

I wanna live,
not just survive.

Don't Just Survive; But Live & Thrive!

Survival was difficult. I did not know if I would make it to the next month and always was expecting something bad to happen. We always lived in rented houses. Changed houses several times during this period. Why? My father would borrow money from people nearby and with those fights that happen at home, everyone knew our inside story. We would be so ashamed to live there anymore and would move to another house. But People around always kept quiet because my step mom was a teacher in a nearby school and people valued her.

Fights at home: I hated home and always loved school. Why? Not because I enjoyed studies or I was motivated to study or I had determination to come up in life. No. I wanted to get out of that house because life inside those four walls was stinking. Yes literally stinking. My father would vomit many times after he was drunk with the local liquor (the liquor in itself would smell so badly). It was like living with a man who should have been in a psychiatric asylum. My father would pick up fight with my step mom and then it would end in physical abuse. The house we lived had two small rooms (the whole house about 200 to 250 Sq feet). I would be sitting in a corner.

"Sometimes even to live is an act of courage." — Seneca

Every time my father raised his voice and shouted, fear would grip my heart. Believe as I say this, many days I thought that it was the last day of my life and I was expecting my father to kill my step mom or me, because that's how strong those fights would be. Throwing of objects, breaking of objects, feet that would stamp you on the stomach, hand that would thunder on your cheek...oh fear always gripped me. One shout or one word can make me pass urine very easily

right through my trousers. I always slept on the cold floor with a thin bed sheet over my face. Why bed sheet over my face? Because my father sometimes would kick me on my face and I was afraid. There were many nights I have got up in the middle having a dream that my father had hit me. Sometimes fight would go till early morning.

Special Nights: There were nights when my dad's local liquor is over, he would send me to a local place (illegal place because the this local liquor being sold was against the rule and police was always raiding these places) to get this liquor. I would take two of the old bottles, put them in a green basket, put an old cloth over it (I did not want any of my friends to see this on the road) and walk to this place. This place was disgusting. An old lady would be sitting with a big black can and I would give her 14 Indian rupees (24 pennies) and she would use a funnel and fill these two bottles. Then I came back home. There were nights I had to cross a graveyard late in the night and it was scary. So when I was crossing I have seen dead bodies being burnt and sometimes the hands or legs would lift up (later I understood that because of the traction of nerves on fire this would happen) and I so was scared. I had no clue of what was happening.

I learned to survive every situation. Did I know or understand this awesome redemptive purpose of God over my life? No! I was dry, broken down, with no self-control, with no direction just drifting along in the ocean of life. I was surviving.

I have heard Dr Ravi Zacharias (one of my favourite author and speaker) quote Richard Elseworth Day from his book "Filled With The Spirit" – *'There are no bona fide mass movements, it just looks that way! At the centre column there always ONE MAN WHO KNOWS GOD, AND KNOWS WHERE HE IS GOING(Filled With The Spirit p.20)'*. God is looking for individuals. He is looking for individuals to reveal out His vision, His heart, His calling, His plan and His purpose.

We should not just survive.

No! If we are just thinking of surviving, we will easily be sinking.

Challenge: Today we fall into those traps that individuals have begun to just survive and not keep in step with God and His purpose and move on. We have started functioning based on old oil. Nothing new and many of us are actually afraid to hear anything new.

Let me say this again, it has always been one individual who knows, believes, understands, senses or feels the tug in his or her heart and obediently follows God's trail with appropriate sacrifices. Are you ready? Are you willing to consecrate? Are you ready move from survival mode to vibrantly being used by God? Are you? Are you?