



.S.I.C.K.L.E. – C.E.L.L.

S – oldier, being a soldier isn't easy but with a sickness like this it's not a choice but a necessity.

I – n my body do I live but sometimes when this pain takes over it's like it's not even mine but his.

C – alling on God like –

K – ing of kings & Lord of Lords, do you hear my cries? I said Lord please!...

L – iving with this disease isn't easy, breathing becomes hard, and fear of every breath being my last takes over, with every new crisis it's like I'm living a memory from my past

E – nergy, energy I'm trying with everything I've got in me, to keep my head up and overcome this, sickness – that's all that it is

C – alling on the Lord like

E – I shaddai, Jehovah Rapha please hear my cries. My crowns slipping, everything I've worked towards slipping from my grasp as I lay in this bed still, can't move because the pain's got me in a trans

L – ord please take away this sickness

L – ord please take away this pain

Sickle Cell is Not Mine to Claim.

Not many people know that I have Sickle Cell disease until I verbally express it to them. It's never been something that I've allowed to hold me back, or be an unmovable barrier to my success, in all that I do. But going through my first year of uni, the struggles & intensity of my course got to me. Physically & Emotionally. This was my outlet. For those of you who know me here's a little, just a little more insight into what makes me, Me. And for those of you who don't. Well, hi. Lool.

This is a part of me – From Me to You

I'm more than a conqueror & best believe with all I've been through in these young 19 years of mine, I don't need nobody to tell me that. I KNOW. But at times, shit gets too much. I acknowledge that, and recognise in doing so i'm only further displaying my strength. Because what you don't allow to break you will only make you sooo much stronger. As I grow older, I tend to trust and depend on people less because honestly – I just feel nobody understands, nobody is genuine and nobody has got me like my God does, and as I do. Point. Blank. PERIOD. I take pride in my independence. For those of you like me with Sickle Cell disease, any disease, sickness – trial & tribulation – because that's all it is... Just know that your strength is your power & your power comes from God. Take comfort in God & know all is well & it shall be so.

P.S – PSALM 121!!!

“I lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help! My help cometh from the Lord, who made Heaven and Earth!!”

Read it and use it to direct your prayer with faith and trust in God and I promise you, the peace that will touch you is one that no man/woman/doctor/nurse/medication can offer or provide.

Shalom!