

by: Deborah Cavanaugh

Miracle Faith In You

This piece is part of a series of essays and poems that inspired prints by the same title

“the miracle is this—everything you think you lack is in you now”.

If I could have any wish come true it wouldn't be for a skinnier body or a younger face. I wouldn't wish for better friends or more money or a quicker intelligence. My wish would be for more faith.

I practice my faith with prayers and words. I go to God everyday with my joys and my sorrows. I expect a lot from him when I am praying, and I know, at that moment, He can deliver. But, too often, when I am going about my daily life, I behave as if I have no faith at all—afraid that my life will not work out right, fearful of the dark and the unknown. If I am not careful, I can be caught in a mire of doubt and fear about what the day will bring, that saps the joy from the best day. If I

am not careful I will miss the good that is always given.

Why is that? Why can't I just let go and trust? I don't exactly know.

When I look at my life in the moment, it is often impos-



sible for me to imagine how everything will work out. I don't feel like I am on a path but more like I am lost in the middle of a field of high grass with no path in sight.

But when I look back at my

life, it is so obvious that my feet have never left the path and that the light has always shown me the way. When I look back I can see the synchronicity of God's hand. I can see that every thing has always worked together for good. I can see that even when things turned out badly or not as I had hoped or planned they still were for the good. They still worked out in just the right way. Even the worst moment strengthened me and taught me and brought me closer to God. And when I realize this, I realize how useless and harmful all that worrying and fear was. I realize that it only served to lose me in myself and separate me from God.

How would my life be different if I were to just stop being afraid? What if I just made the choice to give up fear altogether? What if I never spent one more second worrying about what was going to happen next? What if I just did my work with the

faith that everything is happening according to a divine plan and a knowing that I am not the source of that plan?

In so many things I have unquestionable faith. When I turn the water faucet on, I never worry that water will not flow out. It always has, and so, I don't even have a thought to question it. When I wake up in the morning I never worry that when I open my eyes the sun might not be in the sky. It has always been there. I never doubt it.

So why is it that when the going gets rough I have such a hard time remembering that God never fails. That everything has happened in a way

that was best with God right there. I want to experience every day with the same certainty that what is should be and that what should be will

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be. I want every moment to be lived with the same faith that I have when I do something as simple as turning the water faucet on. No questions. No worried thoughts. Just faith.

It is my choice to worry and be afraid. This I do know. When I am wracked with fear and worry I am choosing to be that way. I am choosing to see the half-empty glass. I am choosing to live in my own ego. I am choosing to believe that somehow I am the source, or I am the one in control.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. I'm not saying you don't have to do your part, because you do. You can't be traveling down your highest and best path without wearing out your shoes. I'm just saying I want to do it with faith, relying on God, and not with fear from relying on myself.

I have never been forsaken.

Deborah Cavanaugh began painting after receiving a gift of watercolors from her children on Mother's Day.



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