I used to be one of them.

Last night we watched the Lilith Fair documentary on Hulu. It was excellent. It really took me back to a time in my life when I was going through some really tough stuff and Sarah McLachlan may have single handedly got me through a lot of really bad days. I wasn't feeling well today, so I called out of work and this afternoon, sitting in my craft room I decided to play some of Sarah's old songs and this lyric from the song World is on Fire hit me hard.

The world is on fire, it's more than I can handle
I'll tap into the water, try to bring my share
I'll try to bring more, more than I can handle
Bring it to the table, bring what I am able

The world is on fire. It's more than I can handle. Who else feels this way? I know I do, every single day, it feels like waking up to a nightmare. I think it was the character Dr Sheldon Cooper who said "Oh what fresh hell is this?" Every. Freaking. Day.

The news out of Michigan yesterday is especially tough to process. You see I used to be one of them. My family joined the church when I was a child. I wasn't a great Mormon. I broke a lot of rules. At sixteen, I tried beer and listened to AC/DC. At nineteen I got pregnant outside of marriage and caused a lot of distress for my devout parents. When I was going through my divorce over twenty-five years ago, I finally left for good. There's a saying about Ex-Mormon's that goes "They can leave but they can't leave it alone." I hate admitting how true that is. Once you've been in the culture it's hard to completely disassociate, because for every person who leaves the church, they still have dozens of friends and family who are still in it. Such is my case. Even though I am part of a growing Ex-Mo community, and have many issues

with some of the core beliefs and tenants of the religion, yesterday's news broke my heart.

I know what a Mormon Sunday morning looks like. I can see them, the families, Dad, Mom and the oh so many children. I can hear the sound of fussy babies, and toddlers asking for snacks, the chorister standing up front getting ready to lead the congregation in the opening hymn. Based on the death of the church president the day before, they probably sang "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet." I can see the twelve year old boys called Deacons, in the front, preparing to pass the bread and water of the sacrament. I can see the Smith's, the Johnson's, the Green's, all in their usual pew, turning around just before the meeting starts to greet one another. I can see the Dad's in the foyer, trying to run the energy out of a three year old, and the teenage girls going to the ladies room in a pack to check their hair and make up one more time. I am not sure if the knowing makes it better or worse. Every time I think about it I want to cry because I know what it was like, just moments before their lives changed forever.

So today, I urge this burning world to follow the admonition of one of the few hymns I remember from my LDS days.

Choose the right when a choice is placed before you.
In the right the Holy Spirit guides
And its light is forever shining o'er you,
When in the right your heart confides.
Choose the right! Choose the right!
Let wisdom mark the way before.
In its light, choose the right!
And God will bless you evermore.
May God, or whoever is in charge of this messed up universe, bless you and keep you safe.