SpringCleaning: *the CALL*

Psalm 51:10-11, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, And renew a steadfast spirit within me. Do not cast me away from Your presence, And do not take Your Holy Spirit from me." (NKJV)

I heard a knock at the door, but I was too busy to answer. And afraid. I'd opened that door previously; I'd let just about anything inside. Before long, every room was cluttered with all sorts of things I neither needed nor wanted. I allowed intruders to 'make themselves at home' and they threw wild parties and took advantage of my kindness. Eventually, I became just like them. It was easier to join them than get them to leave. When the marauders left, they trashed my place. It could never be the same again because of the stains they left behind. I inadvertently left open the door to my heart, and a thief came and stole all that remained. I hid, but he found me anyway; he ransacked all I held dear. He robbed me of my peace, and he shook out the shame from where I had it carefully concealed. He stomped any hope into the ground, and graffitied nasty words like 'GUILTY', 'TRAMP', 'UNWORTHY' on my soul. He buried every shred of leftover like belief, trust, capacity, promise, in a deep hole. I assured that door would never be unlocked again; that it would always be guarded and protected, and I disguised myself, keeping all the damage done to my spirit, hidden and safe. Was it any wonder I didn't answer 'the Call'?

But the knock at my door was persistent. It wasn't loud, offensive, or obnoxious, but I'd learned my lesson, answering unknown knocks at my door. I hid in the shadows; I peered at the door, trying to get a glimpse of Who stood outside. He knocked again. And again. And again. Just little taps on the glass, as if He too might be frightened the panes (pains) might break. I finally couldn't stand it any longer! I had to answer! When I heard Him call my name, I had to answer the door. It was just a whisper, just a nudge. He stood there, arms stretched wide. I felt like He was welcoming me to *His* home. It was nothing like before, no intrusion, no invasion. He waited to be invited inside. Something emanated from Him. Peace maybe? Hope? Love, for sure, and a grace I'd never known. I suddenly wanted to dig up all the things I had buried long ago, show them to Him, ask His help disposing of them properly. He came inside; He sat down with me. Pretty soon, 'FORGIVEN' and 'CHILD' and 'WORTHY' were names that branded my soul.

Revelation 3:20, '"Look at Me! I stand at the door. I knock. If you hear Me call, and open the door, I'll come right in and sit down to supper with you."' (MSG)