

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Navigating



Mom's cancer was advancing and she was fearful about the drastic changes that were happening to her body. She had lost 50 pounds and looked gaunt and frail. In an effort to regain weight, Mom decided that high-fat foods would solve the issue. Still having some strength to cook, she learned to maneuver around the kitchen with ease.

One evening, she had finished a meal of fried chicken, mashed potatoes, and gravy and, within 30 minutes of becoming nauseous, could not hold down her food. After spending 45 minutes in the bathroom, she was weak from vomiting and returned to rest in her room. I knew the best time to approach her was at some point in this semi-weakened state when her defenses were down. I patiently waited for the right time to address the diet situation.

I started by telling her how sorry I was that she was not able to enjoy her favorite foods and asked her if we could try and find ways to help her enjoy food that her body could handle. I also mentioned there was a protocol that included a variety of targeted herbs and supplements to help with digestive challenges. In her state of weakness and frustration, she agreed to cooperate. Within a week, she had eliminated fried foods, dairy, white bread, and coffee and had begun implementing the protocol of herbs and supplements into her diet. Her appetite returned, and the extreme nausea was gone! Her digestive system responded well to the added probiotics, bone broth, and increased water. Soon she was eating three meals a day and, although she was not gaining weight, she was able to keep the food down.

A month passed, and Mom began to complain about the diet she was on. She felt deprived of her favorite foods and started to add things to the grocery list that would again create upheaval in her body. Her mood got darker and her silence increased as she, once more, became uncooperative. When I asked what was going on, she had no answer other than to say, "You think too much and make a big deal out of nothing." Returning to eating the foods that she thought would help her gain weight, the nausea returned. She met my attempts at communication with dismissive responses, and I could only assume she had changed her mind and lost interest in the protocol and diet modification.

My hope turned to disappointment as the impasse between us widened. Feeling helpless in my efforts to provide relief, I wrestled with understanding why she had reverted back to making choices that made her feel worse. When the new shipment of herbs and supplements arrived, she told me to return them because it was too complicated and hard to keep track of what to take. There were

five products, and I offered to create a checklist for her, but she declined. With a heavy heart, I sent the products back and accepted her choice.

I then turned to the Lord in prayer, needing help to work through the disappointment, rejection, and any lies I still believed that told me I was responsible for my mom's outcome. My work was done for the day, and it was time to rest. I sat on my bed, wrapped in my favorite blanket, and felt the Lord's peace. The peace came in like a ribbon that slowly moved through the room and began to envelop me. I took long, deep breaths, inhaling peace and exhaling stress.

I then asked Jesus what he wanted me to know and He said:

Lisa, the core of your being has gone through some deep inner healing and the intrusion of codependent, rescuing behaviors are external. They are no longer internally a part of who you are. Do not believe the lies that will try to come. Keep navigating with me. I will help you and I will never leave you.

The it was – the truth I needed to hear. The healing I had walked through over the last few years was intact and to believe otherwise would be a lie...

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