Twitter Thread by Beth Moore



Beth Moore
@BethMooreLPM

An Interrupted Dawn

A fresh sadness has cast its cold shadow over me. It caught me by surprise but not because I'm unaccustomed to flickering light. I'm too old to be unaccustomed to such common things. I'm not afraid. Just surprised. Surprised because I thought it was morning.

2020 was such a dark year. Like you, no doubt, the global darkness of the pandemic fell like a lead blanket over a personal season that would also throw a wool shawl over my man & me. Our 2 kids did just what they we're supposed to do. They grew up. To our great fortune, we still

got to live a lot of family life. The halls of our house rang a constant ruckus. Grandchildren running, skating, cartwheeling, dancing, leaping, hiphopping, dog-ball-throwing, nerf gun launching. Adults eating, discussing, debating, arguing, discoursing and opining as Moores do.

Then the Lord moved one. Then the others. Moved them far away. I blame it entirely on the Lord because that's how I can accept and embrace it as good. I know it was him because even I can look at it—at what he's orchestrated for my people—& nod & say, Amen. So be it. It is well.

What he'd given Keith & me in having both our girls & their loves all these years was a gift, not a right. Amen. So be it. It is well. I hesitate to write this part because my girls will see it & I know they will hate it because they love their mother. So I'll say it quickly like

ripping off a bandaid. Our bright home turned to coal. I lack 1000 things but God made me resilient. I could go so far as to say he made me happy. I don't stay down long and, by his kindness, this was no exception. Some 6 weeks later, we were making adjustments, Keith & me.

I am a believer in the abundant fruitful life. I take my right to joy seriously. I believe to my bones, if we're in him & 1 part of the life shrinks, if we'll ask him, trust him, partner with him, he'll make another part grow. And he did. Literally. I set my mind to grow things.

I'd made an unlikely friend. A woman around my age, my no-nonsense no-social media polar opposite, whom Keith found to help with some of our acreage. She's a magician. Can grow anything. Can do most anything. A beekeeper. Tree whisperer. She began to teach me. I began to grow.

And I began to grow things. I'd grown interested in the last few years. Had begun trying my hand at grapevines. Awkward at it. But loved it. I kept those up, added an herb garden. Still in a pandemic. Still ached for family but gardening was good medicine. The sun shines outside.

Added fruit trees. And my friend & I made plans for a small vegetable garden this Spring. She was supposed to return 3 weeks ago. Found out 2 days ago my gardener friend, my beekeeping Sensei, would not be coming back at all. Didn't get to say goodbye. Don't know what happened.

Keith says they're planning to move. I texted her. Told her what joy she brought me & I'd miss her so & always thank God for her.

I feel silly saying it. It's overdramatic. I know it's temporary. But, just like that, an unexpected a shadow fell & sadness pierced clean thru me.

I'm not the precious kind. I may be an optimist but I'm not remotely an idealist. I've always thought life would break your heart. Never lived an overprotected life. Not in childhood. Not in adulthood. I know aches and pains. I'm hearty.

It's just that I thought it was morning.

And that we - I mean all of us now who bear the effects of living through an isolating global pandemic - were on the cusp of a little brighter day.

And here's what I want you to know. It's the reason I've written this yawning account to you this morning. We are, I believe.

Oh I think this earth will still quake & we'll face dark days again & again. But I do think a little brighter day out from under some of the oppression of this pandemic is indeed coming. I just want to tell you in advance so you might not be caught off guard: dawns can get long.

They can get interrupted. We can think, finally! The future is straightahead. All forward motion. A bath of light. Then clouds shift over the sun. Doesn't mean it's suddenly night. It just means the day takes longer to break sometimes than we would like. So we wait, you and I.

We wait for daybreak as those who know it is coming. We do not fear when the shadows shift. We need not even fear when the night calls. For the Lord is our light. Our sun and our moon and our stars. Our shimmer upon the waters.
Though dawn be interrupted, the Day is on His way.

Amen. So be it. It is well.