

# Beautillion and church and school

[Religion](#), [Catholic](#)



When I look back onto my life, I find that it has - short as it may be - so far been a good one. Divided between church and school, and backed up by my home, I understand quite well that I am luckier than most youths my age. I don't do drugs - beyond the legally allowed ones, such as coffee - I don't drink. I don't have an unstable situation in my household, nor am I close to a dropout, as many youths are.

I've found God and was able to implement Him into my life as an advisor and someone to talk to on an everyday basis. I don't meet with discrimination much, not more than any of my peers.

And yet I find there is something left unfulfilled in my life. So I look back upon myself and the places I inhabit, and recollect, to move forward with the improved knowledge of myself. My home has always been good to me. I have always had a great relationship with my parents, who were an inspiration for the many things I do. Without their support, I would never have been able to gather the determination to study the saxophone long enough to be an active member in a marching band. They are also the ones who taught me compassion and to look at the elderly in a different, kind light.

This has led to one of the most enjoyable experiences of my life: using my ability to create music to help the elderly in their retirement homes. This is a daily school of tolerance and kindness for me, and I can with all honesty say that I have learned much from them and with their help. My parents have also always been there for me, through thick and thin, and for that I am eternally grateful. School is a very important part of my life. It gives me the information I need to live well. I am a good student, my grades are above

average, but the more I learn, the more I see that education I am getting is really rather basic.

Since I study more than I am supposed to by normal school standards, I can see that there is much more to be learned than high school gives us. There are obvious gaps in our education, and I think they create part of the problems this country is having. I try to alleviate the unfortunate side effects of early specialization through my own efforts, but this is rather difficult. I can only hope that when I get into college the situation will be somewhat amended by the possibility of free research and the aid of experienced scholars.

Still, school is a great learning experience for me, because, even despite the lack of serious understanding of the natural and social sciences, it is a great place to adapt to adult life and learn how to gradually take responsibility. I try to make the most of school, but am anxious to gain the greater opportunities of college. My church life is a good one, as well. I am a Baptist, and love my congregation for the principle of sola scriptura. Every single Baptist must think for himself and commune with God directly.

I know I have a living, personal God looking after me, and I confide in him. When I look at members of other confessions I feel sadness, because I know that very many of them are mistaken and are led down the darker paths of life, and quite possibly into the bowels of Satan. I try to help them best I can, through intelligently questioning them on their morality and faith in God. I try not to act too strongly in my desire to help, as many people consider such actions an infringement of their personal space, even though I am simply demonstrating how Baptism helps in living a good life.

However, I am happy in the lap of my Church, and I try to lead others to it by example. After all, if we do not help these people, who will tell them that they are in the grave danger of sin? I take pride in getting the chance to help those who strayed from Jesus's flock. My life may seem perfect from this essay. I am very well-rounded education-wise; I have a good home, and a direct hotline with God. Yet there is something always left unfulfilled. I do not mean the failures of life – those I have long learned to accept and to listen to as mere messages.

Perfection is lonely, and, though I have most anything I really want, I do not know what to desire further. I have reached a stage in personal development when just helping myself is not enough. A new need opens up in me, slowly and steadily. It is the need to help others. What use is there for good in my own life if my best friend is troubled? How worthy am I if my mother cries at night, for any reason? These questions haunt me constantly, and drive to begin a new stage – life as a servant to the people.