

“God Most Certainly Knows What I Need”

Why is it that everyone around me has such a fantastic life? Sure, I have a lot to be grateful for, I know that. But lately, it just feels like even the small windows of opportunity that open are abruptly shut.

I just want to be successful, and I hate when people try to ask me what that means. Yes people, it means I want to be RICH, that's what I want; money, a nice car, a nice big house with stone siding, and may-be, I'd even like a few pieces of expensive clothing. I mean, is that so bad?

If I were to ever get married, I would want a successful marriage; I want a husband who is understanding, kind and patient. I want him to go to church and know the meaning of sacrifice. It would be just great if he were rich too, but I'd rather marry for love; true love. Eventually, I want beautiful children, who help me around the house and adore me.

I want a satisfying career, where I can help people, a job where I am important and needed.

I want it all. And I want it all before I am 30 years old.

I graduated from a prestigious University over 5 years ago in a great field, which now doesn't mean too much unless you continue on to Grad school. I actually did get married. I am not rich. He's not rich either. But luckily for me, he fits all the other criteria.

I had a wonderful job that I adored, and I loved waking up everyday. I worked with so many people who really appreciated my work and loved seeing me. I loved my manager and she loved me, we would often go for lunches together, and shared the same interests. I made great money, I had a really nice car, I bought expensive material things. The nice house wasn't huge, but it was great, and came after I got married. I was very happy. I loved my life.... I was on top of the world.

On March 13 2007 my manager told me that she was pregnant, and would be training someone else for her position. Since I was the most senior and trustworthy advisor that she knows she wanted me to help train her as well. Great! What a great way to be recognized and also be on good terms with the new manager. Fast forwarding to when my manager actually left, and things started to go terribly wrong. The new manager was a really horrible person, it took me a while to see it, but it became evident soon enough. It was too much work, she blamed me for everything, she made me look bad in front of everyone, and she bombarded me with useless work so that I couldn't finish my assigned tasks. I couldn't sleep, I barely ate, I was always angry with my husband, with my friends and family. I worked an extra 30-40 hours a week and it still wasn't enough for her. Needless to say at this point I was under paid for the amount of work I was doing not to mention how much I despised my life.

Soon I learned that my beloved old manager wasn't coming back and that I would be stuck with this miserable person! Oh God, what happened?? How much worse can this get?

On February 23 2008, on no equitable or respectable reason, I was fired. I was completely appalled, not to mention outraged. For sure now I thought it can't get any worse.

“Canada is headed into a worse recession than anyone expected, one that could last until almost 2010, said the country's top economists on Monday.”

-CBC news *Monday, October 6, 2008*

For over a year now I have been struggling to find work yet I believe the bigger struggle is constantly seeing my friends (and people who are not really my friends) gain promotion after promotion. Every time an opportunity arises something happens and I am completely shut down. So I ask the question again, why is it that everyone around me has such a fantastic life? Sure, I have a lot to be grateful for, I mean I am living right? I am not sick, and I have a great husband, sure the house is not big, but its home. I know not everything is my life completely stinks. But lately, it just feels like even the small windows of opportunity that open up are abruptly shut.

God, why is this happening? What do you want me to do? What are You trying to tell me? I don't understand. God, please help me. I just want to be happy.

It takes a lot of soul searching, and reflecting to get these answers from God. I will fast forward through the nights of random cries, and feelings of depression and distress, and I will tell you what I learned, and am still learning from this experience. Through-out my journey I discovered that what I am really looking for is a sense of purpose.

So ironically it seemed that on days where I felt such abject depression, God would send answers and speak to me. Whether His voice came by a sermon, through confession or even through talking with spiritual leaders, God had answers for me. I guess He was just waiting on me to stop being dull of hearing and actually listen. We've all heard the expression “Never judge a book by its cover”. Well, how do I know that everyone's life is so fantastic? Is it because they appear to be happy around me? Did I not also “appear” happy in front of others? Yet on the inside I was struggling and upset. So perhaps Satan's first plan of attack on me was to implant a seed of illusion, creating the sense that everyone else had it so good except me. I realized that this feeling was no more than just that; an illusion, no matter how good people seem to have it, I never actually know what's going on in their life.

Next issue: being rich, successful and all that jazz. The realization of these answers took a little longer, but God showed me the true meaning of blessings in my life. I exposed my thoughts to my father of confession and he comforted me in various ways. ‘When God takes something from your grasp, He's not punishing you, but merely opening your hands to receive something better.’ Hearing this was a relief, God is not mad at me, I didn't do anything wrong. Perhaps the devil's second plan of attack was to make me think that I'm bad and that God doesn't love me and that's

why He took my job away from me. The truth really was that I began to hate my job and was very stressed out. Why isn't it possible that God wanted me to take a break? Relax a little. Maybe God wanted me to just have a break. Wow, never thought about it that way. That's really nice of God to think not only about my spiritual health but also my mental health as well. Instead of enjoying my time off, I've been nagging and complaining this entire journey. 'The will of God will never take you where the Grace of God will not protect you.' Isn't the easiest thing for God to do is to get me a job? Obviously the Will of God for me is different than the will for myself. I'm sure He's trying to teach me patience, maybe He wants me to help out in the services of the church. And how could I ever allow the devil to make me believe that I have no purpose? Of course I have a purpose. I have to fulfil God's plan through my marriage by being a good wife, I have to be a good role model to my Sunday School children, I have to harness my talents to grow and multiply them, to show God the fruit of my labour. I have been given the luxury of time, which in this day and age, most people would kill for. I could use this time to do a lot of good. God has provided me with everything, and I spent so much time falling for the trickery of the Devil. So what I don't work?! Like no one has been laid off before? I'm not the only one. By speaking to my father of confession and other spiritual leaders I realized that all the riches and material things that I obsessed over are not what actually make one happy. It's the other joys of life like spending time with my husband, my friends, family, and helping in the service.

I still want to work and I continue searching for a job, but it appears that this is not God's Will for me.....yet. I will have to accept that. And in the end, although I may think I know what I want, God most certainly knows what I need.

“Do not love the things which are in the world, for the world shall pass away and all its desires, but he who does the Will of God shall abide forever.” Amen.