

BLESSED ASSURANCE

©2005 Lisa Crum

If I were a minister, I believe one of the first sermons I would stand up and deliver would be “Blessed Assurance, Jesus is Mine.” It’s a very real and personal topic to me, as I hurt deeply for those who don’t yet have that assurance. I pray that the words you’re about to read will help you begin a journey of spiritual healing in the area of fear over the validity of your salvation.

I’m not talking about those out in sin who are yet to come to know the Savior, though I feel great compassion for them as well; I’m talking about those Christians who exist in daily unrest about their spiritual security in God. If you’re one of them, as you read this, you probably have a lump in your throat and your heart has just begun to beat faster. It’s a private torture, something you’ve lived with in silent despair. Surely no one knows! Well, it’s written all over your face. The empty longing, the lack of joy. Paul said it well, “*If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.*” (1 Cor. 15:19)

I hear your silent plea, “I want to go to Heaven, and I’m trying my best to be good enough to deserve to go, but I just can’t seem to get it right and I’m so afraid God won’t let me in.” If I were to ask you now if you’re going to Heaven when you die, you’d wistfully reply, “Gee I sure *hope* so.” You’re the one who feels good as long as you’re in a spiritual church service--because you’re still tethered to feelings and not faith in the Word--then as soon as you’re outside the safety of the church walls, the doubt and gripping fear comes to keep you feeling defeated until you can get back for another “fix.” Yes, it’s you I’m talking to, my friend.

Oh how I wish I had the articulation of a Billy Graham or some other great speaker of God, to convey to you the message of hope burning in my heart for you. It’s because I’ve seen it firsthand, dealt with it personally and witnessed it in people I love, and I long to see you set free of this fear that robs you of so much of what God has in store for you.

It’s not that you don’t *want* to have blessed assurance. You believe that God is a good God, that He can do anything. But somewhere in your past, someone planted the mindset within you that, while God *is* a good God, and while He *can* do anything, you are a substandard member of His family, and that, even doing your best to make it to Heaven, there’s a good chance you probably won’t. You’ve never been able to shake that fear. In fact, you’re afraid *not* to be afraid, that if you relax for just a moment, then—poof!—He’ll snatch away the salvation you thought you had and you’ll wind up burning in hell for all eternity.

This is where a whole lifetime of spiritual *and* tangible poverty begins. It radiates out into your whole Christian walk. After all, if you can’t believe God is *all for you* spending eternity with Him, how can you believe he really will bless you when you tithe, will help you find a job, will heal you when you ask?

I realize that people can take the doctrine of grace too far the other way. Paul did too, when he wrote, “*Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid.*” (Romans 6:1-2). Sure, there are Christians who spend a lifetime rationalizing a lack of integrity and morals. I’m not even talking to *them*. I’m talking about those of you who, even after hearing the gospel of grace preached, you still feel that your works, or lack thereof, are the deciding factor on whether you will *really* be saved when you die.

Well, truthfully, we’re either saved or we’re not! Even a sinner hopes he’ll still get to go to Heaven if he dies. Just ask. No one with a sound mind will tell you, “I want to go to hell.” But if we as God’s children have no more assurance than the sinner on the street corner that Jesus is

ours, then we really *are* of all men most miserable. But you see, that's the good news—we CAN be sure we're going to make it. *You* can be sure *you're* going to make it.

I speak this hard truth not to make you feel condemned. You're heaping enough of that on your own head, being spoon-fed the lies of the enemy and you don't even realize you don't have to take it. Oh, my friend, Jesus longs to set you free indeed. I wish you could just dare to entertain the thoughts of a Heavenly Father who is FOR YOU. He *wants* you to make it. He wouldn't send His Son to a cross to secure a “maybe” kind of salvation for you.

You weren't purchased on consignment; you were bought with a price. Paid in full. Finished. His work and not yours. And no one can pluck you out of His hand.

“Dear Heavenly Father, I so desperately want to feel the joy of Your salvation. Your Word says that he whom the Son sets free is free indeed. I believe Your Word is infallible, always true, and since it's always true, it has to apply to me too. I throw off the yoke of the bondage of fear, and in Jesus' name I renounce the lie of the enemy that I have to earn my salvation. You Yourself said that by grace I'm saved through faith—Your gift to me; I'm not saved by my works. From now on, I present my works as an act of obedience, a love offering and not a bargaining tool—and I embrace the truth that Your love for me is not based on my ability to perform. I say now that I am free of fear, and I rejoice knowing that You are filling me with the calm assurance that You will never leave me or forsake me. And because I now truly trust You with my eternal salvation, I also receive in faith the answers to my other needs, physically, emotionally, spiritually, and financially. I am complete in You, and in Your hand I am totally safe. Thank you for this blessed assurance! In Jesus' name I pray, Amen.”