

The Boy's Club

By: Hazel Gay Lee © 2013

They call it the Boy's Club. It is the oldest club known to man. Despite its name, its members consist of both males and females. They have been here since the beginning of time. They are not a gang or terrorist group that people would initially fear. Quite the contrary, they are intelligent and respected human beings, not criminals, but heroes that people admire. Their members come from all walks of life. Some of their members are the most powerful and wealthiest. They have money, position, and influence. Alone they are just a mortal being and a commoner. United they are powerful, arrogant, untouchable, and cruel. In the name of God they unify and become Lords that rule with tyrant mentality.

From all walks of life they come. They are the rich and famous, Kings, Queens, Presidents, Dictators, and Pharaohs. They are warriors, explorers, crusaders, soldiers, inventors, and creators. They are religious leaders and followers, politicians, educators, administrators, business owners, firefighters, and policemen. Their members include homemakers, mothers, fathers, clerks, executives, nurses, doctors, lawyers, and judges. Actors, Actresses, musicians, and singers tell their story but they are members too. There is no occupation, race, religion, or ethnic group that has escaped the Boy's Club membership. They are the largest club to ever exist and their membership continues to grow. New members are born and old members die. They come from every country, speak all languages, and are from every background known to man.

The Boy's Club members may seem different from each other but there is a golden thread that connects them and bonds them as united and equals. That thread is called, "the lust for power." Power motivates them, guides them, justifies their deeds, condones their sins, and covers up their weaknesses. They are drunk and driven by power. With power they control. They don't know, but in time the very power they desire and lust after will control and destroy them too.

In their infancy they are dependent on those who care for and nurture them. As a power they hurt the very ones who they should protect and love. By themselves they would not do what they do, but unified they forget who they are, where they are from, and their purpose for existing. Somewhere and somehow they lose their way. They are lost.

Then he came. From nowhere he came. He can find them but they are too blind to see him. He has power but he never displays his power for anyone to see. He never forgets who he is, where he is from, and why he exists. He does not fit into the Boy's Club. He knows there is a power greater than he. He has no desire to Lord over anyone. He has a mission and being a part of the Boy's Club is not in his plan.

There is nothing more cruel than evil in powerful hands. Yet the Boy's Club is given power and authority by those who trust and respect them, and their power grows. From the pits of evil it grows until it consumes them. A heart will expose itself when given authority and power and the Boy's Club is the most powerful of all. They are given power and respect that they did not earn or deserve. They do not cherish and value their power either. Their hearts are exposed and their hearts are cruel and evil.

And yet there he is, a tender plant out of dry ground. The Boy's Club has hardened the environment surrounding him. How he makes his way through the hardened crust and remains tender is a mystery in itself, but he does. How he blossoms and grows in the midst of such cruelty and evil is beyond comprehension, but he does. While the Boy's Club flourishes he quietly flourishes too. They have nothing he wants. They have nothing he needs. They have nothing but power and power is nothing he desires.

I met him one day on my journey of life. I was weary and he offered me a place to rest. He introduced himself in the most unusual way. When I asked him his name he simply said, "I Am He." It was an incredible meeting. He was so lowly, real, without beauty, but there was something about him that I wanted. Everything that seemed so important was not important to him. I had never met anyone like him. He changed me. When I left his house that day I knew my encounter with him was not an accident or a chance meeting. "I Am He" had a message for me and I listened. In silence I listened. The Boy's Club cannot hold a candle to him. He lit the candle within my soul.

Everywhere I go I encounter the Boy's Club. They don't intimidate me after meeting "I Am He." I know their powerful evil and cruel deeds but I am no longer inferior to them. In great humility and thankfulness I am not a part of them either. The first time I met "I Am He" he taught me not to fear. He taught me faith. I have watched him bring the Boy's Club down over and over again. I have watched him fight my battles. It is not what he says, but what he does and the way he does it that abases them. His guidance and mercy rescues me from their web.

I watched as the Boy's Club tried to bring "I Am He" to his knees. I was astonished at his strength. He resisted their power. He did not crumble. Even a strong man would break. He did not break. They tried to manipulate him. He was not moved. They wanted him to speak. He remained silent. They were full of anger. He remained calm. He listened but did not respond. He controlled everything. They controlled nothing. In silence he came before them. He gave them no ammunition to fill their weapons. He was alone and he stood strong. The Boy's Club is boisterous and fools. Their strength is in numbers and each other. His strength was within him. They could not bring him to his knees. They tried. He resisted. In silence he withstood what no man should ever have to withstand. He taught me the power of silence.

The Boy's Club came to see me today. They know that "I Am He" is my friend. They tried to use their power to break me. I was not broken. They threatened and made evil and cruel remarks. I was not moved. They have no influence over me. They have no power stronger than me. In silence I listened. "I Am He" taught me to stand still. They tried to anger me. I was not angry. Within me was peace. Within me was compassion. That was my gift from "I Am He." He taught me mercy, strength, and faith. He taught me to see the Boy's Club through his eyes and not mine. He taught me the power of silence.

I went to visit "I Am He." When I left I was very sad. I had just dined with the most powerful, humble, and silent being to ever walk this earth. Yet I looked around and sitting at his table we were alone. Where are the other who learned from him too? There are others, but where are they? The Boy's Club is everywhere in great abundance. They are easy to find. Why was I dining alone with my friend? How many others have dined alone with him too? I could not help but ask myself why he invited me in to rest. Why was I rescued from the Boy's Club to dine with him and be enlightened to his ways? Why was I allowed to feel his power and peace within? Why me? Why not them? It humbles me.

The Boy's Club appears to be solid and strong trees of beauty and grace, but then I look again and see them for what they really are. They are cruel, unjust, powerful, and evil mortals who have never met my friend. They do not know who "I Am He" is. I cannot imagine the emptiness they have inside that he can fill. I am moved with compassion for the Boy's Club and all who are caught in its trap. Like a spider's web, they are unable to set themselves free. He could free them but they cannot see him beyond their lust for power.

This is what I am thinking when the Boy's Club surrounds me. In silence I behold them before me and I think these thoughts. How can I be angry at those

who are blind and lost? How can I not show kindness to those who are ignorant and empty? How can I envy those who are pitiful, weak, and powerless? I am moved with compassion instead. I am consumed with mercy. I am flooded with appreciation and thanksgiving. Silently I think these thoughts. They do not know what I am thinking. I do not say. "I Am He" knows the power of silence and he is my friend. They do not know him. They have never met him or dined with him. My soul feels sorrow for them. "I Am He" changed me. He saved me. He gave me rest. He set me free. I am free.