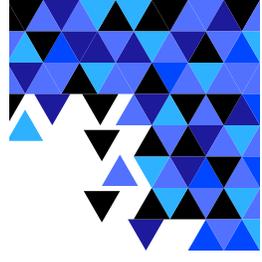


As Told by Kole



#PodcastNotes for Episode 33

My Bianca

Today's episode is about one of my closest friends, Bianca Withers. A lot of you who know me may remember her, but for those of you who don't, I'm going to briefly give you the historic tea.

I met Bianca when she was fourteen. She reached out to my pastor at the time, and because I had a social network for kids called "Land of the Conquerors", my pastor at the time referred her to me. We talked and talked and talked, and over time, we became very close. We are nine years apart, so she became my little sister and I became her big sister.

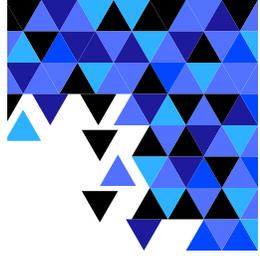
Bianca was a very complicated being. I could relate to her though, because we literally had the same life - I had just lived mine first. I had gone through most of what she had gone through, and because of the lives we've had, we would often find ourselves going through the same things at the same time. Bianca was the ONLY person in the world (at least the only person I've met) who could TRULY understand what I felt inside - it was like she was the younger me and I was the older her. The only difference was that she was a little more vocal and extreme than I had ever been.

Earlier in the year, this proved to be a real problem for me. I found myself not really being able to comfortably handle the things I saw her saying and doing. I loved her still, but I felt like she was expressing things that should not have been expressed in the way she was expressing them. So... like I had done a couple of other times, I took a break from her. It was only supposed to be a short break, but things changed.

On March 23, 2017, I got in my car and headed to a service my current pastor was preaching at. Something just didn't feel right. The whole time I sat in church, something didn't feel right. I came home only to get a message that Bianca had died. I thought it was a joke. Not Bianca. We were just taking a break. Not my little sister. She had so many plans. We had so many things we were going to do. She wasn't supposed to be taken out in a matter of moments in a head-on collision. This wasn't supposed to be life.

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My heart was shattered. And today, what I'm realizing is that my heart is still shattered. I look back on all the ways I could have poured into Bianca and I think about how caught up I was in my own stuff, in trying to please other people who didn't care about me at all... I think about how Bianca lived thirteen hours away and she came to my state and I didn't go to see her. I never met her in person but if you have been my Facebook friend for a while you know that we were close like we saw each other every day. By the time I made it to Arkansas, all I had left of her was cross on the side of the road, her book that she wrote, and a few other items placed at the scene to remember her. So, I wrote a note that said, "Bianca... I'm sorry that I was too late."

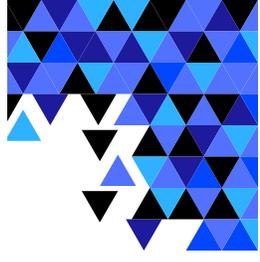
I know a lot about death. I know that when you die, you are okay. I know this because when I almost died during two suicide attempts, I was perfectly okay. I have studied death and I know a lot about it. But... what I grieve for when it comes to Bianca is the life she could have had. The hearts she could have touched. The people who would have been totally changed by her story. I don't know that I will ever understand it... but I said ALL of that to say this.

Be very careful with the people that God has placed in your life. I don't think it's my fault that Bianca died. I don't know that any of my decisions would have changed anything had I decided differently. But what I DO know is that when God entrusts you with someone, you have to be sure that you do 100% of what you are supposed to do for them. Because if you do not, there will come a day when you will be reminded, one by one, of the things you should have done.

Lisa Nichols was interviewed, and she told a story about how she gave her son a raw egg and told him to run around the kitchen with it. Every time he would run, she would tell him to run faster. Then she told him to jump and run. He got frustrated and said, "Mom, I'm gonna break the egg if I'm not careful." And she said, "Exactly, son. When you start dating, treat the girl's heart like that egg." And I'm saying that to you today.

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Make no mistake about it - you will have to distance yourselves from people sometimes. People will have to distance themselves from you sometimes. But always treat their hearts like Lisa's son treated that egg. Always.

Have an amazing day today. Show love to yourself AND others. Be GREAT! I speak life to you and everyone and everything connected to you! Catch me tomorrow!

XOXO,

Na'Kole ♥

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