Grace

 “Could it be possible?”, she asked herself as she slipped on the creamy, white satin bridal gown. The dress fit perfectly, as if it was made for her. The luxury of wearing such a garment seemed so foreign. She was used to sacrificing for others at her own expense. Bartering was a talent that she had acquired; became quite an expert at it. The sacrificial acts of self, result in guarantees of a “good life.” Horrific tragedies would be shielded from entering her life… or so she thought.

 She had just exited a long-term dysfunctional marriage that had been doomed for years. Raising children, working hard and exerting all her energies on making a reality transpire with control. God had brought her to a place of abandonment, where she trusted Him enough to believe. Believe that a better life was possible. Beauty from the ashes.

 During this time, she began to realize that God was an entity much larger than the small box that she had placed Him in. The earning His love mentality by always doing good was exhausting and lethal. She began to see promises unfurl; He wasn’t leaving her; He was right there beside her. Self-judgement and shame began to be removed by His love and grace. She began to believe that it was actually possible that she could wear a gown for her groom. The healing love of God was removing her scarlet wounds.

 The gown hung in the shadows of a closet waiting for the time when it could be worn in joy because of Grace. The day had come when she could wear this glorious garment and enter a healed life with a wonderful, honoring man in marriage.

 Soon the shop would open “Blessing Brides”; now it was her turn. She lovingly handed over her gown with a donating prayer. The shop had been open for weeks and numerous women had stepped forward to donate their dresses for others. Humbly sharing their past celebrations and yes, sometimes, wounds.

 A bride stepped into the shop at this appointed time to receive. She chose a creamy, white satin bridal gown. Of course, the gown fit her perfectly as if it were made for her. It was tagged at a price that she could easily afford. The dress was waiting here for her in this anointed place, Blessing Brides Ministry. It was the first dress sold, “Lisa” in the honor of the donor. The dress is a symbol of the surpassing gift; its much larger than a luxurious garment. It’s about healing and being made “white as snow.” God heals our imperfect lives with Grace.