

Myself! Who am I?

Myself! Me! Who am I?

Who can I ask who really knows?

The mirror always lies and tells me what I wish to know.

I am the child of my parents.

Perhaps I am like them, though saying that is surely unfair to them.

And which one? A bit of both perhaps? But that's bound not to be balanced because experience, environment and circumstance all have to be thrown into the mixture that is me – this unique creature possessed of mind and spirit.

I will never know myself, or see myself as others see me.

But I can BE myself, although can I be someone I really do not know?

Even now, well through my earthly years I am making more discoveries and discarding ideas I had about the person I thought was me. Discoveries that are not always pleasant to consider – about the person I have been – about the person I would have dearly loved to be.

Who am I?

There's another question comes to mind – WHY am I?

Why am I who I am?

Why living in this place? At this time? Of all the places and the times since life began?

I could have been a politician! The whole nation should give a sigh of relief to know that was not the plan. A philosopher? Professor? Brain surgeon? Architect? Archbishop?

But equally I could have been a homeless refugee, fearing for my life as I cross the border into Turkey – a somebody who overnight has become nobody, possessing nothing.

I could be sitting in that burned-out lobby of a government building in Kabul – windowless and pocked with bullet holes. I could be crouching there on the dirty bedding amongst the litter, syringes and scorched foil with opium my only escape from the shame, the poverty, the cruelty of being at the end of the road, alone, forgotten – even believing I am forgotten by my God.

Maybe I could have been one of those who never came that far. One of those little children I recall in Kroo Town, carried on his mother's back while she worked to simply live amidst the filth and cleansing smell of charcoal. My hungry crying barely heard above the raucous shouting at the quayside. My lifetime almost spent before I am three years old.

I would find it hard to live with these questions, but for my faith in God; my life in Christ.

How I wish everyone could know as I do, the answer to the questions, *Who am I? Why am I?*

I no longer need to ask them.

It is enough to know I am not just me, but me in Christ.

It is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me.

Whoever I am is being changed to be me and him – and more and more of him while less and less of me.

He says I will find myself and know myself by losing myself in him.

There is more pleasure in discovering who I am in him, than just who I am.

So I can say in trust, though with a deep unworthiness,
I am a child of God.

*I am called to be whoever and whatever he wants me to be,
with just one aim, intrinsic to his own – that is
– **the glory of God!***