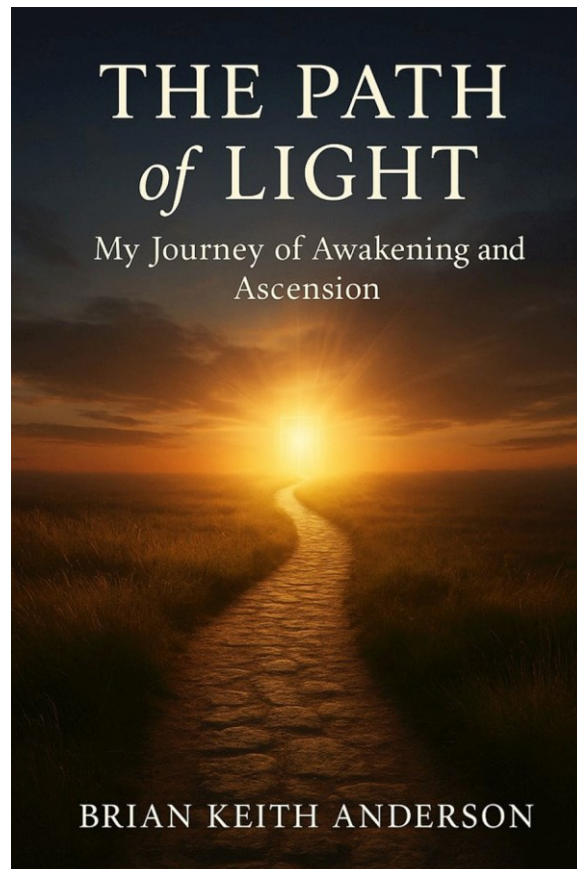


# PATH OF LIGHT

by B.K. Anderson and Anders Taft



[bkandersonbooks.github.io](http://bkandersonbooks.github.io)

Path of Light Series

Published by B.K. Anderson Books

[bkandersonbooks.github.io](http://bkandersonbooks.github.io)

© 2025 B.K. Anderson and Anders Taft

All rights reserved.

No part of this sample may be reproduced without permission from the authors.

For full editions, visit [bkandersonbooks.github.io](https://bkandersonbooks.github.io)

ISBN 9798999688637

Print: IngramSpark

Trim size: 6×9 inches

### Author's Note

This book is my true story, written from my own life experiences, reflections, and spiritual journey.

While I have received assistance in preparing the manuscript for publishing — including editing, formatting, and design — the words, memories, and truths recorded here are entirely my own.

Every hardship, every sign, every cleansing, and every prayer shared in these pages is part of my lived experience. It is written with honesty and with the intent to bear witness to God's presence in my life.

— *Brian Keith Anderson*

## Chapter 1 Awakening Through Hardship

There are beginnings that wear the mask of endings.

Mine came beneath a sky of Tennessee gray, the air thick with dust and the scent of oil and grain. Pain was my first teacher—its lessons written in the small bones of childhood and the long hours of work that followed. Yet even then, some quiet pulse moved beneath the ache, as though an unseen rhythm beat beneath the noise of living.

I did not know it then, but that pulse was the Light itself—waiting, patient, hidden in the marrow of every trial. Each scar became a script, each day a whisper from something vaster than I could name. What I took for hardship was only the soil softening, preparing for the seed.

My life's journey did not begin in peace or light. It began in struggle. From my earliest days, life seemed to test me, shaping me through hardship and loss. Love often felt distant, and when it came, it carried its own weight of pain. Friendships, too, sometimes break under the strain of time, misunderstanding, or tragedy. At an early age I felt pain, when I was around four, I got my toes caught in the spokes of a bicycle, wheel or I grabbed hold of an electric fence wire. When I was five my mother and I had a car wreck, I was thrown up into front of car and hit windshield. It cut my nose between my eyes, and they took us to the emergency room. They had to sew it up, but back then they did not deaden it. They just sowed it up and it burns like fire. There was no such thing as seat belts then. It was around 1962. The back seat had a strap from one side to the other and I was standing up in back on the floor hanging on to it. These things happen all through my early life. Something painful was the norm. In my teens, I stepped on a nail, bicycle crashed, broke my foot on a trail bike, You name it it happen Went to dentist and they drill my teeth but back then he did not deaden them. So, it was a common thing to experience some kind of pain other and I was standing

up in back on the floor hanging on to it. These things happen all through my early life. Something painful was the norm. In my teens, I stepped on a nail, bicycle crashed, broke my foot on a trail bike, You name it happen Went to dentist and they drill my teeth but back then he did not deaden them. So, it was a common thing to experience some kind of pain.

Awakening was not a sudden escape from struggle — it was the realization that I had never been alone in it. God had been there from the start, guiding me, shaping me, and waiting for me to see the truth: that His love was stronger than any wound I carried.

I was born into a world where work and struggle were not choices, but necessities. From an early age, I learned what it meant to go without, to watch others have what I did not, and to carry burdens heavier than my years. The weight of survival was my teacher, and it did not let me forget its lessons.

Love was complicated for me, I reached for it, hoping to find comfort, only to be met with disappointment, pain. Each time I opened my heart, it broke a little more. These experiences hardened me.

Yet even in those years, there were glimpses of something greater. A quiet nudge in my spirit when I should have fallen but did not. A sense that I was being carried, even when I felt abandoned. I did not fully recognize it then, but God was there — weaving threads through my hardships, teaching me endurance, preparing me for a path I could not yet see.

In the silence of long nights, when pain weighed on me heavier than my own body could bear, I spoke to God. Not with memorized prayers or rehearsed words, but with raw honesty. I asked questions. I pleaded. I cried. And though answers did not always come in ways I expected, I always felt something: a presence, warmth, a reminder that I was not speaking into emptiness.

It was these early years of trial and searching that became the ground of my awakening. Every struggle, every loss, every heartbreak was not the end, but a beginning — the chiseling of stone that would one day reveal a deeper truth.

Looking back on my younger years, I see now how much weight I carried even as a boy. Life was not gentle with me. While other children seemed carefree, my mind was already learning how to endure. Every day brought its own trial, whether it was lack, misunderstanding, or simply the feeling of being out of place in a world that never fits me.

I grew up learning early that work was survival. There was little time for dreams, and yet my heart longed for something more. I watched people around me laugh and live as if life were simple, but mine never was. My path was different.

Even in those early years, I knew loss. Friends gone too soon, people I cared for taken in accidents or illness, others slipping away through choices that led them down dark roads. Each loss carved something out of me, and though I did not always understand it, I carried their memory with me., “This is not for you.” For years I questioned why it never worked out, why life seemed like a gift given to others but withheld from me.

These experiences they also pushed me closer to God, though I did not fully realize it then. When I lay awake at night, unable to silence the heaviness in my heart, I spoke to Him. Not in the polished words I heard in churches, but in the raw voice of a boy who just wanted to be heard.

Those conversations carried me. They taught me that even when no one else understood, God did. And though the world told me I needed a church or a priest to

stand between me and the divine, I knew in my spirit that was not true. I could feel Him in my own way, and that became my lifeline.

My youth was a furnace of trials, but it was also where the first sparks of awakening were struck. The fire of hardship burned away illusions and taught me strength, while the quiet presence of God kept me from being consumed. I did not know then how much it would shape the man I would become, but I see it now — every step, every loss, every moment of loneliness was preparing me for the path ahead.

I grew up learning early that work was survival. There was little time for dreams, and yet my heart longed for something more. I watched people around me laugh and live as if life were simple, but mine never was. My path was different.



**DISCOVER THE FULL JOURNEY**

Visit [bkandersonbooks.github.io](https://bkandersonbooks.github.io)

All books available in print and eBook through IngramSpark and major retailers.