

“Why I write”. This question seems to be asked of writers often. Most of the time I find the answer to be “because I have to” or “I can’t rest until I write”. Honestly, often I write in my head, while trying to sleep at two am or before I rise at five am, times when I guess my brain just won’t shut off. But neither of these answers explains why I actually rise and write it all down. So why do I write?

Several years ago, I hit what I believe to be my rock bottom. At least, looking back I hope it was. I suffered a decline in my income so great that I was forced to entertain bankruptcy and foreclosure. I was a failure, and I was ashamed. I spiraled into depression. I lay in bed listening to my children play outside my bedroom window, trying desperately to will myself to rejoin my life. I took my frustration out on my spouse and watched my marriage transform from concrete to swiss cheese. And then I made a deal with God. I begged God to let me keep my home. I told him that if he would show me this one small act, I would believe in him. My husband was mortified. He was raised Catholic and he believed that the only thing I could do to make our situation worse was to blame God. But his God was not my God. My God understood me, loved me, granted wishes for me. Had he not been the one to step in when I purchased my dream home? Had he not been the one to help when I had difficulty conceiving? Surely my God would step up and take this deal.

Two weeks later I received a foreclosure notice in the mail. The bank had refused our request for “loan restructure”. Out of hope and resources, I succumbed. I crawled in bed and cried, my whole body heaving. And I scolded God. I told him that I knew He was not real. I

told Him that I had been a fool to believe He could do anything to help me. At that moment I walked away from any belief I had held that a God existed. Two days passed and I began to pack, dragging myself through any mundane act to escape my sorrow. Suddenly there was a knock at the door. I opened the door to Cynthia, a woman I knew only because our daughters attended school together. She asked if she could speak to me. I was puzzled, and she seemed to be as well judging by her fidgeting.

“I have something to tell you. I don’t know why. I went to the church and prayed instead, but it wasn’t enough. I am supposed to deliver a message.”

My stomach fell, but my curiosity was peaked. I didn’t know Cynthia well, but I knew her to be a faithful churchgoer. She kept her beliefs to herself, which was just fine by me. I offered her a chair.

“I am here to tell you God is real, and He is looking out for you. He has your back on this move.”

I felt the blood rush from my heart to my head and my hands began to shake.

“I don’t know why I am supposed to tell you this, but I am a faithful servant, and He has asked me to come.” She took a deep breath and relaxed.

“I know exactly why you are here.” I paused. “Two days ago I had a conversation with God. I told Him that I didn’t believe in Him, that He wasn’t real.” I was still shaking.

“He is definitely real, and He wants you to know that He is with you.” She looked at me without judgement, without confusion, without scorn. She simply smiled, and rose.

“Thank you, Cynthia.” It was all I could say. We hugged and she left. That day passed more than four years ago. My relationship with God is still growing, but we talk more now than we ever have. In the end, I “lost” my dream home, but I received several blessings along the way that allowed me to see that it was part of drawing closer to Him. I had become complacent, distracted. My failures now reappeared as blessings, as my path began to unfold.

Why do I write? I write to honor God’s gift to me. I have a story to tell.