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The DISTORTED LENS of

Joni the Jetsam

DISTORTION: "If only I had been a better wife, he would not have left."

Going through the process of a life-changing event (divorce), was an emotionally exhaustive experience. Joni struggled with doing the "right" thing, all the while also trying to "fix" the problem and achieve reconciliation. Joni wrestled with God time and time again over the "why's" of the occasion and beat herself up for not having been a better (perfect) wife. One day, as she was in the midst of yet another wrestle, she believed God gave her a word picture thought. She saw herself at the edge of the ocean, bare feet squishing moist sand between her toes as she walked into the rushing waves.

Each time she embarked to into the midst of the waters, a giant wave would overwhelm her, and she would be brought back to the shore, the starting point. Again she would try, and again, she would be rushed back to shore. She was exhausted emotionally and physically. Then God spoke to her inner soul, "Joni, you can turn on your back and float. Quit trying to overcome the waves. Just float." As she thought about this, it made more and more sense. "On my back, the only place I could look was up; turning my head to the right or left would cause me to swallow water, lose my balance and no doubt be pushed back to shore (or drown). But, when I laid on my back, spread my arms above my head and rested, the water did the carrying."

REFLECTIONS for DISCUSSION

What recurrent circumstances, regrets do you wrestle with? If only I would have...
If only he would have...If only life would have been...

Jetsam Definition:
Discarded things. The
part of the cargo
thrown overboard to
lighten a ship...
discarded cargo
washed ashore.

CoDevelopers of O for the Soul
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Bonus From Joni the Jetsam aka: Francis the Firefly

The Bathtub, Blow-dryer and the Bible

As narrated by Joni LeRette-Flores The Jetsam



At age 18 I moved away from home. Since then, every June 3 at precisely 9:22 a.m., without fail, I can count on my telephone ringing with the message, "Happy Birthday...I remember the day ...at this time "x" number of years ago, we saw you for the first time." Mom's birthday calls recount the drive to the hospital, the anticipation and the nearly 30-day wait until she and Dad could bring me home following my arrival.

Though I don't recall exactly those minutes, hours and days, I believe they have had a profound effect on my life. Let me explain..

At six weeks premature, five decades ago, I weighed less than five pounds. My first month of life was spent in an incubator, incubating, I suppose, like a baby chicken. I have often wondered if my affinity for the sound of whirring, warm air, being swaddled in a fetal position, has been a result of my time spent in "the cube" upon my birth.

Mom's stories of my "chasing the vacuum" as a child and my own recollection of digging the canister Eureka out of the closet, plugging it in, turning it on and then laying next to it until Mom forced a shut off bring smiles and laughter. Still, today, one of my favorite "splurges" is to be able to lock myself in the bathroom, fold a towel as a pillow, plug in the blow dryer, lay on the floor and just "be." It is a time when I think, pray, wrestle with God and embrace the warmth of comfort.

Going through divorce, Bathroom, Blow dryer, Bible (BBB) time was precious, healing. In those days, I would lock myself in my personal closet of prayer with Bible and blow dryer, read, cry (at times wail) and then, exhausted, spent, curl up into a ball and wait...for God's comforting presence to surround me. For the soothing whir and warm air to lull me to rest.

