

A Day in the Life

I have always loved music and reading. It always used to seem like no matter what was going on in life, I could list to music and I felt better. I could always lose myself in a good book and get away for awhile. Oh, how I took that for granted! There really aren't any songs or any books that do that for me now on some days. Today was one of those days.

I can remember that when we first were going through this, I tried so hard to find a song to listen to, someone that had written the words that I needed to hear. I wanted to read a book that would give me some escape and peace. I've read every self help book there is. I scoured the Bible for the words that gave me peace. I would let the book fall open on it's own thinking that maybe just maybe the words would fall out! Friends gave me daily devotionals, which I faithfully read and while all of that gave me comfort, the words just never quite seem to be what I need to hear. It could be me, but I am often reminded of when our daughter died and so many people said to me, "I'm so sorry, I know how you must feel." I have never understood that statement, because even if they have lost a child, no one know how YOU feel. Today is one of those days.

Even if someone has a loved one who is experiencing a loved one with a mental illness, they still do not know how I feel. Today is one of those days.

Our son was hurt today with words. Words that come from ignorance and we know that, but the words still hurt. Today has been rough. I would like to say, get over it, it's not worth a minute of our thoughts. Rational minds can do that. A mind with mental illness, cannot. And so we watch him suffer, not knowing what to do, hoping tomorrow will be better and pray that people who are so ignorant will gain understanding and meanwhile praying for our own understanding of those who are ignorant and reminding ourselves that 9 years ago we were ignorant as well.

There really is not anyone to talk to about this, it is just the way it is. Most people are too busy with their own lives to bother and even if they did, they would feel badly, but they really would not get it and so why bother?

Tomorrow will be a better day. We have had many and look forward to many more. Tomorrow there will be a song to sing, a verse to read and a laugh to laugh. But for today, there will be a prayer to pray. For this is a day that is to be wrapped up in a box with a bow on it and given to God.

Mom