✨Handpicked: *(a Summer Series)*

Jeremiah 31:3 "I have loved you with an everlasting love; I have drawn you with unfailing kindness."" (NIV)

The mind God gave me is artistic and poetic; I never see things in black and white. It's always in color, with grand flourishes and gestures and euphemisms. So come with me:

I picture the ground where He knelt, and I know something is stirring inside of Him. Little did I know it was me. I hover at a distance, watching as I come to be. He pondered, He puzzled, He dreamed. I surveyed as He reached out, grasping at empty air with one hand, and with the other, He snatched up a fistful of wildflowers strewn across the dirt where He squatted. He held those flowers, every color and kind imaginable, close to His face, burying His breath in the bundle He held in His hands. Like a magician, He stirred in some earth, and as i formed from a little bit of this and some of that and a lot of Him, a thump inside my chest began to beat. He breathed and I was birthed. I felt His joy at the discovery of me even more than I saw it. He fashioned me, He drew me, He created me. Out of the abundance of His love for me, I became. By His design, I am.

But. I ran. I hid. The nakedness, the exposure, the vulnerability—all of it was too much for me to comprehend. From threads of grace, He clothed me. With understanding, He wove together a fabric of esteem and honor and goodness. He wrapped me in His robe of righteousness and placed the family ring upon my finger.

Yet. I still flailed. I stumbled. I wanted more than I thought He could—would—give. How sad, I traded it all in for some sketchy pigpen of existence. I floundered in that muck. I did it on my own; it was cheap and dirty, and I was lazy. I traded my birthright for something I wouldn't even feed to hogs, and it came to me, 'I am a carrier of His Spirit. His very breath pulses through my veins, and in my chest, His heart beats.' I asked myself, 'What are you doing?' and I knew. It was time to return home.
From a long way off, I saw Him. I saw Him as He ran to me. His arms were wide open; they were opened so wide, I couldn't help but run into them. And as He embraced me, it was like coming home, like arriving home after a long time of being gone. Like having gone missing and then being found. Like thinking I was dead but finding I am alive. Like never having been chosen for anything in this life, and suddenly, being handpicked by God.

Throughout all my life, God has been drawing me. He has dipped the tip of His finger in oceans wet with grace and deep with love, scripting the finest beginnings of me out of the cheapest of endings. He's drawn me to Him with the mystery of His lovingkindness, and He has held me close to His chest where His heart beats for me.