

The Beauty in the Breaking

By Chiletta Marie



Daybreak. I opened my eyes and heard the words in my spirit, “Let it go.” I rolled over and closed my eyes. Again, more clearly this time, “Let it go!” My eyes popped open as the understanding slowly dawned on me. “No!” I thought. “I can’t.”

It was the last day of our women’s retreat. 30 women gathered together in a vacation house on the beach for 3 days of teaching, worship and rest. For me, it had served as a refugee camp of sorts; an escape. My husband had walked out 3 months before. His reasons made no sense at the time, until I discovered the affair.

For weeks I had done my own type of private investigating – social media, email and public records. The Holy Spirit guided me better than any investigator I could have hired. I’d collected enough evidence to leave no question of the nature of the relationship. Now here was the same Holy Spirit telling me to let it all go, and trust God as I have never trusted Him before. I knew what I had to do.

After saying my goodbyes I drove down to the beach. Picking up a WiFi signal, I deleted every email, every picture and every file I had painstakingly collected as a testament to my husband’s infidelity. I went deeper and deleted the backup files, so I could not go back and retrieve them later. I realized that these trophies I had collected to accuse and feel justified were tools for manipulation, and that was not like God at all.

I gathered all the hard copies and walked down towards the water. Digging a small pit in the sand, I began tearing them into pieces, praying over each item as I surrendered it to God. It occurred to me that Jesus prayed and gave thanks over the bread before breaking it at the Last Supper. He knew that His own body would be broken, yet He surrendered His will and the fear of that brokenness to the will of His Father.

Sitting in the hot sand, I set the scraps on fire and surrendered the brokenness I’d felt on such a deep level for so long it sometimes manifested physical pain. I surrendered the hurt and rejection, the anger and indignation. I surrendered the

jealously and feelings of inadequacy I had been carrying for months. I surrendered the guilt and condemnation I felt for why we were here in the first place.

I prayed for me and I prayed for him. Finally, I found the grace to pray for her, for there had to be brokenness there too.

The pile was beginning to smolder at the bottom, slowly making its way up through the rest of the scraps. Though the wind was blowing like crazy, not one piece was lost.

The scraps were being consumed from the inside out, and in their place were now small piles of ashes. At that moment the wind held its breath and the sun seemed to be shining on only me. With breathless, grateful wonder I exclaimed, "God, these are my ashes!" I realized then that I had to give them up before I could receive the beauty that He promised in Isaiah 61:3: "To all who mourn in Israel, He will give a crown of beauty for ashes, a joyous blessing instead of mourning, festive praise instead of despair."

At one point the smoke picked up and changed direction. It enveloped me and filled my lungs, and I saw how easy it would have been for the ashes to consume me, to choke the life out of me had I not chosen to obey God that morning. Just then, He sent the wind to blow the smoke away. He is my Deliverer, my Shelter, my Comforter and my Shield. I became aware of how tightly I had been holding on; trying to do things my way. In that moment, Release.

There is a breaking that must occur in order to even produce the ashes, let alone surrender them. Jesus gave His very life. He surrendered His broken body in order to produce tremendous beauty and glory for all of eternity. I surrendered the ashes of my broken heart, my broken spirit and my broken will and God blessed me with a new heart, a renewed spirit and freedom I could find only by surrendering my will to His. A beautiful new life was the reward. Thank you Lord, for the Beauty in the Breaking.