

Unworthy I Am

You, Oh God, are beyond my imagination. When I consider your greatness, your holiness, your perfections, and yet here I am. I am none of those attributes. Yet despite your majesty and all-seeing eye, you can look upon my efforts, which are not great, at serving you and can approve of me. It is a wonder that you can look at me at all! In human terms, if someone had failed to live up to my expectations like I have to you, I would have written them off as unworthy. Unworthy, unworthy. Unworthy of the grace you bestow on all the human race. Unworthy, except there is a way to be made worthy. Well, worthy may not be the correct term because there is nothing that we can do to be made worthy. Accepted and forgiven are better ways to say it. Through your Son, Jesus Christ, we have redemption. With His blood covering our lives, you are then able to look at us, through the sacrifice of your own precious Son. My heart grows quiet and still as I consider this; Jesus makes me worthy. No works on my part, no punishment, no way to pay, just His love. I bow my head in reverence, so undeserving am I. Unworthy that the blood of a man, no, a God-man, the Son of God, whom I have never seen in person, took my sins, and died so that I can be free. No words, Father, no words. Only, quiet acceptance, disbelief that such a thing is possible. Moreover, it is beyond the scope of my human comprehension that I deserve to die for my sins. If I could always retain a vision of this, it would help me understand grace, but I forget. Then I see the imperfections of my brothers and sisters, or I feel like they do not treat me as I deserve, and I forget what I have been saved from. I find it difficult to extend the same grace to them that I have received. My humanity and sinfulness, no, that is like putting the blame on something instead of on me, like an alibi, it is me, I am the one who judges them. I judge them according to my standard without considering that you are the only righteous judge. Your word tells us that when we do this, we are guilty. There is the story Jesus told when on the earth. A man was forgiven an impossible debt, and in turn, he demanded a small measly sum from his fellow countryman; going as far as putting him in prison until he could pay it. This so angered the first man who forgave the huge debt that he took back his forgiveness and required full payment. I find it difficult to see that in myself, Lord, but I know it is there. This man evidently did not get or appreciate the full scope of what he had been forgiven. It makes me stop and consider if I understand what I have been forgiven for. Can I begin to get a small window of understanding when I am so far from understanding your righteous holiness? But I want to, Lord, as much as my earthly mind is capable.

So, Lord, I commit my life to you with all of its flaws, imperfections, and sin. I want you to wash me and make me clean. The more I see of your goodness and holiness, the more of my dirty self will be evident. Thank you, Lord, for saving me, an undeserving sinner.

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