

Prayer of Surrender – Mrs Lavonne Goldschmidt
(Heart, Mind and Will)

As a nine-year old child, I surrendered my heart to Jesus after attending vacation bible school with a classmate in Cedartown Georgia. In 1964, my family didn't attend church, so I didn't have any real growth. I appreciate growing up in a God-fearing home, and having Christian friends even though I was not going to church. I firmly believe that God won my heart that summer and relentlessly pursues me still.

At age 19, now married with an infant, I surrendered my mind to the Lord. My husband and I attended a tiny bi-lingual Church mission in Santa Cruz, California. The pastor was a mechanic at the local Sears store and his wife was a bookkeeper for a large farm operation. Carlos and Bernice had burning desire to minister to migrant farm workers in central California. The Church grew attracting mostly English-speaking couples. My husband and I immersed ourselves in God's word and his work in building the Church (Mission El Salvador). It was a wonderful experience to be involved in church ministry and our building project.

At age 29, my husband and I divorced and I went through a dark period, never losing my faith, but questioning what it really means to be a Christian. How did we fail?

At age 39 I surrendered my will to Jesus. In 1994 I had everything I'd ever wanted in life, a loving husband, three loving children, financial security, the American dream. But it all left me wanting. I struggled with a feeling of emptiness. I had no right to feel depressed and unsatisfied, I had everything my heart desired. But I wanted and needed more. More meaning, more purpose in my life.

I truly believe that Jesus brought me to a point of decision and handed me an ultimatum. I heard him ask, "Do you really love me? If I take everything, your husband, children, security... will you still love me?"

I knew that the emptiness I felt was his absence in my life. He had plans for me, but I had plans for me too. So, I found myself at a moment of decision. Surrender my will, or hang on to it. Live for him, or live for me. I wrestled with this question for days and ultimately made the only decision I could, surrender. I prayed and cried and cried and prayed fully expecting that my house of cards would start falling in all around me because I decided to give my whole self to him. I just knew that I would face resistance from my husband. He wouldn't understand.

God is faithful, even when I am not. He never forgot about that little 9-year-old girl crying at the alter for forgiveness and salvation. Surrender is a daily decision and will not be perfected in me until I see him face-to-face. I chose to follow him, trusting that he gives me the mercy, grace and strength needed to serve him every minute, every hour, every day. I am blessed beyond my wildest dreams to call him my Savior, Lord and Friend, the lover of my soul.

Father, thank you for pursuing me relentlessly all my days, for never accepting my willful disobedience. You are my hound of heaven and I love you for it. Thank you for loving me too much to leave me without hope, passion and purpose. Continue to call and lead me. Never let me go. Draw me into fellowship with you each morning. Speak to me through your word. Help me to discern your ways. Keep me on your path. In you I find perfect peace and joy. I love you Lord. As I start my week, help me be your hands and feet to everyone I meet. In the precious holy name of Jesus, I pray. Amen and Amen