

My Body

Ronnie W. Wolfe – April 29, 2020

Oh, this old, decrepit body of mine! I was born to it, and God broke it for me. I carry it with me everywhere; I am responsible for it; I must care for it and amuse it. I have five windows through which I commune with the world around me. My window of eye sees the beauty of God's creation. The window of ear receives the sounds of the rushing of the wind, the chirping of birds, the words of a friend, and the complaints of others. My window of nose can receive the aroma of a wonderful meal and the rancid stench of corrupt food. The window of tongue receives the taste of delicious as well as objectionable things. The window of touch receives the tender embrace of a friend, the kiss of a wife or another kind from a mother. These are the windows of this old body.

Oh, wretched body, how can you brag of your passions and feel amused and comfortable with your wisdom and your knowledge? How arrogant is it that I call this my body? Did I create it? Was I its inventor or its sustainer? Did I not receive this body, made in the image of the eternal God, from him alone? Was it not his will that I be? Was it not his sovereign plan that formed me in the womb of my mother? Where was I when God laid the foundation of the earth? How much do I know about God's creation and the awe of God's sovereign words which spoke this world into existence and all that is therein? Nothing, I say.

This is not my body! This is God's body! I had no authority over my body when the Polio pandemic was around me and caught me and pulled me down into the pit of paralysis. I was in the clutches of disease and could have come to death; but God in his kindness and tender mercy saved me from the way of all the earth.

This is not my body! This body was created by God and purchased by Christ's blood when he shed his precious blood on Calvary. I have no claim to this body. At age 13 I was caught by the Spirit of God, who brought me under severe conviction of my sins, and I knew that I needed a Savior. I heard the Gospel story, and I trusted Jesus as my Savior. Now my body belongs wholly to him.

But sometimes I take charge of my body and please it with the soothing and enjoyable pleasure of sin for a season; then the Spirit comes and rebukes and instructs me to a higher plane than that of sin. He lifts me up through his word to a

higher ground, a grander existence, a more joyful place, and God's love forgives me and dwells in my heart, and he let's me know that I am not my own, that I am bought with a price and that I should use the members of this body for his service and for his glory; and it brings joy to my heart and a peace that passes understanding.

Yes, this body is a cheap thing from my perspective. My teacher told me once that my body in its physical form is worth about \$1.54. I know, however, that I am of much worth to my Lord; for he made me worthy by his grace, and this body is only a tool by which God can work in it to believe, preach, teach, and witness of God's saving grace.

But my tears come many times, because I do not use this decrepit body to serve him. I have never used by broken body as an excuse to serve Satan rather than the Lord, but I have endeavored to surrender my bodily instruments to his service to serve him only and not to serve another master. He is my only master.

So, with weakened legs, learned mind, talented hands, and a broken but loving heart I surrender to God's will and pray that one day, when I see him face to face, he will say to me, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Lord, I have never questioned why you broke my body down. I have always simply thought that it was your will, and you have used my broken body to make many friends and to have many doors of ministry and opportunity opened to me, for which I thank you and love you.

I cannot serve you enough. I cannot love you enough. I cannot trust you enough. But you have done enough for me. You gave your only Son, Jesus, to redeem me from my sins, and you sent the Holy Spirit to draw me to you so that you could express your love to me in an everlasting way. Now you keep me by your power to reveal me in eternity blameless in your love.

Now, Lord, I want others to know you as I do; because, no matter what conditions may prevail in life, believers in Jesus Christ are secure, sealed by the Holy Spirit, and comforted by the God of all comfort. I desire to see others to know you as I do, and I pray that, if they know you by believing in Jesus, that they will experience the peace and joy that I have in my heart, for I am blessed both in

life and in death.

So, Lord, here is my body; it is your body. As much as in me is, I surrender all to you, though I fail. You are faithful and just to forgive me, I know. My heart is settled on you. Take my life and consecrate it, Lord, to thee.

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee,
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee,
Filled with messages from Thee.