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FAITH IS THE
SIMPLE ACT OF
KNOWING THAT
ONCE I HAVE
DONE MY WORK,
HE WILL DO HIS
by Megha Bajaj

Keeping *the* faith

I have no clue as to what my next sentence will be. But I have faith that something will come. As long as I keep writing, knowing words will come – words will come. They have never failed me. Like a true friend, they appear whenever I need them, and allow me to speak – to express – to feel. My faith in them is so complete, that I have moved beyond ‘hoping’ words will come, or ‘wanting’ them to come, to ‘knowing’ words will come.

Faith. Small word. Supreme implications. Honestly, I never really understood what the big deal about faith was. Every religion spoke of it. Every guru asked his disciples to have it. And yes, for aeons seekers have yearned for it. Yet, it eluded me. Whenever I would hear someone speak of faith, my eyes would become wide, and I would get really excited and think, “Faith can heal incurable diseases? Faith can transform one’s life from rags to riches? Faith can actually bring one one’s soulmate? Arey, what is this faith? Where can I find it?”

I tried to develop faith. I tried to intellectualise it. I even tried to affirm to myself, “I have faith, I have faith, I have faith.” But, alas, faith seemed to have little faith in me! I couldn’t feel that complete faith in anything or anyone. I was always filled with doubts.

I was suffering from some physical ailments for quite some time. I had come to recognise that all of them had their roots in my mind. And I would do everything I could to heal myself of my

past and of my toxic thought patterns. In this phase, I desperately needed to find faith. Faith that I would be all right. Faith that all would be okay. Faith, simply, that would let me know that I will survive this phase and emerge stronger than ever before.

One of those evenings, I was going through a particularly rough patch physically. I felt like I couldn’t breathe. My chest was constricted with congestion and the simple act of breathing in and out, seemed to be a Herculean effort. I was all alone at home, so I could not even ask anyone for help, and neither could I move towards the phone to call anyone. Paralysed with fear, I lay on the bed, kept trying to focus, and told myself not to panic. And, then suddenly some voice from within seemed to command, gently but firmly, “Let go – I am there to take care of you.” And I did. I just stopped struggling, I just stopped thinking. I had no clue where the next breath would come from, but I knew it would come. And that made all the difference. Within minutes the panic had subsided. I was breathing evenly. In fact I felt like my lungs were expanding. I realised then that faith meant surrendering – your intellect to His intellect – your self to the higher self. In fact, without surrender, there is no faith.

I have to do my best, and after that I have to leave the rest. Faith is knowing that once I have done my work, He will do his.

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