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01

The
Beginning
of
Life

" Self-respect is the cornerstone of all virtue. "

– John Hersell –

Hello, readers! Nice to meet you! I don' t know if you would read my writing. But if you read this, I will be so happy. Anyway, I don' t know how you are, but I think we can be best friends. Read this writing and let me know if you like me or not! Please don't say anything too hard. Now, I will introduce myself before we will become friends. Open your eyes and read my writing deeply.

Let me tell you my profile. My name is Joel. It's my English name. My birthday is January 18, 2005. I am 18 years old in Korean age. I have a father, mother, and 2 brothers. They are two years apart from each other. My parents are kind and friendly. They are clever, and they can think on a higher level. They raised my brothers and me with love and care. They let us explore many environments and taught us to think. My father and mother are the same age. They get along well with each other.

I was just an ordinary student. Just a normal family neither too rich nor too poor. But, thinking about how we are not just normal. I said it was normal, but my parents were working dual-income, so my family was able to earn a little more than average. I was brought up in a fairly blessed environment, not so hungry.

I moved to Goyang when I was 5. I have lived in Goyang for over 10 years. I can' t remember my real hometown, but I think Goyang is my true hometown. I live on the

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of Life

second floor of an apartment building about 7 minutes away from the school.


My kindergarten, elementary school, and middle school were all gathered in one place. First, I would like to introduce my kindergarten. My kindergarten was located inside an elementary school. Naturally, I went to school with friends I knew almost since kindergarten, elementary school. There were about three and a half classes, and there were about 30 people in each class. And a really important event took place in this kindergarten. However, this case will be introduced in the next chapter.

Second, I would like to introduce my elementary school. My elementary school's name is Mokam elementary school. It was established in 2004 and opened on March 4, 2005. As of 2021, there are 42 classes, 1 class for special classes, and 3 classes for the attached kindergarten. There are many full-time students. My elementary school opened on March 4, 2005. My birthday is January 18th, about a month and a half earlier than school. I didn't know, but I was older than other kids. As I said before, it's coeducational. The total number of students including kindergarten is about 1500. Thanks to that, I was able to meet so many people. Of course, sometimes it was annoying because there were too many people. "Right thinking, right action, and steady


practice” are our school motto. The school tree is a pine tree, the school bird is a magpie, and the school flower is an azalea. A middle school is located nearby, separated by a fence. Because of this, middle school students often came to elementary school. On winter days, there were times when middle school and elementary school students had a snowball fight between the fences. The school was also located very close to the apartment I lived in. It took about 5 minutes on foot. Unlike other schools, it is not located on a flat ground, but on a hilly area on a rock. So every time I went to school, I remember the students having a hard time. That's why the name of the school is "Tree, Rock" school which means "Mokam” in Chinese. The building is divided into a cafeteria, gymnasium, principal's office, and administrative office, as well as classrooms for grades 1-6, a library, and a health room. A large passage connects these two buildings. On the second floor, there is a small plaza located on this passage, and this small plaza is used for special presentations after school. The bathroom remodeling project, which started in the summer vacation of 2016, was delayed, and the temporary toilet was used from the opening ceremony to September 12. For this reason, during the construction period, to prevent inconvenience to students, the lunch break was shortened and the school closed at 2:20. This time, I experienced this firsthand and it was really fun. My friends and I would giggle at the sight

of us going to the playground to go to the bathroom.


Third, I would like to introduce my middle school. Middle school is no different from my elementary school. It opened on March 4, 2005 and is located right next to my elementary school with a fence. There's an interesting episode about this fence. It's embarrassing when I think about it now, but sometimes I sneaked over the fence with my friends and sneaked out of the school. This was caught on CCTV, but we were able to escape because we couldn't see our faces. And after a while, the fence was on the second floor to prevent it from going up any further. It was probably the funniest experience in my life. When I think about it now, I feel a little sorry for the teachers and school. Anyway, coming back and introducing the school, the total number of students was about 850. I mentioned that there are two elementary schools in my neighborhood, but there is only one middle school in my neighborhood. So, students from other elementary schools also entered our middle school. It has the lessons of "high ideals, true heart, upright life" and "nurturing intelligent people who live together full of character and creativity." The school song was implemented as a music performance evaluation, and it was a school song that I personally liked. The characteristic is that there are no stalls and there is a restaurant, but you don't eat at the cafeteria. The restaurant isn't that big, but



it's enough for all the students to eat, but it was hard to understand because only the restaurant ladies used it. It's still something I don't understand. The playground is not on the narrow side, but it is on the narrow axis compared to the number of students and usage rate. Almost every day, only 3rd graders used it, but after COVID – 19, everyone is using it. It was amazing that everyone is harmonious only after COVID – 19. Middle school is a place with so many memories for me. It is a place where I met many unforgettable people and made unforgettable memories.



I briefly introduced my profile. Home, school, family, where I live, etc. I think this would be enough to describe me. If there is a story that has not been completed in this chapter, it will probably be covered in the next chapter.



02


Memories
of the
Past

" Growth itself contains the seeds of happiness. "


- Pearl S. Buck -

Now, I am going to deal with the important case I talked about when I introduced the kindergarten in earnest. It's a little embarrassing but I first fell in love in kindergarten. This incident, which started in kindergarten, has become my precious and unforgettable memory that has continued to this day.


When I was 7 years old, I first met her in kindergarten. There were three classrooms at the time: Sky-classroom, Sea-classroom, Star-classroom. It would have been three. I was in the Sky-classroom. Our kindergarten continued basically until the 4th period, and at the request of the parents, the 5th period¹, an English class, was held. In the English classroom, which is the 5th period, three classrooms gathered and took classes together. I met her in the 5th period English class. My first impression was that she looked cute. It was just that. She was much prettier and cuter than her peers. At that time, I didn't have the courage and I didn't know much about emotions, so I couldn't say anything. My kindergarten life came to an end just staring at her from such a distance.



After graduating from kindergarten, I naturally entered elementary school. The girl I liked in kindergarten was erased from my memory when I entered elementary school. Since entering elementary school, I have been living my school life as an ordinary student. It has been three years since I lived as an ordinary student who studied without any major accidents. And I got to see her again.



I met her in the 4th grade of elementary school and met her in the same class. Perhaps it was a joke of fate, I met her in various fields such as a partner, an English academy, and a piano academy. At that time, I found out that she was living in the same apartment complex as me. Thanks to that, I was able to get quite close to her. I think I fell in love earnestly from that day. After school, we met at an English academy, and after English academy, we went to a piano academy together. It didn't take long for her to become the meaning of my day. Looking back now, that was probably the happiest time of my life. Even after 4th grade and 5th grade, we met often at the hagwon and didn't get too far apart. But from the 5th grade of elementary school, my life started to change little by little.



As I got a little older, I started to learn to think, and I slowly realized my feelings. I was ashamed to show it to others, and I didn't want to show it to her either. And she

started to shine more and more.




When we were in 6th grade, we met again in the same class. Even though I was in the sixth grade of elementary school, it wasn't much different. We were close and as friends we didn't fight each other and got along normally. Then I heard from my friend that he liked her. It seems that from that time on, she recognized that she was shining in earnest. She was beautiful. She was so cute and pretty that she couldn't be compared to her peers. The signs she had seen since kindergarten began to burst as she got older. But foolishly, I thought that my relationship with her would always be the same.

After graduating from elementary school, I entered middle school. Kindergarten, elementary school, and middle school were all connected, so of course we went to the same school. As we entered middle school, she and I began to drift apart. We were assigned to different classrooms. Perhaps because of my personality, I was quite popular in my classroom and got along well. She also had a good personality and got along well in her class. We couldn't see each other at the English academy we went to as we moved from one another to another, and at the piano academy we could not see each other because the time did not match. Even the classrooms were located in the opposite places, I

was in Class 10 and she was in Class 1.

Even if we happened to go down the street, we met less and less. There was no chance to meet. We were in different classes, and the friends we played with were different, so we kept moving away from each other. Still, I continued to like her. She first contacted me and tried to continue her conversation. But in her reply I could see indifference and I decided to give her up. Rather than worrying about the difficult work, I turned my attention to the precious people around me. There were so many really nice people around me, so I was able to forget her very quickly. My first unrequited love, which had been so long and long, slowly began to end.

After the first year of middle school, it was the second year of middle school. From that moment on, I started to realize that I was getting popular among people because of my personality. I quickly became close with my classmates, and many of my friends confided in me about their worries. I was able to see my surroundings better than before. When the people around me treated me with respect, I treated those around me with respect. Since I had so many precious people, I was able to manage difficult relationships by myself with peace of mind. Actually there are many more stories about her until she graduates from middle school, but I won't mention it because it gets very complicated.



As I said before, there were many things in the meantime except for stories about her, but I mainly introduced her. Even there are countless stories about her, but I cut them down a lot because they seemed too boring. The reason I'm telling this story is because I wanted to remind everyone of their first love in their hearts. Just as everyone has memories and places they don't want to forget, the experiences I had during this time are memories I don't want to forget. As I entered the high school dormitory, I didn't have time to talk to my first love, but occasionally made contact and said hello to her. In my memory, she gave me really pleasant memories. I want to thank her for making my childhood flutter. She now has a boyfriend. But I am not sad. Because my feelings for her in my heart right now are gratitude, not love. She's the person I'm grateful for that made my childhood thrill.

I am currently attending an alternative dormitory school. Dating is actually banned at this school. People in love are almost treated like criminals. Going to a school like this made me feel a little lonely. So the memories of the past come to mind more often. It reminds me of those times when I felt my heart pounding because I was lonely.

In the next chapter, I am going to tell you about the school

I am currently attending and who I am today. It is a school with good education and good facilities, but there are many stories to tell. Anyway, more details are continued in the next chapter.

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03

Meeting
With
Loved
Ones

"What was hard to bear becomes sweet memories."


- Seneca -

Let me introduce my high school. Kindergarten, elementary school, middle school, and high school were all very close to my neighborhood, so it was common to live in the same neighborhood throughout my school days. But I got tired of the same routine every day. My parents wanted to send me to this school and I wanted to escape from this town. Actually, there were some things I wanted to be separated from my parents. I was going through serious puberty for a while, so I had a lot of quarrel with my parents. It was only when I entered this high school that I realized the importance of family. This high school changed my life so much. It really changed a lot. It is no exaggeration to say that my life has completely changed since I came to this school.


My school interview had a very bad atmosphere. It was very quiet without a single laugh. Nevertheless, I received the acceptance letter. I received a notice of admission to high school during my junior high school club class. I was overjoyed. But as I said before, I had quite a few friends. But I was also very sad at the thought of being separated from my friends. Among those friends, there were people

who shared precious memories with friends of 10 years. It was a little disappointing, but I let go of the past and moved to the current high school.


Before I entered high school, I thought my class would be at least 20 people. So far, I've taken classes with 30 people, and I didn't get along well with some. But at this high school, everyone can get to know each other and live in a dormitory together. So this time, I came to school with the desire to get to know everyone. But there were only 9 of my classmates. Among them, there were four men, including me. It was so ridiculous. I heard it was a high school, but there were only 9 students in the whole 1st grade. Because of the small number of people, I was able to get to know all 9 of them faster than anyone else. And as the number of people increased little by little, I could see the seniors around me dividing the crowd. Now, I think that we have become closer together with a small number of people. But I was very disappointed in those days. However, when I started living in the dormitory, my thoughts began to change. I was able to meet people who genuinely care and care about me. Until now, I was unfamiliar with the person called a senior, who had mainly communicated with classmates. However, at this school, I realized the importance of being a senior for the first time. They have been a good person to me. When I went




down the wrong path, he guided me on the right path and gave me the answer. I came to this school and realized how immature I was. And I knew I had to learn a lot. I also learned that I had been living without thinking until now. I was able to learn how to study, how to think, how to make friends, how to control my emotions, and so on. Of course, it's lacking in every way. So I always worked harder. I vowed to work harder so that I could repay the people who helped me.




Besides the students, there were many people who helped me. It was the teachers. For me, teachers up until now have been nothing more or less than just teaching me to study. However, after entering this high school, I came to realize that a teacher is someone whom I can truly rely on. Teachers were not friendly, and I always disliked pointing out people. Of course, there were good teachers, but most of them were all disliked. But the teachers at this high school are different. Because it feels like the teachers give us love. It is amazing that the students are loved and cared for, and I like that they feel so friendly like family. They have educated us to think and act proactively. The teaching method of this high school is very different from other schools. It is a really different educational method that respects children's choices without textbooks and subjects and teaches them to grow up to be upright children. If






there is one thing that teachers emphasize the most at this school, I think it is faith. This high school is a Christian alternative school. I was a maternal faith, but I was not interested in the faith. I didn't care enough to be called an atheist. Teachers taught me deeply that there is God who loves me. Faith came as a really big shock to my heart. I haven't been a faithful believer yet, but I've been thinking a lot about my faith. As faith settled in me, the pace of growth began to accelerate. In this high school, students and teachers taught me how to think, how to live life, and how to live as human beings worthy of being children of God. I still need to grow in every way, so I will learn more.



I entered this high school as a third-year student and have been here for about a year and a half. I'm in my sophomore year now, and one semester is almost over. In the first grade, I worked on transferring the body and mind from a child to an adult. However, as I entered my sophomore year, I suffered a lot in the process of changing my mind into an adult. This is the process I am going through right now. Not long ago, I was in such a bad mood that I wished everyone would die. There are not many in this article, but I have feelings that have been accumulating little by little from the past. There was always anger that accumulated while pretending to be bright and enduring in all human relationships. There were countless angers that had



accumulated due to personal circumstances. But I knew it was wrong to express these feelings to others. So I've been desperately trying to suppress and put up with this feeling. My own way to deal with anger suddenly didn't work. So I've been living with it for a few years. Let's end this story here and move on to the next chapter.

04


Negation
of Title

"And God is faithful ; He will not let you be tempted beyond what you can bear."

– Apostle Paul –


People experience a variety of emotions throughout their lives. There are many reasons for that feeling. I think relationships are the biggest part for me. Because all the negative emotions that have accumulated have arisen from conflicts with humans. Those relationships sometimes become friends, teachers, and family members.

"God gives us enough trials that humans can endure." You must have heard it somewhere. This sentence's beginning is in the Bible, but now, this sentence has become used by many people. Perhaps this wise saying is correct. When time passes and I look back, it is because I overcame the trials. But before I get over it, I think for a moment. If God really only gives me trials that I can overcome, I think God has overestimated me. When I look at the trials from my point of view of the present rather than the future, it is really difficult for me to overcome them. The trials drive me crazy and make my life a mess. I think about it every time. "Why do I have to suffer like this?", "Why do I have to live my life unhappy?" I spent every day with these strange thoughts. Even now, sometimes I fall into these thoughts and live my life unhappy. Recently, I've learned




a little trick to live without thinking like this, and how to get out of it even if I'm eroded by these thoughts. The introduction was long. From now on, I will try to explain the dark mental state and trials that I experienced after my sophomore year of high school, and how I am overcoming those trials.

I am a person who does not like to tell my story to others. I was shy and didn't want to show my bad side to others. So, when I have a really hard time, I suffer alone without telling anyone. I think it's been about 3 years since I was sick alone and had a hard time.




I think each person has their own jar of hearts. The jar of my heart contains various emotions such as anger, sadness, frustration, etc. These emotions are negative emotions that are difficult to show to others, so I keep them in a jar in my heart. The emotions contained in this jar must be removed as quickly as possible. If it keeps accumulating and accumulating, it will mix and become an unknown feeling. So I've always resorted to getting rid of these feelings on my own. For me, drawing, listening to music, and playing with my friends were good tools for controlling my emotions. But at some point, problems happen.




It's been hard for me to control my emotions since I was in






my second year of middle school. I had countless troubles with my parents, and my mental state was so devastated that I even contemplated suicide. From that point on, I had trouble regulating my emotions. Fortunately, the tools worked until then, and I was able to lead a somewhat stable life. Then I got really lucky and got into this high school. I never had to fight apart from my parents, and I found peace of mind by meeting good people. However, this luck ended after one year.




I started to feel skeptical about my relationship with my best friend and the people around me. So, I spent a lot of time thinking about my personal relationships. Then an incident happened. My parents threw away pictures which were precious to me without telling me anything when I was having a hard time with relationships for a long time. Those paintings were what I had been collecting for 10 years. Even so, they didn't even apologize properly to me. An unbearable pain has come. But as a family, I was told to forgive, and I had no choice. I was forcibly forgave them. Of course a huge amount of emotion was put into the jar of the hearts.




As I said in Chapter 1, my parents got along very well. They seldom fought, and they always depended on each other and were friendly. By this time, you must have






noticed. That's right, my parents were fighting. Fighting between parents is not such a big deal. Because humans can do that. Maybe other houses might fight a little more often. But it was quite a shock to me. I was in school, so I didn't know what was going on in the house. I heard there have been quite a few fights over the past few months, so big that divorce has been talked about. I was at school, so I heard this news late.



As I said before, I was skeptical about friendships and felt empty. But even in such a situation, I heard my parents fight. It was unbearably hard. I wanted to lean on someone, but there was no one. Now, I have so many good people to learn from, but at that time there were no such people. The empty relationship, the disappearance of the picture, and the feud in the family became a huge emotion. And it came into a jar of hearts that were already sufficiently full. Old emotions and new emotions were mixed. That feeling returned to me as an unknown demon.




After that, I started to fall apart. Despite the trials that would have been nothing if I had gone through it in the past, the jar of my heart was filled with emotions and I collapsed so easily. Having no sense of meaning in my life, I decided that I should focus on what I could do. The only thing I could do was drawing a picture. Pushing myself was my





effort to stop thinking. So I shortened the time to sleep and pushed myself. But pushing myself only made me worse.

I was often late for class due to lack of sleep. Not only that, I started to fall asleep during classes and worship services. In addition, I was often late for important events held at school. I quickly recognized that this behavior was not correct. But I couldn't fix it and didn't want to fix it. I wasn't in a state of mind to change my behavior. I looked like I was going to die right away. I felt like I was going to die if I didn't push myself further. This has been going on for about half a year. My efforts to get back into a good shape made me look like a person who's going through emotional ups and downs. But the people around me were not interested in the cause of my pain. I have only pointed out that my behavior is strange, and I have not tried to think about why I am having a hard time. The actions of the people around me actually made it harder for me. People I trusted pointed out my actions and said, "Do you think you're the only one having such a hard time? I'm a lot harder than you." I hated the way he didn't think about my sorrow at all, the way he didn't even try to heal the wounds inside me, the disgusting mind that thought that I would have no pain at all. At the same time, I hated the gaze of people who judged me as a one-dimensional person who spends a day according to my mood. It is very difficult to



endure all trials alone. So I hated the school system. Here is a brief description of the school's system. There are no secrets in this school. Secret leaks happen so often that I usually don't tell others how I feel. Teachers talk to each other with teachers. So I don't tell my teachers my story.

As I continued to live in a negative state, my personality began to change. My personality has changed from an extrovert to an introvert. It was unbearably hard for me to hate people and distance them from me. I just wanted to disappear, and I wanted to run away to my own space. However, as these thoughts and actions began to appear inside of me, people around me began to point out only my actions.



If I don't tell my story, people can't understand me. But how can I tell this story to someone else? Do I have to explain to all the students that I am struggling for one reason or another? I was frustrated. It's sad to be disappointed with someone you trusted.

I don't want to live anymore, and it's too hard. I want to die right now. Fortunately, there are people who understand my pain. Thanks to them, I have survived this far. Without them, I would not have found a reason to live in this school or in this world.

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05


Recovery
and
Positivity

" No matter how dark the night is, it will end and
the sun will rise "

– Victor Hugo –

My mental state is not good right now. Fortunately, it's not the worst. It is because there are good people who listened to me and comforted me when I talked about my heart. I am definitely having a hard time right now. It's unbearably hard, but I can't live like this for the rest of my life. I need to be free from pain, and have a happy day. In this chapter, I am going to talk about what kind of effort I made at the time when I was full of negative thoughts and what I changed.


People often misunderstood me because of my non-talking my story. There were a lot of people who judged me carelessly the moment my bad side was exposed. And I hate that people think of me that way. So, no matter how bad the condition, I started to pretend to be good. As we talked about in the previous chapter, this effort didn't help. Rather, it was the cause that made people see me as a one-dimensional human being. Even if I pretended to be good, it was never easy to hide the emotions inside me. As a result, I felt like I had bipolar disorder. This effort again haunted me.




I figured drowsiness was the problem, so I stopped working at night. But when I stopped working at night, I could do little work. So I couldn't stop my night activities. This behavior made my condition worse. I was always tired and had trouble concentrating.

This effort again haunted me.

I also tried to consult with the teachers. This story didn't work as well as I said in the previous chapter. The teachers only pointed out my attitude rather than my mind. Every time I checked that fact, my heart ached and my trust in the teacher fell. This effort again haunted me.





Everything I tried made it difficult for me. Tired of trying, I told a friend about me for the first time. He listened to me and understood why I had a hard time. It was the first time. For over half a year, I suffered alone and cried every night. But for the first time, there was someone who understood me. That fact was unbearably moving. So little by little, I started to want to share my story with others. So I started telling my stories only to people I could really trust. I am so grateful that people genuinely understand me. I realized that sharing my story with someone could be a greater healing than I had ever imagined.



Nothing has been resolved right now. However, I am





convinced that if I tell someone my story, I can release the emotions that are built up in the corner of my heart. There are still too many emotions overflowing the jar of my heart. But little by little I feel them disappearing.

Little by little, an invisible hope began to appear. It's really refreshing to feel that feeling. It's like seeing color being added to a black and white world. I hope that one day I will be able to calmly overcome this ordeal I am going through right now, saying, 'It was a good experience.'

06

Farther
Away

" It's what you do in the dark, that put you in the light "

– Michael Phelps –


In this chapter, I will explain for my future, a little more far future than the near future. That future is about my mission.

What is the mission? Throughout my life so far, I have never thought about this. I never thought, not even a single time, about my future and my mission. Then when I came to this school, I started thinking about my future and my mission. I took time to face the past, and thought about the future, and I was facing my problem, thought about my problem, and I thought about how to solve this problem. I thought about my life deeply and always thought about "Who am I?" I also thought about my relationships with friends and teachers. It made me think of things I hadn't thought of before.

When students first come to this school, freshmen start a project called 'Made'. In the 'Made' time, there is time to write the 'mission statement'. It seems to be a good project that makes you think deeply about your mission.



Five missions are written in my 'mission statement'. First,

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Away



my most important mission is 'For God's kingdom, always understand different people, love, and respect for other people' . Second, 'I will become a person who helps loved ones.' Third, 'I will be drawing the holy picture of the kingdom of God.' Fourth, 'I will be living a life that spreads the kingdom of God.' Lastly, 'I will be living to protect the beautiful nature created by God.

This is my mission statement that I wrote shortly after I entered school. When I wrote this mission down, the teachers said that this mission could be changed. And now I seem to have a completely different mission. It was strange to see that the mission had also changed. I want to find a better mission because the wounds in my heart can get healed quickly. In the future, I want to become a person who deeply loves the mission of the past, always strives for the kingdom of God, and fully loves myself.



I think this is the first time I have spoken my story like this deeply. That is such an exciting and interesting experience. I think I realized a lot. I think I've learned that stories resolve a lot of things. Sometimes, I want to be a 'recovery listener', a person who listens well to others and recovers them. I hope you will be happy. Thanks for reading this long story. Good bye.

The End.

43 Farther
Away

Nakedness

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