

Kingdom Day 1

Morning together

“You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you and I have appointed you [I have planted you], that you might go and bear fruit and keep on bearing, and that your fruit may be lasting [that it may remain, abide], so that whatever you ask the Father in My Name [as presenting all that I AM], He may give it to you.” (John 15:16 AMP)

I'm afraid to open the door!

A woman is standing on my porch. She rang the bell only once, but she's still standing there. Why?

She could be selling something. I could ignore her; I've got so much to do. But it feels like... I don't know; like she's here intentionally to see me. What if it's bad news?

I look through the peephole again. Her face seems... radiant! Her expression is peaceful. I sense a quiet excitement.

She's holding a box in her hand; with wrapping on it. A gift? Surely not for me. She must have the wrong house.

Why do I wish that gift were for me?

My hand closes on the doorknob.

This is crazy.

I can't help it. I have to open the door...

A peace like I've never known washes over me.

It's as if she knows me, the way she smiles. Do I know her? I don't think so. But I feel... *loved*. How is that possible? This whole thing is crazy.

And wonderful.

In a quiet voice she says my name. I nod. She hands me the box. It's gift-wrapped in white, tied with ribbons of gold. It seems to sparkle, almost dance.

I take the gift in my hand, and the sense of peace deepens. I feel like I'm floating. As I look closely at the wrapping, I see roses outlined in gold, each one unique, as if painted by hand. Who could have spent so much effort on a gift for me? Is it really for me?

“Who are you?” I ask.

“Your servant in Christ.”

She hands me an envelope. Across the front is my name, handwritten in gold. *Beautiful!*

I look up. She's gone.

My hand trembles as I go back inside and close the door. I look at the box again.

What if it's a bomb?

I ignore the voice in my head. Somehow I know better. I feel the presence of the Holy Spirit – all over me. As crazy as it seems, I know that whatever's inside this box is a gift from God.

I put the box on the table and open the envelope. Inside is a card with a verse on the front:

We love Him because He first loved us.¹

¹ I John 4:19 NKJV

I open the card to find a handwritten note inside:

*I love you...
so much more than you understand.
Let me show you the depths
of My love.
This gift is only the beginning.*

Your Father in Heaven

Though my tears fall on the card, the beautifully scripted ink doesn't smudge. I'm startled to feel a hand on my shoulder – I'm alone in the room! But His presence calms me. He guides me to a chair; as I sit, He lifts my face into His radiance.

Yes, Lord. I want to know Your love. Show me!

Morning Kingdom Building

The narrator of this story doesn't quite feel worthy to receive a blessing from God. Have there been times when you've felt that way? Describe one of those times.

Have there been times when you knew without a doubt God was blessing you – and *wanted* to? Think about one of those times – how did you feel?

Re-read the Scripture verse for this morning: **John 15:16**. Ask God to speak to you about this verse. Write what He tells you.

Noon together

But God demonstrates His own love toward us, in that while we were still sinners, Christ died for us. (Romans 5:8 NKJV)

As I open the box, a fragrance fills the room. I can't identify it, but it seems so familiar, so comfortable. So beautiful. It smells like... *Heaven*. My hands shake as I open the tissue paper – elegant, white, with gold lining.

Inside is a white robe of the finest material I've ever seen. As I lift the robe, it seems to glitter in my hands. I see lights swirling all around me, as if angels are dancing.

I drape the robe lovingly over my arm as I read the note card inside:

*This is your robe of righteousness.
I am giving it to you
so you'll know without a doubt
how much I love you;
how much I want you to be Mine
forever.*

At the bottom of the note is written "Isaiah 1:18." Cradling the robe, I go to my Bible... and read the words:

“...Though your sins are like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they are red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”²

I drop to my knees as the truth of His Word, the truth of His love settles deeply in my heart.

Suddenly I know, in a way I’ve never known before:

Through the sacrifice and Resurrection of His Son, Jesus, I am restored in relationship to the Father. Completely! There is *nothing* I have to do – nothing I *can* do – to become righteous. His righteousness is mine, given to me as His beloved child, because of Jesus, my Brother, my Savior, my Lord.

But I have to accept His gift. I have to believe His love for me. Can I?

I look at the robe, now lying on the floor. A gift that cost me nothing – it cost Him everything. Why didn’t I shout with joy and put on the robe the moment I opened His gift? Why did I wait? Why do I hesitate, even now, thinking I don’t deserve it?

I re-read the Scripture:

“...Though your sins are like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they are red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”

² Isaiah 1:18 NKJV

I *don't* deserve it. He gave it nevertheless. *He wanted to!* There is no refund for this gift; it's paid in full. He bought it out of a love I cannot understand. His love for *me*.

I pick up the robe to cradle it again, and peace overcomes me – it feels like He is cradling me in His love. I don't understand His love, but I want to. I want to know Him more. I lift the robe to my face, and the beauty of it overwhelms all my senses. I *want* His righteousness!

I bow my head. Then I put on the robe and begin to seek Him with my whole heart.

Thank You, Lord. Thank You.

Noon Kingdom Building

When was the last time you knew you were wearing God's robe of righteousness? What does that gift mean to you?

What do you think that gift means to Him? Have you asked Him?

Re-read the Scripture verse for this afternoon: **Romans 5:8**. Ask God to speak to you about this verse. Write what He tells you.

Evening together

“For whoever is bent on saving his [temporal] life [his comfort and security here] shall lose it [eternal life]; and whoever loses his life [his comfort and security here] for My sake shall find it [life everlasting].” (Matthew 16:25 AMP)

There's something else in the box; I missed it at first, but His Spirit leads me to it. It's a tiny jar – delicate, and yet I feel like nothing in the world could break it. I open the jar and tip it toward the palm of my hand. Out comes a drop of red. As it dissolves into my skin, I am overcome with a love more powerful than anything I've ever known.

I hear a voice inside me. This is not the voice that nags, that tries to draw my attention back to the world whenever I take five minutes to pray, or read my Bible, or call a long lost friend... or in any way slow down for God. This voice is different. It's deeper inside me. *Peaceful.*

I recognize the voice. It's Jesus:

“For this is My blood of the new covenant, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.”³

His blood... shed for me; covering me. His love... never letting go of me.

Why is it always so hard to understand? To believe? To leave everything at the Cross and let Him restore me? *Why is that so hard?*

³ Matthew 26:28 NKJV

I feel His hand on my shoulder again. His heart beats with mine – I hear it! And I know without a doubt: *I am loved!* I know it as if for the first time. He is my family. I am safe, treasured. *I am His.*

I kneel down, holding Him close to my heart. Despite the familiar chaos around me, things look different. Suddenly I have a greater sense of home than I've ever known. Not just here. Somewhere so much greater. *With Him.*

He whispers, “The best is yet to come.”

Evening Kingdom Building

What does the Blood of Jesus mean to you? Have you thanked Him today for that precious gift? Will you take a moment right now to thank Him?

What does the Blood of Jesus mean to God? How does it relate to His love for you? Ask Him to begin to answer these questions for you, by showing you His Truth through His Word.

Re-read the Scripture verse for this evening: **Matthew 16:25**. Ask God to speak to you about this verse. Write what He tells you. Then ask Him to use your dreams tonight to speak truth and love to you.

Kingdom-Building Activity for tomorrow

Knowing that Jesus is your Lord and Savior, and has made you righteous by His righteousness... ask God to let that assurance shape the day you have tomorrow. Stay conscious all day of His gift of righteousness, of the forgiveness in His Blood. See how that changes things.

About the author

Janet Eriksson is a Christian inspirational writer, publisher and intercessor. She is active in [Dahlonega United Methodist Church](#), a Spirit-filled place of worship, fellowship, missions and outreach in north Georgia, where she is involved in intercessory prayer and worship dance. She is also active in the [Georgia Foothills Walk to Emmaus](#) community. Janet recently completed Lay Missionary Training with the North Georgia Conference of the United Methodist Church, and [Elijah House School for Prayer Ministry](#) training at Dahlonega UMC; read her [Elijah House testimony](#), about the life-changing work our Lord Jesus did through this program! Janet leads workshops for Christian writers and is preparing to work in youth ministry through the United Methodist Church. You may contact her at jlynn.erik@gmail.com.

Jesus said, "You did not choose Me, but I chose you and appointed you that you should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should remain, that whatever you ask the Father in My name He may give you." -- John 15:16 (NKJV)