

Even God Rested



I've been in high gear for as long as I can remember, even as a kid. With hard-working, driven parents, they knew the value of every single one of us, and so, we all helped with everything, from a very young age. Best thing my parents could have ever done for me. I hope all of you parents are paying attention; it's never too early to teach your kids anything, especially their worth through some simple chores or letting them help you.

And so, I was used to always being busy. It is probably part of my identity. We got up early, long before we were even in our teens—as early as 4 or 4:30am, sometimes—to make sure things were taken care of. Sure, I complained about it back then, especially on a well-below-zero winter morning when it was still dark out, and we had to go outside to take care of the cows. The gigantic barn that must've taken every ounce of credit my parents could get to build was still cold, cold enough to make your hands hurt while we spent a good 3 hours milking cows. We worked hard, but I realized before long, my parents worked even harder, and for what? To make sure we all had a good life. . . all 11 of us kids. That's love.

Being raised with it makes it easier when you get older and have to make your own life, I think. I couldn't believe how easy working for someone else was, and how much they were willing to pay me! But I was more floored by all the complaining everyone else did about working. Really? I was just grateful to not have to do such hard physical work anymore and to have part of the day, or even full days off, on the weekends! My natural habit of being busy kept me busy for years, even when I wasn't working. If I wasn't helping someone with something, I was raising a family or volunteering somewhere. Then when my kids got old enough to be off on their own, I found other things to do, to try to help people on a larger scale. I feel blessed to have that in my blood.

Once I got older and wise enough to realize there truly wasn't ANYTHING stopping me from doing ANYTHING (why does it take us so long to learn this basic truth that we are born with?), idea after idea poured into my head. Books, articles, workshops, and ways to help myself and others evolve into more of their real self gushed from all sides. Even in using the middle of the night, I couldn't keep up with making notes on all the wonderful ideas I had. My personal life took off, too. Before I knew what hit me, my youngest was out of school and my boyfriend and I were living in the home of our dreams, a location with a lot of land that gave me a ton of new ideas. Abundance was flooding us, and that's all I ever asked for. . . abundance in love, life, energy, happiness, etc. You name it! It was all so. . . overwhelming?!

My busy life got the emergency brakes pulled, hard enough to spin me around and make me wonder what direction I was facing? My health gave out, despite most of the stress in my life was happy stress. It started out slow, as if to warn me, but I didn't have time to slow down or pay attention; I just kept moving forward. There was so much to do to sell our homes without warning, help my kids all move out and get settled, enjoy the new grandson, move everything to the new home, and keep going with my RISE ABOVE work, including the new books and projects related to it, and really start my NEW LIFE! It was all so exciting, but I was missing it. . .

I didn't want to complain about wanting things to slow down, because I was living a dream that only got better and better, but deep down, time was slipping away without me understanding where it was going. I tried desperately to find more time and energy to enjoy things, but it only exhausted me. My body gave out.

My old self would've gotten depressed or angry about the unfortunate timing, but the new, wiser me knew there was a very good reason and that somehow, it was for my own good. I looked hard for the answer, hoping to figure out what the reason was, so I could jump back on the fast track, but it didn't come for months! I spent about a half of a year just

trying to find enough energy to get through a normal day and not need 12 hours of sleep plus a couple of naps during the day to keep from passing out. I spent about another half of a year recovering. What was the turning point? When I finally accepted the fact that the reason for this craziness was probably nothing more than to make me STOP.

I was living in paradise, but I didn't have time to look around and enjoy it! I was starting my new life with my boyfriend, but we were both so exhausted at night, we barely spent any quality time together. I hadn't had time to just sit and catch up with family and friends in months. That's no way to live. People are the reason we live, but I wasn't getting to the people! I kept working hard, thinking I'd get to the end of the busy days, but it didn't come. As I was forced to just sit still (literally, as I was too weak to move because my body was deteriorating fast), I started to realize that my wanting to do it all was too much, and God didn't want me to have to do all this. God wants all of us to be deep-down happy, and I think He was just trying to hit me aside the head again to remind me what I REALLY wanted.

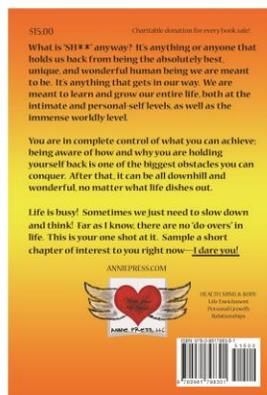
My boyfriend and I were not taking the time for each other, period. In my mind, relationships either grow or die; there is no **nothing** when living things are involved, especially people. People are the most important thing there is. Everything else is just here to help us, so letting the busy stuff get in front of our enjoying our time together wasn't the way it was designed. Making me stop long enough to see this was invaluable. So, being too sick to go out and do things socially gave us a little more time for just us. Nothin' hurt. My relationships with my good friends continue to grow, whether I see them often or not; we all just appreciate and make good use of the times we do get together. Random people care more than we ever know, stopping to ask how you're doing and sending up prayers without our knowing.

I know there are a lot of other reasons for this "slow-down period" in my life, like getting to the bottom of some life-long health issues, helping some people close to me be more independent and appreciate me more, making me more aware of what is best for me and making me do some of those things I'd been putting off, setting up the perfect release times for my next books and projects, and many other things I may never have a clue about. I've been through enough now to know I just need to trust that God is trying hard to help me have what I ask for: **Whatever is for my highest good.** I'm not afraid to make this simple request anymore, because I know God loves us more than we can ever comprehend and all that is for our own good will never leave us sad, lonely, unfulfilled, or holding the short stick. We always win, and so does everyone else, if we just trust and look deep, deep enough to see the truth. So, I'd like to send you love and the awareness to clear out any SH** that fools you into thinking otherwise; I am thankful that comes back to me as well!

So I'm going to focus on taking it easy and looking around and enjoying all that life brings, for now, because it's okay to rest, sometimes; we know that even God rested on the Seventh Day! ~**Mary Anne**

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