

11-2016

Swimming to Shore

Abbie Hall
Andrews University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.andrews.edu/luh-students>

Recommended Citation

Hall, Abbie, "Swimming to Shore" (2016). *Stories - Students*. 11.
<https://digitalcommons.andrews.edu/luh-students/11>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Lake Union Herald at Digital Commons @ Andrews University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Stories - Students by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Andrews University. For more information, please contact repository@andrews.edu.

Swimming to Shore

BY ABBIE HALL

My faith as a child can be summed up into one word: inconsistent. Though I was blessed with many Friday night vespers, potlucks and Vega-links, for me, Adventism wasn't as fulfilling as you might think. Honestly, the experience felt more like trying to stand up in shallow water as waves broke at my knees and the tide moved swiftly beneath my feet. Being constantly pulled in and out of both church and Adventist education, I discovered perseverance, autonomy and a strong will at a young age. As you can probably imagine, my view of God grew quite inconsistent as well. So, when the time arrived to consider college enrollment, my high school guidance counselor, a wise Christian man, told me that Andrews was probably right where I needed to be. I laughed to console myself. He was probably right. But, you see, after all this learning to battle the tide with my own strength, I'd developed this funny way of digging my heels deep into the sand.

Against his advice, I naturally continued my inconsistent trend — take a year off, spend a semester at Union, spend a semester at community college, take a semester off. James 1:6 states that, *He who doubts is like a wave of the sea, driven and tossed by the wind.* Years of battling the tide had led me to deep waters of doubt and I eventually found myself treading with waves now breaking over my head. As I began yet another semester at community college, I also began suffering long periods of insomnia, my hair started falling out, and nausea replaced my appetite. Then, one night this spring, half awake and a mess of tears, I heard a stern, yet extremely woeful voice in my ear: "If you can't trust Me in this," the concerned voice pled, "how will you ever trust Me when it really matters?" And with that question, it's as if God placed his hands over the water, calmed the waves and told me to swim to shore.

I am continually amazed how small a body of water looks compared to the actual amount of surface area it covers. Some days, when I look ahead of me, the shore seems so close. In August, I was prepared to begin yet another semester of school, but this time I enrolled at Andrews. Some days, the swim seems terribly arduous and I can only concentrate on the rhythm of my strokes, still uncertain how I am going to finance this semester.

But, by the grace of God, I am a little closer today than I was yesterday, and even more so tomorrow.

Abbie Hall is a sophomore from Cadillac, Michigan, studying pre-professional psychology at Andrews University.

