

HE HAS MADE HIS HOME IN ME

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“If anyone loves me, he will obey my teaching. My Father will love him, and we will come to him and make our home with him.” — John 14:23

I have heard John 14:1–3 many times at funerals and memorial services. We find comfort in Jesus’ promise that He has gone to prepare a place for us and that one day He will come again and take us home to be with Him. And what a glorious day that will be. But lately, I find myself thinking about what Jesus said just a few verses later. Heaven is not the first place Jesus promises to make His home with me. He promises to make His home in me now. That thought stops me. The God I am longing to see someday is the God who has chosen to dwell within me today.

“Do you not know that you are God’s temple and that God’s Spirit dwells in you?”
— 1 Corinthians 3:16

I sometimes think we can become so familiar with the language of Christianity that we lose the wonder of it. We talk about having the Holy Spirit, about Jesus living within us, about walking with God—and yet, do I really grasp what that means? God has made His home in me, in you. Not because we’ve earned it. Not because you and I have been faithful enough. Not because I have somehow become worthy of such a presence. It is grace—pure and undeserved. And Jesus connects this indwelling presence with love and obedience. “If anyone loves me, he will obey my teaching.” Obedience isn’t how I earn God’s love; it is how love responds when we truly understand who Jesus is.

“If you love me, you will keep my commandments.” — John 14:15

The realization as I study the Bible deeper, the more I realize that following Jesus isn’t about simply knowing more Scripture or becoming better at being religious. It is about becoming more surrendered—letting His Word search me, correct me, change me, and lead me.

“Search me, O God, and know my heart! Try me and know my thoughts!” — Psalm 139:23

Perhaps that is part of what it means to walk with Jesus: not merely asking Him to bless the home I or you have built, but allowing Him to make His home in us, individually. His presence should change the atmosphere of my heart. It should affect how I speak. How I forgive. How I respond when I’m frustrated. How I treat someone who disagrees with me. How I handle disappointment. How I love when it isn’t easy. Because if Christ truly makes His home in me, I should begin to look a little more like the One who lives there.

“It is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me.” — Galatians 2:20

One day, Jesus will take me/you home. I believe that with all my heart. But until that day comes, I don't have to wonder where God is. He is here. He is not merely waiting for me at the end of this life. Through His Spirit, He walks with me through this one. And perhaps that is the deeper promise of John 14: Jesus is preparing a place for me and you there, while He has already made a place for Himself here. But that thought also brings a sobering question: What kind of home have I given Him? If Jesus lives here, does my life make room for Him—or have I crowded Him into a small corner of a life still controlled by me? Are there rooms of my heart I have locked and told Him He cannot enter? Is there unforgiveness I refuse to release? Pride I refuse to surrender? A habit I keep defending? A relationship I know I need to place in His hands? A desire I keep choosing over obedience? A wound I have allowed to become an excuse for disobedience?

It is easy to say, “Jesus lives in me.” It is much harder to say, “Jesus has complete access to me.” But that is the invitation.

“Present your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is your spiritual worship.” — Romans 12:1

A home is meant to be lived in. And if Christ has made His home in me, then He shouldn't be a guest I visit on Sunday. He should be Lord of every room. My heart. My thoughts. My words. My money. My relationships. My time. My private life. My plans. My future. My pain. My past. My everything. So perhaps the question isn't simply, “Am I going to heaven?” Perhaps the deeper question is: “Am I letting heaven's King rule in me today?” Because one day I will stand in the presence of Jesus, and faith will become sight. One day He will take me home, and I will see the place He has prepared for me. But until then, He has given me a different assignment: Make room for Him. Let Him tear down what doesn't belong. Let Him heal what is broken. Let Him confront what is sinful. Let Him reshape what has been formed by the world. Let Him take ownership of what I keep trying to control.

I don't want to spend my life waiting for the day I finally get to be at home with Jesus while refusing to let Jesus be fully at home in me today. So I have to ask myself—and perhaps you need to ask yourself too: If Jesus walked through every room of my heart today, would I welcome Him into all of them? Or would there be places I'd rather He didn't see? Jesus isn't asking for a weekend visit. He wants the whole house. And if He truly has made His home in me, then my life should increasingly become a place where His presence is evident, His Word is obeyed, His character is reflected, and His love is experienced by the people around me.

“Abide in me, and I in you.” — John 15:4

One day, He will bring me home. Until then, may I give Him a home worth living in; Holy, Righteous, worthy of a King! Am I making room for Jesus today?” And when He knocks on my soul's door, I don't want to make excuses. I want to open the door, I want my Saviour to freely and Holy walk in and stay for eternity!!