

# Trust

Although I try to have a spiritual time each day, I have lost the habit of actually asking for anything. Lately, times have been that good. I've been given everything, even though I sometimes think I gained it on my own.

Life does seem terrible now and then. I've been there. So has everyone. And at these times you can be sure I do ask. I wouldn't be human if I didn't once in a while feel like I was at the bottom of a pit, completely unable to pull myself out. Lost and even forgotten. My fine sentiments about being taken care of can fizzle like a candle blown out by the winds of fear. I can't see the road ahead and I know what it must be like to feel my way forward in a blizzard.

Many years ago I became lost in a snowstorm, alone in the night, having driven down the wrong road that ended at the bottom of a hill at a bridge that had been washed out. I got the car turned around, but a hard icy crust of snow on the road prevented me from getting back up the hill. Tires whining and slipping, I invoked every supernatural power that came to mind before it occurred to me to steer the right wheels off the road into the softer snow and let the snow tires do their job. I didn't want to chance it, but I saw no alternative. At the bottom of my well, it took a great degree of trust to dig my hole deeper and let the tires run off the pavement. But that's what saved me.

So, I know what asking is about. Most days I ask for others, because I'm a member of the human race and they are my brothers and sisters.

I send up pleas to a power that I'm convinced is there but seems not always to be listening. I don't know why he or she doesn't appear to lend an ear, and I'll probably never know.

I've never cared much about whether there is an afterlife. But if there is a heaven and if I get there, I am not likely to be seated up at the head table, leaning across the silver service to seek the wisdom of the ages from my heavenly host. But I've never had a problem walking up and making myself known to the boss. I'd like to ask God why a loved one got sick and died too young. Wouldn't it be a surprise if God answered, "I don't know. I wondered that too." Setting the dance in motion doesn't prove he wanted to know how it would turn out. His greatest creation may have been an unknowable future. That would provide a reason for his next greatest creation ... trust. Trust beats fortune telling every time.

What I wish for us is that we have a trust that everything will work out to the good. That's not just positive thinking. It's a basic sense of the world, and I'm convinced trust is our gift for the taking.

When I think of what God must be like, I consider that a most memorable friend and companion has not been a person who sees into the future or who knows everything. It is rather one who walks with me into the unknown. Such a person surely deserves my loyalty and trust.

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