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Ms. Williamson

English IV

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Identity Through Trial

I love my parents more than anything. My mother is a kindergarten teacher with the biggest heart imaginable and my father, unfortunately being unemployed for years, has a love for God greater than anyone I knew. I received a love that was more valuable than any car they could of gotten me, as much as I know they’d like to. With that love however also came an unstable living environment. Chicken nuggets and fries for dinner became a delicacy and my father took a turn for the worse; going back to his alcoholic ways and struggling to keep his moral alive for the family, only making it harder for my mother. I began to feel a pressure of “what am I going to do with my life.” I felt the need to keep the family together more than the daily tasks I had to get done, such as homework. Although my house was my comfort zone that I had grown up in with love from my mother and father, the time came for me to do what would benefit me in the long run.

As a result, my uncle became prominent in my life. This is the ex-NFL player who brang about my experience of great grief and great enlightenment by moving me out to his house in Houston, Texas to live with my aunt and three cousins. Whether it was done out of a feeling of responsibility or out of pure love for me, I had to take that opportunity. The pain of being away from my home, family, and friends I had grown up with hit me right away. It began with the ride on the airplane that felt like I was aboard the trip to “I guess this is where I should be in life.”

It was a couple weeks into my new life I was living that I experienced the lowest low of my life and the highest high on the same night. I had gone to “bed” early one night, with a broken heart and feeling of depression. The pain of being away from home wasn’t because of strictly missing the love of my family, but because of the feeling of being forced to live across the country in hopes that I had a “better living opportunity.” Why did my family deserve this and why did I? The feeling of sadness and frustration turned into tears that turned into a feeling of “me against the world.” What was meant to bring about better opportunity for me brought about a loss of drive for success.

However, it wasn’t long after my last tear dropped, literally, that I began to feel blessed beyond belief. Sitting on the edge of my cold bed, I heard the teardrop hit a surface other than wood. I bowed my head, still on the edge of my bed, and saw the bible my father had given me before I left. My father did not give up hope. Through everything we’ve been through, especially him, hope was still there. Right away I felt the urge to get into the word that was given to me for a reason. Coming from a Christian family, I had already had some background in the faith, but that night it seemed to be the most prominent thing in my life. It brought me back to life by teaching me a lesson that could pertain to anyone of any faith. An hour had passed reading through it while having thoughts of relating scripture to my life. “Blessed is the man who remains steadfast under trial, for when he has stood the test he will receive the crown of life.” It was after reading those words that I felt I had a purpose in life again. Everything happens for a reason and it is up to us as individuals to make the best of whatever life throws at us. With that attitude I believe anyone can achieve perfect happiness.