



My dear Jesus, I desperately need you each and every day. I praise your holy name. I love you, Lord. You are my knight in shining armor, and you are the love of my life. I desire to keep this idea in my heart always. I envision you as handsome, even though the Bible says you weren't. You are handsome to me. And you smile at my thoughts. I'm sure not all my thoughts make you smile, because they upset me too! But you know my heart, and you smile despite my faults. You nod your head in approval when I do right, and you shake your head as a father would to a disobedient child when I falter.

I can see you leaning into whisper to the Father when I have a petition, and you hang on to my every word when I speak to you. Even though so many others have your undivided attention, you make me feel special, because I know you hear me, and you love and care for me. You are my Jesus. My Jesus alone, just as you are for others, alone. You are with me always, even when I cast you into the shadows. You wait patiently until I come to my senses, and then take me in your arms when I stumble.

You are my loving parent when I am lonely for a mom or dad. You know my loss, yet you fill the void when it creeps into my heart now and then. You are my confidante when I feel so useless as a mother and grandmother. You provide me with strength and reassurance when I know I've made mistakes, and again, you love me anyway. My heart does leap like a schoolgirl's when I think of you. I have a terrible crush on you, my Lord. How I long to be with you, and my mind is fixed on you when I am about my business.

Sometimes I see you laugh out loud when I do something absolutely idiotic, but I know you're not laughing at me. You're laughing with me because I'm already laughing at myself! I know I look in the mirror sometimes and don't like what I see. I don't have a body that would be considered beautiful, but then again, you have a way of making me believe I am beautiful. You actually made me. You decided to give me brown hair and brown eyes and pushed a dimple into my right cheek. You gave me a love for life, for laughter, for tears, and for sharing who I am, and Who I know.

I pray you help me remember these gifts, my Jesus. When I set my eyes on the things of the world, help me to remember that I belong to you, and that I was made, as I am, by you. Yes, you want me to do my part to take care of this vessel you've given me, but please help me to remember that you love me as I am, and not as I would wish to be. You know the things in my heart in which I seek your wisdom, intervention, and blessing. So many need you, and yet so many choose to go on without you.

I wish I had known you long ago. I know now you were constantly watching over me and protecting me. I just wish I hadn't made so many mistakes until you saved my life. I know you forget my sins, but I can't always, and wish I could. Sometimes the shame comes over me like a tidal wave all over again, and I must ask for forgiveness again, just to be sure that you really did forgive me. You died for me. You suffered for me. I didn't and don't deserve what you have done, but you did it anyway.

Oh, God, thank you from my heart. Please never let me wander so far away that I place your blood under my feet again. May I always be found serving you, and others. Please, Jesus, remove me and my pride, that I, and others, will see only you. May you alone, be glorified. May you alone, be lifted up. I praise you again, my Jesus. Thank you for your love, and for your life, and for your death. Thank you for an empty grave that gives me hope, each and every day. May my loved ones come to know you before it's too late. I pray you return quickly, Lord, but I pray they know you first. You are my king, and I worship you, and I love you, so very much. Amen.

Blessings,  
Lisa Jo