

I LIKE TO SAY I BELIEVE

One early morning as I was looking out my living room window a man I had never seen before came into my view. He was walking along the sidewalk and I watched him pass by until he was out of sight. He was quite remarkable to me in many ways.



First I thought it odd that I had never seen him before. I thought perhaps he was visiting or that he might have been a newcomer to the neighbourhood. He was on the young side of middle age and although his clothes were not good quality, he was impeccably dressed. It was an overcast day and cold, but there he was walking with a cane, forcing his feet to go where he wanted them to with each slow, deliberate step.

As I watched him I had a flash of wonder about his story. Somewhere along the line he had had a brain injury. Mostly though I thought about the steadfast determination I saw in every step he took and the patience that went along with that. He was concentrating intensely it seemed to me, but there was a striking sense of calm about him too. It took him maybe a whole minute to walk by my window. After he disappeared from my sight I continued to think about him. I remembered my days in rehab after disability changed my life and I remembered that same determination I saw in him. I had had it too, but at the time I saw him I was feeling as though I had lost it. I was still sitting at my window thinking about that when, twenty minutes later he reappeared on his return journey. It was an exact repeat of his first pass by. "Look at that determination," I thought.

That is one of many, many examples of God talking to me that I have experienced in my life. There have probably been many more that I did not notice. I often remember this man and what he "said" to me. He is there now in my memory, to think of when I need a push.

I have said for a long time that I believe in a Higher Power but I admit that I have problems when it comes to acting like I do. I am quick to let my power hungry ego take control. Every time I witness the Divine alive and active and real in my life, my ego doubts and says "Give me more proof." I always get more, but until I manage the leap of faith that will put my ego in its place once and for all, more will never be quite enough.

Something else I like to say is that I believe in angels. I think this man may have been one, but I can't say honestly that I'm 100% convinced that he was. I cannot say why I think he was except that there was a quality about the whole episode that is very apparent every time I reflect on it. Both times that he passed by my window, it was as though it was a serene, perfectly flowing moment between he

and I that was somehow lifted out of time and suspended somewhere just beyond reality.

I have never seen that man again.

I think we are inclined to want to experience big, spectacular miracles as proof of the Divine and so we don't appreciate how beautifully subtle God's communications can be. I didn't get a lightening bolt that reignited my determination. I got a reminder. A nudge. And, I think, a thumbs up from a God who cares and believes and speaks in a way that can be heard in any given situation. Assuming you are able to listen that is.

As time goes on I find myself believing more and more in communication, and less in coincidence. I can't say why, but then as Josh Groban says in his great song, "Isn't faith believing all power can't be seen?" Maybe that is explanation enough.

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