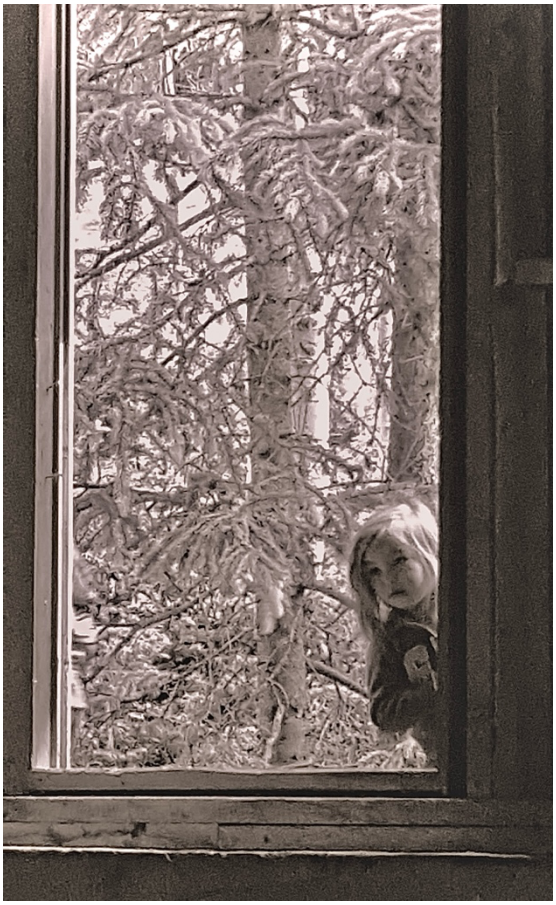
Birthdaze

There's nothing like a birthday at this age to shake up some things. When you begin to near the back forty after bumping down the road for the first twenty and losing track of the three decades in between. When life begins to slow to a snail crawl; for many all around you, and you wonder what happened to you. You know; I thought I'd be there by now (wherever 'there' is). I thought I might be able to do that (whatever 'that' is). I thought it would have happened by now (whatever 'it' is).

But as I stumbled into my prayers this week, I realized, this is perfectly what's right for me and where I am to be. Right now. Who knows what tomorrow might bring, but for me for today, this is okay. Even better than okay. This is good; this is right.



It doesn't mean I didn't take out the memories. Oh, I did! I unraveled myself and laid me on the table of my mind; I thumbed through the memories on the tablet of my heart. I ran my fingers through the tangles, trying to comb out snarls of poor choices, wanting to brush away the rat's nest of deceit and lies, pondering outcomes I would never see. I bandaged the busted fingers of blame jutting toward others when I was too weak to face the faults within myself. Would I err on the side of admonishment and outfit myself like an accountant and take responsibility? And even though the knots remain, even though the scars are raw, even though the reminders of shame and consequences sneak in when I least expect it, I thought, this is what coming to terms with oneself is all about.

Coming of age.

So, birthdays have a way of defining us. At the end of the day, I think to myself, I wouldn't change a thing. Maybe you would, but I wouldn't. I am so thankful where I am and even the road I traveled to get here. I am humbled because growth was hard fought, and painfully (but gratefully) won. I am peaceful knowing I didn't just arrive one day, once upon a long time, but I strived to get here. More important than anything else, and about which I have no words to the One Who showed up for me, I am undone that He chose me. I am overwhelmed a Holy God Who waited me out; that He outlasted my excuses and defenses, my insolence and selfishness. I am Indebted to the One Who stayed, Who didn't give up too soon, Who ran hard and fast after my wandering heart. He loves me enough to daily exfoliate all my faults with the cleansing grace of His forgiveness and wipes me down with the healing balm of new beginnings. He is the kindest One I know. Jesus...ridiculously kind.

Ps 138:8 'You keep every promise You've ever made to me! Since Your love for me is constant and endless, I ask You, Lord, to finish every good thing that You've begun in me!" (TPT)