Go On, Risk It Anyway

Abigail Bevan 16 February 2016



Bret, my husband, has the adventure gene. I have the “sit quietly and enjoy watching the adventure” gene. Bret likes to hang off rocks, trail run down mountains at breakneck speeds, and surprisingly, cook. Not surprisingly he likes cooking best when it’s a recipe he’s never tried before. If the recipe flops, Bret is upset for all of 5 seconds and then moves on. My thrill in life is the ticks on my to-do list. If you want to spend time with me, you don’t need to meet me somewhere hipster or exotic. I am quite happy with an empty dining room table and the company of another human being who enjoys good conversation.

Although I have a quirky, crazy side to me, most of the time my habits tend towards counting the cost and playing it safe. It’s not all bad. I’ve never been in debt. I’m very easily contented and hardly ever bored. I like who God’s created me to be. I think I reflect that side of God that is beautifully simple. I love God earnestly and deeply. He is constantly whispering beautiful mysteries into my soul. But the thing is, God has so many sides to Him. Bret teaches me a lot about a side of God that I wouldn’t easily learn on my own. I see in Bret a reflection of a God that is passionate, adventurous, fascinating, and wild. Bret counts the cost… and then decides to risk it all anyway in lavish displays of his faith and love in God.

This Sunday, Andrew Selley painted a picture of our God that counted the cost, weighed up our frailties and acknowledged our status as piles of dust (outside of His sustaining breath). Jesus knew exactly what he was risking when He took on the limitations of the human form and paid the punishment for our sins – separation from the Father, suffering a punishment worse than we could ever imagine. The price for every filthy human action was paid in full. The cost was pain and agony. The risk was rejection. We could turn our backs on what He’d done and ignore Him,

and pick up the punishment again and die an eternal death despite everything He'd done. God risked it all in the hope that we'd choose to see Him and love Him.

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God's stirring up deep, deep wells in me to count the cost and risk it all, because I'm so grateful for what Jesus has saved me from. I was talking about Jesus to a friend the other day and I found myself gushing, like when you've just fallen in love and can't stop talking about how astonishingly gorgeous and amazing this person is. I want to love Him like He loves me – wildly, mysteriously, passionately, every sacrifice a joy, to be able to present Him with, as a love gift. I want to fall in love again with Jesus today, every day.