

Excerpt from
Whispers of Trust

by Sarah Davison

Breathing in, she told herself she needed to trust God. She needed to have faith like Abraham, yet a small part of her rebelled. A part of her wanted to stomp her foot like a child.

Things had been going along well until a letter arrived saying she was heir to her late uncle's estate. An uncle who shouldn't have even known who she was. Now her world was turned upside down, and her old fears were waging war against new uncertainties.

TRUST ME.

The words came unbidden to her mind, stopping her mid-thought. She waited, but nothing else came. Sighing, she sat down on her bed. Her fingers brushed her Bible on the nightstand.

Everything had seemed so much simpler when she was younger. She had grown up with child-like faith that everything would be okay because God was in control, so why didn't she have that same confidence now? Why was it harder to trust Him as an adult?

Her thoughts drifted back to Sunday's sermon about Peter walking on water. Was it just two days ago she had been determined to trust God in the storms of life, to keep her eyes on Him and not her problems?

Emery hung her head. She couldn't even last two days before she fell apart. How was she going to make it all the way to Rhode Island? Tears began pooling in her eyes.

She wished she were stronger and better at embracing change like Anna. Her friend rolled with whatever came, whereas she felt like she was the one being rolled. How did Anna do it? How did she remain put together?

A sob broke free as a few tears leaked out. Emery covered her face with her hands, unable to hold it back any longer. It was like a pipe had suddenly burst, and once she started, she couldn't stop.

She felt the bed give as a weight settled beside her. A second later her friend's arms encircled her in a comforting embrace. She leaned into it, letting its warmth chase away the darkness.

For a while, she simply rested within Anna's embrace, savoring the familiarity and security it brought. When she felt calmer, she drew back.

"Are you okay?" Anna asked.

"I'm better now," she replied, wiping her cheeks. "Thank you."

Anna reached over and touched her arm. "I'm always here for you. Do you want to talk about it?"

Emery looked down, debating how much to admit. She didn't like acknowledging her weaknesses, even to her friend. She didn't want people to think less of her.

"Is it the trip?" Anna asked softly.

She bit the inside of her lip. She should have known she couldn't keep anything from Anna. Slowly, she looked up, meeting her friend's gaze. The compassion she saw there almost unraveled her thinly veiled control.

"I thought I could do this when we left church Sunday, but now...now..." She clenched her hand, willing the tears back. Taking a breath, she tried again. "I don't think I can do it. It's all happening so fast."

"I know it's a lot all at once, but you're not alone in it," Anna said.

Then why did it feel like she was? It was a nice thing to tell people, but it didn't change how she was feeling.

“Em, we can’t always control what happens in life, but God promises not to leave us.”

She looked at Anna, frustration, hurt, and confusion battling for supremacy. “Then why does it feel like He isn’t here?” she answered, flinging her arms out. “Does He not see how hard this is for me?”

Anna remained silent at her outburst. Emery crossed her arms, knowing she should feel guilty for lashing out, but instead she felt justified. Was it so wrong to feel the way she did?

“You know,” Anna began quietly, “my mom had a saying during tough times.” She paused, reaching over to rest a hand on her shoulder. Emery had to fight the urge to pull away and run in the opposite direction. “She said you may not always like what happens in life, but God knows what He is doing. He sees the bigger picture.”

Emery stared back at her friend. She could hear the truth in her words, but it was hard to accept them.