Arynn: The Diary of a Young Christian



I gave my life to Christ at the age of 7, and at that moment I would never fathom the paths life would lead me down, and how that would affect my life with Christ. At that time I was shrouded in an innocence that comes with being 7.

I could have even called my life "perfect" until the age of 17. As a junior in high school I thought Id found the love of my life and I gave him everything I had, including my virginity. Now us all being Christians we know sex before marriage goes on the list of "no no's" and especially being a young Christian girl growing up in a house of devout Christians I was supposed to know better. So this became an even bigger "uh oh" in my eyes. Somewhere the line between love and lust became dangerously crossed and I committed what I consider my first major sin against God. Now we know there is no sin bigger then the next, but I was a girl who had gone through life playing by the rules with barely an ounce of rebellion in my body. I had put myself on a pedestal and idolized myself as the ultimate picture of perfection. I was the perfect teenager until I came tumbling off my pedestal and landed on the harsh cold ground of reality. I looked around and realized I was better than no one else, and for the first time I saw myself through God's eyes as a sinner. For the next three years I inflicted my self with spiritual fasting making endless promises to God to never mess up again. Each time I would feel better as if I somehow restored my own sense of perfection, to only fall short and begin the tumultuous cycle all over again. As I entered college things only seemed to worsen spiritual for me. I was having a spiritual identity crisis and I felt so separated from God. I felt like I hadn't heard God's voice in ages. I thought that that he abandoned me in one area of my life, but still made his appearance in other parts of my life. It took me all the way until second semester freshman year to stop trying to fix everything or recreating perfection and instead surrendering myself to God.

My pastor once told me that God will use your sin and work your consequences back into his will. For some reason I only saw that on a macro scale at first, like for girls who got pregnant and their pregnancy was the consequence, and their baby the blessing of Gods life and creation. Once again I was wrong it works on all levels. My spiritual torture and facing the music of my own sinful nature was my consequence, but also my blessing. It was only in the aftermath of that storm that I was able to accept my role in the relationship between God and myself. I finally saw God for the all controlling, powerful, loving and mostly FORGIVING God he is. I saw God's strength, warmth, and gentleness, and I experienced it. Once I let go of my own sense of perfection, pride, and need to play god I could finally experience him. I stood in my own way and blocked myself from Gods grace and loving relationship.

I'm telling this story because we all often feel abandoned by God as youth especially when we are trying to traverse everything life is throwing at us. But once we stop focusing on the roadblocks and our own short comings and look up at the God who wants to so desperately help us through these moments, I promise your spirit will get 8000 times lighter. He wants to be our father and best friend so open yourself up and let him. Leave your comfort zone and grasp onto his hand and he will lead through ever moment or misstep you'll encounter in the future.

I am no way a perfect Patty now, I still have things I struggle with but now I have a budding relationship with my closest friend God to help. I don't want to ever be perfect again if that means I would lose what I have with God now. God never said a walk with him would be easy, but he did promise it would be worth it. Every obstacle, struggle, and moment is worth it for me. And as I continue to fumble my way through young adulthood and the rest of my life ill have the steady grip of God to hold my hand. My name is Arynn and this is my testimony.