

The Story of My Soul

A PICTURE OF TRAUMA AND THE HEALING POWER OF JESUS

I AM FORSAKEN COLD ALONE REJECTED FORGOTTEN BROKEN CONDEMNED

Shame, my dearest enemy, stood over my paralyzed body. At times, I could see the threatening gleam of his dagger through the thick mist of confusion and self-reproach. His taunting serenade told stories of my past, as well as my hopeless fate. Tears burned my eyes as I held my breath and resigned myself to the inevitable. “I deserve it,” I whispered. It was true. My own words hung in the air, mixing with the mist.

I wasn’t sure if it was my heartbeat or the approaching footsteps that pounded in my head. My body trembled as a choking panic began to steal my breath. Wait! No! It couldn’t be!

I was stunned. His eyes shot fire! Silence sliced through the air. A voice charged with holy authority and compassion thundered through the darkness, “She is Mine!”

It was all He said.

I laid there in silence, afraid to move. The mocking had suddenly ceased, as the light consumed the darkness. My eyes burned with tears. I gasped when I saw Him there, startled by the crimson puncture wounds in His feet.

I looked to see if my Enemy saw them, too. For a moment, I panicked—where had Shame gone? Then I saw it: the dagger in my own trembling hand. My head was spinning.

My Beloved reached out to me. The nail marks in His hands challenged and rebuked my doubts.

His tender eyes invited me to embrace boldly the providence of my past—the story of my soul. He reached out. I rose and took a small step toward Him, longing to walk in the freedom of my future—a freedom I knew was already mine—a freedom that had been paid for long, long ago.

Finally, I cast down the wretched dagger—my strange, familiar friend. As I gazed into the eyes of the Lover of my Soul, I remembered the blood stains on the blade with which I had for so long been tormented.

I gasped. All this time...all those years. The blood on the blade had been His—it was the blood He had shed—the blood that had already covered my shame the day I put my trust in Him. I was free.

The words He had spoken burned through my mind with a healing fire, searing their meaning into my soul: “She is Mine.”

I AM HIS SAFE WANTED CHERISHED FOUND RENEWED REDEEMED

*Thus says the Lord, who created you...and He who formed you...
“Fear not, for I have redeemed you; I have called you by name; you are Mine.” (Isaiah 43:1)*