



# How to be a Christian

## EVEN WHEN YOUR WORLD IS ENDING

BY JENNIFER BUENTELLO

The world ending feels a lot like you stumbling through the attic in darkness  
Because your fingers couldn't find the light switch, and your knees keep knocking  
Over boxes full of photo albums filled with faces you'd rather not remember

Because you wonder when your days will no longer be punctuated by their absence.  
Because when the world ends, it ends with a snap—a twig shattering  
Beneath your boots, a thread splitting down the middle, the doctor telling you

The cancer keeps growing, the person you love taking their love away,  
The horizontal lines staining your teen's forearm, forming scars,  
The numbness building within your thighs despite all your prayers,

Because when the world ends, when the snaps come,  
When you stumble through the attic in darkness, searching for that switch,  
You'll go to work the next day and vent to your colleagues only for them to say,

But aren't you a Christian? can't you just pray to your God about it?  
Because look at you—chosen before creation to be holy and blameless,  
Humble and gentle, patient and loving, seeking peace, abhorring destruction,

Rooted in love even when you have not one more ounce of love to give,  
A light for the world even when you feel all light has left your life,  
Full of the Spirit despite depression tethering you to your bedside.

Because being a Christian even when your world is ending  
Means you'll sing songs of praise at three in the morning  
In the hospital parking lot, repeating God is still great, God is still good,

Even after the doctors pulled your husband off life support.  
Because being a Christian even when your world is ending  
Means you'll pray for peace and prosperity over your ex-wife





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Even though she left you for someone else.  
Because being a Christian even when your world is ending  
Means you'll ask God to heal your enemy's trauma

Even when He has yet to heal the trauma they've given you.  
But listen, when the darkness still comes barking and nipping at your feet,  
When the floor sinks beneath the soles of your shoes, when you stumble towards

The attic door, pull on the breastplate of righteousness,  
Tighten the belt of truth, unsheathe the sword of the spirit,  
Cling to the light of God and flip on the switch as you find your way out.

