

This week I betrayed the trust of a friend and it has shaken my soul. You see, I expected better of myself. The name, Faye, is a derivative of “faithful” and that is how I have viewed myself – the faithful, loyal, trustworthy friend. In a moment of carelessness, I lost my ground of being, leaving me weak-kneed and disoriented. This is what sin does – it robs us of who we were created and know ourselves to be. We become anchorless ships tossed on a sea of doubt and confusion. We are lost.

With this experience has come the realization of how absolutely helpless I am to fix the situation. There is nothing I can do beyond expressed remorse to mend a broken trust. There is no penance that will bring me closer to the heart of the one I care for; no act of kindness or promise of reformation that can change the situation. I am left at the mercy of the one I hurt and the future of our friendship is in her hands. She thought better of me and in her disappointment must now decide if I’m worth the work of rebuilding the trust. Am I who she once believed me to be or someone else?

I get it now. I see how futile it is to try to win God’s good graces when I have betrayed his trust or chosen my way over the way of Jesus. I see how utterly helpless we are to earn God’s love and favour by our “good deeds”. We always fall short of the wholly goodness of God. After all, who do we really think we are trying to impress? Yet, in the story of the cross, God tells us that we are worth everything and he will give up everything, even his very nature to win back our hearts (see Philippians 2). When I hurt another I also hurt myself and God is doubly wounded. God is the victim when we betray our divine nature for we damage the innate design of his creation. We betray the essence of our being and thus betray the One who created that very being. He loves us exactly the way he made us and when we refuse to live out our full potential, we deny God the opportunity to enjoy his beloved in full blossom.

Though we sin, God thinks better of us. In spite of his disappointment, he knows whom he created and beyond doubt, we are worth the price of reconciliation. As my friend bears the burden of entrusting her heart to one who has hurt her, so does my Father bear the burden of entrusting his heart to those who hurt him time and time again. My dear friend has a magnanimous heart and she seems to believe that the risk is worth it. In her love, God’s love has been magnified and I am humbled and overwhelmingly grateful to live under both their mercy.

Lest you think I’m off the hook, I now have the huge task of seeking to find and restore a godly nature and dare to understand why I was willing to risk a precious friendship for some very short-term gain. What neediness was I seeking to fulfill apart from God’s Spirit? That will be my summer homework assignment and I am grateful for the slower pace of life to spend in quiet prayer and reflection as I invite God to reveal His divine nature within me. I pray that you may also find his imminent presence revealed in the summer days ahead. See you in September.

Under his mercy,
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