massive bleed”, “comatose”, “brain injury”, & “aneurysm” sank in my heart like bricks. My word was changed forever and discomfort came in like a flood.

Months living out of hospitals and small hotel rooms far away from home, watching my mom get better & then much, much worse, having to say good-bye, then seeing her pull through was an unforgiving rollercoaster of emotion. Knowing she could turn a corner or loose her battle at any moment felt like mentally holding plank-position for months on end, simply exhausting. Quitting my first job, moving out of my first apartment, and saying goodbye to my new found independence and the city I got to experience “big girl” life in for the first time was difficult, to say the least. When we finally got our girl home, the endurance demanding challenge of full-time caregiving began, all while living with my entire adult family under the same roof again after 4+ years, which had a learning curve of its own.

I needed to splay all this out for you in order to say this: The discomfort that flooded my life carried with it so much more than I could see at the time; what looked and felt like destruction was in fact an undeniable work of restoration and renewal. What was being destroyed in that flood was not my life, but my pride, selfishness, and false sense of control & stability. As the cleansing waters of tragedy swept through my heart and mind, they replaced what they carried away with something much more precious- a reflection that looked just a little bit more like Jesus. More humble, more selfless, more thankful & more present...stronger, kinder, more aware of others and their needs.

That time in Utah with my family, as painful as it was, was deeply rich & sweet and bonding for us. I've never been more thankful for health, life, my family, and the resources God's given us to take care of my mom. The discomfort that comes with putting your own self, dreams, and expectations at the bottom of your priority list builds a Christ-like character in you that nothing else can, and that is so worth every pang of growth. I still have far to go, but I wouldn't trade what God has done in me though this season for anything. So, I pray that whatever difficulty may be swirling around you, (even if the pain is blinding and you can't see it yet) you'll somehow remember that this very flood can produce something infinitely valuable in you; something that if you let it, will serve to sharpen and perfect and shape you into the person you were created to be. Discomfort can be much more than a reality, but a precious gift, if you'll let it.