

## The Importance of Trust

We all know that we need someone whom we can confide in, tell our secrets to, or ask for advice. Haven't we all, at some point, told a 'friend' a secret, only to learn later that it is now being spread among our whole circle of friends and acquaintances? As we get older, we choose more carefully who we confide in, for we know that some persons are not to be trusted with our confidences. We try to always have someone we can trust to give us an honest answer when we need it.

One thing I have learned from watching my parents for many years is the importance of trust, yet at the same time, discernment. About eight years ago, my mother was pregnant with a little girl, whom we found out had many severe medical needs. Massive hydrocephalus<sup>1</sup> had flattened her tiny brain until it was paper-thin. Most physicians said she had zero percent chance of survival, and advised my parents to abort. My parents were adamant in their refusal, however, for they believe, as do I, that it is not up to us to end a life granted by God. They trusted that God would do as He willed, and prayed that He would perform a miracle.

We named her Lydia, so that we could have a name to call her by in our prayers. God did perform miracles, within the womb and without. It became evident from a sonogram that her brain's halves were fused together, which would create major issues. Later, though, before Lydia was born, it was found that the halves had separated until they were as they were supposed to be. There was scar tissue marking where they had been torn apart.

She was born alive, her brain miraculously the size of a normal one, no longer flat as it had been. However, her heart also had major life-threatening problems. In her first

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<sup>1</sup> Fluid surrounding the brain

week, she had two open-heart surgeries. She spent the first forty-eight days of her life in the hospital.

Our miracle child is now seven years old, and has just finished first grade. Lydia is reading far above her level; she was once discovered enjoying one of Shakespeare's original plays. She loves to do many things, including singing, swimming, and playing with her siblings.

My parents trusted in God to do as He willed, instead of taking matters into their own hands, and now many people have been blessed by what He has done. It is important to have Someone we can trust, yet at the same time, we need to be able to discern when someone is not to be trusted. How much we would have missed if my parents had blindly followed the doctors' opinions. God can bring much out of our trust in Him. However, we should not be expecting Him to do as we wish. We should trust Him to do as He wills, even if it is not what we want, for His will is perfect, whereas ours is faulty and often mixed with our own selfish cares. Yes, it can be hard, and it was hard for my parents, but bad times come with the good.

God alone can be trusted, not only to always do what is best for us, but also to always give us honest and good advice when we need it. We can either ignore it, or put it to good use; the choice is our responsibility to make. The consequences that follow, whether good or bad, are our duty to accept; yet through all that happens, there is One Who is stable, Who is there to be leaned on, and to carry us when we fail and fall.