

I Found God in the Back of a Thrift Store

Undergraduate

October 21st 2024 - I Found God in the Back of a Thrift Store.

A collection of a mess of things. Clothes. Books. CDs. Jewelry. All unwanted. It is nearly impossible to see all that is resting in this thrift store. Sometimes, I wonder how these things ended up here. Their stories are forever left untold and unheard. What makes something not valuable enough for one to keep yet not worthless enough to throw away? And how do we assume that our trash, which is too good for the garbage, is worthy of someone else's love and possession? Or is it due to an ending: of a chapter of life or of life itself? What are the odds of me coming across this item at this stage of its immortal life? A pattern I see in thrift stores on this side of the world, as well as the other, is a bookshelf. But not one that you would expect to see. A bookshelf dedicated to every variation of a singular book. The most commonly read book in our world: The Bible. And again, I am filled with wonder as my ears beg to hear the story behind each book in the collection. What caused someone to lose their religion to the point they discarded it here? Or maybe it's an act of love to the stranger who will find it and maybe even find God, or their version of God, buried deep within the words?

A cross necklace sits waiting to be found in the old jewelry box, jammed.—\$6. An antique. A memory. An old piece of jewelry given away. For free at that. Was there no one to pass it down to? Or was all meaning behind it lost? At what point does this necklace go from a necklace to a symbol of faith? The walls get narrower as you move along, past the bookshelf and the necklace. The sight of the mess is gone. On the wooden table lies one piece of paper, and they fit together within the scene as if they were both carved out of the same tree. Dust covers it, but it looks as if it has always and will forever stay untouched. The letter lasts for two sentences only and finishes with a short greeting: with love and more love, God. I see the complete picture; a broadened perspective is revealed within these narrow walls. Even God sometimes wonders what to do with their words. Too much to keep, too much to discard. Or maybe just placed here specifically for me to find.

I found God in the back of a thrift store, under all the dust. Autocorrect capitalizes the first letter of my name, just like it does the name of God. And maybe we aren't as separated as we perceive ourselves to be. There is a thin line between where I end and God begins (that's IF there is even a line in the first place). I found the part of myself I was previously unsure what to do with: too much to keep, too much to discard.