

Choosing to Trust

Today, most people have heard of agoraphobia, which is an abnormal fear of being in open spaces. But 26 years ago, this problem was unknown where I lived.

At 15, my life came to a standstill. I suffered severe panic attacks wherever I went. Shaking uncontrollably and feeling faint, I'd get a compelling urge to run from wherever I was. Eventually, I became housebound.

No one knew what was wrong with me. I thought I was losing my mind, and for two years, I cried out to God for help.

One day I was praying beside my bed, just enjoying the Lord. Suddenly, I felt a current of divine love flow through me, flooding me with peace and joy. I was euphoric!

At first, the only difference I noted was that I couldn't stop singing. Then I had the sudden urge to venture out to the mailbox.

I did, and I didn't panic! The shackles that had bound me began to fall away.

No one realized that I was experiencing agoraphobia. Clinics, treatments, counseling—none were available to me. But I had a Great Physician, and there was nothing unknown to Him.

I have learned that we don't always need to understand the problems we face. What we need to know is that the God in whom we trust is bigger than the problem.