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SLAVE TO NOTHING

Freedom can come in many forms. It can be defined in many ways. It is different for everyone. Many interpret it for him or herself as not being confined. No boundaries that will restrict them from doing whatever their heart desires. The act of saying, doing, or thinking what they want. Yes, that is what freedom is but personally, it’s quite different. I can relate to Malcom X’s experience in jail. He was held captive in a cell with no freedom whatsoever. On the contrary, during his confinement, he found freedom, new strength, and a new perspective. As ironic it may sound, sometimes in life, the hardest and hurting moments bring about the most beautiful victories. It’s a mental and spiritual war that everyone goes through no matter what and these battles bring about what everyone in this world desires, freedom.

What is freedom to me? Personally, as a follower of Christ, freedom is found in Him. Several people think that freedom isn’t found in God, in going to church every Sunday because it is almost an obligation, a routine that must be followed. It’s something a lot of people get tired of and end up leaving. I grew up in church and I’ve had all these feelings too, maybe because I was young. However, even now, in my human nature, I get lazy and tired of having to go. Mind you, I go to church every Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Sunday. That’s almost everyday of the week, it’s inevitable for me to feel tired and to not want to go sometimes. Despite all my humane feelings and thoughts about going to church and serving the Lord, this was the place where I found my freedom. Where I was free from my bondages and shackles that held me down from becoming a better human being. As I write this, I am still striving to be better and better every day. It’s a mental and spiritual war out there for me. I am not some “holy and perfect” guy that dresses up on Sundays to go to church. I have my faults just like everyone in this world. I’m human. The only difference is the way I get my freedom.

Like I said, I’ve had my battles. I still do. For a while now, I’ve been dealing with loneliness. This loneliness was a result of a break-up. My first true love left me after two years. Several things happened in that relationship, let’s just say my heart was broken and it became empty. Slowly but surely, every day. I soon felt lonely. It was far worse than now. It was the type of loneliness where you could be surrounded by 100 people but still feel like you’re the only one in the room. It felt like no one was there for me when I needed them. I asked for help, I spoke to my brother, my best friends, everyone that can help but I just wasn’t having it. At this moment in life, I was saved. By that I mean I accepted Jesus as my personal Lord and Savior. Christ was really the only hope I had to get better, to get my life together but in my human nature, I was caught up in my feelings and thoughts. My anger, my bitterness, my sadness, all trapped me. I couldn’t move. It was if I was stuck in a restraint jacket, struggling and jostling to get out. These feelings also controlled the way I thought, acted, and spoke. I wasn’t me. Every night was a bad night before I’d go to sleep. These feelings worked best at night when I was laying in bed, fighting to go to sleep. I had the key to let all that go but I was too oblivious to it due to all these feelings.

I started pushing myself at this point. It was the only way to really get through my storm. I started pushing myself to pray, read the scriptures, let go of the past and focus on the sweet face of God. It was tough but because I dug myself in God, He gave me new strength. He reminded of His love. He reminded that I was not alone. He gave me a reason to live and the end, He gave me freedom. The norm in this world is to turn to drugs, alcohol, sex, food, friends and families but unfortunately, even they can fail us. Things like drugs, alcohol, and sex will not fill up the void in our hearts. The fact that people do it repeatedly clearly shows that it doesn’t satisfy. It may feel good at the beginning, but does it really give you anything beneficial besides making you hide from your problems?

I remember learning about the freedom in God through an analogy. Outside of God’s freedom: Picture yourself on a cliff, playing catch, soccer, or basketball with your friend. The fact that you’re on a cliff is scary so you must be extremely careful where you go, where you throw or kick the ball, and where you make your friend to get the ball. That’s already a lot of stress to have to worry about not killing yourself and your friend. There’s no freedom in that. Now when in you’re in God’s freedom, He builds fence around the edge of the cliff. It is not to limit you from having fun but to protect you and those around you from falling off. See, when there’s a fence, a boundary you don’t have to worry about hurting yourself because God is right there to save you even if you get close to the edge. When we depend on Him, there is freedom. I did when I felt lonely and broken and He saved me when I was just about to fall off. This is how I found my freedom and I can truly say that I am a slave to nothing.