



Relationship w/Jesus

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The Call to the Altar

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She was so very still as the preacher spoke. No one knew what she was feeling, how her world was whirling. Well, except the Lord. You see, scripture says He knows the intent of our hearts and thoughts. She didn't know it, but, it was Jesus who called her to the house of God. Jesus appealed to her by nudging here and there. She didn't realize how much she needed Him. She just knew that her world was out of control and there was no way to make it back from where she was at.

The silence in her heart was, for her, deafening. She heard the preacher's words, but they meant nothing to her. Just a series of words formed to provoke a response from the congregation. She wasn't part of the congregation. She considered herself to be just an anomaly drifting through time until she ceases to exist. "What part of this actually matters, what part of this is purposeful? No one cares, why should I?" so she thought.

It's been months since she had felt anything worth feeling. She replayed those events over and over until a mental fog had fully developed. She survived this far by going through the motions, smiling and responding like a normal person should. After all, it's not hard to do when no one cares. Why should that day be any different? Why should a mere speaker change what life had thrown at her?

Then it happened

He spoke it. He had no idea God used his words to break through to her. She actually heard it. With her own ears she heard it. No way could he have known those words was what she wanted - no, . . . what she needed to hear.

For first time in what seemed like decades, a small light sparked in the midst of her fog. "What was this?" she explored. "What do I do with these words? What is this that is revealing itself to me? Is this the return of that dreadful pain? What do I do with what is presented before me?"

The preacher broke through her chaos, "Let's all stand. I open this altar for anyone who would like to pray."

She was perplexed and frightened; she clung onto the back of the pew. Deeply desiring to be freed from this emptiness that was draining the very core of who she was; yet she clung even tighter.

"Won't you come join us friend? Will you take a moment to talk to Jesus?" the preacher





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nudged.

She felt a deep compelling coming from within her soul. The altar was her destiny; Jesus was crying out to her heart, "Here I am, here I am."

She took a step, then another. She approached the altar as timid as her fragile life. She knelt at the altar before God, slowly drew in a deep breath, and then she poured her life out on the altar. All the pain, hurt and turmoil streamed out through a torrent of tears. And as she wept, Jesus freed her.

In just a mere moment at the altar, the cloak of darkness faded away, in a moment she was revitalized, in just a moment, she was finally able to feel once again.

