

# Potty Mouth

Once upon a time, I had a potty mouth. I could tell you a story using just the F word and you would understand the story. Quite the gift. I had to sit in the bar section of a restaurant to spare families with kids.

In the book *A Short Method Of Prayer* (again in the library), I learned to pray the scriptures. My daily Bible reading was in Isaiah 6:5 and I prayed back to God.

“Woe *is* me, for I am undone!  
Because I *am* a man of unclean lips,  
And I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips;  
For my eyes have seen the King,  
The Lord of hosts.”

6Then one of the seraphim flew to me, having in his hand a live coal *which* he had taken with the tongs from the altar. 7And he touched my mouth *with it*, and said:

“Behold, this has touched your lips;  
Your iniquity is taken away,  
And your sin purged.”

I closed my eyes and imagined an angel touching my lips with a coal and saying those words back to me.

The next conversation that I had, the cuss word I was about to say flashed in my mind. This warning that it was coming freaked me out! For the next six months I must have sounded like an idiot! I would be talking, then just stop and walk away. Sometimes it was overwhelming but I stuck with the program. I don't know if the warnings would have stopped if I would have went ahead and say the word. I just stuck with the program.

During this time my wife and I were having problems. I had changed so fast that it scared her. She thought I had joined a cult! One night the coolest thing happened, my peaceful attitude ticked her off and she started yelling at me! Something came over me and I was sooo relaxed. I didn't say a single word. I just sat there like I was in a hot tub. I wish I could feel peace like that all the time but I know God was just protecting me from relapsing.