

God knew: Don't Thank Me, Thank God

Before I was born, God knew that my life would not be perfect. God also knew that my family would not be perfect. God knew that eventually, I would drop out of school and become addicted to drugs/alcohol. God also knew that over the years, I would try to fight my ~~addiction~~ addiction to drugs/alcohol, but I would always ~~not~~ quit. God knew that I would almost die due to a gunshot wound to my leg. God knew that I would become a muslim, a buddist, an atheist and anything else I could think of, only to become an atheist again. God also knew that eventually I would end up in prison. God knew that while in prison, I would be stabbed. God knew that both my parents would pass away while I was in prison. God also knew that one day my soul would be transformed and I would have faith and believe in him. Therefore, God knew that I would share this with you on a blog and he knew that you would read it.

When I read the comments that people leave in response to the blogs I write, I always see the words: "Thanks for sharing your story." Don't Thank Me, Thank God for allowing me to still be alive, despite all the terrible

things/predicaments I put myself through in the past. I only write about these experiences by the Grace of God.

After all these years, I had it all wrong. It's not about me (it never has been), it's about God.

• All along, God knew.