

Broken Pieces
N Rare Pearls

A Memoir by

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Part One

Old Things Are Passed Away

Whol “E” Ness Altars Everything

White Sheets

J give myself permission to grieve today: to wallow over disappointments, lost chances, missed opportunities, grave failures, and casualties I could have prevented or I chose to be the victim of. I give myself permission to mourn the life I should have had, filled with adventure, good health, profound understanding and endless love. I give myself permission to feel deeply the things I'd rather not feel: dreams that will never come true, fantasies that will never surface past nightfall; the good deeds I would have done had I ever amounted to somebody—anybody.

Today, I give myself permission to grieve, 'cuz tomorrow, there's sh*t to do.

It's hard living, walking, breathing with a limp—a constant reminder that the cost of following God means that outside of Him you will never feel certain of anything else again. I mean like, ever. And this isn't a bad thing. It's reality. Most prefer to exist never swallowing the blue pill, but like Neo in *The Matrix*, did I ever truly have a choice? There was a pounding in me that haunted me day and night, a nagging that was continual, seducing me to wake up, pull back the blinds, set back the curtains, and face the truth: there is a God, and He wants something from me.

And that's where my misery began and begins over and over and

over again. Once you realize that God exists and that He is real, living here in this simulation is at best subpar, and at worst, a daily grind. And yet it is His will that we live it. Often I wonder why living here was necessary. I mean, to live here as a drone, what benefit would there be, and to what end, or for what purpose?

There are benefits however in not swallowing the blue pill. Ignorance truly is bliss. Don't let anyone tell you different. Adam didn't notice Eve's cellulite, nor did Eve notice Adam's beer belly, in the garden. Those were the perks of staying in the simulation. Who cares if it's not reality? If you've ever seen *Shallow Hal*, you know what I'm talking about.

I hear banging, talking, and building outside of my window. My daughter died on June 3rd, but I don't want to grieve this year on her birthday. Today I'll grieve instead. I'll blame it on her so that I can compact all of my feelings of grief into one neat little convenient day, as not to take up too much time. A day you can fake; more than that and folks will roll their eyes. But, I need a personal day today. Chances are, I'll still do laundry. Yes, even in the midst of grief, there is still sh*t to do.

Turns out I have a leaky heart valve. I had a heart murmur as a child but it was dismissed as nothing and I'm grateful for that. Perhaps I would have grieved earlier. To me, having a heart murmur is symbolic. It means having a complaint that won't stop. Over time, the complaint in my heart began to pound even louder until the floodgate that is my valve could no longer keep quiet. The complaint turned into discontentment without my knowing it, and it spilled into the spaces in my body, overtaking my ability to circulate blood properly, incapacitating my ability to breathe...to live.

C’Mon, Let’s Face It—Ordinary Sucks

“My foot almost slipped when I saw how the wicked prospered and then became righteous.” ~ Nikki Townes

I had a heart murmur as a child. It was nothing, I was told, and at the time it was. Except, every night after a sporting practice I felt unusual pain in my legs, and not the kind that stretching can alleviate. I lay on my back, across my bed, with my legs elevated on the wall. I remember this clearly. I remember my room, and I remember thinking that something about this wasn’t normal. But I learned to live with it, like everything else. I compensated for the lack of oxygen to my lungs. I overcompensated for the lack of blood and the need for it to be circulating throughout my body, making everything make sense. I learned to live with it. I accepted the fact that I had terrible circulation. Over the years I owned my genes, giving in to the life that was handed down to me. A life without air. A life without blood. It became my home.

Living each day tired, fatigued beyond measure, and imposing a title on yourself that is contrary to your design causes conflict. My mind was telling me one thing. My heart was telling me another. My mind was telling me that I had the capacity for greatness. My heart was telling me that I didn’t. And though I was prone to believe my heart, my mind just wouldn’t let me. So instead of doing it, I would think about doing it, and try to do it, until my heart would convince my mind of its reality. I didn’t have the heart to be extraordinary.

Dirty Waters

I read today that there is a difference between living water and dead water. Dead water collects in our bodies and is useless. Stored, excess water retention. But when the body is starved during a dry fast it finds hidden resources to heal itself, creating water—living

water—from within. This shocked me because Jesus spoke of it with the Samaritan woman at the well. Jesus knew about the living water before biologists did.

For some reason, I'm compelled to separate myself again, casting off eating as my stress release. It became my solution to every problem. I used it to procrastinate or soothe. When I'm angry, I have a bad habit of self-destructing; and I'm usually angry with myself, or God, or both.

I try not to be angry with God anymore, which makes it so much harder to take all the blame myself. I wonder if always blaming yourself can cause heart failure. Sometimes blame becomes too much for any one person to handle; yet no one knows. Maybe that's why they call heart attacks the silent killer.

What was I blaming myself for? I was blaming myself for not living up to the standards I set, constantly missing the mark for greatness, and yet being incapable of being ordinary. Not incapable in the way you're thinking. Incapable like lacking the ability to make the good decisions that normal people make, and then harboring in myself the cesspool of dead weight.

Dead weight. What exactly does that mean? Well, in the body it means cells that are sickly, weak, unwilling or unable to fulfill their purpose. They occupy space, but they are dead. During a dry fast the body realizes that it is in crisis, and when in crisis it turns on those who are not getting the job done. Quite simply, the body audits everyone and anything that isn't producing properly. "Sickly" is suddenly sticking out like a sore thumb.

The body becomes dangerously thirsty. Why would being thirsty cause such a surge of productivity, especially if it's harmful? Because thirst causes the body to catch fire to burn what needs to be burned. It's a fire that burns counterfeits, fakes, lies, and liars. The fire burns the dead waters.

A Leaky Heart Valve, Go Figure!

I may have been a hesitator my whole life, by design. I was created that way. That was fine for a time. When it comes to the things of this world, it's better to hesitate. We need to evaluate the things around us and analyze before we make decisions. Not so with God.

With God, the process is completely different. We can't hesitate when it comes to Him because hesitation reveals doubt. You can believe in God (that there is a God) and still fail to believe Him. The result is that to you, He isn't God at all. The epitome of disrespect is to believe in God and yet not believe Him. What you're saying is that you believe that He exists, but He doesn't have any power to do what He says He will do. That's a problem.

Since childhood I've had a heart murmur, and yet I've been able to be courageous, believing in myself. But over time, the murmur deteriorated into a leaky heart valve. Something happened within me that caused me to lose heart. This is what it was: I had to make the decision to believe God, when believing in Him was not enough. The decision to believe in Him can be depressing—especially if you have an ego. The ego tells you to investigate everything and only do what you feel comfortable doing. You can see how that's a problem dealing with God; 98% of the time He instructs you to do something you're not comfortable doing.

And why aren't you comfortable? Isn't it obvious? Because there's a door still open to your past—a leaky heart valve—that beckons you back to the days when your life was your own.

The Desire to Purge, No Power to Produce!

We will leave some things undone in our lifetime. We might as well accept it. In fact, it's our inability to accept this one thing that makes us inferior. Inferior to what? Everything. Everything else

realizes that the most important objective is to pass down seed. Not just any old seed—seed good enough to fulfill one more objective than we did.

Today is my fourth day without food. I don't think this is phenomenal. What's phenomenal is that I'm having no symptoms at all, and that my stomach still doesn't feel empty. It's like there is something in there that refuses to come out. In the stillness of the night I felt my heart do something strange. I felt it lift up and adjust itself. This is phenomenal. I'm curious to hear what the cardiologist will say. I know that the Lord is the one who is causing me to go without hunger. I can feel his fingerprint all over this.

Whenever we do something that is completely against our nature, to accomplish something divine, be sure God is behind it, bragging, boasting of His goodness, His generosity toward us. I want to purge. My body desires to purge, but something is preventing her from doing so. This is a problem. When I urinate, I can barely feel my kidneys urging me. I have to be as quiet and as still as a church mouse to hear her needs.

Are we like that toward God? Why do we cry out to the wrong people about the wrong things? Why don't we cry out to the only one who can change things that matter? Like, "Lord, I can't purge! Lord, something is preventing me from walking with you and it's trying to kill me before I can pass down purpose!"

Father, help me to purge, cleanse the innermost parts of me so that I can glorify your name to the generations. In your wrath, Lord, remember your mercy.

Send your abounding grace to restore me to the land of the living. Give me purpose, Lord—a life worth fighting for, productivity that matters to you. Bless me with your covering; protect me from evil. I'm fighting for my life. As I've covered others with my prayers, cover me, Lord. Remember how much

you love me. Remember how valuable I am to your kingdom, and remind me of these truths.

Cause not my heart to fail. Breathe in her the breath of life; clear a path in my veins for your Holy Spirit to rush through. Purge me Lord, for your name's sake, of everything I've done that's been unprofitable. Amen. Forgive me.

I Don't Feel Like It

I don't feel like writing today. I thought about simply not doing it. I deserve a break, right? Who writes non-stop anyway! One day off isn't tragic, is it?

Then I remembered how many times I didn't do something because I didn't feel like it. Where did that get me? Since I've been keeping the Sabbath, and committed to reading the Messianic Jewish Weekly Reading Portion along with reading the bible annually from cover to cover, I've learned something about myself. Actually I've learned something about humanity. We rely too much on how we feel.

Athletes often get depressed when their athletic life comes to a halt because of one thing: they abandon their routine. When we only do what we feel like doing, we miss out on a very important principle—perhaps the most important principle our fathers should have taught us: How you feel is irrelevant.

I don't say that easily. Trust me. My commitment to a Messianic way of life took years to establish. But when I finally surrendered to the routine, yielding to it whether I felt like it or not, a new character trait emerged in me. I am disciplined.

Discipline says do it because you know it's good. It does not consider how it will make you feel. Not to say your feelings aren't considered. That's just it. Your feelings are considered; they are not the deciding factor.

When I look back over the things that I've done because they became my self-imposed practice, I rarely have regret. What I do regret is the times I didn't do something that I knew I should have done because I didn't feel like doing it. These things are the cellulite pockets of my life—so easy to put on, impossible to take off. I'm glad I changed my mind. When we do what we don't feel like doing, that which God expects us to do, something cool happens. We move. We move forward in strength and in courage.

I had my first juice today. I probably should mention that I'm on a 56-day dry/water/juice combination fast. I guess that means, simply put, I'm on a no food fast. I didn't mention it earlier because I didn't want this to be a book about my fast. Actually, I wanted it to be a book about nothing because nothing has a value. Nothing is everything in the middle; it's the fluff, the minutia that makes life worth living.

Anyway, I had a revelation as I drank. One word came to mind: rewarding. For some reason, the juice (a combination of vegetables and fruit) was the most satisfying thing I've ever tasted. I didn't drink it because I was starving, although last night while I cooked spaghetti for my husband my foot almost slipped. But today, I drank it because I believed it to be a good decision. See how I'm changing my words? I didn't feel like it. I believed it. I believed that I should reward myself and use that reward as a platform from which to spring with the strength to do my next week's work. The juice, if you can believe it, literally gave me hope. Hope that I just might be able to go the distance.

When I received this in my soul, I heard the Lord in my spirit:

“Stop waiting for Me to reward you. The rewards are already in place. Move your life around them.”

I guess the first step is to know God's reward system, and the second step is to do work worthy of the deep satisfaction that

comes when you reach that reward. I thought I had nothing to write about. I was wrong.