

My Mistake

It's unlikely but I might have made a mistake. First off, I am a rebel at heart. I don't know why but I hate being told I can't. It was insinuated that I didn't measure up all of my childhood. It could either go one way or the other. You might retreat into a shell. Maybe success would seem unachievable. Then there is the other side. The rebel (oh yes, I can) side. I have no explanation but I chose the rebel side. There were little mentors and inspirations in my life. However, the badgering of my character caused me great pain. In some ways it plagues me to this day. It's made me a hot mess at times.

In comes my mistake. What happens when a person makes a grave error. They are told by everyone that they suck? In comes the Pastor rebel to save the day. Now to be fair I didn't want to save this person. I just hate taking no for an answer. To understand them would be the way through to fixing the problem. People should have second chances like the one I received from God. I need to extend that grace and understanding to others. With that said, I decided to keep this person as a friend. We met weekly. I wanted to understand their issue. Boy, did I get it!

The trouble with me is being a burden bearer. What the heck is that? It's a gift from God that allows me to feel people's burdens. The burdens they don't reveal. I knew that my friend was hiding something. I always know. Yet, the burden bearer rarely gets to know who it is. It's my job to just pray when I feel the burden. I think one of the reasons we generally don't get to know who is because of the truth. The truth can suck. It might change how I feel. My friend's true sin was a doozy. Yet, the rebel tried to hold on for a year.

What does God have to say? Psalm 1:1-2 says "*Blessed is the one who does not walk in step with the wicked or stand in the way that sinners take or sit in the company of mockers, but*

whose delight is in the law of the Lord, and who meditates on his law day and night.” I could also quote 1 Corinthians 15:33 “Do not be misled: *“Bad company corrupts good character.”*”

Now, my friend is not a problem or evil in my eyes. Yet, he does need mending. Who was going to help him with that? Some say that God is the one to fix him. That people need to stand back and watch the hot mess. Is that the real way it goes? People should not help people? Yet, there are times we need to let it work itself out.

As I said, I feel things. One of those things is silence from God. I felt God was letting me stay in the relationship. To let my Christian morals, grind against divorce. However, the whole mess grinded against me. Be a friend vs the right thing to do. The sins people commit might have grinded against me too. Yet, recently God has made it clear to end it. To sever the friendship. That has grinded against me too. It’s time and I know it.

So, why write about it? It’s because we have all had friends that made mistakes. I know someone who was drunk and caused a death in their youth. How that must have haunted them. Yet, how haunted were others by the mistake? I struggled with my mother’s mental state my whole life. How to honor a loved one when they clearly are abusing many around them? At some point you just can’t. People need to made their own bed. We can’t always try and make it for them.

How hard it is to let them go? What if I was wrong? Yet, time and time again it was the right thing to do. I was forced to be alone when I went through divorce. It made me look in the mirror. It does not matter why it happened. What would I do next. Nobody can rightfully answer that. Each of us must find our own solutions. Those deep inside answers. Friends are good. Great family is helpful. Yet, late at night in bed alone we wrestle with our demons.

Sometimes friends and family need to back off. I suspect I knew the truth about my friend in the beginning. Yet, I couldn't resist helping. Did I really? What if being alone was the best medicine they could receive? That very thing helped me all those years ago. In some fashion was it more about me feeling good about helping? What if letting people sink, stew, and think is the best thing? Why turn their mistake into my mistake?