

Jan 6 (Epiphany!)

Never mentioned Christmas in terms of Christ (like the unthinking, pagan sinner I am). Now on Epiphany I do remember the miracle of his birth. Moreover, I remember the miracle of His re-birth within me and my re-birth in Him each day. I have been despairing as of late. The last two days have been bummers for me. It may be (and most likely be) due to my starting work. The anxiety associated with that, plus the usual moderate level of stress of just living here PLUS the realization that the Ambassadors club in an every nite rather than a weekend thing, all combined to give me a bad case of the "lets get out of here" blues. The worst part is in the way it affects Deb. I get bummed then she'll get paranoid and I'll say how I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for you and she begins to feel (and rightly so) that I am laying a guilt trip on her. Sometime I wish she wasn't here so I could just say "I'm going home" and not have to worry about her job or decision. But fortunately, she is a buffer for my more depressing times. Without her I would have gone home, she has stabilized my highly emotional temperament as of late. I've actually been quite concerned about my mental health. I have vague memories of my breakdown in 1977 and I have been feeling is similar. A helplessness and a gut level anxiety a kind of "wimpishness" that is difficult to describe. All I know is that it leads to a lot of inaction, indecision and unhappiness. I've been feeling trapped and yet unable to determine what I have been trapped into. It's impossible to describe the feelings, but they have been self-defeating. Nothing specific just a lack of positivism & "fight" in the way I approach each day. A little of escapism and lack of assertiveness. Oh, I don't know. Perhaps I make too much of it. The bottom line has been that I've been none too happy the past couple of days. It's even affected Deb.

But this morning, before I started work, as I sat alone in my office, I prayed aloud to Christ to give me guidance and strength. He has answered that prayer and though I'm far from being completely at home & free from anxiety, I am a bit more at peace with myself. My strength and success in this place (or in any place) lies in the hands of Christ. I just fail to keep that in the forefront of my thoughts and fail to maintain my "phone lines" to Christ/ I need to maintain my relationship with Him first and the rest should fall into place. Easy to say, so difficult to carry out in day to day living.

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