

Anyone who knows me, is fully aware of my lifelong crush on Donny Osmond. Since my best friend introduced me to his wavy, dark hair and soulful brown eyes, and that beautiful toothy smile, I have been smitten now for over fifty years. Likewise, David Cassidy stole my heart and was welcomed into my house every Friday evening around 8:30 PM, as I swooned over him in *The Partridge Family*. And do I dare admit that I still and will forever have deep feelings for the boy I loved, but never won, while in high school? When I fall, I fall hard.

Many of my lady friends at church are aware of my tendency to develop crushes on my pastors. I know that sounds strange, but it is true. The difference between my school-girl crushes and my pastor crushes, are because I fall in love with a pastor's heartfelt hunger for Christ and the Bible. When I get the sense that a pastor is completely sold out to Jesus, it comes through in his preaching, and in his demeanor the rest of the time. Just as I pray others would see Jesus in me, and want to be near me just to feel his presence, that is how I feel about my pastors. I want to be around them and hear more. It is a pure and childlike crush, nothing untoward.

Well, here I am now, about to turn sixty years old, and there's a new crush in town. I've had this particular crush for quite some time, but there are new reasons to speak about this long-time crush. Unless you live under a rock, you must have heard about the series, "The Chosen", created by Dallas Jenkins. Not only has he found a way to share the gospel in a fresh and relatable way, but the actors he has chosen to play Jesus and the precious disciples are spectacular. Actually, I'm in love with all of them. I'm in love with their humanness, and their vulnerability. I love them for the times they open their mouths and insert their feet. I love them for their tempers and childish tantrums. I love the women too... Mary, Tamar, Ramah, and Eden. I would love to have known them as my sisters. I'm developing a love for the Jewish faith. I'm thinking about getting a mezuzah for my doorway. So beautiful.

Finally, my heart, genuinely and figuratively, is in love with Jesus. When I saw "Jesus of Nazareth" with Robert Powell as Jesus, and "The Passion of Christ" with Jim Caviezel, I loved them so much. My heart was moved by their portrayals of my precious Lord. But I must say the most endearing and beautifully depicted portrayal of Jesus is being done by Jonathan Roumie. I heard Dallas Jenkins say something to the effect that it isn't easy to portray a masculine human deity, who is also compassionate and tender hearted. Mr. Roumie has nailed it. The feelings that come across just through his subtle facial expressions have brought me to tears. And the jokes? Oh, I want to believe Jesus had a sense of humor, and I'm so thrilled that Mr. Roumie shows this side of Jesus too. And face it, the man is not hard on the eyes!

There are some who may take what I'm saying here as blasphemous or perhaps, even in poor taste. But I know what I mean, and so does God. I know we're not to worship idols, nor are we to make any graven images of our Lord, but this is different folks. I believe "The Chosen" is being used by God to reach millions who may have never listened to the gospel before. In no way should a television show be used as an alternative to personal Bible study and time spent in prayer, but it is a magnificent tool to share Jesus with others. And personally, I would rather watch this show over and over again, than to watch the garbage being spewed out from other sources.

I sincerely love Jesus, just because of who he is. Oh my goodness, if I could tell you how he has blessed my life... I have been through many, many storms, as I know we all have. But somehow, Jesus has never let me down, or allowed me to go through these storms alone. As I watch the revivals going on all around us, and seeing people have a hunger for something more meaningful, I am convinced now more than ever that our Lord is returning very soon. The signs are all around us, and we must prepare now. No one knows the day or the hour, my friends. Please, get ready.

Blessings,

Lisa Jo

