

## **Chapter 13: Love will find a way.**

This chapter is dedicated to all men whose relationship is way past being on the rocks, but has crashed and burned and the only way that it can be restored is with the help of God himself, reaching into your lover's heart and admonishing them to take you back.

This chapter is a warning to all men, so that you will not fall into the snares of the kinds of temptation that I did. It is an honest and open account of a man who almost lost his greatest relationship. Due to lust, greed, ego, pride, insecurity and inordinate passion.

This particular instance that I reference is an extract from a place in my life where I can only say, "thank God, for mercy and for grace." For my woman to have taken me back after what I did, was simply unfathomable. No woman or man in their right mind would have had me back after what I'd put her through.

The only way that our reconciliation could have happened was through true and undying love, from her. How she was able to push through the pain and the disappointment that I caused her, was simply a miracle.

In one moment everything changed. In an instant our love affair was shattered. With one event; one act our lives changed, almost forever and almost permanently. Looking back on that phase of my life, which wasn't very long ago and it seems like only yesterday. I was in a place of total spiritual degradation and moral decay. I was running scared and completely incapable of listening to the right voices.

Which were the very voices that were speaking to me in a still small voice to warn me and to stop me from making mistake after mistake and jumping off the cliff that I was about to.

The thing about my addicted state was that my mind was completely clouded and incapable of making rational and sound decisions about anything. It's as though the wires of communication in my mind were being crisscrossed as the information came across my neural-networks.

The data just seemed to be so distorted and contorted that the easiest choices that I'd make were the ones that were similar to the bad ones that I'd just made. One bad choice after another. I felt like I was an actor in a movie, playing a bank robber and I'd just made good on the theft, but then a cop jumps out and I panic and shoot him. Further complicating my mess and the hell that I'd created for myself.

I'd gotten myself into such a pickle, and this one was one that I had no reference for. Mainly because I was very bad at being a player and also because I belonged to God. God had a way of allowing me to become snared in my own sin. The very sin that seemed pleasurable and okay at the time, was now in actuality a trap and curse.

I realized then how much of a fool that I'd been. I knew that I'd crossed the line of no return. I needed grace, I needed mercy, I needed help with my neurosis and my compulsive behavior. I needed help from on high, and I needed a way to be able to communicate with the woman that I'd hurt the most, through all of my acts of debauchery.

I knew the source, but I didn't know how to sort it all out in my mind or how to rationalize it all. Because I knew that I'd messed up so bad and that I would need a miracle to fix it all. So now I'd have to learn to trust in God, all over again. I'd done it all on my own, I'd gotten myself into this mess and now I was faced with losing the greatest relationship that I'd ever had. A relationship that I'd been all but handed to me on a platter by God himself.

Now, we were broken beyond measure, and I couldn't see any way to get us back together. I had destroyed another relationship, and my life was in a tailspin downward and heading for further calamity and debasement. And all of the ugly and terrible things that I'd had become, it seemed.

I'd erected an impenetrable emotional wall between my love and myself that was rooted and embedded in her soul, as deep as the pain that I'd built in her heart. The spikes and the knives that I had cut her soul with, ran parallel between her mind and her spirit.

The tears that poured down her cheeks to me were like the drops of blood that drizzled down Jesus's brow, in the garden that night. As he toiled over his people, the very ones who'd hurt him, the ones who he was to die for. I had pierced my love's heart and bruised her very soul. And it seemed that there was no way to have our relationship restored. All was lost and beyond repair.

Now, the comfort of having her close to me was gone. Her tender feminine energy had ceased to be a part of my life and now there was a hole in my heart and a vacuum in my soul. Nothing could heal the break that I'd caused and nothing could bring us back together.

At that moment what to do? When the loss is so substantial; how to recover? When all is lost, how would I pick up the pieces and put it all back together, without the love and affection of my woman to console me? How would I ever be able to regain the confidence and self assurance that I'd once had from the love of my life; the woman of my dreams?

Is there a balm in Gilead? I asked myself over and over again during the first few days of the break up, coupled with constant acknowledgement of what I'd done. I decided first of all, to own what I'd done. I knew that I couldn't deny what I'd done. I knew that I couldn't lie any more about how I'd been living.

I was cold busted. I couldn't lie, and I couldn't run from what I'd done. I sat and looked into my lovely eyes as she told me how I hurt her and that the least that I could do was to give her an explanation for it all. I was frozen and my ears were ringing as she leaned away from me and poured her emotions out to me regarding the pain, the frustration and the disappointment that she'd endured as a result of what I'd done.

“I fell for the Ok’e Doke.” She said. I stayed silent and hung my head in shame. I didn’t want to rock the boat. I only wanted to try to console her. I wanted to try to diffuse the situation. I wanted to tell her that I would never do it again, but she wasn’t having it.

I knew that at that moment, there was no way to recover. I knew that this wasn’t the time to try and explain anything. I knew that she wasn’t going to be receptive to anything that I could say to give her relief and a valid reason why I’d been unfaithful to her.

There was only disgust and disdain in her eyes. There was no love for me at that moment, or so I thought. There was only contempt and anger being directed towards me. The red burning in her eyes, told a story of the utter embarrassment and hurt that she felt.

Her eyes welled up with tears but they withheld the flow due to her pride. She couldn’t show me that the anger and disappointment was only superseded by her love for me, in that moment. She couldn’t reveal to me that her love for me still prevailed; but she couldn’t get past the moment.

I knew then that I had to repent. I knew that I had to stop this behavior; I knew that I had to turn my life around no matter what was going to happen between myself and my love. I knew that I’d abused her love and I knew that I had abused God’s grace. Yet I knew that I had to break the addiction and the loss of the love of my love, was the catalyst of my cessation of my inordinate behavioral dependencies that were so unfruitful and unprofitable.

But in that moment, as my lovely wept inside and began to resolve what to do next, we just sat there in this awkward silence. There I was, Bro. LeMay, caught in the act and all of heaven had witnessed it.

I knew that I'd crashed and burned the greatest romantic relationship that I'd ever been blessed with. I knew that I'd failed miserably. I knew that I had to change my life now and somehow to move forward.

But, I didn't want to get over it, I wanted to deal with my flaws. This time, I truly wanted to change. I knew that I'd built a wall that I couldn't get around, this time. I knew that it was my moment of truth.

On the train ride that night back to my house, I had time to ponder what had just happened. It was the beginning of a beautiful weekend that had turned into a disaster. I wasn't going to try to just shuffle it all under the rug. I wasn't going to deny how jacked up I was. I also knew my lovely's heart, I knew the heart of God and I knew that with repentance there could be the possibility of restoration.

However, I didn't want to seem as though I hadn't understood the damage and the hurt that I'd caused my love, and God. I wanted my love and God to know that I grasped the gravity of my deprivation, moral decay and the harm that I'd caused to my love. I wanted them both to know that I was truly sorry, remorseful and that I didn't feel worthy of anything, but forgiveness.

I needed mercy, I needed a second chance. I needed a do-over. If I could turn back the hands of time. If I could only roll back the clock. If I could have only stopped short of the events that lead up to my demise and to losing my love. I prayed on the train; I sought the face of God the way that King Hezekiah did. In desperation, I pleaded with God to forgive me and to remember the times that his servant and the times that he was able to use me for his will.

Then I called on God to review my life and my testimony of him. I asked God to restore me to my love, and I believed that he would. I knew that I could ask for anything, and see it manifested in 7 days. Then I asked God to reveal to me the mastery of self control and the disciplines that I needed to move forward in life.

I knew that I had to assume the proverbial posture of King David when the prophet Nathan entered the court and then revealed to the King the sins that he'd done, in secret. I knew that God used a broken vessel like King David. I knew that he was a man after God's own heart.

I knew that I also had access to the throne of grace and mercy. And I also believed that my love still had love in her heart for me, because of the substance of our relationship. And I believed that we'd have a testimony from it all.

I believed as Hezekiah did, that I had one leg to stand on, and I knew how to pray. I turned my face to the cosmos, on that train station platform and besought the face of God, on my own behalf. "Forgive me Lord." "Cast not thy face from me." "Restore unto me the joy of my salvation." (I knew that I could ask for anything, and see it manifest in 7 days).

I had repented. I knew that I'd never do it again. I knew that I'd never eat my own vomit, and lay with the enemy ever again. I knew that I'd never betray my love again, I knew that I was God's own. And I knew that there was still a plan for my life. Although I had traded my birthright and my inheritance for a bowl of stew; for a romp in the hay.

I'd repented and now I would wait on the Lord for my restoration. I didn't know how long it would take, but I believed in faith that my Lord would restore me to my lover's arms. I believed that one day, I would have the good pleasure of holding her in my arms again. I believed that her sweet embrace and her beautiful eyes would once again look upon me with adoration.

I would have to wait, I would have to Lament. I would have to allow the process to play out. I needed to give my love time to heal, and time to forgive me. I would have to endure the pain that I'd caused my love, through separation. The agony, the pain, the torture of facing my self destructive ways and indiscretions while pleading for mercy. (Lamenting).

Grace wasn't what I deserved. I deserved Justice and punishment. But God in his mercy had other plans for me and my love. Love never fails. Love is patient, and love is kind. Love is long suffering. Wait, wait, wait, until the promise. Wait for deliverance. Wait for restoration.



During the process of sitting, reflecting, and consecration, time stands still. But there is no time in the supernatural. Nothing is static in the cosmos. Therefore, prayers and meditations being metaphysical needn't time to manifest in the physical realm. They are pure energy, pure light.

I had stepped into the supernatural, with my lamentations and my supplications. My petitions had been ushered into the supernatural and they had a date stamp on them. Whether it was for reasons and plans that God had for me and my love, I don't know. But I can only assume so. It was nothing that I'd done, it was the grace and mercy of God.

At some point, shortly thereafter my love had already forgiven me. My love had already decided, once again, to have me back. I knew that it was God. It could only have been God, to have touched my love's heart and her mind. It could only have been God's love that healed her enough to move forward with our relationship, again. It was love that brought us back together; it was love.

I'd acknowledged my breaches and my sins. I'd repented of them, never to return. I'd sat and meditated, lamenting and replaying the events that led up to me compromising my relationship with my love and my God. I'd humbly asked for restoration. Believing that my love's heart would be touched by God, and that she would see my frailty, sickness, compulsion and obsession as psycho spiritual flaws that she could help me with, for the sake of love.

I didn't know when it would happen, I could only believe and wait. **Acknowledge, repent, lament, restoration.** This was the key, and faith was the engine to see the restoration of our love manifested in the physical realm. I could only believe; I could only wait for my change and for our restoration. I was God's time; not mine.

How does a woman forgive and take a man back that hurt her so deeply? It is only love. How does a woman allow herself to be vulnerable again? God's love. How does she open herself to him, again after the fall and after being so broken? Only love. Love never fails.

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