

Your Insight

March 2014

Little Girl, Get Up by Marie Billsborough

I am sat drying hair after my shower. My heart feels heavy today, my body tired from too many days of living feeling fully stretched to capacity. I stare in to the mirror at dry skin, dark circles and sigh at the lines which seem to increase daily at the moment around my eyes. I used to think of them as laughter lines but now I am not so sure.....

I sit, feeling spent, but ever grateful to God as I reflect on the fact that it is only in his strength that I am able to navigate this current season of life. As I reflect on this, on Him, on who He is in my life, a thought begins to form. It appears like an air bubble from beneath water and the ripples begin to flow out as the bubble bursts on the surface.....is this really the way God wants me to live? Even though I now have a greater capacity than ever before to cram much in, is fully stretched all of the time really his plan for my life?



The ripples of this thought flow through me; what happens when we live like this, are there things around me that I am missing?

We can be organised, efficient like a well oiled machine; we move quickly, feeling a sense of achievement with each item ticked off the list, each day that we get through without disaster. The ripples get bigger; what am I missing? Mother, wife, daughter, sister, friend, church leader, counsellor, business owner, volunteer; these are just some of the things I give my all to, cramming as much in as I can. These are also the things that help to bring me to this point in the way I live - fully stretched! Again the question, what am I missing.....

The answer comes to me. It feels just like one of the waves breaking over me in the summer as I sat in the surf with our girls on holiday. The force of it knocks me slightly off centre, causing me to engage my core as I regain my balance; I am missing everything, everything that really matters - I am missing who I truly am.



Marie. Where has she gone; who is inside this capacity stretched skin?

Where is the girl who loves to feel the sand between her toes and the sun on her face? The one who loves to dance, to laugh, to create, to read? Where is the girl who would disappear in thought watching the shapes the flames made whilst melting butter in front of the fire?



Where is the girl who sat in the basket of her granddad's bike laughing with joy as the wind was blowing through her hair. The girl who loves quiet, loves her own company but also loves those around her passionately. Where is the girl that cried at the injustice that she saw on the television, of hollow eyes of starving babies in countries so far away? Where is the girl who dreamed of going to help?

Granddad



That girl became a woman. For a long time she lived struggling through the circumstances life brought her way. She became lonely, depressed, felt worthless. But, this was not God's plan for her life. Who did this woman become? She is Marie, me. The beloved daughter of her Father in heaven, uniquely created, gifted, LOVED.

I realise in that moment I need to go back, to remember who I was before all the roles, experiences and labels came; I need to find the girl who sits in the basket with the wind blowing in her hair. I believe she is still inside, somewhere..... This girl took the time to dream by the fire, but, she was also fully present, doing what she loved; this girl was free. **This is who God made me, Marie, to be.**

Revelation begins from the God whisper.....

Holding her hand, he said to her, "Talitha kum!“, which means "Little girl, get up!" Mark 5:41. Little girl, get up; come back to me; the tears come.



The woman who lives at capacity can move efficiently through life, but the girl; the girl truly loves, she shares, she laughs, she cries, wears her heart on her sleeve and does not care who sees the inside, does not worry about what others think; this girl loves passionately, does not hold back, she is real. She is the one I want to share with those around me, with my family, my own daughters, my friends, the people I come in to contact with because she is who God made me to be before life, experiences and labels came.

I look once more in to the mirror. Who God made me to be is beautiful, I do not need to conform to what others think I should be. I do not need to change, to be better, thinner, more efficient, less wrinkled :), more extrovert or have a larger capacity. No, instead, I need to make space to rediscover and simply be who God created me to be, he does not need another one of someone else, he needs me, Marie. He has a great plan for my life.



And the Lord shall guide you continually and satisfy you in drought *and* in dry places and make strong your bones. And you shall be like a watered garden and like a spring of water whose waters fail not.



Today is significant, today is a new beginning; the writing of a new chapter. Today and every day I have the power to choose the story I write, which words will flow from the pen of my life. How do I write this new chapter? I begin by making space, being fully present; not rushing to tick off the list but instead to take time to dream. Today I choose to give time to those around me, to be present in each moment; to laugh, to cry, to kiss, to love and most importantly, to quiet my soul. It is only then that I begin to hear the God whispers in my life; it is only when I choose to stop and listen that I hear the words that he wants to speak. These are not just words He wants to speak in to my life, but words He wants to speak to others too; words to bring comfort, to bring peace, hope and joy. My prayer is that these whispers will become a shout in my life.

We can live our lives in many things, in stretched to capacity skin; in fear, in worry, in stress, in lack and doubt or we can begin to write a new chapter. It is only when we live without striving, without rushing through to tick off the list, that we truly experience this beautiful journey called life in its fullest.

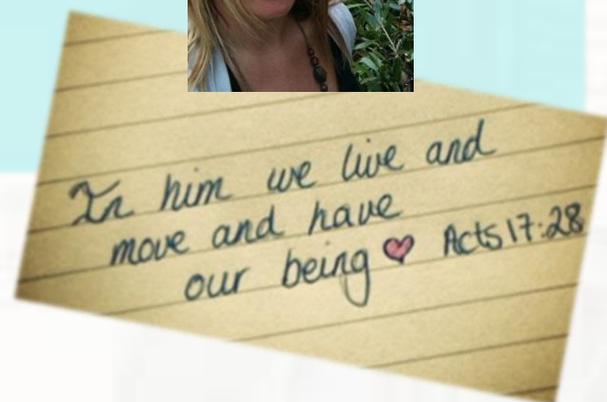
In him we live and move and have our being (Acts 17:28).

In Him. Journeying together as one. No labels. The girl on the bike. The one who laughs with the wind blowing her hair. Just Marie. Who God intended her to be. Beloved Daughter. Free.....



The revelation begins with the God whisper.....
'Talitha Koum, Little Girl, the time has come to Get Up, ♥

With Love & Blessings, *Marie* x



If you would like to share your story or something that God has been speaking to you about, you can send it to Meliza: melizahere@yahoo.co.uk. We would love to hear from you! x



City Church Women
Leaving heart prints on our world