

NEWSLETTER FROM SHIRLEY

Shirley absolutely loves to encourage others who are going through seasons of grief and to share her story of Second Chances!

~SHIRLEY MOZENA



I've learned a lot in the past years through my grief as well as facilitating a grief group. Here are some thoughts:

Lean in to your grief. I've hiked many trails in the Pacific Northwest. One is Dog Mountain. It's a strenuous climb high above the Columbia River Gorge, rewarding me with a fabulous view at the top. Wildflowers dot the meadows along the steep trail, and in May the sunny yellow Balsam Root drench the slopes with their color as I trudge along.

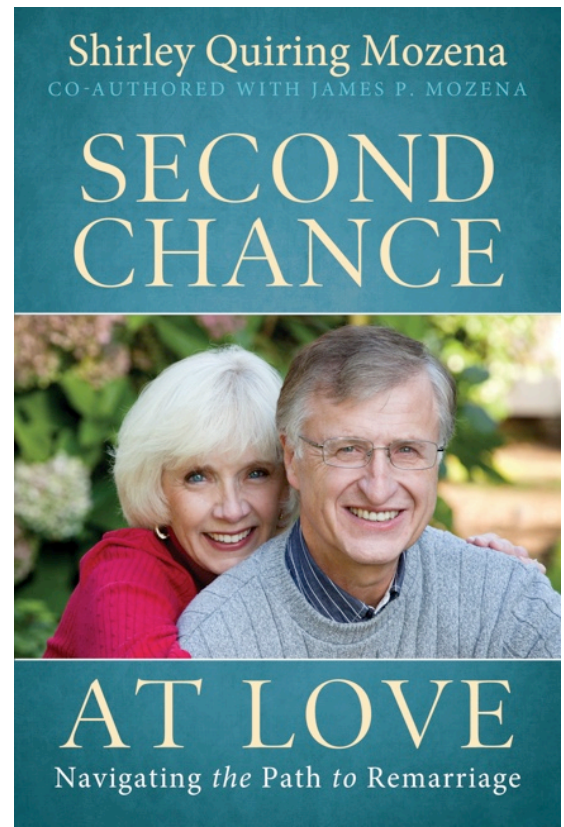
The Columbia River sparkles far below. Most often, there is a stiff wind on the upper portion that gouges the rocky path up and up. I found it helped to l-e-a-n into the wind as I plodded up the trail. If I stand up straight, it causes instability. I might lose my footing with a dangerous edge on one side. It's far better to lean.

Just as I learned to lean in to the blustery, steep trail, you must lean in to your grief. Face the loss and don't be afraid of the grief. The emotions of grief won't kill you; they will only make you stronger when the next steep trail of grief hits you. It will take strength and a mind-set to push yourself, but it will help you move through your grief.

From Second Chance at Love...

Shirley's speaking schedule:

- Shirley and Jim will be presenting their book *Second Chances at Love* to the NW Gospel Legacy Seniors on Saturday, February 5, for lunch. More info: darryle@nwgospel.com
- South Thurston Women's Connection, Wednesday, February 9, 2022 at noon, Yelm Methodist Church, 408 2nd St. SE Yelm, WA.
- Centralia/Chehalis CWC, February 14, 2022, Nazarene Meeting Rm, 1119 W. 1st St., Centralia, WA, at noon.



Be sure to read the entire newsletter. You have a chance to win a free autographed book!

Not on my blog list? Go here to read: <https://shirleymozena.com/blog>

Would you like to receive a blog every Friday morning? Email me at shirley@shirleymozena.com to put you on the list. You may unsubscribe anytime.

A True Story

“Be Careful Where You Hide Treasures”

“It’s gone!” I declared with dismay. What had happened to my treasured memory ring?

In the space of four years I had been widowed. Both marriages were a treasure to me and after each loss, for a short time, I wore my wedding and engagement rings. Soon, they reminded me of what I didn’t have and I put them away in a safe place.

The rings rested in a dark safety deposit box for more than a year. It seemed such a waste to keep them out of sight so I had a jeweler design them into one ring symbolizing the covenant made with two cherished husbands. I added my children’s birthstones, two alexandrites and a rose tourmaline, to the setting. Each time I looked at my gleaming right hand, I was reminded of my dear husbands, and the children God had given me.

Two years ago, one of the birthstones fell out and I placed the ring in a jewelry dish on my dresser. I was dismayed at the loss but reminded myself I could replace it. For safekeeping, I tucked it into a black and silver Christmas sock in the back of the drawer. I’ll remember where I put it, I thought.

The COVID lockdown provided more time to sort and clean closets and drawers. Every nook and cranny in my walk-in closet were checked; I looked through zippers and empty pockets in the purses on the shelf. I checked each drawer in my bedroom. I moved furniture. And I looked again.

Finally, I decided the ring must have been swept into a waste basket while dusting. It had been long enough, and an insurance claim was made. Soon I received payment and I met with a jeweler designer to create a new ring. She carefully interviewed Jim and me, and listened to our desires for what we wanted in the ring. It would be ready in a few weeks.

Thanksgiving passed and it was time to put on some festive holiday socks. When I put my left foot in the shoe, I felt something lumpy and bumpy. Sure enough, tucked in the toe of the sock was the memory ring! Giddy with excitement I called everyone—especially my husband.

The money was returned to the insurance company and we decided to go ahead with a new design, using the original diamonds. (Next page)

I am now wearing a bright new memory ring that is shaped in a diamond pattern. At the bottom of the diamond shape, rests the diamond I wore for forty years. At the top of the diamond-shaped ring, lies the pink tourmaline, in honor of my son. On either side are two alexandrites, portraying both of our daughters with June birthdays. The center diamond is from my second husband who loved my family and respected the love of my original family unit, the outer part of the diamond-shaped ring.

Although the designer, didn't realize the meaning of the placement of the stones, I did, and it makes the ring even more special!

Jim was supportive in having a new ring design. I so appreciate his love and desire for me to remember important people in my life through these symbols. I wear his diamond and wedding ring on my left hand, closest to my heart.





AND NOW...HERES HOW TO WIN AN
AUTOGRAPHED BOOK, SECOND CHANCE
AT LOVE

Valentine's Story

SHARE A BRIEF STORY FROM VALENTINE'S DAY--A NEW OR
AN OLD MEMORY.

SEND YOUR STORY TO SHIRLEY@SHIRLEymozena.com

WE WILL ANNOUNCE THE WINNER AND POST YOUR
STORY!



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