“Look at Me Now”

Don’t you know that it is He who fought this fight?

With my own hands but not my own might.

With my own tears I was washed clean,

Renewed to a life that allows me to dream.

I walked a path down a dreary street, prayed every day as well as cleansed my feet.

I screamed and cried while people stood by and laughed and lied and wished that I had died.

I was instantly knocked to my knees,

Behind drastic people’s opinions of me.

I crawled a little further reaching for help with my hands out stretched,

Out of breath suffocating with life wrapped tightly around my neck.

Don’t you know it was I who fought this fight?

You don’t know the secrets that I have trapped deep within,

You don’t know the extremes to which I went or the weight of my sin.

You only see the smile that now replaces my pain,

You don’t know how much I’ve lost, you just see the little I’ve gained.

You don’t see the tears I cry in secret to the Lord, some don’t even think He’s real so the mere thought you abort.

The truth about me is that I am a warrior refined,

I have been shifted like wheat but now you can compare me to a fine glass of wine.

Look at me now, with a face reflecting grace instead of a frown.

I have muddled in the dirt and have scars to remind me,

The glorious thing about me and I too agree, I am free…

Yes, the truth about me is no matter my struggles of addiction to sex, money, and drugs,

I no longer wallow with snakes or try to suck people dry like slugs,

Today I open my heart whether or not I’m received,

Knowing that people’s opinions about me are preconceived and they do not matter to me.

I will honor the life that I took from this earth,

Accepting all the trial I had to face to show the world our worth.

I will give and not take,

Be real and not fake.

Accept the good with the bad,

Embracing moments that are sad.

I crawled down that dreary street until I was able to stand,

Now that I’m on my feet, from my struggles, I demand.

And with the wisdom I have gained, I have learned to walk with no shame.

I can soar above my failures knowing that this too shall pass,

And finally after reaching one of my mountain tops moments in this life, shout, “free at last, free at last, thank god almighty I am free at least.”

Don’t you know it was He who fought this fight?

All I was required to do was hold on for dear life and look at me now.