



He was pierced
for our
transgressions,
He was crushed
for our iniquities;
the punishment
that brought us
peace was on
Him, and by His
wounds we are
healed.

-Isaiah 53:5

Dear Yeshua,

It has been years.

Years since they said You carried a cross that was never Yours.
Years since they said nails tore through hands that had only ever healed.
Years since they said You hung between heaven and earth, rejected by both, so
that I would never be rejected again.

And still... I have questions.

They say it has been over two thousand years since that day.

But I wonder,

Did You have me in mind then?

Not this "saved version" of me, no.
Not the version that sings loudly in church or writes about You like I know You
deeply.

But me.

This version.

The one who tries... and still fails.
The one who loves You... but not always enough.
The one who says "never again"... and then again... falls.

Was I in Your mind when the road to the cross grew heavier with every step?

They tell me You died for my sins.

That You paid it all.

That the debt has been settled.

Finished.

Complete.

"It is finished," You had even said.

But sometimes... it doesn't feel finished.

Because I still struggle.

I still battle thoughts I should have conquered by now.

I still wrestle with desires that don't look like You.

I still carry habits I have prayed against a hundred times.

And then, I wonder,

Am I hurting You again?

Every time I lie.

Every time I choose pride over humility.

Every time I entertain thoughts I know are not pure.

Every time I ignore that quiet nudge in my heart that says, "Don't go there."

Am I... crucifying You all over again?

I think about the Cross sometimes, most times.

Not the polished one we hang on our walls.

Not the silver one around our necks.

But the real one.

Rough wood.

Splinters.

Blood.

Shame.

I think about how they mocked You.

How they spat on You.

How they laughed while You struggled to breathe.

How they crowned You with thorns that pierced Your skull.

And then I think about my life,

And it scares me.

Because sometimes, it feels like I walk away from that cross too easily.

Like I receive grace... and then treat it casually.

Like I forget that Your pain was not poetic, it was real.

If You truly died for me...

Then why do I still live like I belong to myself?

Why do I still negotiate with sin?

Why do I still say, "It's not that deep,"
when deep down, I know it is?

Why do I keep returning to the very things You gave Your life to free me from?

I am tired, Yeshua.

Tired of the cycle.

Tired of pretending I am stronger than I am.
Tired of promising change without surrendering fully.
Tired of starting over... and over... and over again.

I don't want to play games anymore.

Not with my soul.
Not with Your sacrifice.

I don't want to love You halfway.

But here is the truth I am afraid to say out loud:

Sometimes... I don't know how to change.

I know what is right.
I know what You expect.
I know the verses.
I know the prayers.

But knowing is not the same as becoming.

And that gap,

That space between who I am and who I want to be,

It's exhausting.

There are days I feel strong.

Days I say no.
Days I choose You boldly.
Days I feel like I am finally becoming the person You see when You look at me.

And then there are days I fall so easily it scares me.

Days I don't even fight hard enough.

Days I choose what is easy instead of what is right.
Days I ignore conviction until it grows quiet.

And afterward...

The silence.

That heavy, disappointing silence.

The kind that makes me wonder if I have gone too far this time.

Do You still feel the pain?

When I fall, does it echo back to Calvary?

When I choose wrong, does it reopen wounds that were meant to heal?

Or did You already carry even this?

Even this version of me?

Even these repeated failures?

They say grace is sufficient.

But sometimes I abuse it.

They say You forgive.

But sometimes I take that forgiveness for granted.

They say I am free.

But sometimes I walk back into chains like they are familiar friends.

And yet...

There is something that keeps pulling me back.

Not guilt.

Not fear.

You.

It's always You.

Because no matter how far I drift,
I cannot escape the quiet truth that

I belong to You.

I need that mercy more than I admit.

I need a love that does not give up on me.

A grace that is not exhausted by my inconsistency.

A Savior who sees the worst of me, and still chooses to stay.

Not just that You died.

But that You knew.

You knew I would struggle.

You knew I would fall.

You knew I would take time to grow.

And still...

You chose the cross.

Still...

I don't want to take Your sacrifice lightly anymore.

I don't want to keep living like grace is cheap.

I don't want to love You with words and deny You with actions.

Teach me, Yeshua.

Teach me how to walk away from what pulls me down.

Teach me how to desire what is right, not just tolerate it.

Teach me how to sit with You long enough to be changed by You.

Not forced change.

Not temporary discipline.

Real transformation.

I don't want to just avoid sin.

I want to love You more than I love sin.

I want to reach a point where choosing You is not a struggle...

But a response.

And if I fall again...

Because I know I might...

Remind me not to run away.

Remind me that the cross is not a place of rejection,

But a place of return.

Remind me that the cross is not just about what You did then.

That it is about what You are still doing now.

In me.

Through me.

With me.

You died.

But You also rose.

And if You truly rose...

Then this life I am living...

This struggle, this growth, this journey,

It is not pointless.

It is proof that death did not win.

That sin does not have the final say.

That I am not stuck.

So today...

I choose You again.

Not perfectly.

Not flawlessly.

But honestly.

I choose to stop pretending.

I choose to stop hiding.

I choose to stop negotiating with things that weaken my soul.

I choose You.

And maybe tomorrow, I will have to choose You again.

And the day after that.

And the day after that.

But this time...

I won't see it as failure.

I will see it as love.

For Your love shows up.

Again and again.

Just like You did.

On the cross.

Just like you are doing.

Even today.

And tomorrow.

And beyond it.

So here I am, Jesus.

Not perfect.

Not finished.

But Yours.

Still Yours.

Always Yours.

Thank You for the cross.

And thank You... for not giving up on me.