



## Scars

Where do I fit, where do I call home? And I'm not talking about a building made of concrete and stone.

Like, where am I comfortable, where is my place, where do I go that I know that I'm safe?

Battered and bruised and just broken inside, and over the years slowly losing my mind.

When I've tried to explain I don't know where to begin...

I've tried to pinpoint that moment where anger crept in.

When did I get so lost that I thought I'd never be found? When did I start to believe I will always be let down?

And there's a world full of people just like me .... we just like to do things differently.

But two things that we all had the same, is we've all had trouble and we've all had pain.

And I knew, if I was one of them people that stayed consumed by hate, when the day comes and I'm led to the gates, I wouldn't be no different and my time would be run out and I wouldn't even remember what I was hating about!

And many times I have looked back .. and I knew it had nothing to do with the gear and the crack. Nothing quenched the hunger for the life I was craving and the most significant part of my story is

...I knew I needed saving.

My pain is painted on my arm like a masterpiece, each cut each slice each scar has its own story.

It's like jigsaw pieces, scattered all out of place but when you put them together and stand back you'll see Jesus .... his face.

You see each scar was saying "why couldn't you just love me, why do I feel so odd?"

And I hear a reply saying 'you feel different and empty because you're separated from God'.

But where was this god when I didn't want to go home, so I walked the streets all night with nowhere to go?

Where was this god when that man touched me and change my whole perception of my identity?

Where was this god when I was locked in a cell and I didn't want to get out, because out there was hell.

Where was this god when I felt so alone and I didn't have one number to call in my phone?

Scars on the surface ... reminder of scars inside, covered by clothing but unable to hide.

It felt like Darkness Within me like blood flowing through me, and if I didn't release it, it was going to consume me.

And as strange as it sounds, it actually worked for a time and the more that I bled, the more I felt fine.

And fine was ok, as my arms took the blame, but no amount of my blood could get rid of my shame.

So now I know God and I know that He's real and my scars are still visible but beginning to heal.

And all my pain, shame and guilt were all nailed to the cross and it doesn't make sense because I was the one that was lost.....that God chose to shed his blood for me, he became sin and it died with him so that I could be free.

So when I've looked back and said "but why me, Lord", He says, 'I paid the price for your life, that only I could afford,

and the days that you have felt you have walked in vain

you will help others get set free through the power of my name.'

So, if you think what I'm saying is not real and you just think I'm nuts, I'll show you my arms you can still see the cuts.

And if you think He's not real and you don't know Him today, just give Him a chance and He will show you the way.