

July13, 2013

Dear Newfoundland family and friends:

If you've been tuning in on the regular, then you know that today is day five of my fast. yeah, I know. I didn't give you an update on day four. I can't say that it was easy, but it wasn't hard either.

A quick synopsis of day four:

I woke up at three, ate my predawn meal and read until 3:32 a.m. After that i did prayer and went to sleep until 8. ~~After~~ ^{After} doing my hygiene, I went to work which was probably the hardest part. Why? Because on Friday is when we usually do the least amount of work. So basically, i sit around all day fantasizing about food. It's crazy ~~what~~ the kind of mind games ~~the~~ ^{your} mind will play on you when you're trying to do something that your body isn't used to.

Anyways, I just take it as a sign of Shaytan trying to tempt me to break my fast. There are basically three ways that your fast can be broken. Either by eating, drinking, or sexual intercourse. Yep, I said sexual intercourse. Get over it.

I wasn't tempted until I turned on the T.V. and it seemed as if every commercial was about food. Burger King, McDonalds, Wendy's. OMG Wendy's! They were bombarding me with chicken and Bacon Cheddar burgers. Finally, after suffering in silence for hours, i turned the t.v. off and started reading. I read the Qur'an and another book on Islamic ethics.

I can honestly say that i've learned more in just the previous four days than I had ~~concentrated~~ in ~~months~~ ^{months} at a time. I could say that it's because i'm more focused right now. or the fact that everytime ~~my~~ ^{my} stomach feels as if it's contacting my back, I am reminded of the struggle of millions of other human beings.

I ended up working out for about forty or fifty five minutes, but I can

Now, nearly three years later, i'm still going strong. I bet you're wondering how I could only claim to be a Muslim for a year and a ~~half~~^{half} yet, sought out Islam almost three years ago. Well, when I first found out about Ju'muah (friday gathering) I went. But what I found out was that they may have been too strict for me. See, I just wanted discipline, but everything else, I wanted to stay the same.

I looked at those muslim brothers, and now it cracks me up. I remember the first time when they was like, "you have to pray five times a day. You can't oogle at women. you have to respect others even when they disrespect you." As you can see, to a person who's use to doing what he want when ~~you~~ he wants to, you can see how this all was going to be a problem. In a prison when there's probably one female for every thousand inmates, you can't help but stare when you see one.. You watch shows just to see the women. So now you tellig me that I can't look when a female walks by. I have to look at the ground or look her in the eyes.

As you can see, it was all a bit too much. Then it was still more. More things that I would have to abstain from. But I stuck with it. All my life I had always been the type of person who kept his word when it suited me. But now, I try not to give my word as much because I know keeping it means everything to me. There's probably a handful of people who can say that i've sworn to do something and haven't followed through. And even those, I have worked diligently to earn back their trust.

Well, this is getting a bit long, so i'll try wrapping this one up. Today is still day five. I have about two hours left before I can rightfully break my fast. Wish me luck!

Oh yeah, don't be afraid to show your support by leaving a comment on the blog. Islam is my way of life, but i'm always open for all kinds of discussions. Like, I just finished writing a short spill for my next book. Did I mention, i'm a writer. Yes, just greasing the wheels right now, but hopefully, in a couple of years you're be reading the sweat and tears of the hardwork i've been putting in.

Take care y'all, You're reading, A DAY IN THE LIFE, 

Michael McShure