



grace  
100 DAYS  
looks  
OF REFLECTING  
amazing  
GOD'S LOVE  
on you

AMY SEIFFERT

**TO**

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**FROM** \*

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\* **ON**

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*Grace Looks Amazing on You: 100 Days of Reflecting God's Love*

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The Tyndale nonfiction imprint



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# INTRODUCTION

**A**MAZING IS NOT THE WORD I would use to describe myself. I have judged a mom for yelling at her kids in the grocery store parking lot (*why can't she get it under control?*) only to close the car door and lose it on my own kids. I have blamed everyone else around me for my bad day instead of looking at my own bitter attitude. And even though I'm a church leader, I currently have several unpaid parking tickets. Amazing? Hardly.

So when you first read the title of this book, you may have been thinking, *No way is this me*. Or if you received this as a gift, perhaps you thought it was meant for someone else. Someone who truly does look amazing.

But this is precisely why grace is so fabulous and appealing to me.

You don't have to dress up or look the part to get grace. In fact, you can't.

So often I try to gain approval by wearing my best behavior, promising to do better with my daily Bible reading, and keeping my family on a healthy meal plan. Other times I throw up my hands and bum around in a pity-party outfit because I keep failing at all these things.

It turns out earning our way is simply not included in the fabric of grace. Instead, grace is woven with gift after gift from God. It's about Him, who He is, and what He has done—not us and who we are or aren't. It's about trusting in Jesus—our true source of grace—and reflecting His love to the world.



Sister, no matter how hard we try, our most put-together self is still rags compared to the richness of the Most High God. He looks at you—at your best and your worst—and says, *My grace looks amazing on you.* Like all gifts, it's a gift you must receive. It takes humility to accept grace, but the posture of a humble heart is stunning in God's Kingdom.

And because you've opened this book, you've unlocked a world of tangible thoughts and stories of how His grace looks amazing on you. Even on your most un-amazing days. In fact, *especially* on those days. In the middle of the night, holding back your daughter's hair as she hunches over the toilet? That's grace looking beautiful on you. Seeking forgiveness from a friend after exchanging harsh words? Grace is your gown. Waking up on an ordinary Monday and being content with where God has placed you? Grace is guiding your steps. Opening God's Word when the words feel as thin as the onion-skin pages they're on? This is grace looking gorgeous on you.

So what's the best way to approach this book? I absolutely love seeing women link arms, discuss ideas, and share their stories in the same space. That space becomes sacred as we are face-to-face with another soul. So if I may, can I recommend reading this with a friend? Or five? But this may also be a book for just you and God to share together. Whichever way you choose, I pray God will show you how to reflect His grace through confidence, soul care, contentment, overcoming, faithfulness, and trust. I hope you will see, touch, and taste grace with each page you turn. And as your perspective changes about God, others, and yourself, so will your entire life.

WALKING IN HIS GRACE WITH YOU TODAY,





# Grace Looks like Confidence

“Let us then approach God’s throne  
of grace with confidence, so that  
we may receive mercy and find grace  
to help us in our time of need.”

HEBREWS 4:16, NIV

## CLAIM YOUR NAME

The Spirit of the Sovereign LORD is on me, because the LORD has anointed me to proclaim good news to the poor . . . to bestow on them a crown of beauty instead of ashes, the oil of joy instead of mourning, and a garment of praise instead of a spirit of despair. They will be called oaks of righteousness, a planting of the LORD for the display of his splendor. *ISAIAH 61:1, 3, NIV*



**R**ECENTLY I WAS WALKING a wooded path I know by heart, with my earbuds in and the music moving me along. I looked up for a moment, and what I saw made me stop. The trees were just asking to be noticed. It was early fall, and the colors were arresting—some still gloriously green, others bright yellows and brilliant oranges. Each one showing off in its own way.

As I stood there, still and quiet, watching the branches sway back and forth, the words of Isaiah 61:3 rolled around in my mind: “They will be called oaks of righteousness, a planting of the LORD” (NIV). I had memorized this verse long ago, and ever since, being an oak of righteousness has been branded on my brain. Oaks are no joke. They are deeply rooted and distinctly tall. They aren’t easily shaken.

The spectacular oaks I was entranced by are just what God has called us: His own doing. A planting of the Lord. Can we take a minute

and think about God kneeling down, tenderly pushing earth around, securing a spot in the soil, and planting us just so? It's such a sweet image. You can't plant something without noticing it. Without tenderness. Without love.

Of course, when we are newly planted as sweet, small saplings we aren't strong right away. Nothing solid grows strong overnight. But God's growth plan is slow, steady, and sure. He intends for us to have deep roots, to hold fast in the heat, to stand strong in the storm, which only happens when we are watered with grace, truth, and time.

It is then we grow—with purpose and by amazing grace. And every season we pull through? We are only stronger for it. Our purpose unfolds the deeper we grow, year after year.

So, dearest one, claim your name and stand tall in it. You are an oak of righteousness, the planting of the Lord. And because you are hand-planted, you can rest secure in God's rich soil of love.



**GRACE REFLECTION:** Pray with me, “God, thank You for naming me and planting me with love and care and purpose. Thank You that I am not given a small, puny identity but a tall, strong name. Help me to claim that name today. Amen.”



\* \*

Nothing solid  
grows strong  
overnight.

\* \*

But God's  
growth plan  
is slow, steady,  
and sure.

\* \*



## YOU ARE MINE

Some will say, “I belong to the LORD”; others will call themselves by the name of Jacob; still others will write on their hand, “The LORD’s,” and will take the name Israel. ISAIAH 44:5, NIV



**I** REMEMBER A SEASON of not belonging. Of being rejected. Shunned. This period of time has since gone down as The Third Grade War.

My best friend and I had some kind of falling-out, like you do when you’re eight. Maybe my uneven bangs were the root of her jealousy in 1987. Or perhaps it was the hairspray I snuck from my sister’s room to make them stiff and perfect. Whatever the reason, the social structure was too small for the both of us. One of us had to go. And it was me.

She gathered all the other girls and declared that no one play with me at recess, no one be kind to me, and no one talk to me.

Some of the boys extended mercy and let me in on their weird war games at recess, but by and large, I belonged nowhere. It was the worst. To not have a sense of acceptance, comfort, and belonging.

Have you been there? Whether in childhood or adulthood? Feeling misplaced and unanchored?

You’re not alone. And before you keep feeling sorry for me, that was more than thirty years ago, and I am doing just fine.

One of the greatest graces we are given from the Father is belonging. There is no question about this. He looks at us, loves us, and says, “You are Mine.”

We can drop our anchor and sink into this grounding truth. We belong to the Maker of heaven and earth, and no third-grade war or break-room gossip can take that away from us.

*This is what the LORD says—he who created you, Jacob, he who formed you, Israel: “Do not fear, for I have redeemed you; I have summoned you by name; you are mine. When you pass through the waters, I will be with you; and when you pass through the rivers, they will not sweep over you. When you walk through the fire, you will not be burned; the flames will not set you ablaze. For I am the LORD your God, the Holy One of Israel, your Savior; . . . You are precious and honored in my sight.”*

ISAIAH 43:1-4, NIV

No matter what waters surround us, we can be anchored in this: God calls us His. We are chosen by God and belong to Him.



**GRACE REFLECTION:** Close your eyes for a minute and whisper, “I belong to God.” Let that truth sink in and anchor your soul. Ask God to help you believe it.





## \* ON PURPOSE, \* FOR A PURPOSE

We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand, that we should walk in them.

EPHESIANS 2:10



### **G**OD HAS A THING FOR GARDENING.

After He whipped up the galaxies, skies, earth, and oceans—all the grand gestures—we see Him down in the dirt with the details: “Now the LORD God had planted a garden in the east, in Eden” (Genesis 2:8, NIV). Could God have been planting every flower and tree imaginable? Absolutely. He doesn’t miss a single beat, a hair on our heads, or a tree in the garden. He’s purposeful like that.

Gardens are full of life. From them come fruit, strength, hope, grace, beauty, and joy. And from His joy, He names His creation and gives it purpose. We are given that same purpose: to bear fruit, show grace, and root ourselves in His love.

But what about the days when we don’t feel purposeful—when we get up, grind through, and go to bed, only to Groundhog Day it all over again in the morning? What about when not only monotony has set in, but so has major mess? Disaster. Disease. Death.

There are many days when, if I’m being perfectly honest, being



purposely planted feels more like being left for dead. Have you been there? Are you there now? Wondering what your purpose is and how this life in front of you is good?

I can assure you, Jesus felt this way too. In a garden, of all places. On a dark night with death before Him, questioning whether He could take a different path or drink from a different cup.

But God's grace shows up when we feel purposeless. The apostle Paul writes to remind us of why we are here: "We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand, that we should walk in them." So every good thing you find yourself doing, every sacrifice you make—big or small—every laundry load folded with love, every errand done out of service, this is part of our purpose. We were created for good works.

So, sister, know that grace looks amazing on us when we walk through the thick darkness, trusting in the light. When we feel purposeless but choose to be purposeful. When we do good works by faith, not knowing what the result will be. When we trust Jesus and try out gifts like teaching, pioneering, sharing good news, and caring for others. When we listen to what our heart beats for and move toward that in faith. When we see sunsets but trust in sunrises. When we choose joy even if we feel left for dead. Because we are not left for dead on those dark days. Resurrections always come.



**GRACE REFLECTION:** What good works have you participated in recently? Celebrate those. Remember that when you feel purposeless, God has handcrafted you for good works. Pay attention to those opportunities in your path this week.



## A REAL LIFESAVER



By grace you have been saved through faith. And this is not your own doing; it is the gift of God, not a result of works, so that no one may boast. EPHESIANS 2:8-9



**I** **T WAS A HOT** and festive Fourth of July, and my dear friend had opened her lovely pool to friends and family for a poolside party. Perfection. I was really looking forward to some adult socializing. My kiddos were at ages where they could either swim independently or be self-sufficient with strapped-on flotation devices. We were golden.

Except when we weren't.

Because my husband and I play zone defense with three kids, sometimes one will squirrel away and try something that looks really fun but is actually completely life-threatening. This has happened often enough to keep us humble and make anyone question our qualification as parents at any given moment. Question away. It's grace alone that we are all alive and breathing, and that's all I've got.

My husband was helping one of our children with his plate of food; I was helping another. We both assumed the other parent had put the third child's flotation device back on after he had eaten. Assuming can cause so much trouble in life, can't it?

Just minutes after we had gotten our other kids settled, we heard our

youngest son crying and saw him running toward us, all wet and clearly shaken. Following behind him were two young boys who belonged to another family, just as wet and shaken.

One boy reported, “Well . . . well . . . well . . . I saw him sinking, so I dove in to get him.” And the other chimed in, “Yeah, he was sinking. We had to get him. I went in with my brother, and we brought him back up. But I think he’s scared.”

Time stopped.

There is nothing to say when a near-death experience passes you by. You become breathless. Your heart loses beats. Your ability to respond is gone.

These young boys saw my four-year-old drowning and rescued him. They saw him struggling and saved his life. While I was cutting up hot-dogs and trying to be the life of the party, a matter of life and death was happening behind me.

The idea of being saved is only meaningful when we understand the dire situation we’re in. When it’s sink or swim, and swimming is not an option because we have no idea how. When drowning is real.

Friend, we have been rescued from drowning. We have been flailing and sinking since the Garden of Eden, and we keep thinking the others in the pool—also sinking—will save us. Or worse yet, we think we can survive in the water on our own. But we cannot. We don’t have the skills.

The great rescue plan is a gift from God. It is not a result of our own abilities. We don’t have what it takes. We are a floundering mess—like a toddler in the deep end. It is grace alone that is our lifesaver. Jesus Himself pulls us up onto dry land.

Do you feel the weight of your need for rescue? Do you desire the free gift of saving grace in your life? Thinking about my child drowning is all the perspective I need. We are all in dire need of saving, and embracing that need looks amazing on us. Because only through our need can God's grace show up and restore us back to Him.

Thank God.



**GRACE REFLECTION:** Pray with me, “God, Your gift of grace is so meaningful when I look my dire situation in the face. You could easily let me sink, but Your unending love has lifted me up onto dry land. I am humbled and grateful for Your saving grace, for Your rescue plan, for Your Son. Amen.”



## FALLING SHORT

All have sinned and fall short of the glory of God, and are justified by his grace as a gift, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God put forward as a propitiation by his blood, to be received by faith. ROMANS 3:23-24



**J**UST FOR KICKS, let's talk about how we fall short. Because we do. We don't meet God's standards. We miss the mark all the time. We hurt others. We say things we shouldn't. We ride the hot mess express often. How's that for a warm and fluffy devotion?

Too many shame scenes could play on repeat in my mind if I let them. I remember yelling at my kids once—like crazy-lady-losing-it style—only to turn around and see my husband watching wide-eyed. His whole face just saying, “Really?”

I had crossed a serious line with my kids. And not only that, I was caught in the very act. Talk about shame! We all have plenty of these stories, where the ugliest parts of ourselves take over and we do and say what we don't want to be doing and saying. We've fallen short. Again.

And if you're like me, there are three ways we think about and handle our shame:




1. *Shame is unacceptable and we ought to be rejected for it.* The only way to escape rejection is to hide our shame underneath perfectionism, people-pleasing, or some other shame-control method.
2. *Shame is actually not shameful, so let's celebrate it and have at it!* We see this mind-set played out in our culture often. Yet the celebration doesn't make it go away. No matter how hard we try, we can't convince our hearts that the broken pieces of ourselves are actually okay.
3. *Shame can have love written across it.* This is the Kingdom mentality of dealing with shame, where we trust and understand that Jesus looks at our shame, sees it for exactly what it is, and writes love over it instead.

This is where today's Scripture speaks such good news to our hearts: because what makes grace so amazing is not our striving for perfection or plastic smile or perfectly arranged table or well-manicured social media page. That's not grace looking good. That's us dressing up and trying to earn acceptance.

What makes grace look so amazing on us is understanding our need for rescue, acknowledging our fallen nature, and comprehending our failures, knowing we are justified by God's grace as a gift. Justification means our guilt and the penalty of our sin have been removed, while at the same time, we've been given right standing with God through Jesus' sacrifice.

You may need to reread that last sentence. God's grace takes away our shame and gives us a permanent right standing instead. And *that* looks amazing on us.

 **GRACE REFLECTION:** Think about how God has looked your most shameful choices square in the face and not only removed your punishment but embraced you in love. He has given you a right standing and a position as His beloved that cannot be taken away. Thank Him for these gifts of grace.



## YOU ARE LIKED

You are my friends if you do what I command you. No longer do I call you servants, for the servant does not know what his master is doing; but I have called you friends, for all that I have heard from my Father I have made known to you. JOHN 15:14-15



“**W**HAT ARE YOU doing tomorrow morning while our kids are at preschool? . . . Target run?!”

I remember the first time I made it to Target with no kids in tow after becoming a mom; I felt like an Olympian. I had finally done it. Gold medals all around. A piece of normalcy from my previous life had returned for an hour. Praise.

You only ask your dearest friends to make a Target run with you. You need someone who loves what you love and is willing to burn an entire hour looking at the latest pillows. You know that friend. She’s the one you call over on Friday nights to wear sweats and chill. You just like being with her.

So here’s the thing. How God feels about us often gets lost in translation. Maybe we’ve seen “God loves you” on one too many bumper stickers, and it just isn’t sticking. Perhaps the words seem overused and trite. Or maybe they feel like a message to everyone so they’re a message to no one, like a mass email. We’ve heard God loves us. But have we heard God likes us?



Jesus said He no longer calls us servants, but friends. And like any friend, He genuinely *wants* to be near you. God likes what He made. He wants to spend Friday night with you, laughing with and listening to you.

Let that settle in for a minute.

The God of the universe who can hold the oceans in one palm and the mountains in the other, who placed the stars in the sky and set the world in motion, likes you. When you allow this truth to sink into your soul and bolster your confidence, this is grace at its finest.

Jesus did daily life with His disciples. And daily life with friends means enjoying meals, telling tales and laughing, sharing fears and joys, and walking through pain and grief together. Had there been a Target, He and His friends would have made a few runs; I'm sure of it. Because it's not about the shopping; it's about being with others. He didn't just love others with a lofty, inaccessible love. He liked them with an affectionate, kindred love.

Girl, God's grace not only means He loves you, but He likes you. He finds you wonderful. He made the grandest gesture ever by putting on skin and moving into the neighborhood just to be with you.





**GRACE REFLECTION:** Pray with me, “God thank You that You not only love me. You like me. Remind me of this truth. Let it sink into my soul so I always come close to You, bringing my fun and fears to You. Amen.”





## \* FIRMLY ROOTED

I pray that you, being rooted and established in love, may have power, together with all the Lord's holy people, to grasp how wide and long and high and deep is the love of Christ, and to know this love that surpasses knowledge—that you may be filled to the measure of all the fullness of God. EPHESIANS 3:17-19, NIV



---

**W**HEN IT COMES to plants, I adore them. But I kill them. I wish I had a green thumb like my mom; she can take a dry, crusty patch of desert and turn it into an oasis. Me? I accidentally overwater or underwater or put shade plants in the scorching sun or sun plants in dark corners, where they crumple.

For more than twelve years my family lived in a 1920s fixer-upper, and every nook of the house needed love and care, including the backyard. When we first moved in, half of the yard was no longer grass but an invasion of mint. This mint had formed an army and was not backing down, so we overhauled the entire plot of land and started fresh with a new deck and landscaping.

One of the shrubs we decided to plant was a rose of Sharon. My mom gave her fair warning as soon as she heard, but as daughters often do with their mother's advice, I listened and then did the opposite. And then discovered she was right after I was entirely too far down the road.

This rose of Sharon was strong and fast. It rooted itself and immediately multiplied shoots everywhere. And it did not stick to my garden layout. Oh, no. It decided when and where it would root itself, thank you very much. It knew who it was and firmly planted itself in my backyard.

One morning as I was weeding, I came across a rose of Sharon shoot about two feet high. *No biggie*, I thought. *I'll just pull this sucker up and keep on going*. Girls, this shoot was stronger and deeper than anyone could imagine. I tugged and pulled and nearly passed out trying.

It did not move. And it won. It is still there six years later, happily rooted, not bothered, not anxious, and fully aware of who she is. A firmly rooted rose of Sharon, that's who.

If I can't beat her, I'll join her. I want to be as firmly rooted and established in the soil of God's love as she is. I want to stand tall, unwavering, confident, beautiful, bending but not breaking through both the storms and sunshine of life. I want to know that I can never be plucked up from the soil of God's love. And I know you do too.

I love how the apostle Paul hammers this home for us in Romans 8:38-39:

*I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord. (NIV)*

Not one thing can separate you from his love.



Not your anxiety.  
Not your depression.  
Not your chronic illness.  
Not your debt.  
Not your pain. ✨  
Not your scars. ✨  
Not your fears.  
Not your broken marriage.  
Not your failures.

He tore the curtain from top to bottom the day He was crucified to display there is nothing that prevents us from His love. We can rest in this love, stand tall in this love, and stay firmly rooted in this love.

✨ **GRACE REFLECTION:** Think about God's love and faithfulness through a storm in your life. What did His grace look like during that time?





# SIMPLY DELIGHTFUL

He rescued me, because he delighted in me. PSALM 18:19



**WHEN I SAW** the note my daughter's kindergarten teacher sent home with her, I thought, *Oh boy. Here we go.* My daughter is full of life, energy, and words. She is a storyteller and a talker. I know. Apples don't fall far from the trees. The only times I got into trouble growing up were when I was being a chatterbox. I remember hearing teachers say to my parents, "Amy is a bright learner with tons of potential, but she needs to learn not to talk so much to her peers during class."

But as I unfolded the note, I read these words: "Your daughter is simply delightful to have in my classroom!" *Delightful.* What a word. This was the best note I had ever read. She immediately became my favorite teacher in the entire world.

Can you say *delightful* without smiling? I dare you. Nice try. You can't. Its definition is so lovely: "please greatly, charm, enchant, captivate, entrance, thrill." And this, dear friend, is how God sees you. He finds you simply delightful.

I so badly want to take that truth and run. But I trip over all my terrible thoughts, my judgment of others, and the straight-up sin in my life. Where does my darkness fit into His delight?

The writer of Psalm 18 addresses this very question:

*He reached down from on high and took hold of me;  
he drew me out of deep waters.*

*He rescued me from my powerful enemy,  
from my foes, who were too strong for me.*

*They confronted me in the day of my disaster,  
but the LORD was my support.*

*He brought me out into a spacious place;  
he rescued me because he delighted in me.*

VERSES 16-19, NIV



Haven't we been overwhelmed? Surrounded by enemies and disaster? In need of help inside and out? Yes. God sees and knows all of this. He knows we need to be rescued from ourselves and the darkness surrounding us. But do you see it?

God's delight in us fuels His rescue of us. His delight propels Him to action:

*The LORD your God is with you,  
the Mighty Warrior who saves.*

*He will take great delight in you;  
in his love he will no longer rebuke you,  
but will rejoice over you with singing.*

ZEPHANIAH 3:17, NIV



The darkness within us and surrounding us does not push God away. In fact, just the opposite happens. We can stand confidently on this truth:

God always wants to be near us. Even in our darkest places. Just like a loving parent, He moves in close to His children, fights for them, and saves them because He delights in them. What a gracious God. Amen.




**GRACE REFLECTION:** Do you find yourself delightful? Why or why not? No matter your answer, God does delight in you. His delight is a gift of grace to you



# OUR STORY

They will see his face, and his name will be on their foreheads.

REVELATION 22:4



---

**I**T WAS MUCH too early in the morning. Slowly slipping downstairs after a half-slept night, I reached the worn couch and sunk myself into its sunken spot. Outside, the inky-black sky matched my heart. Depressed. Sullen. Uncertain.

My older son, who has Crohn's disease, had a flare-up last night, and I felt helpless. All I could think was, *What are the answers? What is the next step? What do we do?*

Desperately turning the pages of my worn Bible, I sought comfort. Perspective. Hope. At the end of my rope, I turned to the end of my Bible.

*The leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations. No longer will there be any curse. The throne of God and of the Lamb will be in the city, and his servants will serve him. . . . There will be no more night. They will not need the light of a lamp or the light of the sun, for the Lord God will give them light. And they will reign for ever and ever.*

REVELATION 22:2-5, NIV

Sitting there, I felt just like a girlfriend of mine in my book club. She routinely takes the new book for the month, turns to the end, and reads



the last page. Sometimes (*gasp!*) even the entire last chapter. She creates her own spoiler alert and keeps the ending in the back of her mind as she reads the story. I've always found this a ridiculous way to read a book. Until this morning.

Because my soul needed the ending.

I read this passage over and over and over. I needed to know that the whole travail of human history adds up to this: leaves that heal, curses lifted, servants serving, foreheads stamped, and darkness lifted. This is not just any story. This is *our* story. Our story of healing, identity, and light.

There are certainly dark nights when we feel helpless. But though we are helpless, we are not hopeless. We know the ending: The King wins. He comes in victory and He reigns with light. He rides in on a horse and brings His bride home. He heals every single nation, He puts His name on our foreheads so we never forget who we are, and He gives us His light to stand in forever.

I have taken to reading the end of my Bible often. I am reading it to my children, friends, anyone who will listen, because it gives me such hope. Such confidence. Our diseases and demons and darkness are not our destiny. No, our ending is full of glory, power, truth, light, and hope. Let this be the backdrop to our battles and bruises: The King wins, and because of that so do we.



**GRACE REFLECTION:** Which need is speaking to you today? A need for healing? Identity? Light? Ask God to show you the redeemed picture of the helpless feeling you have today.





## SIGNED, SEALED, DELIVERED



When you believed, you were marked in him with a seal, the promised Holy Spirit, who is a deposit guaranteeing our inheritance until the redemption of those who are God's possession—to the praise of his glory. EPHESIANS 1:13-14, NIV



**O**NE OF MY favorite wedding gifts was a gorgeous, shimmery-green wax candle, coupled with a golden *S* wax seal. Opening this vintage vanilla-colored box, I sensed a nod to fairy-tale days. What a wildly romantic idea to return to handwritten letters—dripping hot wax on the envelopes and sealing them with the initial of our last name.

Of course, I've only used it once in eighteen years.

I have many good intentions, but *life*. It doesn't mean I love the idea any less, however. Every time I come across Ephesians 1:13-14, I cannot help but think of God choosing a golden wax seal with a swirly heavenly emblem on it and using it for us. It's as if the very moment we believe Jesus is our Rescuer, we find ourselves in the presence of the King. And from there it all becomes a glorious whirlwind. The Holy Spirit is placed inside of us like golden wax upon our soul. We are no longer a slave to sin; we are free. We are not enemies of God; we are His friends. We are new creations. The old has passed, the new has come, and the King has

positioned His royal seal upon our heart. Everything that is His will be ours when the time of our inheritance comes.

I draw upon this visual every time something or someone tries to threaten my identity and security and tell me that I am *not* enough. Or that I should be better at something by now. Or that pieces of my story are shameful. Or that *I* am shameful.

I can look that nagging feeling or lingering lie in the face and say *nope*. I can stand in front of others who try to control me or my feelings and say *not today*. I can turn to God's Word and be reminded that I am loved and accepted. I am signed, sealed, delivered. I am *His*. And my Savior, Jesus, took all my sin and shame on the cross for me. It's not my shame anymore. I am not those things that threaten my well-being. My soul is sealed with the emblem of the King by the Spirit of Truth. And no one can tell me otherwise.



**GRACE REFLECTION:** Imagine a lovely seal over your heart that signifies peace with God and your permanent daughtership. What assurance does this bring you? Take heart, you are His. And His grace looks amazing on you.

