



I'm Leaving this Pity-Party!

by Rose Noland

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It was the tenth anniversary of her soulmate's passing. Oh how she had loved him! And still did. No one understood and accepted her like he did. The pain of missing her man engulfed her. In the days and weeks preceding this anniversary, Rose was determined not to be consumed with grief. But that's a lot easier said than done!

It's normal, she thought, to feel this sadness these last few weeks. If it hadn't been for Jesus and this ministry to women He had given her, there's no way she would have made it these last ten years. But try as she might; pray as she might—grief still came knocking on the morning commemorating Ed's home-going.

And she let him in. Thus began the pity-party.

A minute later, she heard a knock at the door. She peered through the peephole and saw that it was Discouragement. Rose didn't want to let him in. She had predetermined that she wasn't going to waste the day with him. She simply had too much to do with the wonderful ministry the Lord had given her!

“Go away!” Rose said.

But Discouragement kept banging and he wouldn't leave. "Come on, Rose! You shouldn't be alone today. I know how very much you loved Ed and miss him."

His words were too persuasive, and against her better judgement, the grieving widow let him in.

Before she could shut the door, Doubt, Fear, and Self-Indulgence came bounding through the entrance. "I invited your other friends too, Rose," said Discouragement. "You need company today."

"Don't worry, Rose, we're here to help you," announced Self-Indulgence. "Look what I brought—chips, candy, and some great movies to get your mind off of Ed."

The poor widow collapsed onto the couch and began sobbing. Grief put her arms around her and said, "That's right. Go ahead and cry—you're supposed to! Everyone knows it's not good to keep it in. You're supposed to be down and stay down. This was your one and only soulmate!

"Go ahead and listen to that music by Fernando Ortega. It'll really take you back to those last few days of hospice and the moment Ed left this earth. Don't you want to keep those memories alive?"

"Not really," sobbed Rose. "I don't want to forget him—I never could. But I don't want to remember the pain of those last few days. I want you all to please leave."

"We just got here," said Self-Indulgence. "Let's put on one of these romantic movies. It'll remind you how wonderful it is to have someone love you like he did."

"Yes, but that'll just make me sadder since I don't have a mate anymore. I have lived alone for ten years now. I don't think another man is in my future."

As she dwelled on what she didn't have anymore, discontentment started to rise in her heart. She thought maybe she's not pretty enough now to attract a guy. After all, she was in her upper sixties. Plus, she knew she wasn't the easiest person to live with. Ed was a gem! Besides, who wants all that relational conflict?

But it sure would be nice to have those tangible arms envelop her, and to hear those sweet encouraging words of "I love you."

Rose was at the edge of falling down into that deep pit of depression again, when suddenly another knock on the door came.

“Who is it?” whimpered the lonely soul.

“It is I, Jesus, your Deliverer. I’ve come to remind you how much I love you. I know that this is a difficult day for you. I am so proud of the way you have lived for Me since Ed’s been gone.”

Rose smiled as a glimmer of hope rushed into her heart. It steadied her and kept her from falling into that awful pit.

“Don’t let Him in!” cried Doubt. “He’ll make you do things where you feel inadequate. How many times have you cried out that you simply can’t do it!? I’ve heard you say that plenty of times.”

Fear gripped her shoulders and asserted, “You know you are a scaredy cat, and you *always* will be.”

Rose waffled a bit, but then she heard the kind words of the One at the door.

“That’s the old Rose. The new Rose has learned how to go in My strength, not her own. Look at all you have been able to accomplish with Me at your side.”

“That’s right!” affirmed the once-fearful widow as she recalled how many women she had impacted with her testimony since Ed’s death.

Doubt retorted, “Yeah, but what about that new problem which is still unresolved with the ministry? You certainly don’t want to face that today, of all days.”

Fear agreed, “There are too many unknowns! You can’t deal with that today.”

“Yeah, just give up.” declared Discouragement. “You’ve tried all these years and you’re nowhere near where you thought you’d be by now. It’s not worth it!”

“Don’t listen to them, said Jesus. I have Productivity and Effectiveness with Me. Let’s go out together and continue working on that project.”

Discouragement said, “Don’t leave, Rose. This is your party, remember? You can’t just leave us here!”

“Oh, yes I can! said the revived follower of Jesus. “I didn’t ask you to come.”

“Yes, but you let me in!”

“So I did. But my Rescuer has come and I’m leaving this pity-party and all of this negativity! This has not been fun at all. Pity-parties never are.

Rose opened the door and Jesus greeted her with a warm and extremely comforting embrace. “Come on,” He said, “I have a new writing assignment for you: “Ten tips on How to Leave a Pity-Party.” Others need to learn what you just did.

Filled with a renewed hope, Rose went hand in hand with Jesus and just loved seeing that smile on His face! He always knew how to comfort and encourage her.

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