

Who Am I - A Story of Self-Discovery!

By Edwina Frazier © 2003



Tracey looked at the images flashing across the TV screen and thought, *"This has been my life."* It was 1979 New Year's Eve and Tracey had tuned in to an end of the decade special. All of the 70's, the events, the fashions, the music, the trends were all being highlighted and set forever in nostalgic memory. Every song that was played unlocked memories that Tracey had thought she'd long forgotten. Her mind was playing scenes just as quickly as the television...

Oh, I was in tenth grade when that came out. I was liking this boy named Robert. Oh, man I remember the Fred Astaire pants! My sister and I both had a tan pair. The hard beat of an Aretha Franklin song started playing.

"Rock steady baby! Let's call this song exactly what it is."

Tracey jumped up and started rocking her hips to the song. "Yeah, I remember this! The "Rock Steady"! Everybody *loved* this dance." Tracey boogied her hips over to the phone to call her sister. "Boy, they used to really get down on this song!" Her sister's phone rang and rang. *"Come on, pick up! I want you to hear this song!"* Tracey continued to dance and bop to the music as the phone on the other end continued to ring. The song ended and Tracey slowly replaced the receiver. What was she thinking? Her sister wouldn't be at home on New Year's Eve. She was probably in New York, in the middle of Times Square getting ready to welcome the New Year in. She checked the clock 11:45pm. Well, she would just have to see it on TV. Dick Clark would be counting down the minutes soon.



Tracey slumped on the couch and numbly watched the screen. She couldn't figure out what was wrong. This was the first New Year's Eve that she had opted to stay home

instead of bringing it in partying. She had actually told her live-in boyfriend to go on without her. He had looked at her incredulously. Did she really want him to go out and party without her? "*Yes! Go! Have a good time.*" Tracey practically pushed him out the door. He shrugged his shoulders. "Ok, if you say so." When the door closed, Tracey felt a sense of relief. She really needed to be alone tonight to sort through these crazy feelings that had been building up over the past few days. As the year seem to be getting closer and closer to an end so did her life. At 20, she felt frustratingly burned out. There had to be more to life than this but what? Watching the program tonight was like watching slices of her life. *Wow, this must be what it's like to have your life flash before your face.* Tracey thought. The past ten years had basically been her teen years a life full of parties and boyfriends and getting high. Tracey had dropped out of school in tenth grade but eventually obtained her GED when she was eighteen. She dabbled in modeling for a little bit, went to cosmetology school until she got pregnant, worked at some odd jobs and ultimately moved in with her baby's daddy. At the time, it seemed like she had become liberated and set free from her parent's rules.

This was *her* life and she was going to live it the way she wanted. Now all of that seemed like a distant memory – another life that someone else had lived.



Who was she today? Did she even know? Tracey straightened up and leaned towards the TV set. The count-down had started. 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1... Happy New Year! The crowd in Times Square erupted in spontaneous applause and cheers as the familiar strains of *Auld Lang Syne* begin to play. Tears stung Tracey's eyes as she wrapped her arms around herself and slowly rocked back and forth on the couch nursing an ache that was beyond words. After a long while, she stumbled to the window as tears begin to fall in earnest, blurring her vision.

From her 12th floor apartment she could see cars flashing their headlights off and on and hear the noise of blaring horns and fireworks going off. Tracey pressed her face against the cold glass and stared at the street far below.

"Well" Tracey sniffled, "It's 1980. A New Year... and everybody's celebrating... so why do I feel like jumping out the window? Tracey stayed at the window until her tears subsided. She knew jumping was not the answer but the fact that she even *felt* that way startled her. It got her attention. Drawing a deep shuddering breath, she finally turned from the window and wiped her eyes. "What I need..." Tracey spoke out loud to herself. "Is a new beginning a radical change. I need something different to happen in my life." Having said that she snapped off the TV and went to her daughter's room. Her three-year-old daughter, Lolita, was sleeping soundly. Quietly tip-toeing over to the bed, she gazed down at the one thing she felt she had to live for. Whatever this was she was feeling,

she had to get over it because it wasn't only *her* life that she had to consider. The sleeping angel snuggled under the covers needed a mother in her *right* mind. Bending over, she

brushed her lips against her daughter's cheek and then quickly straightened up as fresh tears sprang to her eyes. *"Oh brother, am I having a nervous breakdown?"* She turned

and swiftly left the room, closing the door behind her. Tracey leaned against the doorjamb for support as convulsing sobs shook her body. *What's happening to me?!* For the first time, in a very long while, Tracey found herself fervently whispering a prayer...

"God, help me!"

Lighting didn't flash and thunder didn't roll but somehow Tracey knew her prayer had been heard and an answer was on the way.

Who Am I? / Commentary

We all know somebody like Tracey. I did. In fact, I could have been Tracey. Our stories are very similar. I needed and wanted a radical change in my own life. So much so that when I turned twenty, I marched into a barbershop and had them shave all my hair off! Yep, I didn't have a finger-snap worth of hair left! I had a couple of extra holes put in my ears for a total of three piercings on each side and purchased a pair of funky eye glasses. When my mother saw me, she thought I had joined a cult! I honestly thought that if I *looked* radically different I would *be* radically different. Well, the truth is I didn't feel any different.

Then another flash of inspiration hit me. I needed discipline! Who better than Uncle Sam to whip me into shape? I signed up for the Air Force, passed the test and almost passed the physical. Everything was fine except for one thing - I was pregnant...again! This would be my third child and it was the only thing that could have kept me out of the service. I had made up my mind that this was what I needed to get my life back on track so I'd



sign guardianship of my son and daughter over to their father and I was getting the heck out of East Orange, New Jersey! Finding out I was pregnant was the absolute last straw. What could I do now? For me, abortion was not an option. My boyfriend, however, had a different opinion. In fact, he gave me an ultimatum about the baby or leave. I left.

I went back to my Mom's house and for the next few months sort of slumped around in a semi-depressed frame of mind. Around my sixth month of pregnancy I spent some time with my sister in North Carolina. It was very peaceful and relaxing. There was a track near her house and I got up and ran every morning. By the time I got back to the city, I had a change of mind and direction.

I was going to have this baby and then move to North Carolina and start my life over. It was close to Thanksgiving and I finally felt like I had something to be thankful for. The

baby was due in February so that gave me some time to plan. What I didn't know was that God had some plans for me too.



God's plan for *Your* Life

You know, it's funny that a lot of people are actually afraid of the plans God has for them. Why? Because they think His plans are going to be very different from the plans they have for themselves. God's plan always lines up with what He has put in you. Your natural abilities and talents come from the *One* who created you and He knows what makes you tick.

There should be no hesitation at all on our part to totally yield ourselves to our Maker. God's plan for you begins with the plan of salvation. This plan is found in the bible in the book of Romans, the tenth chapter and the 9th and 10th verses.

Romans 10: 9-10.

(9) That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

(10) For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

This was a real eye-opener for me. I'd always thought that "getting right with God" involved some serious drama like the heavens opening and angelic choirs singing or maybe some life crisis bringing me to my knees. Instead, the Lord met me at a kitchen table where a friend of mine showed me the same verses you just read, Romans 10: 9-10. She told me that this was the plan of salvation and all I had to do was believe and accept it. She then walked away and left me alone to ponder her challenge. I thought back to all of the things I had done in my life that had not helped me. I thought about all the things I had done to change my life that had not worked. I had come to the end of myself and had come no closer to an answer. Just then I remembered my own whispered prayer I had prayed almost a year ago. "Lord, help me." I looked down at the bible in front of me and read the words again...

(9) That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

10) For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

I bowed my head and said a simple prayer.

Lord, I always thought there was more to it than this. But... if this is all you're saying I have to do here goes... I believe that you sent Jesus to die for me and that You raised Him from the dead. I realize there is nothing I can do to make myself right with You. I need you to help me. Please forgive me for my sins and help me to live for You for the rest of my life. Amen.



Well, lightening didn't flash for me either and I can't say that I felt anything different at that point but *the change had started*. That was 30+ years ago and the Lord is *still* making changes in my life. Every day is a new beginning with Him.

I invite you to step into *your* new beginning by accepting Jesus as Lord and Savior of your life. ***Your new beginning can start today!***



Now what?!

Here are 4 great next steps! Click the link below.

Getting To Know God

<https://www.cru.org/how-to-know-god/would-you-like-to-know-god-personally.html>

Edwina Foster Frazier – Enjoyed the story? I'd love to hear your feedback!

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