My God Box Moment

I heard about the concept of a “God Box” early in my Al-Anon program and thought it sounded ridiculous. Members explained that it was a place to put my fears, worries, and situations I kept obsessing over as a tangible reminder to stop carrying them myself and turn them over to my Higher Power. Eventually, I reached my bottom and decided to try it. It worked. I was able to turn things over, at least for the night, and finally get some good sleep.

Over time, the program has become my way of life. Today, my life is good and full of serenity. Each morning, I make a gratitude list as I drink my coffee. "Thanks, God," comes naturally from my lips throughout the day.

But this summer has been different. My elderly mother, who is deeply affected by the family disease, fell and broke several bones. After surgery, she was diagnosed with dementia, and her decades of distorted thinking were finally recognized by professionals. During post-surgical rehabilitation, she needed a wheelchair, so I ordered one. When it arrived, it was too small, and the shipping box was damaged. I needed a new box to return it. A friend offered one, and although it was too big, I decided to make it work.

After a full workday, I went down to the garage and began packing the wheelchair. The box was so large that the wheelchair fit in it without being folded. I filled up the empty space with packing peanuts and empty shipping boxes and sealed it with a full roll of duct tape. Friends had plenty to say when I posted a picture, and we all laughed.

I didn’t see it yet, but my God box moment was coming.

The next morning, I woke up with clarity. With coffee, some music, a serrated knife, and a willingness to try again, I broke down the box, cleaned up the mess, and started over. This time, I folded the wheelchair and resized the box. The process felt simple and manageable. I sealed it, added the label, and handed it off to the shipping carrier when they arrived.

The following morning, I woke up thinking about that oversized box, and suddenly it clicked. God box. An overstuffed, unnecessarily large God box. The image made me smile. It reminded me how often I overpack my worries when all I really need to do is turn them over.

By Carol F., Connecticut

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