

Identity Crisis

For much of my adult life I have suffered with an “identity crisis”. I didn’t really know who I was. Before I got saved I was a caterpillar crawling around and munching on leaves, doing the typical caterpillar things. After I got saved, I didn’t really realize I had changed into a butterfly. I had always wanted to fly, to spread my wings and soar on the wind, but I was still a caterpillar on the inside, even though I had gone through some massive transformation, I didn’t realize it and I still crawled around from leaf to leaf munching on greens instead of being filled with the sweet nectar I craved. I was still a caterpillar because that’s who I believed I was. Who or what we allow to define us determines how we react to and approach life.

I’m not in a beauty pageant, but so many times I tried to be. I made my Christianity a contest to try to be the most spiritually beautiful of them all. Many times I would go home feeling more like the ugly duckling than the beautiful princess I wanted to be. This resulted from trying to find my identity in what others thought about me. The problem with that is their definition of me is always circumstantial, meaning it is always based on the circumstances at the time. Getting our definition from the wrong source can cripple us emotionally, mentally and spiritually. The problem with me seeing myself through my own eyes or even the eyes of others is that we see ourselves and others through the filtered lens of hurt, pain and disappointment. People only have a limited vision of who I am.

For years I was a princess, I had access to everything I could ever want or need from the royal palace. I had it all, but I never realized it, instead I chose to live as a pauper, homeless, walking around with my head downcast and humiliated, never realizing my full potential. Instead of enjoying the bountiful blessings He was offering me, I chose to live a spiritually bankrupt life. Then I decided I would try to work my way out of poverty and into the palace, I thought I could **earn** the King’s love. What I didn’t realize was that I already had it, I was trying to earn His love rather than enjoying the love He wanted to lavish on me. What He has He gives freely; I was wearing myself out to gain something I already had. In the process I was getting my identity from what I did. When we define ourselves by what we do, then who are we when we stop doing?

I was walking around thinking what a poor pitiful girl I was with no friends and no one who cared about me when all the while the King of Glory was pursuing me and trying to convince me to let Him be my best friend. He wanted to hold up His mirror of truth to show me how He saw me. I was choosing to believe lies about myself rather than His truth. I was scared of the One who knew me better and loved me more than anyone. Once I started to realize how much He loved me, I came to a crisis of belief. I had to decide where I was going to get my identity. His definition of me is intimidating if I am trying to earn it, get it from what others think of me, or seeing myself through my own eyes. Jesus sees me through perfect eyes – eyes that aren’t limited by time or circumstances. He sees me in my

full potential. When He looks at me He sees the fulfillment of who I can be. He doesn't define me by my past mistakes or my poor choices. He doesn't want that to be where I get my identity from either. He wants me to see myself first through His eyes, then I will be better equipped to see others the way He sees them. The truth is He is madly in love with me. There is nothing I can do to make Him love me anymore or any less. The power of His love comes from realizing and believing it. Not in hoping I am who He says I am, but really believing it, letting it penetrate into the very fibers of my being. Living like I believe it is when the real transformation began. When I refused to believe His truth about me I was walking around defeated and ineffective in His Kingdom, what's worse I was in agreement with satan. When we aren't in agreement with Jesus, we are agreeing with the kingdom of darkness. His vision of me is empowering, my vision was defeating.

I am choosing to believe everything He says I am.

I am: greatly loved, full of power, a favored daughter, a precious child, a treasured possession, a warrior princess in the King's army, royalty, cherished, blessed, worth dying for, a work in progress, accepted, strong and mighty, honored, a force to be reckoned with, armed and equipped, beautiful and courageous, a friend of God.

This would not have been the description I would have given of myself; it's my choice whether or not I accept this. Everything about this journey with Jesus is about choice – even seeing myself as the true beauty He sees. Believing you are who Jesus says you are changes everything about you, it makes all the difference, and it determines if you are the victim or the victor.

What more can I say? He's crazy about me. I can identify with that.

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