



Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine

What is it for you? It does not happen all that often, this rarest of gifts that God has for His children. We always know God, what He has done and that we have given ourselves to Him. Faith is constant. But by definition, faith is not provable.

There is for the Christian a rare instant when visions of rapture suddenly burst into our sight. It is the extraordinary, uncommon moment when our spirit truly experiences the totality of His spirit clearly – when we are absolutely assured that we are His and He is ours. We experience complete satisfaction in our Savior.

It is that foretaste, often lasting no more than a second, which induces our song. Some call it an “aha” moment. Some describe it as a brief glimpse of heaven. Some don’t call it anything, for they are moved to a place beyond words.

So when is it for you? Is it sitting in a certain sanctuary, cathedral, or chapel? Is it hearing a choir sing the “Hallelujah Chorus” or a moving spiritual? Is it walking in the Alps just as the clouds break, revealing the Matterhorn suddenly before you in its splendor? Is it witnessing the birth of your child? Is it holding the hand of a Christian as his soul passes into eternity with His father? Is it singing “How Great Thou Art” or “Joy to the World” or “Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine”?

For Moses, it was taking off his shoes and hearing a disembodied voice from a burning bush that was not consumed. For Nebuchadnezzar, it was seeing three boys walk out of an execution chamber. For Ezekiel, it was watching skeletons put on some skin and start to dance. For Mary, it was a visit from an angel with a challenge and a promise. For Peter, after a denial, it was finding the Lord standing unexpectedly, waiting for him on a beach. For Thomas, it was the moment His risen Lord held out a bloody hand and invited him to touch the wounds.

For Jean Valjean, it was every time he looked at the bishop’s candlesticks. For Eric Liddel, it was running fast and feeling God’s pleasure. For the folk singer, it is touching a leaf. For the waiting father, it was seeing the prodigal on the road home. For St. Francis of Assisi, it was experiencing the golden beam of the rising sun, the softer gleam of the silver moon, and the voices of the evening stars.

It is not the same for any of us. What is critical is that we look for it, that we do not miss it, for to find it requires submission to His call, His presence. Undoubtedly His mercies are new every morning, our prayers always have His attention, and He walks with us daily; but beyond the everyday, He has a special gift for His children, a gift that He dispenses carefully and infrequently, a foretaste of glory divine.

Yes, one day that will be common, for we shall see Him as He is; for now, except for these split seconds, we see through a glass darkly. Now we watch and wait, reveling in the echoes and whispers. Don’t stop with the surprise, the enjoyment of the newness of the experience. When the echo sounds, do not fail to move from “aha” to “alleluia” and praise your Savior all the day long.

Lyn Robbins
©2009 Lyn Robbins