

The Words of Isaiah

My dear Jil,

Have you ever sat down to read a book and certain words just seem to leap at you from the pages? Well, I was reading the Words of Isaiah the other day and a statement just leaped at me! Even more intriguing is the fact that I felt the words were meant for you. I can't explain the feeling. I am therefore going to share them with you.

Here are the words of Isaiah: "You'll use the rubble of past lives to build anew, rebuild the foundations from out of your past." It sounds prophetic, and I'm thinking about all you have gone through – the utter decimation of your emotions. You went through hell. Those who haven't been close to the flame can't imagine what it means to pass through fire. You became utterly confused, didn't know where to turn, lost coordinates. Life sent you into a tailspin. You had absolute trust in that relationship. Everything seemed assured, guaranteed.

The families had met, wedding date set, on course. And then it all shattered. He impregnated another girl. EVERYTHING came tumbling down. He walked willy-nilly into a satyriasis inducing trap set up by a rather young woman. She just happened to be ovulating at the period of time! And WHAM! Her family brayed for blood. And everything just unraveled from there. Everything broke



down – the dream shattered, like an untempered glass. And the shards cannot be reassembled. He's unhappily married to the young woman now. Her family insisted. He deflowered their innocent daughter. The fast and furious sequence of events wrought utter devastation. And now you're here.

You didn't volunteer for pain, but pain found you, located your home. You've shut yourself up from the world, crying unend. You've refused to eat. Your life is boarded up. You're become emotionally emaciated. And physically too. And you're wondering what you've done wrong. When things like this happen we often wonder. We question why, we wonder why. Why us? In these circumstances we somehow assign faults to ourselves, blame ourselves irrationally. We wonder what else we could have done, how we could have prevented the events, the humiliation. It's like watching a game rerun, wishing you can reverse the hand of time; make that little change in that moment in time. And what a mess. The whole affair was so messy and sordid you had to give up. And that was painful, hard. Trust was most shattered. It takes a lot to recover from that. Even if you had willed the wedding go on, major damage had been done. The foundation was shattered.

What with all those details. And yet the words of Isaiah keep ringing in my ears: "You'll use the rubble of past lives to build anew, rebuild the foundations from out of your past." It means you'll use the rubble of this decimation to build a new life – that you can start afresh. You deserve a beautiful life, made of beautiful

dreams. You deserve joy, love and peace. You've got to revisit the beautiful plan of the life you wanted. It's not delusory. You just had the wrong partner. Clear your construction site. Cart away the rubble – the mementos, letters, photographs. It's going to take determination. There'll be dusty memories from the past threatening to choke you. Remove your robes of widowhood. It's time to build anew. Put on fresh clothes. Wear some colour. The sun will not rise until you rise. That's an illustrative principle of life. You have to make the effort. But you must take each day as it comes, one day at a time. Don't rush it. Rebuilding takes effort but the greatest effort is courage. You have enough raw materials to rebuild with. You're so blessed. There's that beauty of your character – your good heartedness, sense of loyalty, honesty. There's that winsomeness. People like you, feel comfortable with you. You're kind! These are wonderful building materials. You're blessed! Out of this devastation will come a new life. You did nothing wrong. He did something wrong. Quit blaming yourself. Get up, wash your face, eat some food. Strength will come, courage will come, as you take those steps.

There'll be moments of flashes of despair, when you're tempted to just break down again, to feel sorry for yourself. Resist those moments. Take steps to move on, to open the door to a new chapter. Avoid bitterness. Your ex is rather to be pitied. You're in a much better position than he is and life will soon show. He's trapped. His life is permanently altered and the consequences are present continuous. You've got your whole life in front of you. You've got your life to live.



He made his choice. If you insist on being an unmarried widow you won't meet another man, even if you do meet him. Remember that warm, kind, peaceful and tender home you wanted... full of love and affection? It's feasible. And remember that dream of being a wonderful and dutiful wife?

You used to tell me your husband will wonder what he ever did to deserve a wonderful woman as you. Let's go back to those dreams. They're feasible. Only the timing is altered. God will wipe away the tears. He'll give you beauty for ashes. I've seen devastations turned around. I've seen sorrows become testimonies. Yours will be no different. The deserving will come. That appreciative and faithful man... he'll come! And the stone the builders rejected will become the cornerstone of a new home. Do take care of yourself. I'll check up on you again.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Linda Allen". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large initial "L" and a long, sweeping underline.

Your mentor

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