

I had to stop and really take a look

Today I attempt to live my life in such a way as to bless others. Not an easy thing for me. I have habits and deeply held beliefs that emerge and coan sometimes make being "good" hard to do.

I have an issue that has surfaced over the last 5 or 6 years that has often derailed my attempts at being useful in this place. I get angry. Now most times I am able to handle anger in such a way that it turns out good, things are accomplished and projects move forward. We all get angry at times. I do not see that as sin, per se. What we do with that anger is often the problem.

What I am about to share will not make me look good, but then again I am not sure I ever do. :) What has been my problem is that every so often, say every four to six months, I blow up. I have spent 23 years of my life living in an extremely violent world. When I say blow up, I mean blow up! I get meaner than a snake. Hurtful words are spouted in an attempt to crush the one they are directed towards. I am highly effective in this.

So, it is plain to see that I have a anger issue to deal with, right? Wrong, well sorta wrong. I have enrolled and fully participated in Anger Management Groups, done a lot of praying and have exhaustively studied anger in the Scriptures. But the problem is, the issue continues to plague me, and more importantly, those around me.

I did a inventory of each major anger event I could recall. They seemed to have nothing in common as far as what the issue at hand was. I then looked at the targets of anger. They all shared one thing. I had been blind to what was really happening with me because I wished to see myself as "better than that".

There were six men over the last 5 years who felt the wrathif you will allow. They are all child molesters. The picture I had had of myself is one one does not hold the crimes of the past against a person, after all, I was nothing nice back in the day. But the Truth of the situation was right there in front of me. I was not nice, gentle, and long suffering as called to be, I was a hater. Now what?

I recognize the sin and confess it, praying for strength to overcome this flaw in me. I avoid working close with men who are pedifiles. That is going to be hard, because they all rush to church in here. I am in a bit of a bind, but at least, thank God, I now know what the problem is and can begin to grow beyond it. Love. Faith. Peace. russ