

The Choice

What would you do if you weren't afraid? The question crept into my waking moments, and I wondered again. How different would my days look if I weren't so anxious? How much lighter would be my load be? What *am* I so scared of anyway? So I opened my mind and just let the fears drift through, one by one. The list was much longer than I'd expected: fears about the children's future; fears about the construction projects; fears about missed opportunities; fears about business. In the daylight hours, the list seems shorter and more manageable, because most of the fears hide during the day, ambushing from just below the surface, so that I live in a vague disquiet without ever quite knowing why.

These fears are wearing me out. They're too heavy for me. I've known for a long time how much you hate them. You warn me to stay away from them -- "Do not fear, for I am with you. Do not look anxiously about you. . . . Do not be anxious about anything. . . ." -- but I've never taken you seriously. I'm embarrassed to admit that, but it's true. I've put those commands in the "nice but impractical" pile. But things are different now. Maybe it's because I can see how the fears are making me sick and tired. Or maybe it's because I'm finally learning to trust You. Either way, I'm ready.

Today, I won't entertain the fears. When I see them, I won't invite them in, make them comfortable, give them my full attention, offer them a cup of tea. I'll just grab them and hand them wriggling to You. And then I'll skip off to play.