[Name of the Writer]

[Name of Instructor]

[Subject]

[Date]

Personal essay

**Part 1:**

The world we live in, with more than 7 billion other people, is an amalgamation of many religions, races, beliefs, doctrines, etc. Living along this all requires us to build our own belief system; it needs us to see everything happening and deciding what are we going to stand for because that matters to us. Everyone is unique, everyone is fighting their own battles and everyone has their own definition of religion or faith.

Religion has been the most important thing for people since the early days and still is for many people but for me, it's more about the teachings than it is about the history of what happened in the space eons ago or when the world was created. It may sound like Atheism but the definition of Atheism requires no belief in any sovereign power ruling us all from heaven and I believe in God. I believe in the Father, son the holy trinity; I believe that there is someone out there watching us all, watching everything happening without interfering much because humans are supposed to take care of it. I have faith because I have a choice even when it doesn’t seem obvious at first.

We were given the gift of reasoning, logical thinking, and choice. We were the superior creatures of God on Earth since the beginning. I believe in all that but I focus more on what He asked us to do. I believe in kindness, compassion, acceptance, love, sharing and spreading it all. Regardless of my belief in the Day of Judgment, I would choose to be good any day. I would choose to help people, standing up to injustice and sharing their loss no matter where they put their faith. This is what my faith asks of me and this is who I am, a better human before a better Christian.

**Part 2:**

Belonging to a small Christian family, I used to attend church every Sunday. We were told the stories of how a good person should be, how faith allows us to rely on God when it is out of our hands and how we are better than other people following other religions. My mom and dad took me to help them in shelter homes. I listened to the stories of our Prophet helping people, not fighting back, staying and enduring. That was the part my mind focused on then. My folks were average good people, the community fellows were good too but worshipping one true God and still not addressing your inner demons, not getting rid of them isn’t something I want to have. I could not understand why there was so much pain and evil in people. As I grew up, I started having questions swimming around and the biggest one was ‘What makes us better than other people?’ Just because I was born here, among a family of good Christians, I am a better person? I could not see other people in trouble and think that it’s because they don’t follow the one true God and I could not be indifferent to anything that hurts a single soul.

My faith was defined then. I have a history for my religion and I have questions about it but I will practice the relevant parts of my faith on Earth for as long as I am here because that is the only thing in your faith that matters, according to me. I do not care which prophet or god someone believes in. I care about how they think for the grief-stricken, how can they help people who need help, how they show compassion for someone they didn’t know, how they accept people belonging to other faiths and how good can they be when it is hard to be good. In the end, this is about what makes you content and my heart is at peace. My faith is to be compassionate, to be kind and make this world a better place for as long as I am here. It could be a small change in this big place but it is worth it. One person, one soul, one less problem for someone is all I need to practice my faith.