

Something to Believe In

By Jodi Cisman

© 2009

I've always been somewhat of a skeptic. That skepticism has kept me from doing a lot of stupid things. It's the reason why I think I'll be a good journalist. It's also the reason why I have never dedicated myself to one faith. The more college education I receive, the more I shy away from the religious theories of this world.

My skepticism has never kept me from believing in fate. To believe in fate, you have to believe that everything happens for a reason. I don't know who controls fate or whether it's controlled at all. Fate could just be a series of events that happen simultaneously, resulting in an outcome that may or may not be desirable.

I believe in fate because of a small event that occurred one inhumanely hot Arizona day while driving home from school. I was thinking about someone from my past. I thought about how I regarded our friendship as the greatest ever experienced by two people. As I usually do when I start thinking about the past, I tried to re-invoke those feelings. I don't do this because of the person. I do it because of the familiarity and comfort. I'd wish so desperately to have those pleasant feelings again. They make me feel as though I have purpose. I like the excitement of feeling so close to another sentient being that it's as if we were one person existing in two separate bodies.

As soon as I started rekindling those old feelings, "At Last" by Etta James began playing on my iPod. It was a song I always thought of when, after five years of being "just friends," we started dating. At that same moment a white PT Cruiser pulled in front of me. It was the same car he had leased two years ago. I always teased him about it because our high school principal owned one. It seemed like a vehicle only middle-aged people bought.

At that point, I realized there was a reason why I'd met him, why we were so close, why we'd dated and why we broke up. There's a reason why things are the way they are. And that's all I needed to know—that there's a reason. He came into my life and taught me the art of relationships. He taught me that my heart is capable to feel things I never thought it could. He helped me discover my incredible capacity to love. After he broke my heart, he taught me that even though it felt battered and beaten, it could be whole again.

I believe people come in and out of our lives because of some higher force and purpose, so why can't I believe that a force we call God created the entire universe in six days? The difference is between having faith in people and having faith in an explanation.

For me, it's fate.

Jodi Cisman is a print journalism senior at ASU's Walter Cronkite School of Journalism. Her aspirations include working for the National Geographic and as a book editor. She is most passionate about reading, watching movies, going to plays/musicals and learning new things. Contact her at Jodi4President@aol.com.

