

The Good & Bad of a Hard Time

The best part of a hard time is getting through it. The bad part is the site of getting through it. I should know. For the fact of the matter is I am blessed. The main part of life is the struggle of life and death for God's mercy to see you through. This is how I know, I got hurt November 6, 1998. Head to head collision at the age of eight. I had multiple strokes, only on my left side, two seizures, and after a seventeen day coma I awoke not able to talk; not able to walk, but through the grace of God! Look at me now.

The first thing I saw when I woke up was the face of an angel which was my mother. I tried to smile but couldn't. I tried to talk still I couldn't. My whole left side was paralyzed. But I was mesmerized by the sight of my mother standing beside me and stroking my head. The only thing I could do was drop a tear of fear that was for the fact that she couldn't hear me. I turned my head she saw my face and I saw the biggest grin across hers. It made my heart hurt from the deepest depth, she looked at me and said "I'm here baby", I closed my eyes to fall back to sleep. That's when my soul was lifted from the earth. As my soul parted the earth I was talking to God. As my soul parted I had two seizures which lasted 312 seconds.

He said, "My son would you rather live or come with me now." The only thing that stopped me from going was that I saw my mother crying in the corner. So I told God, "I can't go with you yet, my mother still needs me here." He said, "Son I will temporarily cripple you." I said, "That's fine as long as I can see my mother again." As God put my soul back into my body, I heard nothing but silence. As I listened I heard my heart come back stronger than ever.

When I went home something came over me which gave me my voice back. So that I could scream, "Hey dad where you going?" As I screamed I noticed my voice. I was so happy and filled with glee. I didn't know what to say, but thank you Jesus! That following Sunday i went to church in which I caught the Holy Ghost three times. The same night my great grandmother who had died five years before this happened came down from the heavens and blessed my left side to move once again. She said to me tomorrow son try to walk. From that day forward in the wards of Donnie McClurkin, I could "Stand".

To be continue for the fact that I am still alive. My father sometimes blames himself for what

happened that day. I tell him it wasn't his fault. God did this for a reason. Why I don't know, but I do know he has a plan for me.

A friend of mine named trouble was having some hard times. He came to me and said, "Yo Ant man, I need some help." I said, "with what?" He said, "I'm trying to turn my life around." I said, "This is a beautiful thing." But he said, "I don't know how to." I told him, "The first step is getting you to church. The second step is repenting for your sins. the third step is asking God to fill you with the Holy Ghost." He looked at me and said, "I can't do it. " So I screamed at him, "Why not?" he said that i have done too much." So told him, "You can never do anything that God won't forgive you of." That's the end of that. He is doing fine now.

The reason for me walking again is my little sister. At the ripe age of one she grabbed by hands and pulled me to my feet and as she walked backwards, i took step after step. Her face was in awe as she saw me walk for that first time in three months. As she saw me walk step by step we could nothing but scream "Hallelujah!"

The best moment I've had since my accident was when I did a seminar at Forest Park Community College. I did it for a group of about 75 to 100 middle-schoolers. To my surprise they were all attentive. When I first began to tell my story I was really scared and froze up but then for some reason I just loosened up. After I told the story, I asked if any of them had any questions. Hands flew up like fleas off a dog's back...boy-oh-boy was I surprised! One girl asked if I remembered anything prior to my accident and my answer was "nope." I hope that when people hear my story they learn to appreciate every aspect of life, everything they see or hear or taste or smell or touch.