

Making Room for New Growth

Author Andrea Hayes is a frequent contributor to the *Messenger*.

There comes a moment in life when something that once felt like home suddenly feels empty. For me, it happened in the midst of a relationship and a calling I had poured years into. At first, it was a place of joy and purpose, a work aligned with God's will. But over time, I noticed something subtle yet undeniable: I wasn't savouring it the way I used to. The excitement had faded, replaced by a quiet heaviness. I began to wonder is this still the right path, or is God guiding me elsewhere?

Answering that question wasn't simple. It took prayer, honest reflection and the courage to sit with discomfort. Then I remembered an important truth: God's will is revealed through the fruits of our labour, not our fear. Staying in something that felt heavy and joyless wasn't faithful service but the opposite: it was clinging. Sometimes courage isn't about holding on; it's about letting go. By releasing what I had loved and laboured over, I made space for God to work in ways I couldn't yet see. In this sweet spot, between letting go of what was and stepping into what could be, miracles

can quietly manifest. It is a place of possibility, of gentle openness, where growth is ready to take root. But this space is delicate. It often feels messy, even painful, because it exists in the transitions that are neither fully finished nor fully begun.

There is a sharp ache when something that I had once poured myself into feels broken. I ask over and over how something I did with love and intention could feel so heavy now. These tricky in-between moments, the sticky residue of attachment, expectation and desire, can cloud the sweetness of this space.

Surrender is rarely neat. It comes tangled with shame and frustration, with the uncomfortable truth of our human limitations. Perhaps I hadn't strayed from what was good, but my attachment, desire and expectations made the weight heavier than it needed to be. And yet, in the heart of this tension, the sweet spot waits, subtle, quiet and fertile, a reminder that endings are also openings and that growth often emerges from the space that feels hardest to hold.

Even in that struggle, there is



always a glimmer of hope: nothing is lost in God's eyes. Nothing is wasted. As I step into this new season, I ask myself: What is my work now? What can I sow that will bear fruit? What needs to fall away so the soil of my life can nourish new beginnings? Sometimes the bravest act is to let go. Surrendering doesn't erase the pain. It acknowledges it, places it gently in God's hands and whispers: I cannot carry this alone. Lead me. Heal me. Teach me. In that surrender, even in the ache, there is peace. Sometimes the most faithful act is to trust that joy, peace and growth come when we align with the work we are truly meant to do. When I find myself in my confused, questioning mind, I pause and remember one truth: the answers to these questions aren't always imme-

diately, but the feeling inside your heart is. You surrender fully, releasing what once was held so tightly, and trust in God's plan. This isn't spiritual by-passing; it is instead an act of faith. This year, I am learning to trust that plan and remain in the constant consciousness of Christ's love. I try to see each moment, even the frustrations, the losses and the endings, through that lens. Endings are not failures; they are openings for new growth. God's work is not measured by my perfection but by my willingness to stay tender, aware and aligned with his love. Letting go doesn't mean I stop caring. It means I trust the cycle of life, trust the seeds I have planted and make space for the fruit that is yet to come. In every ending, there is the quiet promise of beginning again.

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First Friday 3rd April 2026

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