

One Woman's Transforming Trip From Loneliness to Her One True Love

A decade ago, I sat alone on Christmas Eve baking pumpkin scones until 11 p.m. I cried as I mixed, stirred and cut scones into identical triangles. In the quiet of the night, my tears dripped into the dough. Just a few weeks before, I found out the man of my dreams had fallen for someone else. I had yet to move past my feelings of hurt and rejection. They burrowed in my heart, and I felt as though I couldn't escape, even for a moment, my aches and pains. So, in my effort to take my mind off what I thought I deserved, I baked.

Mind you, I had imagined my Christmas Eve much differently. I assumed it would be spent on the arm of my beloved, sipping tea and popping Christmas crackers (God bless the British). Yet, there I was, alone in my drafty brick house, 6,000 miles away from home and wondering if a man would love me like my Prince Charming once did. I was living in my own broken fairytale. I wondered if life would ever bend my way.

As the timer rang, I pulled the hot scones out of the oven and drizzled piping hot cream cheese frosting on them. In my limited ability to make myself feel better, I felt as though baking might distract me from my heavy feelings, but after the scones cooled, I sat staring at them, wondering why I had just spent four hours baking. With a sudden loss of appetite, the only thing I could do was pray.

I asked Jesus, no, begged Jesus to tell me I was worthy of love from a man. Perhaps, you've questioned the Almighty with a similar question, maybe through desperate pleas or prayers, wondering if you are worthy of love. All women—every single one to walk the earth—are hungry for love. Many of us will

bend over backward and do anything to prove ourselves worthy, all in the name of love.

Regardless if we've heard that Jesus loves us from the pulpit as we sat in the pew, we too often measure the love of Jesus against our insecurities and losses and wonder if it's still possible for us to accept the gracious love of Christ. Do we deserve the love of Jesus? What if we are just downright unlovable? What if we will be left alone simply for who we are? We crave a love so palpable, so insatiable, that honestly, no man could ever satisfy what only the King of glory can. Our hearts scream questions surrounding our worth and value, and Jesus offers Himself as the answer to our questions.

In my dark hour, literally and figuratively, I had two options: Believe the words of Jesus spoken in the Scriptures or not. I could accept his companionship or push him away. I could wallow or believe. I chose to believe that he would be enough for me. I chose to accept his company regardless of life's twists and turns. Don't get me wrong; that is infinitely harder said than easily done. It required honest prayers every time I felt unlovable. Every time I felt I would be left alone simply for who I was, I invited the truth of God's Word to settle deep in my soul. I found refreshment in Jesus' words in John 15, "If you keep My commandments, you will remain in My love, even as I have kept My Father's commandments and remain in His love. I have spoken these things to you, that My joy may remain in you, and that your joy may be full" (John 15:10-11).

So many of us are overcome by our unfulfilled desire to be loved by a man. We feel like damaged goods, unworthy of acceptance and belonging, but the truth is, we are worth far more than even we understand. There is a man, the holy one, who will walk with us through the dark days and the bright ones. He is the one we may abide in. If we call out, He will hear us. If we cry out, He will draw near. He is for us.

Always.

On that lonely Christmas Eve, I discovered I wasn't alone. Although I lost a love that left me heartbroken, I found the giver of grace, peace and hope had accompanied me. The one who loved me beyond measure. The one will never leave us nor forsake us. {eoa}

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