



March 16, 2022
A Note from Di Huey

Dear Friends,

God works in mysterious ways, and ogres, like onions, have layers.

I suppose that may seem like two too-incongruous concepts, but hear me out: only God can see us at the core — beneath all of the layers, the masks, the pretense, the trauma, the fear, the impudence, rage, and indignation.

Beneath the love, the hope, the grace, the indignation, the bull-headed stubbornness of our own self-righteousness.

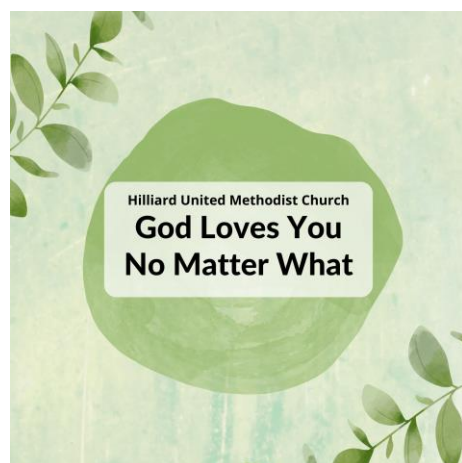
Beneath the sleepless nights, and the joyful tears, the wounded hearts, the scars that seem to never heal, and the ogre-ish way that we push away the ones who would pull us close... God is right there.

My faith journey has been circuitous, at best, and I wandered the desert of my self-imposed exile for decades. I could give you any number of reasons, excuses, delusions about where I was & why I was there. The truth is I was hurting, and confused.

I didn't know a God who loved me no matter what. I had never learned of such a God.

The God I "knew" was tyrannical, vengeful, and really (worst of all) absent. I wasn't mature enough to understand what God's love was, much less have the presence of mind to grasp that bad things happen to people — all people, not just good people, or bad people, or... well, let's just leave the labels & the shame monikers out of it, shall we?

I blamed God for bad things that happened to me, and I removed myself from His love the way a toddler in mid-tantrum runs away from their parents. And worst of all, I let my



stubborn, stubborn, self-righteous, wounded heart keep me from having a meaningful relationship with my mother — another wounded, wounded soul in need of love & support. We didn't speak for 30 years.

So here's where the story changes. My friend & neighbor used to walk in the early mornings before our boys would get on the school bus. We typically talked about the boys, their antics, their sports and whatnot, but one day the conversation shifted.

She was hurting, and she shared that her spouse had cheated on her. I was shocked & dismayed for her, and prepared to rally the troops for full-on battle. "NO way is he getting away with that nonsense; let's go pack his stuff & kick him to the curb!!" I thought.

What she said next stopped me in my tracks: **"I have already forgiven him."**

She was hurt, she was mad, she felt betrayed, but she had forgiven him.

And then we talked about faith, about a God who loves and forgives, who takes us as we are, imperfect and stumbling, and loves us. She talked about for better and for worse, and all of those things we say at the wedding altar. And she invited me to go to church with her for Easter service.



It was a profound, transformational moment, and I finally stopped running from God & started running to Him.

I needed to know more about this unimaginable love, and I needed to know more about this gift of forgiveness.

I've learned a lot in the years since then. I have so much more to learn. But in the not-so-distant past, I took a breath, forgave myself for being a stubborn brat, & prayed that my mom would also forgive me — as I had forgiven her for the chasm of hurt we had built between us. God's love let me build a bridge, and I am truly thankful for that gift.

My mom & I talk & text regularly now, and we see each other when we are able. COVID has put a big damper on that.

Forgiveness made my heart light, and it helped heal wounds I thought would never go away.

Love helped me grow into a person with more compassion and a willingness to work to acknowledge & accept responsibility for my own actions, and to give more grace to others who are hurting.

I have a lot of work to do, but knowing that I am loved, beloved, no matter what, makes all the difference.

Peace, love, & forgiveness,

Di Huey
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