

# I Am

For years I lived behind disguise,  
Afraid that truth would cost too high.  
I hid my wounds, concealed my shame,  
And feared the world would know my name.

I wore my masks both day and night,  
And kept my darkness out of sight.  
My silent creed, though never said,  
Still echoed loudly in my head:

If they should see the things I am,  
They'll turn away, condemn the man.  
So like the blind man long ago,  
I walked through life in fear and woe.

The voices spoke on every side:  
Who sinned? What flaw does he now hide?  
And slowly then I came to be  
The labels spoken over me.

Broken. Wounded. Filled with fear.  
Convinced that God could not come near.

Until one day Christ passed my way,  
And changed the course of all my days.  
Not with rejection, wrath, or blame,  
But softly calling me by name.

And in the silence came this plea:  
If you want healing, truth must be.  
Tell someone now your brokenness,  
And I will meet you in confess.

And suddenly the scales fell free,  
As Christ Himself awakened me.  
The lie that ruled my life began  
To lose its grip upon the man.

For decades this had been my cry:  
Hide who you are or surely die.  
But Jesus spoke a different way:  
Speak truth, and you will live today.

Then like the blind man, now made whole,  
I felt new sight within my soul.  
When asked if he was truly he,  
He answered with great dignity:

*Ego eimi.  
I am.*

Not because all wounds had gone,  
But because Love had led him on.

And now at last I finally see  
What Christ was slowly teaching me.  
The blindness was not there in vain.  
God somehow entered through the pain.

The wounds, the shame, the hidden fear,  
Became the place He drew me near.

Amazing Grace now fills my cry:  
Was blind, but now I see reply.

And standing now before God's throne,  
No longer frightened or alone,  
I dare to speak the words I feared,  
The words my heart longed most to hear:

*I am.*

by  
**J. Brian Pusateri**

© 2026