

A BETTER WAY TO SEE

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Based on a blog post by Sarah Jenzio

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When I first discovered I needed glasses, wearing them was definitely not cool. I was in the fourth grade and had participated in calling others who wore them affectionate names like “four eyes.” I began wearing them with a bit of shame, but the alternative was unacceptable. I really needed to see what was being written on the board in order to make decent grades. Even when I took my glasses off, I missed having them. What I really wanted was the clarity of vision they afforded, but without the stigma of being different.

When I first realized I desperately needed the Holy Ghost, being born again was definitely not cool. I was in college and had participated in calling others with God’s Spirit affectionate names like “holy rollers.” After receiving such an incredible gift, from a God who owed me nothing, I mostly stayed quietly to myself. I was no longer interested in participating in activities offensive to the Spirit within. Yet, I was not prepared to explain what had happened to me or to defend my need for peace in a life of chaos. What I really wanted was the clear focus on life the Holy Ghost provided, without the stigma of being different.

I no longer worry much about the opinions of others. After forty years, I think my image complete with glasses is better than the one I portray smashing into fuzzy obstacles without them. After thirty years of living with God inside me, I think my life is far better off, with Him guiding my steps, than when I was stumbling through one terrible decision after another without Him.

I could remove both my glasses and my God from my life, but why would I want to?