

The Way Forward is Strange and Weaves

It's been seven months since my mother died.

About 3-4 months ago I began to put together a list - I call it a "Life List" (that sounds way better to me than a Bucket List) - things I want to do in life.

It was hard. Hard because life had kicked me in the gut, and I went down. And doubly hard because pastors are not supposed to go down (but we do sometimes). By grit I kept going, and did the list (it's from this book, I think it may be out of print, but it's good - *Falling Awake: Creating the Life of Your Dreams* by Dave Ellis).

And then I couldn't go on - I literally had to put the book down, plop the list on my desktop and handle just today. That what I did for the rest of the time until now.

I looked at the list yesterday, and a funny thing I noticed: I had already done or begun a few things on the list. I know! I was surprised and elated that yes, things have happened and continue to happen.



The way out of loss and grief is strange and it winds and weaves. I don't know where or how life will go on, but for now, today has been enough, and I'm truly thankful for everyone who has had a kind word or thought in the past few months.