

CAN I TRUST HIM TO HEAR ME?

"Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and do not lean on your own understanding."

Proverbs 3:5

Years ago, when I was still a new Christian, I had a photo hanging across from my bed with this Scripture below it. I often studied it, trying to wrap my head around its meaning—trying to understand what it meant to trust.

You may be asking: What's so complicated about the word "trust"?

But maybe I'd never been in a position where I felt I needed to mistrust someone. Perhaps it was the innocent child in me that believed she could trust everyone who came into her life. . . and that she could rely on every friendly person she met.

Maybe that's why I didn't understand what it meant to trust God.

For many years I wrote letters to God in my journal. I now have three big boxes of these stored in the bottom of my closet. I trusted that God was reading them. Did I completely trust him to be reading everything I wrote? I think I did. But for the past couple of years or so, I stopped my writings. And looking back, I see that I wasn't completely trusting that he was hearing me anymore.

And I felt like I had lost a friend.

But another friend came into my life, a person who was close to God and spoke often of him.

I started writing to him about my life and about the injustices I saw in the world. And this person responded with encouraging words. For months, I wrote regularly, and I could almost always count on an encouraging response.

What a gift this person was! Truly a gift from God. I think God must have known I needed such a person in my life. My life had become very difficult, and yet I worked hard, striving to serve God in the best way I could. My friend's encouragement helped a great deal.

I learned to trust that my letters were being read and that I would receive responses to them. Being able to trust like this was comforting. It gave me a sense of peace. I started sleeping better.

A time came when my friend and I both knew I had to start talking to God more rather than relying on him to always be there for me. The kind friend who I had come to trust, had, in essence, shown me what it meant to be able to trust a God who would hear me.

I have a better picture of what it means to trust God. And I know that he hears all I say, and all I think, and write.

How good to know he's there! Always.

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