



Hey all you cool kats and kittens, (please tell me you know what that's from. If you don't, are you really quarantining?!)

My goodness I hope you are well. I really do! Sit, breathe, let your shoulders drop, and read MY VERY FIRST NEWSLETTER!

=====

Rejuvenate was a month and a half ago, my goodness it seems like a year ago! Why?

Maybe because it's the Christmas morning effect. You work, plan and prep for MONTHS and then one day...even just hours, it's all over. I will say I get to have the Christmas morning feeling for a few days after. (My absolute favorite part.) When I'm speaking or listen to speakers or simply just in awe of the singers, I don't get to really "see" what is happening out in the crowd. However, when I get home...awww, the best. I have texts and Facebook messages. Stories upon stories telling me how you felt and what you are thinking. Often, it's a beautiful message just saying thank you. I cannot tell you how much each and every one means to me. I'm sitting in my bed with a thin crust pepperoni pizza from Dominos (it's kind of a tradition since Devote) reading message after message. I'm feeling my belly and my soul. And I'm also sitting. Something I haven't had a chance to do the entire day! It's why I do it. It's why I put on the retreats. The risk of leaving something I was confident in, the sitting at home and wondering what God wants me to do next, second guessing everything I thought I knew (yesterday anyways) and wondering if this is what I'm supposed to be doing. Ashley, what does your tradition after Devote and Rejuvenate have to do with us? You! It's ALL because of you. You heard God call. You chose to worship. You gave me a chance. I just want to say thank you. Thank you for the time you took to write to me. When I read them, I think, THIS is why you do this. THIS is why He called you to step out in faith. He knew what would happen. And I thought I was a visionary.

Just one week later. Silence. Time is standing still. I'm not working on a big event any time soon. No more messages are coming in. Take the kids to school, go get a coffee...now what? God, what next? I do not do well being idle. I know, I know. Be still, breathe, relax. You guys, I do. For about an hour, sometimes two. (That's good enough, right?) Then I'm good. I'm ready to go! Let's go somewhere, let's do something. Drive somewhere, build something, fix something, bake something. Let's HIKE. (I don't even hike. But I'll try anything once!) Doesn't this sound familiar to ALL of us right now? Quarantine? Sounds like actual hell to me. (I'm not cussing. When I think of hell I think of me, alone, with no friends and nothing to do.) No hugging? Are you kidding me? Now you really are trying to suck all joy from my life. Then you have the news. Hell will also be showing the Denver news on a loop! Mark. My. Words. No Marshall's? I can't sit at my office (The Local). AND you're asking me to be at home with my kids? ALL. DAY. LONG? We have no idea how long this will last???

Ashley, my heart rate just skyrocketed. My blood pressure is off the charts. Your newsletter is horrible. Stick with me, I have a positive point. Promise. How do we survive when things are so up in the air? Absolutely nothing is accurate or predictable. Except for one thing. The Bible. The Bible is true yesterday and will be the same tomorrow. There is no "latest update." With it comes to God's word. His promises don't change. You're on a boat and a storm comes. Things get rocky and you're moving all about. Do you grab a hold of the person next to you, that is also swaying? Or do you cling to the guard rail that isn't moving? That is solid and strong. You cling to, with all your might, the one thing that isn't affected by the storm. God. He isn't affected by this. He is sitting still on His throne. Instantly that strength that you are holding on to, starts to stop you from swaying. You are on firm foundation.

When I was in Arizona, and the news would come on or family around me would talk about the depressing news, I would feel a shortness of breath. I would literally feel an unsettling come over me. I didn't like the feeling. It's not who I am, it's not how I operate. I did one of three things for the 15 days I was there. For a while I was there without my husband. He was home in Gillette, and we weren't sure what tomorrow's plan would be. Because it seemed like tomorrow was so up in the air! Something new closed, got canceled or someone posted yet another news report on FaceBook. That caused me to question MY ENTIRE LIFE! I was struggling.

Pray

Read my devotionals (underline words, phrases and rewrite what I learned/heard)
Worship. Put on my new AirPods (I drank the kool-aid and I'm totally here for it)
#totallyworthit and I would run (insert Forrest Gump. "I was runnin'.")
I'm not lying when I tell you, it was like Motrin for your children when they're finally

old enough for it. It worked. Immediately.

I don't know anything about what's going on. None of us truly do. Only God knows. What I do know is this; I will wake up and drink coffee, like I do everyday. I will write down 10 things I'm grateful for, like I do everyday. I will love my kids (Lord, when can they go back to school?) and I will love my husband. (Thank you God for making him SO CALM.) Funny how the one thing I love now is sometimes the one thing that drives me crazy!!! Moving on. I will laugh. I will cling to what I know is real and true. Always and forever. His love for us and his promises! Also I will Marco Polo ALL the friends (or anyone in my contacts at this point). You can't stop me. Literally you can't. You have to #stayhome

I pray that God will protect you and ALL of your loved ones. From the top of your head to the tips of your toes! Smile. This too shall pass.

Love you so much,
Ashley

Philippians 4 :7

Do not be anxious about anything, but in every situation, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God. And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your heart and your minds in Christ Jesus.

Proverbs 31:25

She is clothed with strength and dignity. She laughs without fear of the future.



©2020 Fresh Mercies | 8500 Whitetail Court, Gillette, WY 82718 US

[Web Version](#)

[Forward](#)

[Unsubscribe](#)

Powered by
GoDaddy Email Marketing ®