MFT - Testing... testing...

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Photo date and location unknown

At the end of my MFT career, somewhere in Minnesota, in the middle of winter....I was experiencing what for me were routine fundraising issues, getting overloaded (emotionally constipated, as one team mother put it) and knowing that no matter how hard I tried to push myself, on certain days I was going to space out and not fundraise. Feeling a lot of stress pretty much every day. There were plenty of trials built into the average fundraising day as it was.

Some days, you just knew you were being tested. Everything got to you, from the captain's cheery hand-clapping to the itchy long underwear, the jostling and bouncing as you tried to eat your breakfast from a cup. Knowing that you were going to talk to total strangers and ask them for money purely on trust. Never really understanding how that actually worked, or why it ever did.

It was at the end of such a day, when I'd pushed myself through exhaustion and frustration, that we said our closing prayer and rolled out our sleeping bags. Finally, I could rest for a few hours. What a day.

As I was thinking this, the brother next to me rolled over onto his back and his arm flopped onto me. I sighed, and moved his arm onto his chest. Heavenly Father, you're not finished testing me yet? I lay back and began to drift off.

Then he began to snore. Ok, Heavenly Father. Still testing, I see. I reached over and gently rolled him onto his side. Quiet. Lay back, drifting off.....

Then the brother on the other side of me rolled over, and kicked me. I patiently nudged his foot away.

Not bad, Sam, I thought to myself. You're getting the hang of this. Well done. Started to drift off again.

Someone else started to snore.

I have sometimes cried or sulked myself to sleep. This was one of the rare times when I fell asleep laughing. Really, what next? You might as well laugh. It's either that or explode in self-righteous fury or pity. And I slept well.

What's your testing...testing...story?