

As human beings, we all struggle with the curve balls that life throws our way. We can relate to one another well when it comes to the trials that come as individuals, as parents, as men and women... It goes on and on. The reality of these trials can at times become overwhelming, and we begin to question the purpose of our very existence. At least I know this to be true for myself.

As a Christian, these trials are easier to get through. If you do not know Christ personally, and are trying to understand the meaning of it all, I feel your pain. I was not always a Christian. I have always believed in God, but I didn't understand what it was that he had done for me, for us all.

My first real 'God moment' was when I was a young woman on my own, living in Sparks, Nevada. I had my own apartment for the first time. A brand-new Target store had opened so I was just browsing when I came across a glass wall hanging. As I read...

*I asked Jesus "How much do you love me?"*

*And Jesus said, "This much ---" and he stretched out his arms and he died.*

This 'party girl' stood in the store staring at these words written on clear glass, holding back tears, covered in goosebumps. I had to buy it. This was something new and different that I had never felt before. When I got home, I hung it on my kitchen wall so I would be sure to see it every day. I would love to say that my life choices changed that very day, but they did not. I can say, however, that this time marked the start of a search for something bigger than myself.

I bought this 'treasure' nearly 40 years ago. It still hangs on my wall today, right above my desk. I am sharing a photo of it below, taken just moments ago for this article. It truly is a special treasure for me, and with how much I have moved over the years, it is a miracle it's still in one piece.

More recently, again during a church sermon, the pastor referenced a quote that was another life-changer for me. As I mentioned already, we are all dealing with life stuff as best we can. As Christians we deal with the same trials as everyone else, and sometimes I wonder if we don't get 'hit' with more, simply because we are keenly aware of the 'evil one' constantly throwing darts our way to test our faith.

Anyone who knows me can vouch for me, that I have gone through a rough decade. In no way do I think I have had it harder than anyone else. There is ALWAYS someone who is dealing with something worse, in my opinion. But we can all agree that life can be hard for each of us in our own little worlds.

In the sermon, the pastor quoted Pierre Teilhard de Chardin,

*"We are not human beings having a spiritual experience. We are spiritual beings having a human experience."*

Just hearing those words changed my perspective on 'trials' in a way that has made me a different person. Yes, I still hurt, I still get frustrated, I still long for love and tenderness, and all the other things that go with being a human. But when I find myself in that dark place, the

reality that I am a spiritual being having human experiences, I am reminded that I am not home yet. I find unimaginable strength to pick myself up from the pit once again and press on.

Oh, my friend, can I just tell you that God is good? If you don't know how to find this relationship with God, please email me and I will be only too happy to share more about my faith and experiences. But for now, can I simply say that it is as easy as A-B-C? You do not need a mediator... Jesus is your mediator.

Just A-Admit that you're a sinner (as we all are), B-Believe that Jesus died on the cross for your sins, and C-Confess that you are now a child of God and will do all you can to live for Him. After that, yes, find a church that stands on sound biblical principles and learn all you can about our precious Lord. It really is that easy.

I am so grateful to have this time to share my heart. I'm thankful for my life, even with all the junk and messiness, because it has brought me to this place. I love my Lord with all my heart, and this 'spiritual being' longs for the day when he returns or when he chooses to call me home. I'm good, either way.

Blessings,

Lisa Jo

