

When it hurts to think about it...

I find myself today awed over just how selfish I am. I have a huge family or Uncles, Aunts, and cousins. All of them I have disappointed and dishonored. The fact of the matter is I lived as a lying thief concerned only with my own desires for the biggest part of my life. I did not consider for a moment how my actions would effect my family. Today I find my self wondering how many times they have been hurting or in need over the last twenty-five years and needed family to be there for them? The whole family, even me. It is hard thinking of those things I have done which has brought shame upon me and mine, but it is even harder to consider all those things I should of done but failed to do. Was I a drug addict and alcoholic? Yep. But both of those conditions where more a result of my selfishness than the other way around. That hurts to think about. That's just tough.

So now I have "it" figured out a bit right? I need to let Uncle Johnny, Aunt MArilyn and Aunt Phyllis know that I know what I did and failed to do. Yet even now, I find myself selfishly thinking about how I will be better off for having reached out in sorrow, not them. Life is not easy for me. I grew up wanting to be just like my Dad who himself was a convict drug addict. Somethings just suck, for lack of a better word.

So now I pray hard for the ability to die to self, to express my grief and sorrow without any thought whatsoever for myself. I will have to make a conscious effort to do that. I have set myself to face the hurt and think about my lost family while thanking God for all those in my family who for some unknwon reason have actually continued to be a part of my life, to love me and put up with me, asking nothing in return, somehow knowing I as yet had nothing to give.

When it hurts to think about "it" is when we most need to do so! peace, love and faith, the greatest of these is love.

Num. 6:24-26

*Russ*