

Having started this article within seconds of the prompt being selected I quickly came to a realization: I haven't been dealing with life's anxieties very well, as of late.

Despite this fact my very pridefully proud ego wanted to write this great sermon of sorts. Wanted to tell a lil smaller grain of salt lie about my being even kiltered when it comes to dealing with the worries that accompany my life; my very existence. This me craved to be able to say - boastfully - that I overcome anxiousness by, reading my Bible, meditating, praying, & enjoying the sabbath day of rest. & not just on Sunday, but parts of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, & Saturday (which was the original one. Guess it still is...) Yae. Would've loved to tell you that I take regular "pit stops" & or spend quality time doin nothing. Well maybe a lil organizing, TV watching, or music listening to. Maybe I would've told you a stretched truth of my taking multiple 12 second moments to enjoy life & just let it all go. I mean that's what Jesus would do. After all He told His disciples & future ones - "Do not worry bout tomorrow for sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

It is with this in mind that I confess. I'm not a very good follower. You see I been a worry wort mainly since I received a personal prophecy on Easter Sunday of 2015. Since 5:30am that morning God's still small voice has been ever present speaking to me about my doing 20yrs in prison. I started my 20th year on 9-11.

Unclear on the exact date of my departure I worry about that, while wishing I knew so I could tell everyone, my daughter 1st & foremost. She been begging to keep track of my release date since 2012.

Then thoughts of being married weigh me down like 5 gallon buckets. Coupled with thoughts of who would want me? An ex-con. A felon. A stereotypical black man, who came to prison at 18 for shooting somebody. Then I got no pension, no health insurance, no job, no house, no mortgage, no life savings, no car, no real world experience, no resume, no knowledge of the internet! So I don't know how to text, tweet, chirp, or whatever else. I don't even have a Facebook page & I'm 37. On top of that I often wonder - can you google Google? I digress. Back to my fictional wife who only exist on TV, cause it seems the women of my generation aren't the type of women that I'm looking for. Looking for a God-fearing woman, not a diva. I wonder if I did find MRS. Right how will she explain me to her parents?

I worry bout gettin out & being revoacted for nothin or being falsely accused then convicted simply cause I been to prison.

Yet the story behind the headlines is that the 2 weeks leading up to this essays completion has shown me an important truth. I deal with life's anxieties - BY CREATING MORE..

This fact is heavily prevalent in my being a writer. One that doubts he can even write. This despite the fact I've been published & have a book being considered right now. Any who I deal with the worry of "if I'm good enough" by writing more & more. I'll start writing one book only to worry if it'll be accepted. As doubt creeps in I start another book with an even brighter idea. When doubt creeps back in I go to the library, check out a book, then try to write like that published author. Or I'm so messed up that I'll go write down a million potential publishers, see what books they publish, then go start one in that category. Why?

All because I wanted to pen a best-seller from the chambers of Redgranite. Figured they'd have to parole me then. At times I forget my release date is in God's hands. So be it. Oh yeah that's the meaning of Amen:so be it.

So be it as it may I also add stress & sleepless nights to my day by worrying bout my career as a fashion designer, I have over a hundred thousand designs to prove it. Yes I worry about success, it's the American way. Yup, my accomplishing the American dream lingers in the back of my tiny lil peanut head.

Then prison has me more worried bout how to "kill time" rather than how to make the most of it. There's not much to do here so I'm especially bored. So I go from one thing to the next. I'm exactly like that when it comes to worry. I WORRY BOUT SOMETHING THEN GET BORED & MOVE ON TO WORRYING BOUT SOMETHING ELSE... Will I go home today? When will I see my family? Where's my daughter? Who is Lauren? Does true love exist? Is there a woman out there who knows what love is to appreciate it? Can I do all that I believe I can, or am I just egotistical & suffering from delusions of grandeur?

We're bout to freeze to death so I'll sum this up. Thanks to this prompt I been consciously taking baby steps to calm down, move more slower, relax & overcome life's anxietys. Like not rushing to the shower after rec, but taking time to pray first. Then I'm back to practicing the art of being last (mmm a book title) I've also been speaking wisdom to anxious people who try to push their religion on me. Then I'm getting back to just laying in the bed relaxin & reading. Plus I just been confessing that God will introduce me to my wife I inherited in His beautiful times & seasons. A wife now would add to the anxiety.

Lastly God is telling me to tear down all the barns I built. After all life is about character not accomplishments. Luke 12:15-32.

& this just in 6:56am today. WORRY PREVENTS YOU FROM ENJOYING LIFE, RELATIONSHIPS, & A RELATIONSHIP WITH GOD, if you have one.

I'm done being a workaholic. Amen.