

When Things Don't Work Out

I was 20 years old and working at a photography store in my hometown to save money so I could return to school at Brigham Young University. Things were going along just fine, plans all made to return to school in another six months, not a cloud in my sky. Then I went to work one morning and found out I was being let go.

What! But jobs were hard to find and didn't the Lord want to help me find a way back to school? I was simply stunned, not to mention embarrassed. I had never been fired before. I hadn't gotten along with the most senior employee there, whose actions I found questionable and when he complained, I found myself out of a job. There were tears, plenty of them.

But I found another job. However it happened to be in San Francisco, thirty miles from where I lived. The pay was good and my skill set was limited at that point. I took the job and my grandparents who lived in San Francisco offered to let me live there free. This turned out to be the start of a whole series of unexpected blessings. I met Millie Fabella and several other young adults in San Francisco who became precious friends. I loved living with my grandparents, whose love for the gospel was a wonderful influence and so different from the home in which I had been living. After six months I did go back to BYU along with Millie who became my roommate. What if I hadn't lost my job? What great experiences and people the Lord was about to bring into my life. He just had to close one door in order to open another one.

I learned this all over again when we were young-marrieds just starting out our family after my husband left graduate school. We were looking for a house to buy where we could raise a growing family. Finally, after much looking we found the perfect house. And it was in the ward and stake we had been living, a place we loved and had many friends in. The former owners had added on a large family room lined with built in storage cabinets and bookshelves. I could just envision family home evenings in that room. And all that storage space! It was a dream.

Our offer was accepted and I began living in the new house in my mind. I was thrilled at the prospect of moving into our first real home. Then one day I got the awful phone call. It was our realtor. He said that the bank was not willing to lend that amount of money on that house because it was the nicest house on the street, worth too much more than surrounding houses. They would only loan an amount based on a more typically priced house in that neighborhood. We could still have the house if we could come up with more cash; otherwise, the owners had received an all cash offer and would take that.

My heart was broken. No, we didn't have any more money to put into the deal. We were not going to get our dream home! I ran from the phone in the kitchen and fell on my bed in tears. I'm not sure how long I cried. I just couldn't stand to think of losing that house I had fallen in love with.

Suddenly I sat upright. The thought hit me like a thunderbolt. God was guiding our lives. I knew that. I trusted Him. If this was not the house, then somewhere there was some other house that was the house! I could clearly see that this was the time to put my faith into action.

And of course, there was another house. It was in a different ward and stake. And that was where we raised our family of four children. That was the ward where my husband served as bishop and that was the stake where he later served as stake president. That was the place where my son went to school and met the girl he later married in the temple. Now it is home, the place where all my dearest friends live. That was the place we were supposed to be. Again, the Lord had to close one door in order to get us through the right one for us.

Through many years I have learned that I can trust God's plans for my life even when I can't see far enough ahead to know what that plan is. Closed doors, even when they are a great disappointment, are now just one more way that the Lord has of guiding my life. He says we should be thankful in all things, and I think I'm beginning to see why!

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