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Faith Is Like High School

BY HEATHER MARIE THOMPSON

At eight years old, I thought my mother was the most beautiful woman in my world. She had perfect blonde hair and sharp green eyes. I found a picture of her sometime that year of when she was a teenager. It was the end of the 70s, and she was wearing black leather pants and a white blouse. I hid that picture in my room as if it were a buried secret treasure.

I loved watching her get ready in the mornings. My mother, still the woman in my hidden picture, only now she had traded her leather pants for dress skirts. I wondered if she hid those black leather pants somewhere just as I had hidden that photo. Perhaps, if I held my breath long enough, I'd one day sprout into that girl whose sparkling smile was trapped in the image.

At 14, I entered high school. I was terrified to be seen and equally as scared to go unnoticed. It seemed the other girls became women over the summer. Their bodies suddenly flawless, and they exuded this aura that spoke through the silence that they had grown up. I was still as shapeless and skinny as I was in middle school, and the only thing my aura exuded was invisibility. I was madly in love with Rocky Boswell, my class's star athlete. He was kind enough to share about all the girls he was madly in love with, none of which ever happened to be me.

Sometimes I still feel as though I am eight or 14 years old, watching from the sidelines, invisible, as life happens for everyone else. There's a sick and twisted monster living inside me, making me believe that no matter what I do, I'll never be good enough.



Christians spend a lot of time and effort trying to convince ourselves to have faith in God. I feel as though we have it all backwards. Faith in God is easy. He's that star athlete in every small town high school, or woman in the picture you know you'll never be. He's perfect. It's hard to feel anything but invisible to someone so far out of our league. "Surely He isn't looking at me," I think to myself.

In a way, it's kind of like all of life is like your freshmen year of high school. When the most popular kid in school tells you they saved a seat for you at lunch, you

don't point out to them that you're a loser and that the seat should go to someone cooler. You seize the chance, and jump on your opportunity to reverse your invisibility.

God, the Bright and Morning Star of the universe, thinks you're someone pretty special. He's got a seat saved just for you at His table, so put some faith into yourself and get out there and seize your moment to be someone. Trust me; He's looking right at you. So how are you going to use this incredible opportunity?

Heather Marie Thompson is a M.A. student at Andrews University, and the author of *Hook, Line and Sink*, a Christian dating book for teens released in February.