

"The God I've Grown Into"

Lynn Moresi June 2026

If you'd asked me thirty years ago what faith looked like, I would have given you a fairly confident answer.

I believed in a God who stepped into my world and changed things. God would answer my prayers, open doors, find me a car park, hold off the rain for an outdoor wedding, heal my sickness, find my lost keys, and smooth the path ahead. Because, if God was all-powerful and loved me, then surely that's what God would do. Wouldn't any Father want his child to be happy and comfortable. Wouldn't any Father want to make life easier for the one he loved.

I also held a great deal of certainty. After many years of academic study I thought I knew what Scripture meant. I thought I knew what God thought about difficult moral questions. I imagined faith was, in many ways, about believing the right things and defending them well. But over the years, something shifted. Not suddenly, and not because I stopped believing. In many ways, I think my faith has become deeper rather than weaker. But it has become a very different kind of faith. It's like I had been looking at God from one view point and now the landscape had changed and God has turned to show me a different side.

Looking back, I can now see that my journey has been shaped by a series of quiet movements:

I've found myself moving **from certainty to mystery**. I no longer feel the need to have an answer for everything. In fact, I've come to believe that saying "*I don't know*" can be one of the most faith-filled responses we have. The older I become, the more I realise that mystery isn't the opposite of faith—it is often where faith begins. That 'splinter in the brain' that causes us to doubt what we've always thought to be true is often the gateway to discovering what we've never known or seen. Faith, for me, is no longer about certainty; it's about trust. Trust that God is bigger than anything I could possibly know or understand, and that's OK – I don't need to have everything neatly packaged and clearly labelled. I can live with the reality that there are things I can't be certain of and sit in the discomfort of not having it all worked out.

I've found myself moving **from an interventionist God to an accompanying God**. Rather than asking whether God is rearranging circumstances for my benefit, I now find myself asking, "*Where is God in this?*" Instead of waiting for God to airlift me out of my circumstances, I now trust in the God who parachutes down to join me in the muck and chaos of my situation.¹ Whether life is joyful or heartbreaking, ordinary or overwhelming, I trust that God is profoundly present. I haven't stopped believing that God acts; I've simply become much more cautious about claiming to know how, when, or why. I've come to realise that our constant references to "God working miracles" can reduce God to a kind of divine genie, summoned to grant our wishes if only we pray the right prayer with enough faith. But miracles are called miracles

¹ Pete Greig, *God on Mute*, Regal Books: CA, 2007. p226

precisely because they are extraordinary, not because they are God's ordinary way of relating to the world. More often, God's work seems less like magic and more like faithful presence—sustaining, strengthening, comforting, and quietly transforming us in the midst of life rather than rescuing us from it.

I've found myself moving **from transaction to transformation**. Prayer has become less about persuading God to change my circumstances and more about allowing God to change me—to enlarge my heart, deepen my compassion, and help me live faithfully within whatever life brings. I still pray with hope, but I no longer assume that God's love is measured by whether my prayers are answered in the ways I expect, or that my faithful service somehow guarantees God will act according to what I ask.

I've found myself moving **from behaviour to personhood**. Some of my biggest theological shifts haven't come through arguments or debates but through encounters with real people whose lives refused to fit my neat categories. Those encounters kept inviting me back to Scripture—not to abandon it, but to read it more carefully, more humbly, and more honestly. I've become less interested in deciding who is "in" or who is "out" and more interested in recognising the *imago dei* in every person. Instead of concentrating on the externals, I try to look to see what Jesus would see, and do what Jesus would do, and speak how Jesus would speak. (Luke 7:36-50)

I've found myself moving **from control to participation**. Faith no longer feels like trying to understand or manage God's activity in the world. Instead, it feels like learning to participate in what God is already doing—in love, justice, compassion, reconciliation, beauty, healing, and hope. The invitation is no longer to control or orchestrate the story, but to live faithfully within it. To ask “What is God already doing and how can I partner with the Spirit to align myself with God's work in the world.”

I've found myself moving **from answers to attentiveness**. For a long time, I thought faith was about finding the right answers and holding onto to them with a ‘white knuckled’ intensity that refused to let go. These days, I think it is much more about learning to pay attention. Paying attention to people. Paying attention to my own heart. Paying attention to suffering and beauty. Paying attention to the quiet movements of the Spirit that so often go unnoticed. I've come to believe that transformation rarely begins with certainty. More often, it begins with attention and curiosity. Perhaps that's why I love supervision and spiritual direction so much. Both assume that people are not problems to be solved but lives to be listened to. Transformation doesn't usually happen because someone gives us the right answer. It happens because we are accompanied with wisdom and compassion as we begin to notice what has always been there.

I still follow Christ. I still pray. I still love Scripture. If anything, I love it more than I once did, although I read it differently now. I hold much of it with gentler, more open hands. I have fewer certainties, but a deeper trust. Less need to explain God, and a greater desire simply

to notice God. These days I'm less interested in having the right theology than in becoming the kind of person who reflects the life of Christ. I've come to suspect that God is far less concerned with whether I've got every doctrine neatly resolved than with whether I'm growing in love, compassion, courage, humility, and hope.

Perhaps that's actually what my faith has always been inviting me towards. If my younger self asked whether I'd lost my faith, I think I'd smile and say "No - I've simply discovered that the God I thought I understood was much smaller than the God I continue to encounter." And perhaps that's the real surprise. The deeper I've gone into faith, the less certain I've become about my conclusions—but the more convinced I've become that love is the truest thing I know.