

Outstretched Hands

Rachael Martin 6,24,2016

When I think of all the times I've messed up, I get to a point where I cry out for Jesus and get angry with myself, but then I scream at the devil like he is in the room and tell him "enough is enough" – and then I start to declare what I know to be true:

- I have freedom through the power of Jesus Christ
- I am more than a conqueror
- I can overcome this because greater is He Who is in me
- I am redeemed and no longer under the curse
- His mercies are NEW every morning
- His grace is sufficient for me

The list goes on!

I have to work myself into a place of believing what I don't feel and today I pictured myself lifting my hands to the Lord and wondered if my hands were clean enough to lift them to Him – I'm not saying I've gone out and robbed a bank – but I'm human and I admit I have struggles.

When I wondered about my "clean hands" (and heart) – I then saw the Lords face, looking at me with love and His hands came down – they were outstretched and they COVERED mine.

Friends – don't forget that Jesus FINISHED sickness, sin, and death at the cross – and He rose again with the keys to hell and death – His victory is our victory – His great love – His overwhelming grace and His bigness alone covers all we are, all we do, and all we will be and He holds us – and He's saying – "I've got You!"

Thank You Lord – that You have us – when we need a push, when we need a shoulder, when we need encouragement, when we need to worship, when we need to cry, when we need to vent, when we need to just be alone – You've got us – You will always understand us – You're outstretched hands are forever towards us.

© 2016 www.gatheringathisfeet.org
EMAIL: gahf@gatheringathisfeet.org