

Something Called Faith

By

Melanie Abela

Recently I've questioned again, the tenuous phenomena of faith. It seems unless one is guided by religion, morals, intentions, convictions, or beliefs, faith can become a nebulous term.

When experiences of grief recently came like waves into my life, I easily recognized the signs: feelings of loss, a painful heart, an outpouring of tears. The events precipitating these feelings were my mother's stroke, my father's terminal illness, my sister's deeper descent into alcoholism, and my good friend's move to a house that is a 10 hour drive away.

Every now and then my clever mind creates an understanding or motivation that seems to satisfy my curiosity about faith, but that too, just as quickly dissipates. Questioning faith is not about a search for a singular answer but rather a prayer to guide my attention to the moment. I wonder if, just as life is constant motion and change, perhaps, too, is faith. Could this be faith itself? As I pose this question, I find trust naturally arises in me. Trust is the consciousness of life that flows in and through all of me, the learning and therefore "being" of faith - something I slip in and out of like a truant school kid.

What inspires you?