

A touch of god reigns
out



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

More simply, in all purity and illness, I understood that “ the truth hurts”. As humans, it’s our initial instinct to be prideful and deem ourselves above all else. Just as an ant pales in comparison to the sole of a shoe. We too are nothing in the grand scheme of things even side by side an atom of our creator. Just as society proclaims, I too was automatically assigned to be a specific belief and religion, mine Just so happened to be Christianity. Problematically, my DNA doesn’t necessarily mean I follow the patterns of those who proceeded me.

Yes, I heard, I understood, I sung, I praised, and yes I even prayed, but oneself, I never learned... And most of all, Vive never had the heart.

However, my lack of heart didn’t deprive me from doing my best to trace the very lines my parents set for me. In my world, drugs, sex, Jail, and atheism already made early attempts to grasp me in middle school. It was the foundation of God and the love of my friends and family that surrounded me that allowed me to stray from drugs, cussing, anger, and eventually sex. Nevertheless don’t let this first paragraph fool you.

I wasn’t a dove amongst a swarm of crows and ravens. Fortunately He it’s said that the righteous will live by faith, even if they’re blind to it. God? God is hard to define on paper. Instead I’d like to think of him as the paper, actually no, more of the paper machine that created the paper itself, no, no, that’s still wrong, he’s the creator of the machine, which printed the paper, that we so desperately need to write on. It’s become hard for me to believe that you can look around this magnificent world, the stars, the sun, the moon, and not acknowledge that a genius man designed it.

Those who can't even see are often those who long bear witness to such a beautiful place. Those who lack lending, would die for the embrace that love provides. In the same way, those who are lost would give up themselves, so they can be found. For those who don't know, junior year is the defining year of your high school career. For athletes this is the moment when you can officially be offered scholarships, positions, and packages. This year recognizes and represents every assignment, test, shot, decision, and opinion.

Junior year wasn't just another step for me, it was the step, the friction, the desire, the faith, the belief, the focus. Needless to say Junior year translated my ants, my dreams and wishes into necessities. These necessities and needs however, became too much to bear and eventually found themselves dwelling within the hands of God. I was in the 8th grade when I first had sex and surprisingly, my reasoning had nothing to do with peer pressure, friends, fitting in, or even just for fun. Though, that's what it shortly turned into.

You see, the first time I didn't know what I was doing, I went along with it and aside from the praise and pride it brought me, and it was meaningless. From that point on it was a hallow blur of pleasure, fun, and pride. What was scary was that the more I did it, the more the gap increased between me and God. I would wake up, go through my day, and go to bed without even acknowledging the very thing that allowed me to live. Quite frankly, I didn't even realize how bad it was, I never curse, I don't drink, I'm patient, and thought of others first, so I was good right? One sin was good enough right?

Yea, that's exactly what he wants me to think. He quietly planted himself into my life, surrounding me, whispering, and convincing me he didn't exist. "The Greatest Trick the Devil Ever Pulled Was Convincing the World He Didn't Exist", and he sure did a good job fooling me. I was completely content and proud of the way I was, totally unaware, totally ignorant of the very thing that was driving me away. However, like always, God too, has his way of re-introducing himself to you. A week later after that video my high school basketball team was presented with a new coach.

Back then I didn't appreciate it, in fact, I didn't even love basketball until this time, but looking back at it, his presence was a present. From the very beginning he pushed me, challenged me, and yelled at me more than anyone else on the team, rely out of recognition and expectation. Instead of my nonchalant, laid back, chill attitude towards everything, I was forced into a world of opportunity and effort. So yea, I may have thought I was tough and nothing that nothing could possible faze me, well life, more specifically, the Devil, doesn't exactly let you live that through.

He will leave you breathless, knock you out cold, and leave you to die. He will paralyze you in the face of truth and evil, all because he knows that no one on this earth can hit as hard as him. However what he failed to account for was that there are other forces hat will stitch you up, lift you up, carry you, and make you whole again. God was the one that made me win, the one who granted me love in all directions, the one who moved me forward. "For Christ sake I delight in weaknesses, in insults, in hardships, in persecutions, and in difficulties.

For when I am weak then I am strong. " It was that strength that allowed me to act as a prism reflecting light, streaming and spilling out all the colors that God possesses. Unfortunately my path to God didn't come easily. Every day was a battle, an opportunity in fact, to either come closer to God or grow even farther apart. I eventually began to have a good understanding of God and the Devil. Both of them are at odds with one another, both equally tugging for the possession of my soul. In the same sense of good and evil being balanced in my life.

It became apparent that every decision I made could tip that scale. On a day to day basis, the life I used to live became a boxing ring , where me and the devil traded blows at one another waiting for the first sign of weakness until one was out cold. But little did he know it wasn't going to be me. Lust and Slothfulness were my opponents, one being an ongoing usury and habit, combined with a sin that drove its dagger into every man, and although that blade sunk deep into my bones, I refused to feel or remotely acknowledge the pain. Pain is temporary, it may last a minute, or an hour, or a day, or even a year, but eventually it will subside and something else will take its place. If you quit however, it will last forever. " At this point in my life, things began to turn around And everything I did, shifted completely upside down And with a perspective of things, looking down at them from above I saw that God was the only one that I needed to love

For I no longer longed for the simplicity of pleasure I desire the finer things, like love and the things hidden within treasure And what's no longer hidden, with no reasonable doubt Is that Jesus, my Lord, has come to my world during the most terrible of a drought All my old habits, all my old games, all

the childish things that kept me sanely insane Those were the things that had my soul in a twist, and switched my heart and my brain like a song within the mist. Those were the things that I had to let go, those were the things that Just had me afloat

And as I woke and arose, I lifted and swam, and all my old habits Jumped away and ran So now that I'm close, and now that I'm far I can quote two things that have allowed me to reach my first star As a star I can shoot, beyond what's real, shoot above what's seen, and above the thrill I can reach the heavens and proclaim this aloud " I can stand before God at the end of my life, and not have to hope that I would not have a single bit of talent life, and can say " I used everything you gave me And Just as the Title says and how it Just shouts " Whenever I open my heart, my soul, or my mouth, a touch of God reigns out"