

**How God called me back to serve  
*a personal reflection***

That hymn – *This Is My Story, This Is My Song*.

Well this, this is my story, these are my songs.

About how I grew up believing

Until I thought it was deceiving

Me

I can see

The hypocrisy and lies

Through the wool over my eyes

I've been such a fool

Swallowed Sunday School

Stories divorced from the contexts they were  
written in

See, Jesus did *not* have blonde hair, blue eyes  
and white skin

All those words...

To keep me meek

To make me seek

To feel guilt ridden

To keep God hidden

I say...

Good riddance

To all that oppressive baggage

Being told to mind my language

But...

Human...

Progress never satiated

The divine space is negated

Is *this* the world we created?

For all our love, so much hatred.

So...

I came back to your world

And...

I came back to your words

They're not meek and mild any longer

They're love and justice just getting stronger

They're words to hear

They're words to do

They are for me

They are for you

End discrimination,

Social isolation

Find a solution

To this pollution

You see, maybe...

We are on the same page

Talking the same lan...guage!