Thought-provoking, challenging, powerful, a unique look at eternal truth—these were a few of my thoughts after reading *Becoming His*. Author Jenny Erlingsson reminded me to rethink and ponder old truths in a new and wonderful way. Those truths are: an infinite, eternal God, a world of circumstances, an endless diversity of personalities...divinely brought together to manifest His Glory! Men, do not back away from reading this book. Its truth is truly universal. This is one of the best I’ve read. Get ready; I believe one of the greatest Christian authors of our time has just been launched!

—CURTIS S SILCOX
Evangelist and Founder
Good News Today and SEASON

I have been gripped with a strong sense of the Lord’s release on His daughters in this season. There is no doubt in my mind that we are about to see a new wind of holy liberation hit women of God, true Christ-followers all over this globe. The spirit of religion tells women to be quiet in church, yet the Spirit of God is saying that it’s time for the lionesses of God to roar (Joel 2:20). I’m convinced that a third Great Awakening is incumbent...but it won’t get off the ground, if half the army of the Lord is on mute. So Heaven is raising up fresh voices to call this movement out.

Jenny Erlingsson is such a voice, and a timely one at that. I have known Jenny for a number of years, and I have seen her faithfully serve the Body of Christ and be actively involved in women’s ministries and discipleship. She has a heart for equipping and building up women like few people that I know. I am SO excited for this book that you hold in your hands and believe that it will challenge you to go deeper in what God has for you and call out gifting that has been
placed in you for such a time as this. So get ready to be transformed and released to your next level.

—Sean Smith
Director of Sean Smith Ministries/Pointblank Intl.
Author of *I Am Your Sign* and *Prophetic Evangelism*
@revseansmith
www.seansmithministries.com

* Becoming His * is a powerful tool that women will read, relate to, and see glimpses of who they are in almost every biblical character. Jenny brings reality and authenticity throughout her book as she unwraps each woman’s strength and weakness and helps the reader to apply life lessons in their own journey of understanding the power of their story!

—Pastor Laura Lee,
Church Alive Assembly of God
Fuquay-Varina, NC
Becoming His
Becoming HIS

Finding Your Place As A Daughter Of God

Jenny Erlingsson
Dedication

This book is dedicated to my husband Bjarni and children Nyema, Thor and Eyja. I never knew how much marriage was a mirror. I never knew how much children revealed the Father. Thank you for teaching me how to be HIS.
Although long-hoped for, I don’t know if I ever really believed I would be here. The scribbles and stories I penned as a 3-year-old have long been swept away with time, but the desire and passion to write have never wavered. And here I am…writing down a list of those that I want to thank the most within the pages of a book that you will soon immerse yourself in. What a wonder life is. Dreams can sometimes feel like the faintest of things, wispy tendrils of our imagination and longings that sometimes don’t come to fruition in our own lifetimes. So when we have the opportunity to see one come to life, it is truly a wonder to behold. A beautiful thing. And even more beautiful are the ones who walk the journey out with us. I will do the cliché thing and say that if I were to thank everyone that I want to and need to I could fill this entire book with just their praises. So friends, know that there is an entire book dedicated to you in my heart even if these pages don’t visibly show all of your names. There are some that were vital in the creation process of this book that I have the privilege to call out, so to speak, and honor.

My plan was to self-publish this work, but after looking through a few of the books that I own, I decided to read more about Destiny Image. I immediately fell in love with their vision and decided to take a chance and submit my manuscript to them. I am so thankful for the entire team at Destiny Image. The books that you publish are changing the world one life at a time, and it is such an honor to be a part. Special thanks go to Sierra White, my acquisitions agent and
project manager. You believed in and loved this book from the start. Every email and communication from you were constant reminders of the reality of my dream and for that I am grateful. Thanks also to Tammy Fitzgerald, my editor, and Terry Clifton for the beautiful book design. Your work and creativity turned my words into art and substance.

For my friends, co-workers, and support system that are too numerous to name, you are amazing! Where would I be without all of you? Your constant encouragement and excitement have meant the world to me. Kisses upon kisses to my launch team for helping get the word out and for your willingness to partner with this vision. Special thanks to Darla Hall for always believing in the dreams of others and for using your gift of photography to capture meaningful moments in my family and for me. Britt Silcox, thank you for your creative website design gifting, encouragement and for talking me off the ledge of discouragement and doubt time and time again. You always have the best timing! Pastor Rusty and Leisa, my church covering and home, thank you for the breath of fresh air that I will never forget when I walked in the doors seventeen years ago. God has done so much in my life through you and will continue to. For that I am eternally grateful. For all those who gave endorsements and even considered reading this manuscript, Pastor Laura Lee, Evangelist Curtis Silcox, Evangelist Sean Smith, and others, I am so grateful for your words, and thank you for taking the time out to read and cheer me on.

Very important thanks go to my family. Sometimes I can hardly believe that I get to do life with the most beautiful and feisty people I know. I’m so thankful for the heritage that God has allowed to be my story. To my Icelandic family in-love, you are some of the kindest and most generous people I have ever met. It’s so wonderful to have such love and support from all of you. Daddy, thank you for challenging us and pushing us to be better and to work harder. I know my love of books and writing comes from you. Chima (Sampson),
you will always be my baby brother, and I am so proud of the man you have become. I love seeing you walk out your calling. Tori (Victoria), you are my favorite feisty and fierce sister. My best facial expressions come from you, and you make me laugh like no other. Junior (Christian), you are seriously one of the kindest men that I know. I love your heart and am thankful we navigated some of the hardest years together. Mommy. I have no words for how thankful I am that God chose me to be your daughter. You gave me my best gift. An environment that set me on a course to know Jesus, truly and deeply. You are the Naomi in my life that showed me Christ even in your darkest moments. You are the best mother any child could ask for, and what a blessing it is to say that you are the best grandmother any child could ask for too!

To my children, Nyema (my warrior princess), Thor (my compassionate warrior prince), and Eyja (my prophetic princess), you are the greatest gifts, the picture of the faithfulness and generosity of God to me. I am so thankful to be your mom. Thank you for letting Momma write this book, even when I had to be locked in my room, hidden upstairs, or typing feverishly into my phone while you slept in my arms. My heart and my love are for my husband, Bjarni Thor. The fanner into flame of my dreams, my encourager who constantly prodded me about finishing this book until I gave up my objections and excuses and did so. Your pursuit of me and your constant pursuit of God challenge me to move further, to get closer, to dig deeper. I love you. Thank you for loving me and our children so well. Thank you for setting Christ as the center of our home. The best is yet to come.

Lastly, because He is the most important, Jesus, thank you for loving me. For dying on the cross, for rising again, for choosing me to be yours. You caused a five-year-old to fall deeply in love with you, and she has never been the same. She never wants to be the same. You know this is all for you, really it is. This is my perfume poured out at your feet in brokenness and thankfulness that you
know me by name, that you call me your own. I don’t want to ever be without you. All my life is yours.

Undone,

Jenny Erlingsson
## Contents

Foreword ..................................................... 15  
Introduction .............................................. 19  

### Part 1  His in the Beginning  .............. 21  
1. Eve ..................................................... 23  
2. Noah’s Wife ........................................... 33  
3. Sarah ................................................... 41  
4. Shiphrah and Puah (The Midwives) ........... 49  
5. Miriam .................................................. 55  

### Part 2  His in the Promise ...................... 63  
6. Daughters of Zelophehad ......................... 65  
7. Rahab ................................................... 73  
8. Jael ....................................................... 83  
9. Ruth ..................................................... 91  
10. Hannah ............................................... 99  

### Part 3  His in the Struggle ..................... 109  
11. Abigail ............................................... 111  
12. Bathsheba ............................................. 121  
13. Tamar ............................................... 127  
14. Huldah ............................................... 135
15. Esther .................................................. 141

Part 4

 His in the Freedom. ................................. 149
16. Mary ................................................. 151
17. Samaritan Woman .............................. 157
18. Mary Magdalene ................................. 167
19. Martha ............................................... 173
20. Mary of Bethany ................................. 183

Close...................................................... 191
Foreword

“I love that in the Bible there seem to be many stories of unsuspecting women who make a huge difference. Or at least for us if we were to meet them face to face, we would never suspect the potential that is beneath their surface” (Chapter 8—Jael).

‘Becoming His’ is a journey that began for all of us the moment we breathed our first breath: “All the days ordained for me were written in your book before one of them came to be” (Psalm 139:16, NIV). All of my days, every one of them, from birth to death, was written about me in a novel HE took great care in writing before I ever gasped in the breath of God—and within this book is the epic story, our story, of Becoming His. Yes, your story is epic! It is miraculous; it is a “must-read” and a testimony that needs to be heard—not because it is perfect, with no sin, no trials, no wrong turns, but it is miraculous because, just like the lives of the women you are about to meet, He is woven into every moment. Even when there is doubt, hurt, loss, blessing, confusion, rebellion, sin, victory, and redemption, He is guiding us ever so gently, with the wind of His Spirit, as we walk out the pages of our story.

We are not much different than the women you are about to meet. As a matter of fact, it is my prayer that after this journey into His heart, you can add your name to this list of women. Remember, they are not qualified because their stories are in the Bible. They are qualified because they persevered through the journey of Becoming His. Our potential does not lie in what we see at the beginning of
our journey, but what we become when the road is the roughest. Eve was the first lady of the divinely created, but she was also the one who first tasted of sin, first felt the pains of childbirth, and first experienced the loss of a child. Sarah laughed at God and took the matters of her promise into her own hands. Miriam, at a young age, knew her God so deeply as a slave and pressed past fear, making a way for her brother, the deliverer. God saw Rahab even in her sin. HE spoke and she listened; HE led and she followed, and her people were saved. Jael was nothing more than a hammer-wielding warrior woman—ignoring the taunt of the enemy and choosing to be God’s secret weapon. Ruth pressed past her loss and her loneliness and chose to honor—an unwavering commitment, which made way for the lineage of King David. And Hannah…after years of empty arms, longing for the gift of a child, when her arms were finally full and her heart overflowing—she gave this son back to the Lord—the greatest offering…all she had to give.

Oh, the “unsuspecting potential” that has been growing within the depths of who you are! It’s HIStory, being told through the pages of your life, just like these women. In the tough years, the broken moments, and the questions…HE IS THERE. In the confusion, the wrong turns, the victories, and the triumphs…HE IS THERE. In the moments of despair and the valley of doubt…HE IS THERE. And it is for this reason you have to know that HE IS FOR YOU! And His greatest joy is for you to know Him and for you to know that YOU ARE HIS! Believing in who you are cannot be attained until you truly know you are His. HE made this possible because of the Cross of Calvary:

- He was forsaken so I could walk in freedom.
- He was left alone so I could be lead always.
- He was rejected so I could be made righteous.
- He was abandoned so that I could be atoned.
Foreword

♦ He was deserted so I could have dominion.
♦ He was ignored so I could know an indescribable God.

In 1999, I began a new chapter in my story with my husband. We left the state of Florida where we had served for over fifteen years as youth pastors, college pastors, worship leaders, and, for our final five years in Florida, executive pastors. This new journey was not only bringing us home to North Alabama, but also throwing us into planting a church and picking up the mantle of becoming lead pastors. During that first year, as the church grew, as He was “adding to the church daily” and multiplying our congregation supernaturally, families began walking beside us, carrying the vision and making covenant with what He had birthed in our hearts.

One such family was the Enyindas: Patience, a single mom from Nigeria—who, to this day, is one of my heroes—and her four amazing children, Jenny, Chris, Victoria, and Chima.

Since then, I have had the privilege of not only seeing these children grow up, but the honor of being part of their lives. The eldest of the four, Jenny, is your writer and your navigator, the one who will open up a portion of His heart for you in the pages of this book. It is not my intention for this to sound like a bio; rather, it is—out of complete love for her journey—a heart-felt desire for you to catch a tiny glimpse into her pursuit of Him.

Jenny graduated high school about two years after I met her family. She graduated from the University of Tennessee and earned her Masters degree from Alabama A&M University shortly thereafter. Through her college years, I watched her dedication, her perseverance, and her commitment, all the while staying connected to her home church, loving and honoring her mother, and being the most amazing big sister anyone could ask for.

After pursuing and completing her education, Jenny returned home, working for eight years as our church’s junior high youth
pastor and pursuing grants. She has always excelled in all she has put her hands to, and honestly, I could fill even more pages of this book with her abilities, her passions, her gifts, and how loved she is by all. For me, this confirms one of the greatest assets and privileges of being a pastor—and that is raising up daughters, living your life before them, nurturing them to embrace their journey, helping them find their wings, and watching them fly. Over the past seventeen years, I have been in the grandstands with countless others witnessing Jenny becoming His! And for the past three years, I have had a front row seat—because she is my assistant, and she is my friend.

I invite you to plunge yourself into the pages of this book and into the lives of these women—not fictional women, but real women, just like you and just like me. Don’t miss a word! Position yourself to hear Him intimately. Jenny has captured the key to a portal, which will lead us into a place within His heart few will ever know they can visit.

—Leisa Nelson
Senior Pastor, along with her husband, Rusty,
The Rock Family Worship Center, Huntsville, Alabama
Introduction

This is about the journey to remember who we are and to whom we belong. All of us as women have one thing in common no matter our life circumstance. We may not have siblings, husbands, children, or grandchildren, but we were all born. We are all daughters. And that core position is the central theme of this book. Contained within these pages are stories of our sisters. Women of the faith who have gone before us. They didn’t necessarily get it right all the time and they didn’t always have it so bad either. The key here is not the measure of their success but that they went before. They form the cloud of witnesses pressing us on, encouraging, speaking life over us because they now dwell in the presence of true life. Their stories as told in scripture remind us that they had parts to play in HISstory; they made their mark somehow for His glory. What we read about them has both personal impact and prophetic implications for our lives and the world.

Or maybe just for you, as your fingers thumb through the snippets and snapshots of the lives that are highlighted—maybe the impact and implication is just for you. That’s how it’s been for me. It is not my desire nor intention to add to the Word of God through the imaginative expressions of the stories that are shared. But because of what I know of our Father’s heart and guiding of
the Holy Spirit, I see these women not just in the black and white context of the text but fleshed out beautifully in the colors and personalities that God gave them, the impact of their responses to the circumstances set before them, the mistakes they made...the way they lived their lives. And I have to believe that even the ones who seemed to fail miserably did not necessarily have to be destined to a bad ending. We don’t get to read in depth about the end of all of their lives, especially after a crisis. But I believe it’s because the Lord wants us to consistently go to Him for the answers, to dig deeper and let Him continue the stories on the pages of our hearts. To write those meaningful endings and beginnings into our own lives.

And after it all there may be just one word or phrase that you take with you...or none at all. You see, to me that is beautiful. Because all this randomness comes together in a lovely fragrance that I hope draws you into deeper relationship with Jesus and also ministers to Him. It is a box broken, a perfume poured out, a response to a price that He has paid for us. It is the spices and flowers and seeds and fruits crushed together to form an oil that lingers, a scent that reminds us that when it all comes down to it, we are His in all of our complexities, quirks, weaknesses, strengths, laughter, and mourning. So read wide open; take what you will and what you need, but remember it’s all just meant to point you back to Him. To remind you, my sister, that we are His and that’s all that matters.
PART 1

His in the Beginning

She is made—carefully, intricately woven into the masterpiece that He would call mankind. A kind of wonderful that would be like no other creature. She was made like no other but made for another, not as a problem to be handled but as a solution, as an answer. A response to a longing previously unfulfilled, a kiss, a thrill of excitement and joy, as she touches down, girl meets boy, boy meets joy, meets the expression of divine that he couldn't quite articulate until he saw this Eve, his mate. This mother. This dancer. This serenade of creation. A lullaby of love and provision from their maker. She was made. In His image to represent His image, to birth His image, populate the earth with His image, to join in the reproduction of His very presence. She was made as His melody over the earth, a balm after a day’s work, to sing of beauty and worth, the laughter and the mirth; she was made perfect and lovely, not a flaw marred her features, but to Him she was the standard of loveliness, a work of art in moving form. Poetry in motion, how she must have danced, run, soared, beautiful feet...lifting, swaying, hopping, playing to eternity’s rhythm. She was made to fit him. Partner for life to
dwell beside, a companion she was made. She had not earned and so did not deserve such favor, yet...there was one who would make it seem so. One who would twist words once spoken into barbs of half-truths that would pull her through, discarding the gift that was given for that which they wanted to take. Grasping for temporary satisfaction in exchange for eternal relationship, she reached out for that which was forbidden and forgot she was made. So she gave lies a way, so she gave blame a name, so she hid from her source of wonder and forgot that she was made. And her identity as a solution became a problem that would plague. But she was still made and no mistake could erase the divine original intent of the Creator and the promises He conveyed, a promise that before she was formed He had made. For already there was one who was the lamb that was slain. He promised that from her brokenness, beauty He would make.
I don’t know what it means or even how to describe it. But I feel wind within me, an exhale…I inhale all of it. It comes within and without bouncing around every part of me until I feel it in every space I didn’t know existed. It’s vibrating through my senses, a gentle hum stirring me to wake. It is food and water, light and sound, exhilaration and peace...yes, peace. A knowing that everything is as it should be and here I am, separated and connected to the source of that breath...breath, ahh...that’s what it is. I feel more of its warmth on my face, closer, deeper. My eyes open to infinite color. I am in the center of a gaze, and it is unbearable beauty yet I cannot look away. He says my name. I close my eyes to ponder and savor; all at once I am empowered and uncovered. I am His and He is mine. My eyes open again and this time they are assaulted by wonder. That’s what I call it—wonder, staring at me. And this time, instead
of eternal orbs I see an image reflected back at me in the center of this gaze. The color deep, rich, like the fire I feel in me.

I am awake.

He stands before me. I don’t know him, but somehow I know he is mine. The same breath I know flows through his body, linking us in a way that should not be broken. He takes my hand, that thing that opens and closes at the end of a long and graceful extension of me. Me. That is who I am. Not just the breath or vibration I feel but a form that is standing carefully as he pulls me to what I am soon to call feet. He takes me into his matching arms and holds me close, a beat pounding against my chest that I cannot determine the source of. He holds me close as if to take all of me into him and I do the same, studying him with every cell of my body. I am his and he is mine.

He teaches me much, this Adam of mine. This man, this ruler of all that is before us. He shows me the rolling of the hills, the clear blue of the rivers that flow through our garden, the intelligence of the animals that serve as our companions. The intricate detail of their ways is mesmerizing, from the flit of the hummingbird to the smooth stride of the cheetah. And he shows me the ways we are so perfectly fit together, my Adam and I. I know every part of him as he knows of me. But more wondrous than all these are those moments when the atmosphere of the garden stands still, the very mist parts, and the animals bow. When in the most beautiful and serene part of the day, the very maker of it all comes in. He is everywhere and around everything in an instant, yet we behold Him as He stands with us, as close as our very breath. He is the breath, the wind that brings substance to our form, and we await His coming with anticipation.

There is so much more of Him that I desire and yet so much I do not know. Adam answers questions for me as much as he can; he speaks to me of the words spoken to him even before I was created.
Eve

All things are at our fingertips, all for our taking except, mysteriously, for one thing.

This one, I admit I look at rather often. Although I try to keep my gaze away, when I am near there is an attraction that I can only compare to when our maker is near. Yet this one gnaws at me and draws me closer. I see the workings of the One in all that He has made and I long to understand how this tree represents Him as well. Even the animals who have roamed this place longer than I don’t seem to know, nor do they seem to care. They are content in their roles, happy in their doings, all except for one. And I see that he joins me this day as I gaze at the tree. I sense my Adam coming near, and I sense this creature coming closer. And as Adam joins my side, the tree filling our minds’ eyes, the voice of the serpent starts to whisper, “Did God actually say…?”

His words begin to weave webs of thought and question, the burden of it all pressing in our minds until we crave a release of the pressure. I sense the longing in my Adam as strongly as I feel it in myself. Surely if everything in the garden is good this one thing has to be as well. I remember the words shared, the command given to my husband that he passed along to me. But perhaps that was for the beginning; surely it could not mean for always. Why would our maker withhold anything from us that would be good? Even as I ponder I feel the slight shiver of surrender. I want to know more, and to think I could know it now stirs up a strange pleasure. “Eve?” I hear my name in hesitation, I hear it in doubt, and as I turn to the source I see that Adam is farther behind me now. The direction of my thoughts led me closer to that which I wanted to be closer to, I wanted to partake of its fruit. And my Adam, I know, has wanted to taste it too.

I reach carefully for the fruit, no fear in my approach, yet a twinge of something I do not quite understand appears on the inside of me. I look back again to Adam, expecting him to give me a reason to turn away. But the look in his eyes urges me forward. He
is unsure but the desire to define the unknown overrides what he knows. I turn back to my task and reach up ever so slightly to take hold of that fruit. As I grasp its flesh I hear a slight hissing on the wind, almost as if the serpent creature laughs. I take a bite and oh…my eyes, it is almost too bright; slightly blinded I give Adam the fruit to taste. He too takes a bite and immediately shields his eyes. After the light dims I blink, looking around to see that everything has been made more dull…and quiet. I did not realize how much the music in our garden colored our senses with vibrant, decadent hues. We were to see more clearly; we were to know what we did not. Yet what I see leaves me wanting; what I know is disconcerting. The world as I know it has lost its color, and somehow I know that it is changed forever.

PONDER

Have you ever had a craving? Had a taste for something so strong that it filled your thoughts when you let your mind roam freely? Something that diverted your attention and made you lose focus? I have and I do, all the time. There is some good that I have the intention of doing, but then again I don’t want to do it because what I crave seems so much sweeter in the moment than what I’m trying to move toward. It seems silly that the things that are so glaringly temporary steal our focus off of what is meant to remain in our lives.

So here it is, my confession. At this moment I have the strongest craving for a big, flavorful, juicy, taste-the-rainbow bag of…Skittles. Skittles? Yes, you heard me correct. You probably think I am crazy and making up some strange confession for the sake of illustration. Truth be told, that may come later in this book, but I speak honestly when I say this—I am addicted to candy. And I guess it wouldn’t be so bad if I hadn’t just come out of a time of fasting when I laid down those treats. Not to mention I didn’t eat candy for three years
in a commitment to praying and waiting for my future husband. Yet there are days I may be found rummaging through my children’s lunch boxes for leftover fruit snacks. Candy is oftentimes my trade. It is my weakness.

Before you close this book and pick up the magazine you really wanted to read or the Instagram update that might catch your interest, give me a few minutes. I didn’t put all these words down to talk about a 12-step program to be freed from candy addiction (although if there is one of that nature it might behoove me to be a part). There is something more important for both you and me to understand and learn. There is a transformation of thought that must occur in our lives in order for our words, feelings, actions, habits, and lifestyles to change. We must exchange the lies we have believed and the counterfeits we’ve clung to for the fullness of life that God intended us to have. And for me at times it starts with candy and leads to a lack of self-control, a need for comfort and quick satisfaction, a deficit in my trust in the Lord. Where does it start for you?

For Eve, it started with a voice. A word, a whisper, a command. We don’t know if Eve heard the rule with her own two ears, but we can be sure she knew of it. In the biblical fiction book Havah\(^1\), author Tosca Lee speculates so beautifully that maybe Adam had received the command before Eve was formed and therefore Eve did not hear it directly from God himself, although it did not diminish its relevance to her. The Bible says that Eve was deceived. Basically, she was led to believe something that was not true. This is not to direct all blame away from her or justify her actions. And by actions I mean that incident of fruit sampling that took place among our freshly formed ancestors. Through the coaxing of the serpent-clothed Satan, Eve was influenced to grab a hold of that which was forbidden in order to receive what she craved. And whether or not she heard God say the words was not the issue; the issue was obedience. This was the first test of humanity.
When we delve deeper into the dynamics of this story we realize that this is more than a children's Bible illustration. Two main questions come up when we dissect what was taking place—two out of the mass of thoughts I have, like, “Did Adam have a belly button?” “Could they talk to animals?” “Were they vegetarians?” or “Why, oh, why did pains in childbirth have to be increased?!” Out of all those irrelevant thoughts my core questions are these:

1. Why did Eve (and Adam) choose to listen to the voice of the enemy instead of God?
2. Why didn’t Eve (and Adam) just ask God for knowledge?

I mean, they had contact with the Creator of the universe. The one who breathed out the very stars spent the lush evenings conversing with them, sharing His presence with them, allowing them to know Him. And yet the voice of the unfamiliar began to echo some deep desires of their hearts, and they decided to follow a voice that justified what their cravings were. Ugh…sound familiar? God had already spoken and made it clear what His desire was for Adam and Eve, yet they were influenced by another voice. I can only imagine that as time passed in the garden they frequented the place where that tree was. Their indifference turning to curiosity, curiosity into interest, and interest into a craving. And the enemy knew. He noticed the subtle changes in their behavior, the growing pull of their attraction, and he took advantage of the moments he had to begin to plant words that sounded right in their ears. And I say “their” because, according to scripture, it wasn’t just Eve standing there alone. The Bible says that Adam was with her when he took the fruit from her hand.

So why did they choose to listen to this other voice? Maybe because they hadn’t allowed the voice of God to reign supreme in their lives. Maybe instead of rehearsing God’s purpose and promises even when they didn’t understand, they leaned on their own
understanding and began to dwell on what they didn’t have. In doing so, they exchanged the truth of God for a lie because in that instance the lie seemed to be more valuable, to hold more weight. And that is where we find ourselves time and time again—the battle between what has been said, because it is what has been promised, and then what is before our eyes as a temporary satisfaction.

That’s what it always is, isn’t it? Temporary, not lasting, like a vapor—our satisfaction. We throw all our resources toward things that really don’t mean a drop in the bucket when it comes to eternity. We search the Internet, books, and friends for the things we need to fulfill us when the true source is as close as our very breath, as intimate as our spirit. If we’ve chosen He who chose us first. Yet we don’t go to Him, at least not always first. In Jeremiah 33:3, God gives us this beautiful promise that I don’t think we always fully grasp. In it He says, “call to me and I will answer you, and will tell you great and hidden things that you have not known” (NRSV). There is so much powerful beauty in this verse. I will do my best to unpack it for you, but I don’t want the simple magnitude of it to be complicated either. So consider that first He says “call.” We could end it all right there. The fact that I have permission to call on Him is mind blowing. We have access to the one who breathed the stars out, the one who spoke a word and things came to be. The one who has such vast authority yet He says call to Me—so poignant, so personal His beckoning. We get to be friends with God. It is this very friendship we were created for. The type that Adam and Eve were allowed to walk in before they made that dreadful exchange.

As we continue in this verse, God then says, “I will answer you”—not another person, not an angel, but He, He himself personally will answer our call to Him. Many of us stop here because when we hear that God will answer us we automatically assume that He will answer our prayer. That He will give us exactly what we have been asking for. He may do that, or He may just say, “Yes, darling, I’m listening.” Both are so tremendously valuable, and I think we
can honestly say that the latter may be worth more than the former. The Creator of the universe is saying that He will answer us each and every time.

I can’t say that I answer my daughter each time she calls for me. Many times I am tired of her questions; I grow weary of her repetition. I at times choose to ignore because I have already told her what she wants to hear or I respond with probably more attitude than I intend to. I believe at times that my daughter’s chatter is legitimate, but I think that most of the time she bounces her incessant words off of me in order to just remind herself that I am hers and that I and her daddy are the source of her knowledge. Parenthood has been the best picture of the nature of the Father toward me. He says that when I call to Him and ask Him my sometimes legitimate, but mostly repetitious, annoying, doubtful, incessant, excessive questions He will answer me! Although God answers what we ask of Him, those answers are not more important than the answerer. My hope is that in this life more than His presents—I crave His presence. I’m pretty sure I fail daily, but that is what I’m moving toward.

This verse has already proven awesome, but then He says, “and will tell you great and hidden things that you have not known.” So not only is He saying I can call Him, not only is He saying He will answer, but then He has the almighty audacity to say that He will tell us even more things that we could never imagine or even know how to ask for. Secrets and mysteries, insight and intimacies, if we simply use the key of call.

So...when I consider Eve and all that was lost, I wonder why she didn’t just ask. Why she didn’t take hold of what was offered her. I know, of course, she didn’t have the Holy Spirit-inspired words of Jeremiah before her as we do now, the ability to look through scriptures and dig out promises. But sister, she had the King of kings walking with her daily in the cool of the day, in the quietest moments when she could lay her heart bare. She was made for relationship with Him, and in that relationship He would not have
Eve

withheld any good thing from her. Yet...here we are, made for the same relationship, given the same opportunity through Jesus. Not with a tree in front of us but many more desirable, entangling, temporary things. Our choice must be made in the smallest and largest of ways, in minute details and major decisions. And there is a God who beckons us, gives us permission to call to Him, to be saturated in His voice and His alone, and to hear the secrets of His heart that outweigh any temporary thing. He’s listening.

PRESS IN

1. What was or could have been Eve’s strength?
2. What was or could have been her weakness?
3. What is the biggest thing she needed to grasp during this time of beginnings?
4. What is the Holy Spirit saying to you about being His through Eve’s story?
Endnotes

2. Terkeurst, Lysa, *The Disease to Please*, (Thomas Nelson, 2014)
4. Dictionary.com
About Jenny Erlingsson

Jenny serves on the pastoral staff of The Rock Family Worship Center, a dynamic and diverse church in Huntsville, Alabama. She loves to encourage and empower both men and women, young and old, but is especially passionate about seeing the daughters of God be all that they were created to be. Jenny’s desire is for the fear of man to be broken off of His church so that they can change the atmosphere around them with their God-given identities and callings. Her greatest privilege is being married to her handsome Icelandic husband, and together they are blessed with raising and wrangling three beautiful and equally fiery children. On any given day you will find her talking loudly, laughing contagiously and loving fiercely, oh and maybe eating a piece of candy or two.
FREE E-BOOKS?
YES, PLEASE!

Get FREE and deeply discounted Christian books for your e-reader delivered to your inbox every week!

IT’S SIMPLE!

VISIT lovetoreadclub.com

SUBSCRIBE by entering your email address

RECEIVE free and discounted e-book offers and inspiring articles delivered to your inbox every week!

Unsubscribe at any time.

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

LOVE TO READ CLUB

visit LOVETOREADCLUB.COM ▸