

Raised Up Faith

Las Vegas, Nevada | 2018

This little raised cross. Torn marks cut deep all around leaving scars like I've felt in life. But it doesn't define me. The cross within me remains the stronger beat.

Raised up, reclaimed, repurposed, redefined, rejuvenated, stronger for the marks. That is how good the Cross is. Redeemed.

Keeping a positive outlook in life can set your direction. My Dad helped form this perspective early on with his ongoing upbeat nature. It was my "pre-faith" faith. The first struggles I really had in life were health-related, being diagnosed with ulcerative colitis, an autoimmune disease, with no cure or known cause. It was embarrassing and painful many times. I was hospitalized the month before I started college for a rare reaction to a medication. Then two years later I had to drop out of a college semester due to a bad flare-up. These health struggles, and forced recovery times, when all I could do was rest, helped form my determination.

Sometimes the marks life leaves are visible too long, a reminder of the pain. Failed relationships, false securities in a job, loss of those we love, and other things life throws us. But I won't stay there. It would have been easy to give up, but you can't. There is always more. More for us, more to give and more to learn. The grace of the Cross. I now see this positive mindset as a fundamental element of faith. Do good. Believe. Hope. Trust. It was part of my faith foundation before I even knew to discover and form my own personal faith. Starting small with the size of a mustard seed, faith grows. The little things in life are big.

That's how good the Cross is. This cross image, found in concrete, is seemingly tossed aside. The outcome is the formed in the unformed. It is a powerful reminder for what the scraps and unintended marks can make – we are an art form in the making. Raised up, reclaimed, repurposed, redefined, rejuvenated, stronger for the marks!

