

No Longer Alone



Annie

Scriptures:

2 Corinthians 5:16-21

Acts 1:8; 2:14-36

Jeremiah 29:11

Philippians 4:13

As I sit here at my keyboard, living my pretty quiet life on a rural property in a nation at the ends of the earth that is my three islands home, how can I be what I am meant to be – an ambassador for Christ?

How can I fulfill a role that is so daunting in its importance, so vast in its spectrum, so hugely significant? When I read the words “you will be My witness”, my heart sinks and I cry “not me, Lord, not me, this is too much”. And then I think of Moses, telling God the self same thing. I think of Gideon, of Esther, of Naaman’s maidservant, and I breathe deeply, drinking in the assurance that it has never been God’s plan that I will be doing this alone.

The words of comfort, yet of great sorrow to those listening, that Jesus spoke as the awful, terrifying time of His betrayal and death drew ever closer, resound in my ears “if I do not go, He (Holy Spirit) cannot come”. I remember the lies Peter shouted just as the rooster crowed, then I compare it to his words spoken on the Day of Pentecost. The same man, but now full of the life of the One he had denied, the One who now lived in him as Holy Spirit, the One who would never leave him again.

God places us all just where He knows we are meant to be. He has equipped us with the talents, the gifts, the wherewithal to perform whatever role He has planned for us. He also gives us the choice. Shall I continue to sit here in my comfort zone? Or do I take Him at His word? Do I truly believe that I am able to do all things through Christ who strengthens me? Am I prepared to seek Him daily to know just where I am to be His ambassador for that day?

Not all of us are equipped to be a Billy Graham preaching to millions during our lifetime. We are not all great song writers, like David, leaving a legacy that transcends the passage of time. But we all have a life to live. Whether it be sitting in a farmhouse in Aotearoa New Zealand, often not seeing anyone for days. Or being in a busy household, with so many things going on that a quiet moment is a precious treasure. Or steadfastly and respectfully turning up to work each day, performing tasks that are sometimes mundane, sometimes seemingly worthless or sometimes life saving. Whatever our role, wherever we may be, the words of our Lord apply, we are to be His witnesses to anyone and everyone we meet.

In the secular world, an ambassador is afforded great deference, in recognition of who they represent, not of who they, as an individual, are. They bear the responsibility of carrying their nation’s reputation in how they perform their role. They are on display whenever they are in public, and we can draw a parallel between their role and ours as ambassadors for Christ, but it is a tenuous one.

We are on display at all times, literally. When I become frustrated or speak harshly to those around me, my family, the closest ones to me, those who see me on my good days and my bad days, I am still Christ's ambassador. This is not a garment I put on and take off. My heart's cry can still be "not me, Lord, not me", or it can be "I am a new creation, it is no longer I that live, Christ lives in me".

The only way we can ever be the ambassador God calls us to be is to lay down our life, our fears, our doubts and allow His life to overflow and pour out of us, this is the witness everyone needs to see. Christ in us the only hope of glory for this weary, broken world.

Prayer: Abba Father, may Your Holy Spirit fill us all to overflowing daily as we seek You, as we commit each day into Your Hands, as we take up our cross each and every day, to Your Glory alone, Amen