My Journey

I don’t know your journey. But as for me, I needed radical salvation. I needed a Warrior that could battle through the jungles of flesh. I needed a Savior who would run through the firestorms of catastrophic thoughts. One who would withstand the galloping wildebeests of my vain ambition. One who would swim the channels of my stormy seas and into the cavernous passages of ancient strongholds and shame. I needed one to climb over the perilous heights of my doubts. I needed that kind of hero. In you, he may have found a much gentler passage. But mine was and is a profound redemption. And right now He is fighting for a million others as He fought for me—Our hearts… His prize…