

TO FEEL THE WIND RUSHING PAST ME as I soared high above the ground, completely free of contact with the earth; like a bird floating among the clouds—to fly, without any constraints—that has always been my life dream.

Even when I was really little, like 4, I was obsessed with flying. When I heard the story of Peter Pan, I was captivated. I wanted to fly just like him. Caleb, being my wise older brother took it upon himself to cure me by informing me of how stupid it was. “Lydia, Peter Pan’s not real!” But I insisted that there must be some truth in it, so in a desperate final attempt, he said, “Look, Lydia. Nobody can really fly unless they have ropes tied to them!” This crushed me at first, but the more I thought about it, I decided it was actually a pretty good idea. I had it all figured out. If you want to fly, all you need is a long rope and some experience at tying knots. Since I had plenty of both, I determined to try it the next day.

I sneaked out of the house and climbed up the back of our pickup truck. After securing one end of the rope to the roof of the carport, the other end I tied around my waist...then leaped. *Ouch!* That hurt! Quickly concluding that must *not* be the way Peter Pan flew, I was climbing back up as the brilliant idea struck me...I had the rope in the wrong place! Confident of my solution, I took the rope off my waist and slipped it around my neck...it took all of two seconds to realize that didn’t work any better and even less time to realize that I couldn’t breathe. Because I was hanging at a different angle I couldn’t climb back up this time. Panic started to set in, but I didn’t have enough air to scream for

help. After struggling for what seemed like an eternity, I gave up. I just knew I was going to die.

I pictured my family coming outside and finding me dead. I envisioned each of their reactions and wondered if they would miss me. And then...I wondered if I would be with God in heaven when I died. I had heard Mom and Dad talk about Him. I knew He was real and that I wasn’t good enough to get to heaven. I wasn’t ready to die yet.

It was at that moment that our neighbor, who had “just happened” to get off work early that day, drove by. His dog began barking frantically at me. The second he saw me, he stopped his truck in the middle of the road, jumped out, and started running. I watched him open his giant

pocket knife as he raced toward me. That was a pretty intimidating sight for a 4 year old who thought she was about to die. I vaguely recall thinking, “Oh, great. If I don’t die first, he’s going to murder me!” The next thing I remember is him handing me over to my mom. She claims my face was blue and his was white. He kept repeating, “You almost lost her.”

For months afterwards, I could not escape from the thought that IF I had died that day, I would not have gone to be with God. My parents had taught me that the Bible says, “For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.” I knew I was a sinner and that I could never be good enough to get to heaven by myself, just as I couldn’t

save myself from hanging until I stopped struggling and allowed my neighbor to help me. I also knew that God loved me so much that He sent His only Son to die for my sins. Because Jesus had paid all my sin debt, if I truly believed this, all I needed to do was stop struggling and accept it. Finally, I did pray and accept the Lord as my Saviour. That night He gave me such a peace and joy, I almost felt as if I truly could fly at that moment!

It wasn’t until I was 12 that I ever began to doubt my salvation. I couldn’t remember the precise details of my prayer. I was haunted by the thought that maybe I hadn’t prayed exactly the right thing. Maybe I hadn’t completely comprehended it all, maybe I hadn’t believed it fully, maybe I hadn’t wholly trusted enough. One day as I talked to my mother about it she explained that I was focused on whether or not I had done the right things to be saved. Salvation isn’t some thing we do. It is something Jesus has already done, and all we do is receive it. It isn’t an issue of us

trusting enough. It is simply believing that He promised, “For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved” (Romans 9:13). I called, therefore I am saved.

Having settled this, I’ve never doubted again. Even at times when I strayed and foolishly wandered far from God’s way—when I brought Him shame—I knew I was still His child.

The Lord has always been faithfully beside me, forgiving me, guiding me, loving me, and helping me. Without my Heavenly Father I would have no purpose in my life. I’m so grateful for His love and His grace to give us victory to soar above in every area of our lives. 🙏



A Dream to Soar

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“Ingratitude is unmanly when it is toward man, and treason when it is against God.” George Washington Truett