

Personal story



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Daniel Roomer PDP. 7 " Every man and woman is born into the world to do something unique and something distinctive and if he or she does not do it, It will never be done. " Benjamin E Mays. This is the essence of this whole story. The understanding of such a philosophy eluded me as did it many people of my age at the time; some are not introduced to this concept until they are far into their adulthood. I had been born and raised into a Christian household with no real father figure for most of my life, although I saw him frequently he was never around enough to really raise me maybe a few bits and pieces of advice and teachings.

The real parenting came from my sister mother and grandmother. My mother had a lot of work to do considering she was a lone parent of two and had my Grandmother come live with us from Nicaragua (Central America) a few years prior to my birth and could barely pronounce " hello". Because of my mother's long work hours I didn't see her much and the job of a nurturing loving mother really fell upon my Grandma. Now this doesn't mean my mom didn't love me or TLD show it she just wasn't as present as my grandmother was because my grandma didn't work and took care of me all day.

For thirteen years of my life I was shown love and care by this incredible woman. Like I said before I grew up in a Christian household and my grandmother, mother and sister all had a pretty good understanding and very inclined spirituality so they took it upon themselves to teach me who God was and why he was important and so important to our everyday lives. I had never questioned what they taught me I just received and didn't think much of it. I was a typical church boy, going to church listening to what the teachers in Sunday school had to say, waking up every morning at eight to

get ready, try to live by what was taught to me etc. Etc. It was never really hard just do as you were told and keep your mouth shut so it can all be over quicker. Granted I never consciously thought this way but as a child you know you just want to live in the moment. As you start to reach the age where life starts to show its struggles and now it's not mommy and daddy making the decisions as much for you, you begin to put forth the things you have learned over the course of your relatively short existence so far.

For me that began at about 11 or 12 years old. I began to be a little preacher showing these kids who God was and why he was important just like my family had shown me and considering that I read the bible on my own I had a level of wisdom about the bible, life, history and in general just overall that most kids didn't possess at my age. In my seventh grade year when I was 12 my grandmother had become very weak. She wasn't the once strong, fun, larger than life grandmother that I was used to having around.

Although I knew so much I still wanted to preserve the innocence of a child and expected this to be like all the cartoons I had grown up watching; where nothing ever bad truly happened to the good guys and those around him. I visited my grandmother in the hospital on a regular basis and I began to see how real this situation had become in my life. My grandmother showed misery and sadness in her eyes whenever she had to be seen in her pitiful state, she was skinnier than she had ever been in her life, and was completely drained of the energy she once had.

The visits continued for a few months and she had undergone two surgeries. I had now learned what cancer was and what this evil was doing to my

grandmother. I was 13 now and one morning during school it hit me that my ornamented wasn't going to make it I had flashbacks of some of the happiest memories I could think of with her. That same day when walking home I saw my sisters, moms, and dads car in the front yard and I thought nothing of it. As I walked into the house I noticed solemn, saddened faces. My father sat me down on my mother's bed and looked me directly in my eyes and told me that my grandmother didn't make it.

It didn't take long for the tears to stream down my face and then began wailing frantically as if one of my appendages had been ripped from my body. The news didn't bode well and my grades slipped drastically. I was a vessel of grief wearing fake smiles and laughs just to avoid anyone asking me what was wrong and the images of my grandmother would rush back to fill my mind. It was at this point where I came to question everything I was ever taught about this God my family, friends, and teachers were so fond of. , the product of my families teachings was now shattered left to rebuild myself how I saw fit. I had always known what the people around me wanted me to follow or what they wanted me to be and in return I blindly followed what they said. Predestined by birth to fulfill what they wanted me to do. I wondered, was everything they told me just crap? Is there really a God who sent his son to die for me so the inhabitants on this earth could be saved? Do I really want to do what I'm doing now? If there is such a God why would he take away my source of love?

All these questions and more filled my head and now I would search what I would truly follow and what I would do with myself. I started to do my research on religion and other belief systems. I researched many western

eastern belief systems, their history, stories, purposes, etc. Etc. Hopefully ending something that would explain why my grandmother died, what happened to her and why did it have to happen to me now. Nothing was helping if anything it made me angrier and resentful toward these principles god's or god these people impossible to actually fulfill as a human being.

My impatience grew and months and months of studying brought no results. My grandma died and there was no positive showing itself from it. After a while it just seemed as if there was no hope, that crap like this just happens for no reason and no benefit comes from living life with the fear of this God. Religion throughout history only seemed to result in the demise of man and was a tool of destruction used by those in power. After a few more weeks passed by I recalled the many times I would see my grandmother writing notes in her bible and notebooks, watching preaching's on T.

V. And always seeming to enjoy her time this way. To me it seemed strange that it brought so much joy to my Grandmother to do these things I wondered if it was because she never found out she was being lied to or that she had seen something I had failed to find. I continued my studies but this time on Christianity. I had taken the time to study it through the historical aspect and the perspectives of many and had concluded that it was a broken philosophy but now I would try a different approach.

I took my grandmother's bilingual bible and began to read it and study it this time and use her example of what she did with it. During this time my identity began to take form and the pieces were reassembling to make something new. I learned from the stories and teachings of this book

combined with the historical knowledge I had of this bible, I could see how a lot of it made sense. It still didn't get e exactly what I needed but it was a start. I still wondered, why a God who did such wonderful things would allow for me to lose someone so essential in my life.

I continued onward and started catching onto a very important theme, the relief from suffering. Soon combined with other themes I had learned in the bible it finally hit me. I was a selfish Jerk who failed to realize what was going on cause I was too busy worrying for myself. This God truly loved my grandmother more than I ever did. She had been suffering for so long with so much pain and I still wanted her to be around. I had never Hough that she had gone to heaven to rest and to leave the pain of humanity behind.

I found how religion was a manmade tool and that my grandmother had never followed a religion but she followed a God willing to die for her on the cross. Man and God can never mix and the guy who can tell me what's going on in the world 2000 + years before my existence is the guy I should be following. I had come to grips with why my grandma died when she did. I was old enough to make my own decisions and wise enough to execute to decisions. With all the knowledge I had learned I finally could have a better understanding of those around me and What God wants me to do with those around me.

Although my grandma died her love for me did not and it would guide me and show me how to share the love she demonstrated to me with other people. God never left me, he had his own way to In the end I had made my own identity and now could fulfill my own unique purpose in the world the

only thing left was for me to decide to do it. I have chosen to do so and my something unique I was born to do is now coming to fruition. The struggles that come in life always serve a purpose no matter how painful. The choice is yours to allow it to hinder or you or push you forward.