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This I Believe Statement  
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I believe in being open to mystery. Gone is the simple faith of my childhood. I miss that sometimes. But I've noticed, if I keep myself open, small mysterious signs come my way, and give me pause.

Upon leaving a teaching job in the Washington DC area and moving to Lancaster, I waited tables and pounded the pavement for a new teaching position. Other job-searching waitresses told me I was crazy when I turned down a contract because it didn't seem to fit. Why walk away from security for a feeling? Then, mid-school year, a call came from Penn Manor. I felt a nudge. I took the job. These students were more challenging than my class in Maryland. I was exhausted. Was this placement right for me? One tiring day as I picked up mail in the office, the handwriting on a letter gave me an odd familiar feeling. Why? Sliding open the envelope I saw it was correspondence from pen pals the class had established before my arrival. There, at the bottom of the letter, was the signature of MY childhood sixth grade teacher - in Oregon. Coincidence, or mystical serendipity? I took it as a sign that I was in the place I was supposed to be.

Fast forward to my mid-thirties. It was time to have a baby. Or, so I thought. Two days after joyfully announcing my pregnancy to family and friends, I started to bleed. It wasn't meant to be. I was devastated. The miscarriage was followed by disappointment, month after month. I was in a barren land. Then one Sunday there was a hymn of promise. "In the bulb there is a flower, in the seed an apple tree. In cocoons a hidden promise, butterflies will soon be free." And what did a young child from church have to show me that week? Ben Bauman had a butterfly, hatched from a cocoon. It felt like hope. Coincidence, or mystical serendipity? I took it as a sign that I needed to wait a little longer. But now I was more at peace.

On my mirror are lyrics from a Velma Frye song. "I stand before what is, with an open heart, and with an open heart, I dwell in possibility." At times there is a nudge that comes my way. An unknown voice, urging me to action. Sometimes I push it away. Other times I follow it. When I do follow the urge, the vulnerability can feel uncomfortable. However, more often than not, acting on the instinct leads me to someone in good timing. Coincidence, or mystical serendipity? Each time it causes me to pause. Wonder.

When I reach the end of my life, perhaps I will find these little moments have been nothing beyond random. But maybe, just maybe, I will find that these small moments of mystery haven't been so mysterious at all. I dwell in possibility. I believe in being open to mystery.