



# Finding My True Home



A reflection on Jesus' promise

**I will not leave you as orphans; I will come to you. Before long, the world will not see me anymore, but you will see me. Because I live, you also will live. On that day you will realize that I am in my Father, and you are in me, and I am in you.**

John 14.18-20

*"I will not leave you orphans; I will come to you."*

Thank you, Jesus, for this word—  
which comes to me  
in every kind of circumstance.  
Even when I cannot feel your presence  
I am embraced by your steadfast word—  
your promise.

Because of your word of assurance,  
even the hardest of times  
can simply be a season  
when I wait expectantly for you.  
Give me the grace, Father,  
to reach out for your gifts—  
always just right for this particular day.  
For the grace to hope steadily, thank you.  
I receive your hope into every nagging doubt;  
into every chamber where a condemning  
word is whispered.

I receive you when I feel like an orphan,  
abandoned and alone.  
For your peace,  
which frees me to enter restfully and fruitfully  
into every season, thank you.

I receive your peace in the pit of my stomach,  
into the small of my back,  
into my hands, open and ready,  
into my heart where I have experienced you  
coming so many times to dispel my fear.

Thank you for drawing my mind  
into my Father's creative mind.  
Thank you for the grace to focus  
not so much on what I do not seem to have,  
but on all that is of you—  
on the radiant beauty of all you have made.

Thank you for eyes to see the sin I  
continue to choose,  
which causes me to walk sadly away  
from your presence.

I receive with thanksgiving  
all that you reveal to me in this day,  
precious Jesus.

Thank you, Jesus, that you came to me  
and loved me first.

You did not meet me halfway:  
it was you who journeyed.  
Before I knew the object of my yearning—  
before I had the grace to choose you,

or offer myself to you—  
you fulfilled a promise unknown to me.  
Before I woke to light you came as light.  
Before I had eyes to see you, you saw me  
and loved me  
and came to me as truth.  
For this freedom to see and to be,  
thank you Jesus.  
Come Lord Jesus!



*"Before long the world will not see me any  
more, but you will see me."*

It is strange and wonderful, Jesus,  
that you went away  
in order to come closer.  
There are many things of this world  
to which I must say goodbye  
in order to come closer to you.  
You know how hard this is for me.  
It was no easier for you.  
But loving this world  
never kept you from seeing the Father.  
You yielded to your Father everything you saw;  
everything you heard and smelled  
and tasted and touched.  
I yield to you the world in me.  
I yield to you the eyes of the world in me.  
Your promise stirs yearning in me:  
I want to see everything of my Father's Kingdom  
more clearly.

I want to see you more clearly.  
I want to see the whole truth  
of who I am to you.

I want to see your way each day.

I want to see the turnings  
that bring me more fully into your life.

I thank you for these desires—  
I believe they are a gift from your heart to mine.

I ask for the grace  
that these desires may be fulfilled  
at the cost of the death, in me,  
of all competing desires.  
Rise up before me, Lord,

in each moment of choosing.  
Lift my eyes to you  
so that I may see and follow you.  
Be light to my eyes, Jesus,  
so that my body may be filled with your life—  
with every good and perfect gift from my  
Father's hand.  
Thank you Jesus.  
Come, Lord Jesus



*"Because I live, you also will live.."*

Thank you, Jesus, for the life you are.  
And thank you for your promise and your truth  
expressed so simply and clearly,  
calling me back to you,  
in whom I begin and end—  
wooing me away from so many things  
that parade as life, but which have no life.  
Please Lord, be with me  
and rehearse the truth within me:  
I thank you that I don't have life  
because I've been good today.  
I praise you that I don't have life  
because of my understanding of things spiritual.  
Thank you that I don't have life  
because I feel deeply,  
or because people praise me.  
Thank you that I don't have life  
because I am creative,  
or because I've suffered and endured.  
I praise you that I don't have life  
because I believe you died for me,  
or because I know you love me.  
All these things are good, Jesus.  
Some are very good.  
I rejoice in them.  
But I have life because you live.  
The world tells me to "get a life".  
Well (praise you!) I got a life.

I was given a life  
You are the only life I want.  
Come, Jesus, live in me more fully,  
even in this moment.  
I want you to come where I have resisted life.  
Come Lord, reveal the dark place in me.  
Come Jesus, light up the tomb in me.  
I want to come humbly  
and boldly out from that tomb—  
not resuscitated but resurrected;  
not emerging into 'my life' again,  
but into yours.  
Any other life but you is wearing out.  
You are, eternally, life with the Father.  
And I don't have life  
because I know that truth about you.  
I have life because you have life.  
You live. Life is you.  
You and your Father spoke that truth  
in ages past:  
"I AM".  
I thank and praise you that because YOU ARE,  
*I am.*  
I receive you into my heart and mind—  
into the place where I am with me.  
Because you live there, I will know the Way.  
Because you live I will know the Truth.  
Because you live, I will know Life.  
Because you live,  
love, hope and trust will live in me.  
I yield to your life, Jesus.  
I trust your life.  
I want only your life.  
Be life for me when I know fear.  
Strengthen me  
and show me the way to your life  
when I know anger, shame, jealousy,  
or judgment.  
I yield to your life, Jesus.  
I trust your life.  
I want only your life:  
life that comes through death and resurrection;  
life that is taken, blessed, broken ...given.  
I love you.  
Thank you, Jesus.  
Come Lord Jesus!

*"On that day you will realize that I am in my  
Father, and you are in me, and I am in you.."*

This must be "that day", precious Lord:  
I know that you are in the Father.  
There is no pride in this place of knowing.  
The beautiful weight of this knowledge on my  
heart  
is almost too much to bear.  
And as I press into the love you share with your  
Father,  
I know that I am in you.  
The truth of your intimacy presses upon me  
and I can hardly draw a breath.  
Breathe for me, Holy Spirit,  
here in this place with you.  
Yes, I know it is "that day".  
I know that you are in me.  
There is no such sweetness in the world.  
None in me.  
This sweetness is only found in you... in me.  
This is the day that you have made,  
this day of knowing.  
"This day" is your day, Jesus.  
And so it is your day, Father.  
And yours, Holy Spirit.  
This is the day your love has made.  
I do not ask for your love on this day.  
Just love your Father, Jesus, as you always do.  
Father, just love your Son.  
Search out their loving hearts, Holy Spirit.  
Know and be known.  
Give and receive.  
I won't say a word.  
I'll just be in you.  
Please just be in me.  
Don't love me.  
Just be.  
That is enough.  
I cannot bear to receive anything  
beyond the love you share this day.  
No more words.  
There is just this day.

*Allyn Benedict*

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Maranatha Community UK Office,  
102 Irlam Road, Flixton, Manchester M41 6JT  
Tel: 0161 748 4858 Fax: 0161 747 7379  
Bookshop: 0161 747 5672  
Email: [info@maranathacommunity.org.uk](mailto:info@maranathacommunity.org.uk)  
[www.maranathacommunity.org.uk](http://www.maranathacommunity.org.uk)

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