

Trust That Good Will Come

It was a slow, boring January day at the Blue Sky Lodge. We had just moved in. The house was a mess. Construction hadn't begun yet. All we had was a plan, and a dream. It was too cold and rainy to skydive or even be outdoors. There wasn't any furniture yet. We were lying around on the floor.

I don't know who got the idea first, him or me. But we both picked up Magic Markers about the same time. Then we started drawing on the wall.

"What do you want to happen in your life?" I asked. He drew pictures of seaplanes, and mountains, and boats leaving the shore. One picture was a video-camera man, jumping out of a plane. "I want adventure," he said.

I drew pictures of a woman tromping around the world. She went to war-torn countries, then sat on a fence and watched. She visited the mountains and the oceans and many exciting places. Then I drew a heart around the entire picture, and she sat there in the middle of all the experiences on a big stack of books.

"I want stories," I said, "ones with a lot of heart."

Across the entire picture, in big letters, he wrote the word "Woohoo."

As an afterthought, I drew a woman skydiver who had just jumped out of the plane. She was frightened and grimacing. Next to her I wrote the words "Just relax."

On the bottom of the wall I wrote, "The future is only limited by what we can see now." He grabbed a marker, crossed out "only," and changed it to "never." "There," he said, "it's done."

Eventually, the house got cleaned up and the construction finished. Furniture arrived. And yellow paint covered the pictures on the wall. We didn't think much about that wall until months later. Sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly, and sometimes in ways we'd least expect, each of the pictures we'd drawn on that wall began to materialize and manifest.

"It's a magic wall," I said.

Even if you can't imagine what's coming next, relax. The good pictures are still there. The wall will soon become covered with the story of your life. Thank God, the future is never limited by what we can see right now. The wall isn't magic. The magic is in us and what we believe.

Before we start speaking the language of letting go, we need to understand what a powerful behavior letting go and letting God really is.

God, help me do my part. Then help me let go, and let you do yours.

This inspiration is from *More Language of Letting Go: 366 New Daily Meditations*.

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