

Restoration

This morning I woke up with a renewed intention to make the changes in my life that I have known for so long, needed to take place. I had a long talk with the woman that I've loved for time, took the time to sit with me in broken state and just fellowship with me.

She sat and simply allowed her own disappointment and pain over the breaches of trust in our relationship, that I'd caused, to be suppressed for the moment, to be a minister. (How do we sing in a strange land). In that moment I realized what I'd known all along with and through her. I knew then that I was hearing the voice of God, through her, as I felt that I always had.

She expressed to me how she'd interpreted that my problem was spiritual at its core. She conveyed to me in her gentle and sweet as she always would, that she believed that my moral decay and psychosis, was rooted in my having become disconnected with Christ.

I listened closely. I paid attention to her words as they permitted my soul. Her words pierced my heart and saturated my mind. My consciousness was synchronized with my subconscious in that moment. My mind's eye was completely open. I knew that this was a message from God. I felt that her simple act of kindness and compassion was being rendered from a place of total compassion, and also love.

I knew that my friend, who had been estranged was being used by God to bring me a message that was intended just for me. I understood then this woman before me had allowed herself to feel the discomfort and walk into the anxiety that was caused from the very place that she was sitting now, had been a place of betrayal.

As I contemplated the space that we were in, I realized that the beauty of it all was no different that I'd ever spent with her before. I remembered all those many times that we'd been in each other's arms dancing on the living room floor or preparing meals together. Then her eyes began to seem like screen plays in front of me. The memories and the visions of those times were replaying before me as she exhorted me.

Her words of affirmation and consoling were welcomed; and I didn't hold back my receptiveness of her help to me. Her voice was always to me. Not a melodic sounding voice, but she has a rather authoritative voice that corrects you with love. Like God. Like any parent who counsels their beloved children, with compassion and understanding.

I looked into her eyes, as I always had and saw the pain that I'd caused her. I saw the love that I'd squandered. I saw a woman who could be scorned but had rather turned her discomfort into victory. In that she'd become a greater person from it all. She epitomized my writing. (Overcoming adversity through faith). She is the example of the believer. For love's sake. For God's sake.

How could someone be so forgiving? How could someone be so kind? How could someone look past so many instances, and still give her love to me?

Truly she is God's messenger. Truly she is God's daughter. Truly her trials with me, were afforded to her for development. This is the only way that I can make sense of it all. Is to equate what has happened between us, as a way to somehow draw us closer to God, through events that are painful. Not that it is a scapegoat, but simply and analogy.

I'd long proclaimed that my coming to the awareness and my acceptance of Christ as my personal savior, was because he'd led me through blessings and not by using pain to draw me to him. I've known for years that there was a calling on my life to preach the good news to the masses, through media. I also understood that my testimony would be greatly used by God, and I knew that the enemy would do anything to prevent it coming into fruition.

I told my love that I'd had enough hard knocks, now. I told her that I was tired of the distractions and wandering through the wilderness with dreams and purposes that hadn't been fulfilled. I told her that I was to begin a process of consecration.

I knew that this was the key to being restored. I knew that setting myself aside for a time would be the answer. I've decided now; having seen my love pour out her soul before the throne of God, over a man that she once poured her heart out before. I'd seen her tenderness and held her essence so close to me.

Now, my mission is clear. Now, my goal is obvious. Having seen her cry for me; having her seen her cry over me. With such grace, with such poise, with such dignity, with such charm and forgiveness.

Who could deny such love? Who could walk away from such truth? Who could disregard such promise? Who could walk away from God, having seen so much grace and mercy? Who could walk in disbelief, having witness the proverbial Red Sea part before me, in bringing us together? Who deny the power of God?

I'll wait this time; I'll fast and pray. I'll make supplications and meditate. I'll seek the face of God, for healing and restoration. I'll see the promise manifested, thereafter, by faith.

LeMay Imagery Publishing

©2021 Copyright LeMay Imagery Multi-Media