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Daisies

Rebecca Andersen
Concordia University - Portland

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Andersen: Daisies

DAISIES (SENIOR THESIS EXCERPT)

Rebecca Andersen

I'm running endlessly, in no particular direction, with a racing heart and burning lungs that tempt me to stop, but I don't stop. I'm free to run forever if I choose. I'm a woman afraid of nothing and everything. If I stop running, will I have the motivation to run back? The muscles in my legs weigh me down as I trudge up the hill. I can't stop. If I do I've failed, which means I'm a failure. I long for a field of daisies to lie in, as if I'm Alice, whose freedom of imagination brought her to a Wonderland. If only I could live within my imagination, within the pages that I write in my journals, a place of safety. I seek comfort through conformity, but didn't God create me in a separate womb from everyone else? "You see, our true places as women in God's Story are as diverse and unique as wildflowers in a field. No two look quite the same" (Eldredge 209). It's hard to live like a daisy next to a rose.

A daisy says, "Thank you for your friendship, your endless encouragements and love. Thank you for your honesty, care, and genuineness." A daisy left on a person's desk will be accepted with nothing less than a smile, no matter the events of the day. It is the friendliest of flowers that holds no judgment or expectations of a favor in return. When a petal falls from the bud it remains beautiful, although imperfect. Its white petals do not intimidate; it is for the imagination to choose what color it will represent today. While a rose may be confined by perfection, a daisy is free—a freedom that I feel as a child of God and a woman of God.

Am I willing to sacrifice the image I have created of myself for the masterpiece that God has created for my life?

Why do I want her body? Her personality, her confidence? I don't know this person, but I want so badly to be her. The glamour of Hollywood is too bright for my eyes, but maybe if I put my sunglasses on I can attempt to live in that world. Is this living truly? Copying other people and in the process becoming lost in my own identity? I am beautiful in God's eyes because He does not judge, but He's not here to say to my face, "Rebecca, you are

beautiful.” So where do I find a confidence in myself? How am I supposed to ignore the world when I live smack dab in the middle of it? I can’t escape! I tell myself to push on! I can make it! Don’t give up—just keep breathing.

We’re pulled into this world, not by choice, and living in it is going to be the hardest attempt at life that we’ll ever have to go through. Yes, this is temporary. This pain. These expectations. This pressure. This constant exhaustion. These worries. God intended life to be simple and beautiful, like a Garden of Eden. However, this world is corrupted and selfish. We’re constantly comparing ourselves or putting undue pressure on who we think we should be. Who does God want me to be? I don’t even know. I’m so confused by what the world wants me to be that I’ve forgotten about the One who created me. The One who knows me better than I know myself. Who does He desire me to be? And do I want to be this person?

My belief goes beyond the controversy of creation and evolution. It goes beyond the issue of heaven and hell. My belief recognizes the evil in the world but remains optimistic and hopeful. My belief allows me to believe in peace. I believe in a being that is supernatural, beyond my comprehension, a miracle maker, and loves me without the comparison of others. I believe in the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, an intricate trinity that is not physically seen, and yet I believe. I believe in what I feel. I believe that when there is no music in front of me that my violin sings not with my own talent, but by the inspiration and intervention of the Holy Spirit. I know at that moment that He is real and I’m reassured that I’m not alone. I fall to my knees in prayer and cry out to the empty space in front of me, and I feel Him. I can feel Him! I can’t deny this feeling. This is essentially my conscience, the voice inside of me that understands morals but wants to shout at the top of its lungs that there is something good amidst all the bad. This voice tells me that I can choose to be a good or bad person, but that being a good person is not out of an obligation. I choose to act on my morals and I want to share His love with every person I meet. This voice tells me that there is power in one voice, a voice that wants to act. If I didn’t believe, I would be lost. Who would I turn to in silence? How would I know that I was created for a purpose? How

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would I fall asleep at night without knowing that He has picked out a soul mate for me? My belief humbles me. I don’t care to answer whether God has chosen heaven or hell for believers and nonbelievers. I do not worry about being friends with a lesbian. I understand love, therefore I understand God. I understand that in the end He wants to be with me; He will not give up so easily. Should I take the Bible literally? I don’t think so, but some do. Who is to say which is the right one? I don’t care. My belief is authentic. It’s original and is fitted and molded to the person I am today. I believe in hope. I believe that things happen for a reason and that we may not see the ending of these happenings before we die, but I do believe in a better place where we won’t have to worry about the end. My belief is why I am so happy. I believe because I choose to. I believe because, why not?

Works Cited

Eldredge, John and Statsi. *Captivating*. Yates & Yates: Orange, California. 2005.