

# Momentary Avoidance

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I can not believe after all my efforts not to be here, this is where I am on this day. On a Sunday, at that. I could be at home laid back in my lazy boy watching a foot ball game or trying to catch the wrecks in Nascar. But, no I have to be hear listening to this holier than thou nonsense surrounded by all this hypocrites. We so called "lost" are not perfect but at least we do not claim to have all the answers falling into our laps from the almighty himself.

For crying out loud, how can anybody say there is a loving god when innocent children are being raped or killed every second somewhere in this world. Besides if he loves me how could he have let my dad to treat me so bad when I was still just a baby. If he loves everybody how could sit by and let me do the terrible things I have done. How can he sit up there and let the world go to hell in a hand basket. Nothing is safe or sacarid anymore.

I just can not believe that there is a god or that he is love and cares anything about me. Up till now I have gotten through life pretty much by myself. No it has not been pretty but at least I have gotten this far, haven't I. That has got to say something about my ability to take care of myself. Why now? Why Here? Why me? Couldn't he wait till after football season for crying out loud! There are a lot of good games on Sundays this year! If I got saved wouldn't I miss them since church is on Sunday?

Besides I do not fit in here. I do not have anything that would be considered even remotely dress clothes. Even I know I look like a gangsta wanna-be but it is the style I like and no one tells me what to do. I do not care who you think you are! I curse. I drink. AAAnd I am not going to give up my ladies. You've heard the old saying "a three dog night", well I could not even try to imagine being without My "three girl nights".

Like I said "I DO NOT BELONG HERE!" I think I have done a pretty good job of making that case pretty clear to even the dumbest fool. But? Here I am. In church of all places to be on a Sunday.

Why am I here? I do not know. Not for sure anyway.

My man "Jack", asked me to come the other day and as luck would have it I ran out of

excuses. At least any I knew had a snowball chance of him believing. I have to much respect for him to lie to him for long. He has turn himself around after all. I wish I could —BUT, do not tell anybody that. I have an reputation to think of you see. On the streets Image is everything and I have worked hard for mines.

Somehow Jack has never loss the respect he earned. A matter of fact, I believe he has more respect now then he did before getting saved. At first nobody trusted him. It was like he was some kind of turn coat or something. But, over time they learned he was more honest than we ever could be. Now he is the one guy we all go to for advice or when we just need to talk. I wish I was a little more like him. He has always been there for me. Even more so now.

But, if walked down this aisle right now what would I have to give up. Would I have to get cleaned up first? Or would god accept me just as I am? I do not even know why I am even thinking about it. I do not deserve god's love. I have done no great thing worthy of being saved from my sins or hell. I even believed I have broke every commandment at least twice.

So why is god so interested in me. I mean Jack is not the only one that has brought a message from god into my life recently. Two weeks ago my ex-girlfriend called and told me she got saved and she was praying for me. Gee z, that floored me. We could not have ended it on worst terms. She even told me she forgave me and said she was sorry. I almost called Brother Jim and told him that hell must have froze over. She never even felt she was ever in the wrong must less ever felt the need to apologize to anyone. Just by her voice I could tell that there was a deep genuine change in her.

Then yesterday, there was that guy in the supermarket. Right out of the blue he comes up and tells me "God loves you, man. God loves you just the way you are. He is calling you home." In my neighborhood you just give everybody their space and go on your merry way. But, all I could do is stare at the guy with a blank stare on my face. I do not understand it. What he said...it hit me right in the heart. I almost cried, me the hardest guy around. Good thing I didn't though Bill was just around the corner. I still can not get it out of my head though. God loves me and is calling me home.....

What?! The preacher is done preaching..already? Oh boy! I know what time it is now. Here comes where he ask for anybody who is not saved to come down front and accept Christ as their Lord and Savior. I WILL NOT GO. I WON'T. I WON'T DO IT I TELL YOU.

But the guys have been acting kind of funny. I have been getting kind of sick of the same old same old. I have noticed an empty feeling inside a longing nothing I know can fill. I have tried everything. Sex, drugs, and everything else. Nothing comes close to touching

it. I'm sick of feeling lonely, unworthy, and worthless. Maybe I should give God a chance. He can't make a worst mess of my life than I have already.

Yeah. Well here I go. Jack is coming with me? I am glad. This aisle is sure feeling awfully long right now. I can't believe I am crying! I do not know what I am suppose to do. I do not even know what to say. Thank you Jack for your influence I do not know where I would be right now with out you in my life.

Dear God,

I am sorry I have failed to be what you want me to be. I have committed almost every sin against you. I do not deserve your love much less your forgiveness. I know now that it is you I need. It is your love I desire more than anything. Please, take me into your arms. Make me your child. Be my lord and savior. I believe Christ lived and died for my sins so that I may be with you. Jesus please come into my heart and be my Lord and Savior. Make me the man I can not be myself. Help me to be more like Jack. Help me to let go of my anger. Take the violence from my life. Please love me. I do not deserve you. Please take me into your arms and love me. Pppleeease, I need you. Please.....

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That was not so long ago for me. At that very moment I thought my heart was about to burst with sadness. I now know that I was realizing how much I wanted God's love and how much I did not deserve it. I was so afraid God would reject me. I thought for sure he would tell me he couldn't love me and tell me to go away. The thing that hurt the most was I had no defense. I did every thing I could to tell him to go away. I rejected his love every way you could at every corner.

I am so glad he never gave up on me. He followed me over every mountain and through every valley just to call me home. I can't even begin to describe the joy that is in my heart, now. Could take forever and tell all that has changed in my life since that day. Changes for the better in every way. But the details of my journey is not what is important right now. What is important is that you begin to realize that God is calling YOU!

He loves you. He has always loved you. Nothing can take that away not even you. He will never give up on you. All he wants is to be apart of your life to love you for all eternity. He is calling you home. He is reaching out for you. Won't you take his hand. Trust me you will not regret it. I know because I have been where you are now and I wish I would have told him YES! A long time a go.