

MY STORY

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A Description of My FaithWalk

My journey with God is a lifelong process of incorporating my spiritual experience into my daily living experience.

In the mortal life, we are in a constant movement *forward*. Even in stillness, there is movement. This is the very nature of living. And in the limited dimensions of earth life, we are bound by time that only has one direction: *forward*.

When the circumstances of life have me in their vicious grip and have thrust me into confusion, all I want to do is **stop** movement. However, I find that I have no choice but to take yet another step... *forward*. What I want is to **stop** and be still; I want a conversation with my Creator and I want to seek advice from the Holy Mentor.

“What should I do next?” “Where should I go?” “What is the next step in my journey?”

I ask the questions as persistently and steadily as the breath that moves in and out of my lungs. Meanwhile, the sun and the moon maintain their steady rise and fall over the horizon, demanding that each time they pass in space, I too, must perform my own rise and fall as I awake to work, and sleep to rest.

I feel the ebb and flow of earth time and I feel my weight shift from one foot to the other, but I can not see. Reason tells me that if I place my foot into the emptiness ahead, I will fall into oblivion; faith, on the other hand, tells me that God’s hand is there; “He is my rock...”

As I struggle to move forward in the darkness, I am keenly aware that in the transition of weight from back to front, a stepping stone has appeared and it supports me! It seems magical, but it isn’t; no, not magic, it’s miraculous! There is a tremendous sense of gratitude in the base of my being, though no other mortal can see it because to their eyes, I am merely standing stoically still. I am amazed by God’s enduring presence and His provisions of all that I need, even the next stone for my next step.

This is my FaithWalk.

“The Lord is my rock, my fortress, and my deliverer; my God is my rock in whom I take refuge. He is my shield and the horn of my salvation, my stronghold...” (Psalm 18)