

Choices

Over and over I've heard people speak on choices the past couple of days. One of the ladies who came in w/ Unshackled Ministries played for me before service began. One of the things that stunned me was she said, "the weight it is in your choices." I got that!

I know I'll have a choice to sell dope or to persevere through the hard times & work for what I get. I know the choice will be mine if I use or if I do everything I know to do to stay sober. I'll have to constantly choose between the next right thing and the easy way out. But my choices will reflect whom I place my trust in.

The choices I make within these gates reflect the type of choices I'll make out there. If I'm in here showing my ass that means nothing has changed and I'll continue to make poor choices once I'm released. However, I'm making choices to improve & change my thinking; therefore, I'll stop to think about the choices set before me, out there.

There should be in me the foresight to see where my choices will lead me. Yet, not every choice I make is clear. Sometimes, it's hard to see what the outcome will be of a perceived right choice. Sometimes what I think is a right choice turns out to be wrong. But as my Mama said, "you live and learned."

One choice I'm totally for certain about is the fact that me and my household will serve the Lord God. I'm learning that my choices directly affect those around me. I learned that by the crime I committed.

We as the people of our nation make choices daily that affect our society as a whole. When we choose to ignore the abuse, the drugs, the crime, & the homeless then we choose to allow our nation to fall apart. It's a choice to better the community in which you live.

I make the choice to live life to the betterment of those God places in my path. I make the choice to live chemical and crime free. I make the choice to love and serve God with my whole heart.

I make the choice to love my husband, children, and friends with godliness and joy.

What choices are you making today?

Be Blessed

Feeling It...

Man, I'm sitting here and I'm feeling it. What is it? Several things at the same time. One thing I know is that I'm feeling instead of shutting down & shutting out. Instead I'm choosing to walk through the it.

I'm feeling my husband because out of love for me he corrects me. Out of past experience, I lashed out. I'm feeling the sorrow and regret of what I penned. I love him so much & I can't believe I went left on him. He truly didn't deserve it; truthfully no one deserves our words spoken out of anger or hurt... not when you love them.

I'm feeling my anger towards someone who claimed to be in ministry and asked me to write in their newsletter. This person failed to mention he was (a) locked up & (b) was 3-waying mail to begin with. I feel deceived and that I should've seen the game. One thing I've learned is that I'm always going to take such matters to my husband first.

I'm feeling the emotional strain of being out of contact w/ my family. My sister just had a birthday and I made sure to send her a card. I always do. However, just once I'd like to hear something even if it was to tell me, "F*ck you"

I'm feeling some type of way behind this hell hole of prison & the deaths we've had in the past couple of weeks. Two from my dorm. It leaves me humble that much is for sure. It also makes me stay on point with my maker.

I feel some type of stupid at the recent events in my personal life that could've been avoided. We each come to realize things after the fact

usually not during.

I'm feeling the anxiety about parole already. If I could just get it over - I'd feel better, but I don't want to see them until I have all my address straight. Mainly, I'm waiting on my updated acceptance letter from a solid foundation.

I'm feeling so much @ the moment & the only thing that matters is fixing things with the (name) I love w/ my whole being.

Be blessed
✍️

7/20/11

LOVE

(Pg 1)

Many say falling in love is for fools, but I believe it's a gift from above. I've loved plenty in my life, but I'm just now learning what it means to be loved. Let alone I'm accepting the love given to me.

Love has always hurt me. Once upon a time, I sought to hurt the ones I loved or love before they could hurt me. In the long run I hurt myself. I eventually grew hard & bitter.

Looking back, I wish I could undo a lot of the hurt I caused because the people I hurt often didn't deserve it. If they did deserve it - they should not have gotten it, because love means pardoning the wrong.

Tonight as I ready for bed, I know that I got deep love for James (my beloved) & that I really do miss him. What we've been going through as a couple the past two weeks shows me that if we were not meant to be together we would

(1)

not let under attack.

My love for them keeps me steadfast in God, committed to our relationship, believing God to see us through, and refusing to allow my love to do them wrong or do them wrong of my part.

Love - God gives; love - heart chooses love - freely forgiving.

Real love - you know it because it's attached in the depth of your soul.

get some - LOVE!