

The Affliction of My Soul : Earl Milton J.R.

The inward all consuming inferno that afflicts my very soul. Ten times worse than heartbreak. A lonely sojourner, a stranger among men.

The burning away of all dross is necessary. Must my soul be inflamed as well during the process of its purification. The pain of the shedding of the old ways in which I used to walk. Now instead of reacting I experience a smoldering indignation brewing as my patience is tried and proved. As I walk in the ways of love, I find that love unrequited is deeply disappointing. Also I find kindness disrespected is strongly off putting. Rejection threatens to turn love cold. This is the Affliction of my soul. Fighting to prevent this great love from turning into hate and resentment. I fight to keep love's gate open while half of me wants to shut it forever. The affliction of my soul is grievous. A Trial, A Test. When will I find my rest ? To do good and to do right in spite of social pressures is a struggle and a battle. But I stay in the saddle knowing that one day the tempest will break, the storm will settle, and the sun will warm my skin. In the midst of it all My Soul Truly Calls; When? When? When?

When will my affliction end? How do I prevent myself from becoming callous, cold, and indifferent?

The fire of affliction is refining, but that doesn't stop my soul from crying. I know it has a purpose as does every little thing. Just because it has a purpose doesn't mean that it don't sting. In the end of my affliction my weather beaten soul will be stronger, deeper, and better. All the dross that I shed is surely to be shredded. As I push through the flames I know that I won't regret it. I am grateful for the light at the end of this tunnel. But I won't forget this dark trip. I'm invested in the process and do not wish to skip a page or chapter in this book that I call my life. Step By Step I am purified in the Affliction of My Soul.