

# THE RESURRECTION SEASON

EASTER 2026    ISSUE NO. 4



# THE Forum

A publication from the **Harbinger House** at  
**Crosspoint Community Church** in Rockwall, Texas



# Seasons, Paces & Patterns

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BY PASTOR SCOTT SUTTON

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January always seems longer than it needs to be. Usually, somewhere toward the end of the month, people start saying things like, “January has been the longest 75 days of my life!” Or, “What day is it? January 43rd?”

*January takes forever.*

But then February gets here and the month absolutely flies by! In the blink of an eye, we have covered 28 days! The days moved so much more quickly than they did in January!

*February flies by too quickly.*

So, unexpectedly, March sneaks up on us. All of a sudden, we are gearing up for Spring Break, which is very quickly followed by Easter! And at some point in the process we have daylight savings time where we “Spring Forward”, “lose” one hour, but somehow it goes from getting dark at 5PM to staying light until 9PM!

*March sneaks up on us.*

The reality is that January doesn’t actually have slower days, February doesn’t actually have faster days, and March doesn’t actually sneak up on us. They are just seasons.

Easter is a time of year where followers of Jesus need to slow down. God mercifully helps us with control over the pace of our lives. In Ephesians it comes in the form of a warning. “Look carefully then how you walk, not as unwise, but as wise, making the best use of the time, because the days are evil.”

You need to slow down.

Your family needs to slow down.

Your children need you to help them slow down.

Can you imagine how much life must have slowed down for the disciples after Jesus was crucified on a cross and buried in a tomb? Life is forever changed. You go to a room. You shut the door. You slow down. You pray. You discuss what just happened. You pray some more. In that stillness...in that quiet...in the unknowns...something remarkable happens. In the darkness, we are made ready for the light! In the mourning, we are made ready for the rejoicing and celebrating!

In Exodus, we see God help us with the pace of life by giving us healthy patterns for life. For his people, God institutes the Passover to be kept every year at the appointed time. He gave his people the night of watching to be kept every year at the appointed time. He gave the consecration of the firstborn so that at each firstborn birth, each generation would be reminded of God’s deliverance and the need for a lamb that brings redemption. God’s design is that today’s pace should have a generational trajectory.

We usually speak of Christmas as a “time of year.” I vote that we do the same with Easter. Easter is that “time of year” where we consciously slow down, lean into Good Friday, ready ourselves for Easter Sunday, and celebrate a Risen Savior together!

Our hope is that this publication helps you and your household to slow down and lean in.

# That I may know *Him*

BY MARYELLEN SMITH

*“For [Christ Jesus]’ sake I have suffered the loss of all things and count them as rubbish, in order that I may gain Christ and be found in him, not having a righteousness of my own that comes from the law, but that which comes through faith in Christ, the righteousness from God that depends on faith -- that I may know him and the power of his resurrection, and may share his sufferings, becoming like him in his death, that by any means possible I may attain the resurrection from the dead.” - Philippians 3:8-11*

For the Christian, the death, burial, and resurrection of Jesus Christ is the source of our justification and the reason we can begin a relationship with our Creator. But this same gospel is also the means by which God deepens our intimacy with him. He carries his children through deaths, burials, and resurrections - tangible experiences of Christ’s suffering - so that we may become more like Christ and that others may witness his resurrection glory at work in us. It is for this reason that two of our Crosspoint members, Rachel Wills and Zack Thomas, offer us their stories of how they came to know Jesus and to personally experience the power of his resurrection.

**Rachel Wills** came to know and love Jesus from an early age.

Although her family was not involved in a church, her mother encouraged her to make God the foundation of her life, and God revealed aspects of himself to her through her Christian homeschool curriculum and Bible stories. But her world, and her faith, would soon be rocked by a series of losses.

During Rachel’s teen years, her parents’ marriage unraveled and eventually ended in divorce. Feeling unsure of how to process the turmoil in her home, she turned to Jesus for comfort and safety, pouring out to him all that she was thinking and feeling in that dark season. She felt strained in her relationship with her father, but she drew close to her heavenly Father like never before. She joined a church while in college

in her hometown of Lubbock. She then moved to Dallas to work at Arms of Hope in 2022 and became an active member of Crosspoint Community Church, forging friendships in a community group with other God-focused young women.

The following year, Rachel’s faith flipped upside down when she received the devastating news that her cousin Cloe had died from an accidental drug overdose. Questions bubbled to the surface: God, why would you take Cloe? Why do some people have the ability to overcome addiction but others do not? Why do some people have faith for salvation and some do not? Do I just believe this stuff about God because it’s in the Bible? Is the Bible even reliable? What makes my religion any more valid than anyone else’s? And if it’s not, then what have I been doing with my life? Why have I orchestrated my whole job, friendships, and daily life upon such a foundation? Nothing

seemed to make sense anymore.

At first, the shame of her doubt and the fear of what others would think kept Rachel from opening up to anyone about the disintegration happening inside of her. Even with her community group, she would speak in generalities without disclosing the depths of her doubt and her simultaneous struggle with dark intrusive thoughts. But her desperate attempts to suppress the inner turmoil and appear fine on the outside solved nothing.

As a last-ditch effort to rescue her drowning faith, Rachel committed to a year in Re:generation Recovery, an intensive discipleship program in 12-step recovery format. God used the honesty and vulnerability of the

women in Rachel's Re:gen group, as well as the support of women in her church, Erica Lyle and Stephanie Hamilton, to draw her own heart into the light. As she began to name her struggles out loud with her re:gen community, she discovered that she was not alone; even one of her group leaders had struggled with some of her same intrusive thoughts. God began to show Rachel that by stepping into the light of his Spirit, his word, and his people, it is possible to be fully known and fully loved.

As her shame and secrets lost their power, God convicted her heart to extend her newfound transparency within her Crosspoint community group. Instead of reacting with shock, rejection, or condemnation like she had feared, their relationship was

deepened. They loved her and gave her hope with reminders of all God had done and was doing in her life, even when she still couldn't see it for herself. Rachel's community group became a safe place for her to voice her questions and struggles.

Still struggling to believe in the existence of a good God but pursued by the prayers of her mentors, re:gen group, and community group, Rachel deep-dove into examining the evidence for Christianity. Some of the sources she worked through included *gotquestions.com*, *The Case for Christ* by Lee Strobel, and *More Than a Carpenter* by Josh McDowell. Slowly she began to understand that her salvation was not dependent on the strength of her faith, but upon the one who promises that "you will seek me and find me,



when you seek me with all your heart” (Jeremiah 29:13).

All this while, Rachel wasn't the only one whom the Lord was drawing to himself. Earlier in this period of searching, she had received an unexpected phone call from her father. In the past, it had seemed to her that he begrudged being preached at, and she had given up praying for his salvation years ago. She struggled to believe that their relationship could be reconciled. But here he was, initiating contact with her.

“Rachel, how are you? I've got something to share with you; I've decided to follow Jesus.” What?! Rachel was stunned. At first, she was hesitant to believe he was being genuine after witnessing his hypocrisy throughout her

childhood. But over time he continued to share with her how God was working in his life now, even referencing verses that she had shared with him in the past that he had not forgotten. God's sovereign timing was that her father's new life in Christ would come while she was doubting hers.

On top of the historical and theological evidence she was exploring, this 180-degree transformation in her own father became an undeniable testimony to the living and active power of Jesus Christ. It was God's personal assurance to her that her faith had been real, and despite this dark season, he had kept her and would keep her to the end. God had not wasted anything. He was just getting started with His renewal of both Rachel and her father.

Last May, Rachel experienced yet another loss --the death of her sister's firstborn child during delivery. Where was God in this? The overwhelming grief and anger magnified her struggle to believe in the existence of a good God, and Rachel decided this could be her final reason for walking away from the faith. But in that moment, she felt compelled --not by her own desire or strength, but by God's Spirit-- to pick up her Bible and journal and write out all that she was thinking and feeling. Her uncertainty transformed into an offering of honest confession to God.

The grief is still raw and her questions unanswered, but she has decided to entrust them to the Keeper of her soul.



**Zack Thomas** is a faithful deacon, community group leader, Faith and Finance trainer, husband to Jean, and a founding member of Crosspoint Community Church. But he was also an unlikely convert to Christianity.

He was born into a godless and materialistic family. His often absent father prioritized a life of material wealth, gambling, and chasing after various mistresses. As a kid, all Zack wanted was for his dad to spend time with him, but his father's only version of love was to buy him stuff before abandoning him again.

In his teens, Zack became deeply depressed. He was working a job, his grades were sliding, and he had started hanging out with the party crowd. None of it brought any hope or fulfillment. One night, the hopelessness and resentment boiled over; he shook his fist at the heavens and raged at God. “God, if you're real, then please just take my life.” When he had come to the end of his venting and God hadn't struck him dead like he challenged him to, Zack concluded that God must not exist.

After that incident, God continually brought Christians into every season of his life. One of these was his coworker, Donny. Whenever Donny tried witnessing to Zack he would get angry, but he never forgot the gospel snippets he shared, or the fact that Donny never gave up sharing and praying for him. There was something different about those Christians that he couldn't quite understand, but deep down, he wanted what they had. He brushed it aside,

convinced that even if God did exist, he would think Zack was undeserving of mercy and grace. So he continued living a worldly life to please himself.

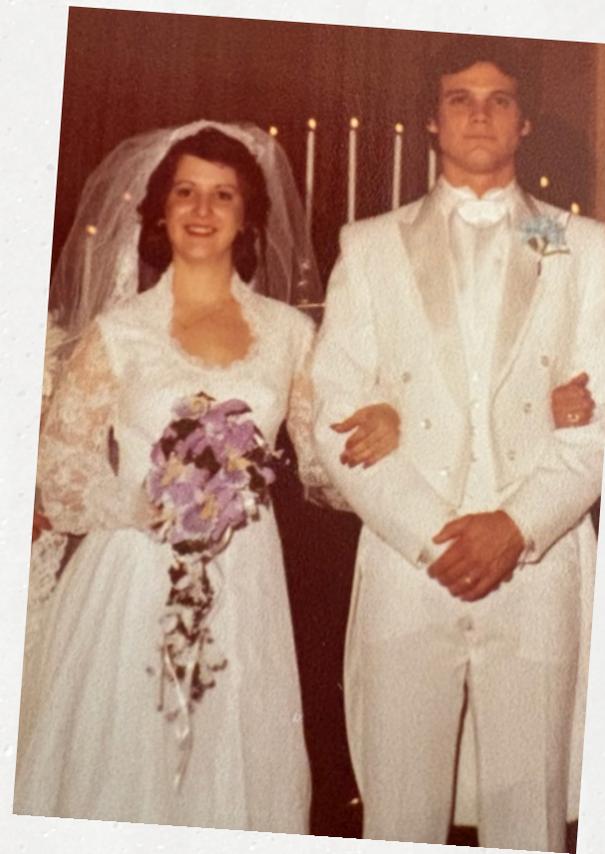
When Zack was 19 years old, he met Jean while working at the same company in Dallas. They made plans to marry, and despite their unchurched background, decided the ceremony ought to be in a church. They got the Yellow Pages out and started calling pastors, but none would consider meeting with them because they weren't members of their church. Zack became confused and discouraged; here they were trying to do the right thing, basically knocking on the door of the church after years of rejecting Christianity, and no one would talk to them.

Finally, they found a Baptist minister willing to meet with them. Before discussing the marriage, he more importantly questioned them on their beliefs about Jesus and salvation, and God opened Zack's eyes and softened his heart. During that conversation, Zack realized that God had been working in his life all along. He recalled that dark, angry night when he had challenged God to take his life. God had heard the honest cry of his heart. It was God's mercy that spared his life that night. It was God's love that had brought all those Christians into his life to plant seeds of his word. And it was God who would be a Father to the fatherless, satisfying the longings of Zack's heart. Instead of taking his life, the Lord was offering him new life.

When the pastor asked them, "Do you believe that Jesus died and was raised for your justification?" Zack and Jean both answered yes. But they were just beginning to understand what death and resurrection really meant. They began their new life together as brand new believers in Jesus, and were baptized soon after their wedding. Over the next several years, they grew in their relationship with God and raised their two sons in church. The real test of their faith was yet to come.

Zack was blessed with the opportunity to be the father he had never had. His firstborn, Seth, had grown into a godly young man; he served as a youth pastor and dreamed of becoming a missionary pilot. But that future was shattered when Seth was killed in a car crash. *How could you let this happen? How could you take my son?! Who is this God I've been serving all these years?* Zack questioned God. He entered a dark season of faith crisis, during which his marriage with Jean was on the rocks.

This fiery trial brought to light a false belief about God that Zack had learned from their church at the time, that suffering is a result of a lack of faith. But as Zack searched the scriptures, God revealed aspects of his true character and his Father's heart for our salvation. God showed him that although he could have prevented his own son from dying a horrible death, he ordained it to happen so that others



could live (Romans 8:32). The death and resurrection of Jesus became precious to Zack on a totally new level after losing his own son.

Zack and Jean may never have all their questions answered as to why they lost their son. But they are able to see God at work in and through their pain. God has healed their marriage, and given them countless opportunities to minister to others with struggling marriages, grief, and loss.

Both Rachel Wills and Zack Thomas can now say that their relationships with Jesus are growing deeper and stronger, not in spite of their losses, doubts, and trials, but because of them. If you are a believer who is struggling with loss or questioning your faith, they want you to know that you're not alone and that going through suffering or seasons of doubt does not mean you aren't saved. Jesus said, "All those the Father gives me will come to me, and whoever comes to me, I will never drive away" (John 6:37). The Lord doesn't want us to wait for the doubt to go away or to create a façade of perfect faith, but to draw near, bringing our honesty to him. The God who raised Christ from the dead can be trusted to "keep you from stumbling and present you blameless before the presence of his glory with great joy" (Jude 1:24).



# Breakfast is Waiting

BY JANNA TINDELL

An eager mother scraped the last of the stubborn ice off her windshield before driving off to visit her son at college. Sheila loaded the address into her phone for the seven-hour drive ahead. Her first three hours stiffened her fingers and shoulders as she carefully navigated the slush and ice left behind from the winter storm. In the second half of the trip, her muscles were finally able to let the anxiety and ice melt away and she pressed her foot harder on the gas pedal anticipating the moment she would see her son's face and embrace him. Nate had mentioned some things he'd left behind, and she delighted in the thought of surprising him today.

After parking in the visitor's lot, she stepped into the warm late afternoon sun to head to his dorm where she had helped him unpack a few months before. On her way, she glanced at a group of students sitting at a picnic table under a live oak tree on her left.

"Hey, Nate! Isn't that your mom?" one of the young men jeeringly said.

"Aww, did your mommy come to see her little boy?" teased another.

Nate grimaced at the unwanted attention and looked in the direction his friend pointed.

"You guys are messed up!" he hastily responded. "That isn't my mom. I don't even know who that lady is. I gotta go."

Nate turned his back to her, grabbed his bag and walked in the opposite direction of the woman he had called mom for the last 18 years.

Stunned to overhear her son's voice and hurtful words, Sheila looked down and pretended to search for something in her purse. Not finding the imaginary item, she headed back in the direction of her car that had delivered her safely to campus, but not into the arms of a grateful son. As her trembling fingers fumbled for the door handle, the first sob of many escaped from her. The roads were dry now but her vision was the most impaired it had been all day as she drove to her hotel.

Before the exhaustion of the drive and sorrow fully overtook her, she sent her son a text.

“Meet me at the picnic table at 9am tomorrow.”

She fell asleep wondering if he would join her.

A few minutes after nine the next morning, Nate jogged up to the table with his head hung low. As he sat down across from his mother, Sheila opened a styrofoam container filled with steaming pancakes dripping with butter. The sweet smell of maple syrup and a salty side of bacon made him raise his eyes. Sheila handed him a plastic fork.

“Good morning, son, why don’t you eat something?”

As he finished the last quadruple stacked bite, she slid the empty container aside and gripped both of his hands in hers.

“Nate, do you love me?” she asked simply.

“Mom,” Nate sighed, “of course I do. I just –”

Sheila smiled at his reply and interrupted him.

“Do you remember when Peter, the disciple of Jesus, swore he would never deny Christ at the last supper?”

Nate nodded as if his neck needed oiling.

“After Jesus had been seized by the authorities,” Sheila said, “Peter lingered in the high priest’s courtyard by a charcoal fire trying to blend in. Three different people recognized Peter as a companion of Jesus, yet he insisted each time that he was not a follower of Christ. But when the cock crowed, Peter knew he had broken his promise.”

Nate looked down as Sheila eagerly continued talking.

“What could have been a devastating end to three years of friendship and ministry together instead took a grace-filled turn,” she said excitedly. “When Christ returned in his resurrected body, he came to the shore where Peter and several other disciples had been fishing all night. Once Peter finally realized from the boat it was Christ, he dove into the water and swam to him.

“On the shore, Jesus prepared a charcoal fire and a breakfast of fish and bread. His first invitation was to come and have breakfast. When they had finished eating, Jesus asked Peter, ‘Do you truly love me?’ three times. And three times Peter answered, ‘yes, Lord, you know that I love you.’”

Sheila paused for a moment as her son met her gaze.

“Nate, yesterday when I saw you at this table, you responded out of self-protection and denial like Peter did all those years ago. Peter’s denial illustrates exactly why Christ suffered on the cross. Peter couldn’t erase the actions he chose, but Christ chose to redeem them. Each of the three times Peter reaffirms his love for his Good Shepherd, Jesus tells Peter, ‘Feed my sheep.’ Jesus wanted Peter to know his temporary failure did not mark the end of his ministry. Instead, Christ petitioned him to continue the work.”

The mother paused and smiled.

“I wanted to bring you breakfast this morning to remind you I will always love you underneath this same live oak and at this same picnic table where you forgot who I was, what I meant to you, and who you will always be to

me,” she said. “Here’s my question - will you remember to show this same grace to those who hurt you?”

Nate let out a breath and nodded, seeming to understand his mother’s desire to restore their relationship. Sheila rose and walked toward her son to fully embrace him as she had hoped to do the day before. He was her beloved son, and she wanted him to walk in freedom.

Dear Christian Sojourner,

Is it time for you to revisit the charcoal fire, the place of your failure, and allow the risen Christ to greet you with grace and feed you breakfast? Do you believe in Christ’s redeeming love to overcome sin’s stain and recommission you to the victory of the cross?

Run to Jesus! Don’t let your breakfast get cold. Receive his grace, and begin again.



# A Story to Tell: Easter Snack Mix

BY LISEL CAIN

When my kids were very little, I wanted to find fun and creative ways for us to share the gospel with them. I stumbled upon an Easter snack mix that perfectly combined the message of Jesus, a good snack, and the desire to be on mission with the kids.

What I love about this simple mix is that each year our conversation surrounding the ingredients gets deeper. The pretzel sticks that represent the cross have a little more weight and understanding, and the anticipation of unwrapping those candies reminds us more of the sweetness that Jesus brings.

Even more special, our kids get to deliver the snack mix to their friends, neighbors, and classmates. It gives them a tangible way to share the gospel that they can remember!



## **Pretzel Sticks – The Cross**

The pretzels remind us of the cross that Jesus carried and was crucified on. He took on our sin and endured pain and humiliation because of his love for us.

## **Craisins – Jesus' Blood**

The red raisins remind us that Jesus shed his blood on the cross. His sacrifice paid the price for our sin.

## **Popcorn & Marshmallows – Our Sins Washed Away**

The white popcorn and marshmallows remind us that because of Jesus, we are washed clean and made new.

## **Round Crackers – The Stone Rolled**

The crackers remind us of the stone that was rolled away from the tomb.

## **Goldfish – Our Mission to be Fishers of Men**

The goldfish remind us that God calls us to be fishers of men, sharing the good news with others.

## **Chocolate Candy – We're Invited to Taste & See that the Lord is Good**

The candy reminds us of the sweetness of following and trusting God.

Once the snack mix is put into little bags, we attach a simple note explaining what each ingredient represents. If you'd like the printable note to attach, feel free to reach out at [lisel@cccrockwall.org](mailto:lisel@cccrockwall.org). I'd love to share the graphic with you!

So if you are looking for a way to share the gospel with young kids and families, I encourage you to try this. The truth that everyone needs to hear is that Jesus is the risen Savior. We are sinners and in need of a true and perfect Savior. Jesus came to take on our sin, endure our consequence, and defeat death. Because he lives, we have hope. We have forgiveness. We have eternal life. And if a snack mix can help tell that story, we'll keep making it!



*Homemade Pies, Egg-breaking Competitions, & Family Baseball Games:*

# **Culture Building** *with Becca Holland*

**COMPILED BY JAMI LEE GAINEY**

God designed the seasons of our lives, homes and families to allow for countless opportunities to recognize him at work, to thank him for his gifts, and to celebrate the implications of the gospel story. What greater expression of this than the culmination of Christ's resurrection! Easter can tend to sneak up on many of us, but it's worth taking the time to plan and prepare ways to intentionally build culture with our families that can impact generations to come. Becca Holland is a testimony to her own mother's culture building through the years on Resurrection Sunday through stories, songs, games, traditions, and prepared food, to name a few. Enjoy reading through her family's traditions below and consider what you may borrow or tweak in your own celebrations. At the very least, let it inspire you to continue on with what you're already doing, or possibly to try something new. May we all build a culture in our homes that recognizes the goodness of our Savior with grateful hearts this Easter season.

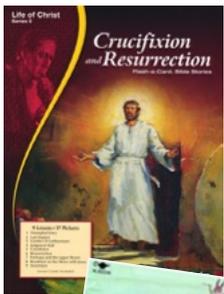
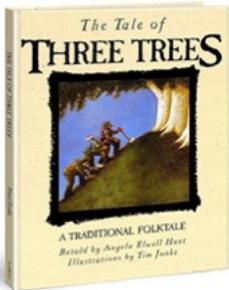
## **What are your favorite Easter / Spring season recipes?**

My mom always makes pot roast and mashed potatoes for Easter Sunday. She rubs the roast with salt and pepper, sears it in a hot cast iron and then slow-cooks it with onions, carrots and rosemary for 6-8 hours. She serves it with homemade rolls, gravy, a big green salad, pinto beans and lots of homemade pies.

## **Do you have a favorite family Easter tradition or ritual?**

My parents always throw a big Resurrection Sunday party for our family. My mom is very intentional about calling it Resurrection Sunday. I love this because it gives us an opportunity to talk about what that word means with all the children.

We play a fun game where everyone decorates one hard



boiled egg with their name, then we all gather around a small table to watch as two people stand on either side of the table. They both roll their eggs towards each other and the eggs hit, but only one breaks. The broken egg is out and the unbroken egg stays in and moves up the line in a bracket. We take it seriously and it's a big deal to make it to the final championship! There is a cash prize. It's awesome because the toddlers can play alongside the adults! It gets very competitive!

Growing up we would play a big family baseball game after we ate lunch on Easter Sunday. We did this every single year with our parents, siblings, aunts, uncles, and cousins. My siblings and I still talk about how much fun we had during those Easter Sunday Baseball games!

After lunch and games, my mom gathers all the children and reads a story she wrote about The True Meaning of Easter. She has written books like this for multiple holidays. The children know the characters within the story and the story always walks them through the gospel. She did this for my siblings and I when we were children and it is beautiful

to watch her read the same stories to my children, nieces and nephews!

### What are some specific ways you celebrate Easter, either individually or with your family?

Leading up to Easter Sunday, my husband does Resurrection Eggs with the children. He opens one a night after dinner and they recap the ones leading up to that night. I will also do the Abeka Crucifixion and Resurrection Flash A Card Bible Story cards with the kids and we will use toys to act it out. This year we might do a little family skit to act out the Resurrection as well.

### What is your favorite Easter hymn?

"Christ is Risen" by Matt Maher. It makes me feel like I'm in a stadium cheering for the victory of Jesus over sin and death.

### What are your favorite books to read during the Easter season?

**The Garden, The Curtain and The Cross** by Carl Laferton

**The Tale of Three Trees** by Angela Hunt

**The Easter Egg Artists** by Adrienne Adams

**The Abeka Crucifixion and Resurrection Flash-A-Card Bible Stories**

## COCONUT CREAM PIE

BY JANA TOMPKINS, BECCA'S MOTHER

### Ingredients

⅔ cup sugar	2 TBSP butter, soft
¼ cup cornstarch	2 tsp vanilla
½ tsp salt	¾ cup flaked coconut
3 cups milk	1 cup whipped cream
4 egg yolks, slightly beaten	¼ flaked coconut

### Directions

Prepare and bake a pie shell. Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt in saucepan. Gradually stir in milk. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and boils. Boil and stir 1 minute. Stir at least half of the hot mixture gradually into egg yolks. Stir into hot mixture in the saucepan. Boil and stir 1 minute; remove from heat. Stir in butter, vanilla and ¼ cup coconut. Pour into pie shell. Press plastic wrap onto filling. Refrigerate about 2 hours or until set. Remove plastic wrap, top pie with whipped cream and ¼ cup coconut. Refrigerate.



**M**ike and Tiffany Mazyck with their daughter Madeline and son Pierson have been members at Crosspoint for the past two and a half years. Mike has taken the time to write his testimony on his personal blog about the new life he has experienced in Christ. Below is a small part of his story, and the link to continue reading it in its entirety.

Mike begins his story as a nineteen year old concerned only with surfing and drugs when the Holy Spirit interrupted the direction of his life. Mike eventually married, became a real estate agent, and success in building the American dream quickly followed. Twenty years later at the peak of his career and life, having achieved all he had ever set out to do, Mike felt the Holy Spirit interrupting his life yet again. It's from this portion of his story that we've included some excerpts - a segment Mike refers to as the exam, as well as moments from the night Mike made a decision that changed everything.



## Excerpts from: **A Tale About Two Different Men Traveling Two Different Paths, One Camel, Some Missing Fruit, and One Exam with Some Very Hard Questions**

BY MIKE MAZYCK

**A**s I did when I was 19, I looked at my life and began to ask myself some questions. I saw a man whose peace, joy, and contentment were constantly rising and falling based on the number of pending transactions he had on the books, the amount of money he had in the bank account, how much body fat he saw in the mirror, and how far away the next vacation was. My tree was not producing genuine fruit (Galatians 5:22–23), and I knew what Jesus said about trees that don't produce fruit (Matthew 7:19).

As I evaluated this path of life I had been on for so long and the state of my soul, I found myself becoming more and more convinced that the last 20 years of my Christian journey had really been about me doing just enough for him to ease my conscience, so that all the while I could go on building my own kingdom on this earth.

To the outside world I looked like a good Christian man (a bit like the Pharisees did). But on the inside, I knew deep down in my soul that I was not all-in...there was another god

on the throne of my heart.

\*\*\*

I knew a decision had to be made, and my heart was finally ready to make it. In that moment, after a year of the darkest depression of my life and the most difficult self-examination I could ever imagine, I finally settled something within my heart: I had bought into a lie! The half-hearted version of Christianity I had been living was a lie. This pursuit of the American Dream with a few dashes of Christianity sprinkled on top was a lie, and I was finally done buying it. I would no longer spend my life cowardly straddling some middle line between two worlds. I was choosing sides – choosing a kingdom. The pursuit of money, materialism, the American Dream, and everything it represented would no longer sit on the throne of my heart! I finally decided what I believe!

And in the very moment I made that decision, something changed. The darkness lifted, and I was immediately aware that I had been set free. God took his rightful place on the

throne of my heart.

That night of deliverance marked the beginning of a reformation in my theology, and a revival in my heart that has lasted up until this day. I would not trade that difficult season for anything. I know I am not the same man I was before. Tiffany would attest to that. I know that I have finally found what I was searching for all those years. I know there is a fire that burns inside me, a hunger for his word, and a passion and urgency for evangelism that wasn't there before. I know that my peace

and joy are no longer tied to the things of this world.

I know that for the first time in my Christian journey, I no longer feel like a spectator in the arena watching other great soldiers do battle; I finally feel like I have suited up and entered the arena myself. I know that I now understand what he meant when he spoke of squeezing through the eye of a needle, and finding the treasure hidden in the field. I know that I finally feel alive.



*Read more on Mike's blog!*

[mikemazyck.com](http://mikemazyck.com)



Want to learn more or get involved with the Harbinger House?

Contact Jami Lee Gainey at [jamileegainey@gmail.com](mailto:jamileegainey@gmail.com)

