# A prayer of a desperate modern sinner

A week it is too much. The Bible says, *"Who the Son sets free is free indeed,"* but I don’t feel free. I sin like those in the world. It also says the works of the flesh lead to death and that I should yearn for the things of the Spirit. Also, sexual immorality and lust will never see God. I am all that.

It also says a believer going back to sin is like a dog eating its vomit. If you don’t have self-control, then you don’t have the whole fruit of the Holy Spirit meaning I no longer have the Holy Spirit. Continuous sinning disconnects you from God, and with that, all hope and faith for life are also gone.

I thought I was free, but I am still a slave. What salvation did I receive? Happy for a short period like a foolish man, only to go back to where I was. One thing I know though: we have free will, and as men, we will choose the flesh because we live in it unless the Spirit of God helps us. Even though we are told to make the right choices, we can't not on our own.

I alone can’t. I don’t think technology is the problem, for it will always be there no matter where I go. I just need the same help and strength I had before the one that made me hate sin to continue with me forever. I need that Spirit not only today but forever.

I was hoping for a job this week, but because of my disobedience, now I have nothing. My faith is crushed. Now, I am just like a slave to my desires. How will I go to God again and pray? What will I say, knowing that tomorrow I might take the same path, making promises and breaking them? How will I now receive anything, when what I do is only for my desires and not for Him?

Even right now, I have fallen just like Jesus and Paul said: when a righteous man goes back to sin, he becomes worse than before. I think that’s me. Yet, there is no more sacrifice for sin left for me. I crucify Jesus again and again. Just as Paul said, “Do we keep sinning again and again because there is grace?” I wanted to be a seed that fell on good soil, that kept the Word and gave a hundred, a thousandfold harvest.

I know the Word. I know what is right and wrong. I know what I’m supposed to do. I know it’s wrong I really do but I still do it. This is more than a temptation to me. God loved me that, I know. Just like He loved Israel. But I am making Him my enemy. I yearn for His punishment, yet I know very well how it’s going to break me.

I feel like my guilt is fake. My tears a scam. For God knows my heart. I cry, praying for mercy and forgiveness, while my heart is yearning to fulfill the desires of the flesh. He knows my heart. He knows what I desire more and right now, it’s the flesh more than Him.

I really don’t feel the Spirit anymore, yet we were promised to be one until the end of the world. I understand: *I* am the problem. *I* am the one who parted from Him. God never leaves anyone. He just comes and finds that you are not there anymore.

There is a verse that says, “A righteous man falls seven times and rises again.” But the one who said this I don’t think he meant disobedience. There’s a difference between weakness and disobedience. For me, I am a disobedient son, not a lost one. I know what I do and its consequences.

How can God use this type of man? How can a prophet or a priest come from this type of recklessness? I pray to God to help me, guide me, strengthen me so that I never curse the day I was born. For food and money don’t matter to me anymore.

I’m leading down that path just like Solomon losing the meaning of everything: even life, even wisdom. All becomes meaningless. A man is never independent. That is evident, even from creation we are always dependent. I don’t know why, in making decisions, man was left alone, yet we know we will always choose what satisfies the flesh. We are so selfish. Where there is no gain, we don’t invest.

Am I right by saying this? For God Himself said that there is not even a single righteous man in the whole world. Jesus also concluded, “No one is good except the Father.” David, in his Psalms, said that the heart is desperately evil. Ezekiel, Isaiah, and so on they all knew. A man always needs help.

So, in matters of the Spirit unless God makes the decisions for us we will always fall. For we don’t know the things of the Spirit, since we live in the flesh. All goodness that we know, as men, is bound to the flesh. So when we are left with two choices, a man will always choose the flesh, for it is only by the flesh that he knows any pleasure that exists.

But with God He will make the choice for you to pick the Spirit. That’s why, each and every day, we ask God many questions bitterly thinking that all is not fair, asking, “Why did You allow that?” It is not even you who made the decision. You only blindly followed desire.

And when you try to compare it with the sweetness of the flesh or its desire, you don’t find anything sweet. You expected more, saying, “It will be greater than I expected.” But it is the opposite. Because its fruit is not of this world. Its end is not in the flesh, but beyond all beyond the minds of men.

That’s why it is impossible to choose something not known to you. You will always choose a devil friend over a stranger angel unless the angel reveals himself to you.

I cry, but I don’t know whether it’s fake or honest. I feel guilty, yet I desire to repeat the same sin. I claim I love the Father, yet I love the things He hates, and I fail to do the things He loves. I fear, yet I still do knowing the consequences.

Better is Adam, for he didn’t know the consequences of his sin. I desire to fall, even when I already know I’ll get hurt. How can I be sure I won’t do it again tomorrow?

What kind of toxic friend am I to God? One who goes behind His back, pretending everything is right when He is around me yet He knows very well what I’ve done. A liar. A hypocrite. A pervert. A sinner. I know what I am becoming, but it’s like I don’t have power over it.

How then do you expect me to make a decision when my tongue is cut, so I can’t call for help; my eyes gouged out, so I can’t see the right path? I’m fed with honey from a toilet. I yearn for its sweetness, yet I cannot see its source.

I have run from the Father. Now, I don’t know the way ahead, nor the way back.

**Father, please look for me. Look for me. Again, give me the hatred for sin and the desire for holiness. Make the choice for me and help me endure the process. For I do not know the path You have chosen for me.**

**Together until the end of the world may this promise belong to You, for I have failed to keep it. And when You find me, please, God don’t punish me. Don’t beat me. Though I deserve the cup of Your wrath, remember that I came from You. Remember my struggle too. Nothing really desires to die. Even though I am confident in the choices I make, I am too afraid, for I really don’t know where they lead.**

**Give us our daily bread and forgive us our transgressions, as we forgive those who have wronged us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.**

**If I ever belonged to You, God if my name was ever written in the Book of Life if my name was ever called in Heaven, ever heard by the sons of the Most High I give up, God. I give up trying to please You with my doings. I give up trying to prove myself worthy, yet I am not. Everything is evident.**

**If it has ever been Your will, hold my hand. Don’t expect me to choose the path we will take. Just lead the way. And if I’m tired, carry me in Your arms. I just want to get there.**

**Jesus, please each and every day remember this prayer. Save me. Forever.**

I love you God. I really want to be your son. Will you accept me?