

BLESSED TRANSGRESSIONSTM

THE ONLINE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE

HAPPY FIRST BIRTHDAY BT!

FEATURING:

Top 3 Articles of the Year

Top 3 Articles of June

Yearly Stats

Top 10 Contributors

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TOP 10 CONTRIBUTORS

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A cupcake with pink frosting and a lit pink candle. The cupcake is in a white paper liner. The frosting is pink and has a ruffled, shell-like texture. A single pink candle with white polka dots is lit and placed on top of the cupcake. The flame is bright yellow. The background is a soft, out-of-focus white.

Top 3 Articles of June

Forgiven & Loved: Power Beyond Our Understanding



By Jill Miller

shakentogetherandrunningover.com

In a world full of hate and selfishness, I felt it appropriate to revisit the power of forgiveness. God's perfect love is on display when we choose to forgive—and let's face it, true love is what this world is severely lacking.

We have to remember that even those whom we do not agree with or whose actions are totally despicable deserve a chance to be forgiven and loved.

And because it is SOOOOOO hard to forgive actions that are seemingly unforgivable, God's power and love are even more apparent and more powerful when we use it. For it is NOT our own actions that allow us to forgive, but God's love and it's power within us.

Therefore, these thoughts are based off something I learned from my husband about the power of forgiveness. I have to tread lightly because my husband's story is his to tell, but I want to share a bit in order to relay the impact it has had on me.

Most people can probably relate to how I grew up because I know many of you reside in that very place— that's right, suburbia US of A! My parents have never been divorced, we had a pretty normal family life (you know, sisters at each other's throats, working parents, a functioning dysfunctional environment, arguing, but always lots of love and fun).

I was loved, cared for, directed, properly disciplined, guided to college, probably spoiled. I wanted for nothing.

My husband, on the other hand, was back and forth between mom and dad constantly, switched schools every year (sometimes even mid-year), had zero guidance, no direction, no discipline, was absolutely loved, but not always cared for, left high school at 16 and got his GED, and was only able to attend one semester of college.

When I met John, he was close to everyone in his family. When I say everyone, that means immediate family, extended family, distant family, friends that are like family... literally everyone. His capacity for love astounded me,

and still blows my mind to this day. Until I got to know John more, I didn't fully understand this love and the depths from which it came. As we grew closer, I began to learn about his childhood—dark situations, scary events, horrible things that I couldn't imagine ANY child being put through.

It made me hurt and angry for him, and I couldn't understand the seemingly normal demeanor he exuded to his family after learning what I had. But as we talked and I questioned and wondered, he just kept saying "God raised me." I didn't understand how someone could go through what he went through and still love so deeply without any grudges or qualms about it.

Through my husband, God was teaching me another powerful level of His love and forgiveness. My eyes were being opened, my heart was stretched. When I would question John about how he could act as though nothing happened, he would just ask me what GOOD the opposite would do.

My feisty side would kick in and I would want those that hurt him to be made aware of what they did and how wrong it was and **PAY THEM BACK!** But, that's not God, that's not Love, that's not... necessary.

John had forgiven his parents and those that hurt him or wronged him. He had forgiven them entirely, no strings

attached. He didn't need to get back at them, or tell them what they did was wrong, or never speak to them again, or never let his kids come near them. He didn't need to do any of that—even though they certainly deserved it. All he had to do was forgive... and love.

It blew my sassy little brain and humbled me almost instantly. My “WHAAAAAT?!” turned to “WOW.”

He was right, no GOOD would have come from him trying to make them see, only more BAD, more destruction, more anger. Now, there was joy and happiness and healing going on. Our kids have no idea who their grandparents were, but they do know who they are.

They feel LOVE from them, true love—and I can ask for nothing more. My husband was able to find healing and growth out of his forgiveness, rather than hate and more destruction, and our children now know real love because of it.

When acid is in a container it only hurts the vessel holding it, not anything else. The same is true with anger and resentment—it will actually hurt the one holding it more than the one it's directed at. If you can't forgive and let things go, the real damage is done to you, not the one you're mad at or the one who wronged you.

My husband realized this early on, and because he was able to forgive and come from love, he is not a total psychotic mess right now. He isn't sitting around reliving his past and replaying it and reminding his family how messed up they were. He has forgiven and he has loved and he has MOVED ON. Love wins, every time.

Isn't that what we learned from Jesus? Love is what opens people's eyes. Love is what softens people's hearts and allows them to see things that anger blinds them to. When people are mad, the circle of anger just goes round and round.


But the moment you choose to handle a situation with love, you break the cycle and things begin to change. People expect anger, it's love that shocks them. How silly, right? In this world, anger is what's expected. Love shocks people. Love gets people to take a step back.

A new command I give you: Love one another. As I have loved you, so you must love one another. By this everyone will know that you are my disciples, if you love one another.

John 13:34-35

So when you are stuck with anger or resentment, try handling the situation with love. Most of the time, that will be very hard to do. It will mean putting aside your PRIDE and

what you WANT to do, and choosing to extend love and forgiveness when it might not be deserved. But, I promise you, when you act out of love and you choose to not let anger be the dictator, your situation will change.

Jesus loves us, and he has forgiven us for everything. His love is what wins people's hearts. Remember: YOU are not perfect, YOU make mistakes every day, YOU are not always right... yet... YOU have been forgiven, YOU are loved. Everyone deserves that much. 

Walking on Water Means Leaving the Boat



By Debbie Kitterman
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I've long wondered what prompted Peter to want to jump out of the safety of "the boat" in the midst of a raging storm. Haven't you?

Immediately Jesus made the disciples get into the boat and go on ahead of him to the other side, while he dismissed the crowd. 23 After he had dismissed them, he went up on a mountainside by himself to pray. When evening came, he was there alone, 24 but the boat was already a considerable distance from land, buffeted by the waves because the wind was against it.

25 During the fourth watch of the night Jesus went out to them, walking on the lake. 26 When the disciples saw him walking on the lake, they were terrified.

It's a ghost," they said, and cried out in fear. 27 But Jesus immediately said to them: "Take courage! It is I. Don't be afraid."28 "Lord, if it's you," Peter replied, "tell me to come to you on the water." 29"Come," he said. Then Peter got down out of the boat, walked on the water and came toward Jesus.

30 But when he saw the wind, he was afraid and, beginning to sink, cried out, "Lord, save me!" 31 Immediately Jesus reached out his hand and caught him. "You of little faith," he said, "why did you doubt?"32 And when they climbed into the boat, the wind died down. 33 Then those who were in the boat worshiped him, saying, "Truly you are the Son of God."

There are many lessons we can glean from these 10 verses in Matthew 14, and I have heard many sermons and Sunday school lessons with practical applications.

However, it wasn't until about 10 years ago that God gave me practical application for my own life, and I hope they will help you too. It was at a time when I was being prompted to step out of my comfort zone and leave the safety of the "boat."

The lessons are pretty simple, yet challenging at the same time.

Believe

Obey

Align

Take Territory & Testify

Believe

When God says something to us or speaks a promise to our heart, we must believe that He really means it. In verse 22, Jesus sent the disciples to the boat and told them He would meet them on the other side.

Four of the disciples were skilled fishermen, they knew their way around a boat, including Peter. The wind was against them this particular night. I am sure this was not the first time for them to experience a storm like this. They knew how to tact and work the boat back and forth, and yet, they allowed fear of the storm to override what they had been trained to do.

Sometimes when God says something to us, we must believe Him and His words no matter what the natural circumstances show. We must Believe when Jesus speaks, He means it.

The disciples should not have had fear for their safety, Jesus had already told them they would survive the storm

or anything else that might have come at them that night, because He was going to meet them on the other side!

Obey

In verse 29, Peter has an opportunity to Believe yet again when Jesus simply says, “COME!” This time however, Peter must take action and obey.

Peter asked Jesus a question, Jesus responded simply with one word. Jesus told Peter to Come. In order to do that Peter had to obey and take action on that one word – COME!

Jesus is inviting all of us to Come to Him. He is prompting us, and waiting for us to come outside of the boat. The boat is a safe place. It's a place of learning. It's a comfortable place, but in order to obey we must take action and get out of our comfort zone – or some might say, get out of your box.

Align

Once we have believe and obey, we must align ourselves with what God has spoken. We must commit to it and advance forward. Verse 29 states that Peter got out of the boat and began to walk on water! Peter, who was afraid

and unsure of the situation he found himself in, aligned himself with the word Jesus spoke.

Peter committed! Peter took a step out of the safety and shelter of the boat. He began to walk away from the boat and advance toward Jesus.

Then, we have an UH -OH moment. Peter got distracted and took his eyes off Jesus. I think he may have realized what his impulsive nature had gotten him into. Jesus is there and reaches out to Peter and speaks to him. Jesus asks, “Why did you doubt? Why did you have such little faith?”

Then, Jesus then gets in the boat and the wind calms. We must realize, Jesus was the safety ... not the boat. You see, the safest place for Peter or any of the disciples, was with Jesus on the water. Yet Peter lost sight of that and looked at the natural circumstances and situations. The raging sea and howling wind, and everything else around were a distraction and a hindrance to Peter in that moment.

Take Territory & Testify

Once Jesus was with them in the boat and all was calm, the disciples worshiped Him. Then they continued to the other side of the lake, where Jesus originally told them He

would meet them. I love these verses that wrap up this section, because, they model exactly what we are supposed to do when we have a holy encounter with Jesus.

Then those who were in the boat worshiped him, saying, “Truly you are the Son of God.” When they had crossed over, they landed at Gennesaret. And when the men of that place recognized Jesus, they sent word to all the surrounding country. People brought all their sick to him and begged him to let the sick just touch the edge of his cloak, and all who touched him were healed. (Matthew 14:33-36)

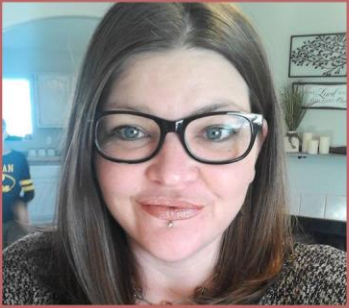
We are supposed to worship, testify and share about what He has done for us. Others need to know about the goodness and faithfulness of God.

In the midst of the storm, He is always there. As we worship Him, He calms the raging seas and get us to the safety of the shore, where we can then share with others what He has for us, in us, and through us!

The final lesson for us from the boat?

If YOU want to WALK on WATER you HAVE to GET OUT of the Boat! 

For the Christian Walking Through Depression



By Kate Redmon
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There is a certain safety to this oh so public confession. I don't have to look any of you in the eyes as you read. I don't have to see disgust, incredulity, or sorrow transform your countenance.

I don't ever know if you read a few words, then close the page, not wanting to deal with me and my drama yet again. Instead I enjoy the sweet relief of confession paired with the validation of page stats that tell me someone is listening.

But not every post is easy. Of all the things I've shared here, perhaps the most frightening for me to open up about was the topic of my depression.

Because depression isn't supposed to be a problem with Christians. We've got the joy-joy-joy-joy down in our hearts, down in our hearts to stay. Right?

Let's be honest- if Christians can follow the Lord and still struggle with depression, that's faith shaking. It calls into question our notion of the goodness of God. It seems to fly in the face of all those joy verses we love so much. So we make depression a problem with your christian walk.

We boil it down to an issue of spiritual disciplines. If you would just read your bible, just pray a little more, just memorize these verses, then you would be healed.

Because we don't know how to help, we recite the same old verses...

I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, forbearance, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control.

Weeping may stay for the night, but rejoicing comes in the morning...

But we have no words for the Christian who stays stuck in

the night, who for month after month, does not experience the morning. For the Christian who, instead, doesn't cease mourning.

We may even label them: weak christian, undisciplined christian, baby christian, or perhaps not even a Christ follower at all?

At the deepest darkest stage of my depression, when all I could do was pray and cry out to the Lord, I had one well-meaning pastor suggest that my lack of joy and peace were signs that I was not following the Lord.

No matter how I explained, I could not convince him that the Lord had allowed my depression even though I was, for probably the first time in my life, following him wholeheartedly.

So there it is, the thing we're not supposed to talk about.

Wholeheartedly following the Lord led me to a place of great darkness.

From the time I got saved at 23 until right before I left Hawaii at 31, I begged the Lord to strip away the idols that I knew I was putting before him yet did not have the strength to lay down for good. Then for more than four years, God

faithfully did just that. I was no longer satisfied with my loving little nest of a church; the only two romantic relationships I had been in as a Christian blew up, one shortly after the other; I was drawn away from the island I said I'd never leave; I was forced to move to a city I despised to find work; I felt utterly isolated from all my friends and family; and I lost my last defense against the world when I quit smoking.

I had so long used these idols to keep my past in the past, my sorrow at bay, and a smile on my face, the pit of despair that had hovered at my heels since I was five years old began to engulf me. I was overtaken, overwhelmed and drowning in a sea of sadness that seemed to have no end and no logical source.

And God let it happen.

That's right. My depression wasn't caused by a lack of spiritual discipline at all. Quite the opposite. I knew all the verses and was following the Lord. He led me right through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. I prayed and I read my bible constantly. I had to; God was the only thing I had left and the only thing holding me together.

In the valley, I came to truly believe that Jesus Christ is enough for me. If all else falls away, He will always be and has always been all I need.

In the wilderness, I developed a relationship of intimacy, trust, and dependence on my creator. In the desert, I learned to drink deeply from the streams of living water the Lord provides.

God took my ashes, my ugliness and my pain, and allowed depression held in check by his sovereign hand, to refine me. And you know what? The joy did come in the morning, it was just a very long night indeed.

The Spirit of the Sovereign Lord is on me,
because the Lord has anointed me
to proclaim good news to the poor.
He has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted,
to proclaim freedom for the captives
and release from darkness for the prisoners,[a]
to proclaim the year of the Lord's favor
and the day of vengeance of our God,
to comfort all who mourn,
and provide for those who grieve in Zion—
to bestow on them a crown of beauty
instead of ashes,
the oil of joy
instead of mourning,
and a garment of praise
instead of a spirit of despair.
They will be called oaks of righteousness,

a planting of the Lord
for the display of his splendor.

~Isaiah 61:1-3 (NIV) ~

A cupcake in a white paper liner, topped with pink frosting piped in a ruffled pattern. A single pink candle with white polka dots is lit and placed in the center of the frosting. The background is a soft, out-of-focus white.

Top 3 Articles of the Year

Trusting God When It Seems Illogical



By Debbie Kitterman
debbiekitterman.com

As you read the Bible, do you ever find yourself wondering what was God thinking?

Sometimes, I find myself asking God, “Why in the world did you choose that individual? Wasn’t there someone better suited to the task at hand?”

Let me just say this: Gideon is definitely not my favorite person in the Bible, but in some ways I totally relate to him. He is NOT someone I would point to as the model leader and yet God chose him to lead an army. Hmm... maybe the shortcomings and failures of Gideon are ones that are staring back at me in the mirror?

I have some of the same fears and insecurities that Gideon experienced. You know, it's been said that we don't like things in other people that we often have in ourselves. Ouch.

Before studying Gideon's life, I would have said he was a weak leader because of his fear and how he kept asking God for confirmation and assurance every step of the way. I realize now that fear doesn't make you a weak leader, but it's what you do in spite of fear that makes you a great leader!

...Have you ever noticed that God's ways are not our ways?

...His math is not like our math?

...His plans don't always make logical sense?

...Finally, have you ever noticed that God's plans require your total trust and reliance on Him?

Yet, God's plans are always exactly what is needed to bring about victory and success! Gideon's story in Judges 7:3-22 is one of those stories that has you answering YES to each of the above questions.

As you read it, he is putting together an army per the Lord's direction to fight against the Midianites and deliver God's people from their oppressors.

When the battle call is made, there are 32,000 Israelites that show up prepared to battle. The Midianite army is 135,000 strong. Already God's math is way different than man's math. Man's math says the Israelites are already outnumbered 4 to 1.

In Judges 7:2 God says to Gideon:

“You have too many men. I cannot deliver Midian into their hands, or Israel would boast against me, ‘My own strength has saved me.’”

Self-sufficiency is our enemy. It makes us believe we don't need help from others, or God. God didn't want Gideon or the Israelites to take credit for the victory He was about to bring. So what does God do? To prevent the attitude of “I did it on my own,” God takes the army from 32,000 to 300!

Say what?

The Lesson: Don't rely on our selves – our strength – our wisdom – our plans – our health – our finances — It's all God! – rely on Him – His plans – His Strength – His Provision – His Well Being.

So how did God pair down the army to only 300 men? He did it in two ways. The first makes logical sense.

Everyone who was fearful got to return home. A whopping 22,000 men left, leaving only 10,000, which was still too many for God.

The second way God chose who would stay and who would go doesn't make clear sense (or does it?). God told Gideon to choose the ones who would stay by the way they would drink water in Judges 7: 5-8:

5 So Gideon took the men down to the water. There the Lord told him, "Separate those who lap the water with their tongues as a dog laps from those who kneel down to drink."
6 Three hundred of them drank from cupped hands, lapping like dogs. All the rest got down on their knees to drink.

7 The Lord said to Gideon, "With the three hundred men that lapped I will save you and give the Midianites into your hands. Let all the others go home." 8 So Gideon sent the rest of the Israelites home but kept the three hundred, who took over the provisions and trumpets of the others.

Most commentaries don't have thoughts on why one way is better than the other. My opinion, however, is this:

When kneeling to drink, a person is not really watching what's going on around them. Their face is in the water, focused on their need and desire to quench thirst.

However, if someone scoops water and remains standing, they are able to pay better attention and are ready to fight.

In Judges 7:10-11, we learn that Gideon was afraid after this. I mean, wouldn't you be? 300 men against an army of 135,000? Not very good odds. In fact, the ratio was 450 Midianites to every 1 Israelite. God understood and knew Gideon was afraid, but that didn't change His plan.

God didn't let fear be an excuse for Gideon, and the same is true for us. Like the Israelites winning the battle against the Midianites when it didn't seem logical or likely, God will deliver us out of our own similarly dire situations.

His point is for us to not place our trust in others or even in our own abilities (self-sufficiency). He wants us to place our trust and confidence in Him and Him alone!

Dear Jesus, please show me where I am relying on myself or others instead of relying on and trusting You. I ask that you would forgive me for the times I haven't trusted you. I want to trust you more, I ask that you help me during the times when my trust and faith waiver. I choose this day to put my trust and confidence in You, no matter what situations may come.

Thank you for your love, care, and guidance. Amen. 

An Open Letter to Those Who Have Hurt Me



By Holly Haynes
hollynoelhaynes.com

I bet you never thought you'd hear from me, but I had to write you. I need to thank you, for hurting me. Kinda sounds crazy doesn't it? Why in the world would I thank you for hurting me? For rejecting me? For gossiping about me? For not seeing the real me?

Well, here's the truth: I needed to see some things about pain I did not know.

It was only by getting hurt, did I realize my capacity to cause hurt.

It was only by the pain of your blow that brought me low enough to realize, I too, have crushed others.

It was only by not being loved, being left out and cast out, I saw a slight glimmer of what it must have been like for Christ to be rejected by yes, even His own people.

It was only by not receiving grace from you, I started to see the enormity of Jesus' extravagant grace in my own life and how many times I have begrudged others of that same grace.

It was by hearing mean words which cut me to my core, I saw my words, also, have belittled and torn others down. I. can't. believe. I'm. going. to. say. this:

You hurting me was one of the best things that has ever happened to me.

The pain I've endured has shown me the wickedness in my own heart. My lust for vengeance, to be right, to be in control, to be unwilling to see someone else's point of view, and that I needed to stop seeing only through the narrow scope of my own opinion or ideologies.

It was through you that I learned forgiveness. I learned my capacity to let a bitter root grow deep inside and I cannot thrive, love myself, or others fully, with poison in my heart. It was only by being wounded and feeling misunderstood, I learned the true meaning of compassion and empathy...

because it was something I have longed for desperately. I needed you and life to teach me this lesson about pain most of all:


Pain is not the enemy, but my teacher, and through its unbearable weight I am pushed to grow.

And it was through others leaving me, and losing myself, I have recognized my greatest need and longing is to be rooted and established in Christ's love. His love is the foundation I must build my identity upon, not the acceptance of man, or because someone leaves.

It was through you, I am learning holiness.

One cannot become holy, unless first, holes are put there by others and through the lens of God's heart— we begin to see. And the miraculous thing about it is, Christ mends those soul holes and makes something beautiful out of them that we could not have fathomed. So, THANK YOU.

Thank you for hurting me.

Jesus knew in hurting each other is how we would learn to love each other. To God be the glory for any pain in our lives. Your redeemed, forgiven, healed Sister in Christ, who also, forgives you. 

Four Reasons You Should Not Be Modest



By Casey Capra
caseygcapra.blogspot.com

Do not be conformed to the pattern of this world...
Romans 12:2

I don't know about ya'll, but that one verse has the ability to convict me almost any time I read it. I instantly ask myself, "How have I been conforming lately? Where are some areas I am lazily accepting the world's pattern instead of challenging myself to live against it?"

This world we live in as Christians has a way of subtly and outright influencing us. It's a tricky path to navigate because we are not swept up and away to heaven the second we meet Jesus; we are left here with a mission to "let our light shine" and "fish for men" and "make disciples of all nations."

What glorious callings! But how difficult to live out. Especially when we don't have role models living it out perfectly.

One area that I find it particularly hard to not “be conformed to the pattern of this world” is how we, as women, dress ourselves. I read an article the other day about how modesty isn't the woman's job, but the man's job.

It was written by a father who is “no longer teaching [his] sons to look away,” but to somehow look at scantily-dressed women and see the woman as a highly-valuable soul. He even went so far as to point out that men who averted their eyes were somehow doing something wrong.

I feel the need to respond and to explain both the reasons why I'm modest and the not-reasons that I'm modest. I also believe these reasons go beyond personal conviction and should be applicable to every Christian woman.

Reasons to not be Modest

1. Do not be modest because you are ashamed of your body.

When I tell people that I don't wear bikinis, they instantly respond with “But, why? You're beautiful!” They assume that I am somehow embarrassed about my appearance.

I know I am a beautiful woman. Yes, there are areas I would change, but overall I'm proud of my body and the way that I look! On top of that, my husband says he's proud of the way I look. If that doesn't give me double the reason to want to show it off, I don't know what does. So shame is not a reason I am modest.

2. Do not be modest because it is your duty.

This one may seem strange... but another typical response I get to modesty is, "But it's the guy's job to guard his eyes/thoughts, so why make it your job?" Easy. I'm not making it my job. Someone who is struggling with lust is going to struggle with lust whether I'm on the beach in my underwear or not.

But if I can be a safe place for a Christian man's eyes to land for two seconds, then, even though I'm not trying to get rid of the struggle, I may be making it a little easier on him.

3. Do not be modest because your body is an object.

I have had people accuse me of agreeing with "rape culture," which, in a nutshell, claims that rapes wouldn't happen if women were more modest. I know I am more than a body.

And I know that my body is “fearfully and wonderfully made.” But it is because I know that my body is more than an object that I work so hard to keep it sacred.

4. Do not be modest because you think “men can’t help it.”

I am not modest because I think men are animals, or carnal brutes that can’t control themselves. I come from a family with six awesome brothers, a god-fearing father, and I am married to an amazing man. I know men of self-control and men who are daily walking as Christian men ought to walk.

But these men aren’t perfect, and they need women who are going to stand alongside of them and support them, not just say, “Hey, I know this is hard, but try to focus on my face while I lay out and get a tan in whatever I want to wear.”

Reasons You Should Be Modest

1. Modesty loves and serves the Christian men in your life.

I am surrounded by Christian men who are brothers in Christ. They are daily fighting the good fight and striving for purity. I want to do anything I can as a sister in Christ to...

encourage that fight for purity, not discourage it. Having so many biological brothers, it upsets me to no end when I see the Christian girls in their life that show off their beautiful bodies around them. It speaks so much disrespect to the purity they are trying so hard to attain.

Find one Christian young man who can look at you in the eyes and tell you that it is easy to walk in purity when there are half-naked women around every corner. Then ask them if modesty makes a difference in their lives. Then make your decision.

Again, I can't emphasize this enough, it is not my job, but my honor to serve them in modesty.

2. Modesty requires humility.

I love fashion. I love learning how to dress my body type and throw as many colors and patterns into one outfit as possible. But when I go out in whatever I want to wear because I want to wear it, it is so, so selfish.

Ephesians 2:3 calls us to do "nothing out of selfish ambition," and goes on to encourage us to use Christ as an example! If I am called to lay down my life to serve those around me, it should seem obvious that laying down my right to wear whatever I want when I want is far easier...

than shedding my lifeblood.

The apostle Paul was willing to give up his right to eat meat for the sake of others!

When you sin against them in this way and wound their weak conscience, you sin against Christ. Therefore, if what I eat causes my brother or sister to fall into sin, I will never eat meat again, so that I will not cause them to fall.

1 Corinthians 8:12-13

I want to have this humility that is willing to lay down anything destructive in my life if it means I can love others better. Even if it's something like eating meat or wearing what I want.

3. Modesty doesn't hinder the Gospel.

We endure anything rather than put an obstacle in the way of the Gospel of Christ.

1 Corinthians 9:12

I am called to “be not conformed to the pattern of this world” and let the light of Christ shine in my life. If I look like the world, what good does that do? I am making myself an obstacle in the way of the Gospel! How humiliating would it be to reach heaven, be in the presence of my King, and...

for Him to say, “Casey, you blended in”?

I don't want to just make it to heaven, I want to be so different and full of light and so desperately in love with God and humanity that I am taking a crowd to heaven with me. Light doesn't make a difference when it shines into light, and light doesn't make a difference when it tries to blend into the darkness or not “make waves.”

Light is bright and offensive and the complete opposite of the dark.

Ladies, this means we need to look different. If we are blending in and looking like everyone else, we will not be living out the Gospel effectively. And this means we need to have this attitude that is willing to give up anything in order that the Gospel may flow effectively in and out of our lives.

4. Modesty serves my husband.

One of the greatest gifts I can give to my husband is a 100% right to my body. Completely and entirely to no one else. This does not just mean sexually, but visually as well.

Even before I knew Jon or knew he would be my husband, I knew that one day I was going to be married to a man who was thankful that I saved myself for his eyes, and...

his eyes only. And now that we are married, Jon has told me over and over that my modesty honors him and shows him respect.

My modesty tells to the world that my body is for one person to look at, admire, and enjoy.

5. Modesty serves men's wives and future wives.

It's a shame that if Jon and I go to the beach, I won't invite some of my Christian women friends. Why? Because I know that they won't be modest and respect my husband's eyes.

But it is so refreshing to be around a group of women who are respecting me by respecting my husband. My husband does not need them to be modest; he is a man of character who runs hard after purity whether they are modest or not.

But it shows an above-and-beyond act of respect to me when they are standing beside me contending for my husband's purity.

In the same way, respect the single men's future wives. Be the kind of girl their future wives would be proud to have around them, supporting them as single men in their efforts to save their eyes for their future wife.

Ladies, let's be the women that these men's wives and future wives would be thankful for.

6. Modesty respects your body as a temple.

This is the most important reason why I am modest. My body is not my own. When I became a Christian, my body became an instrument for God's purposes, a holy place of worship.

Do you not know that you are God's temple and
that God's Spirit dwells in you?...
For God's temple is holy, and you are that temple.
1 Corinthians 3:16

Why would God want His holy, pure, and unselfish Spirit to reside in a scantily-clad temple? One that is not even thinking of her Christian brothers (or their wives) when they get dressed in the morning? How does that bring Him glory? How does that make Him proud?


I want to be a glorious temple for His Spirit. I want Him to point at me and say, "Wow, she's representing me well." At the end of the day, I can't make others holy. Being modest does mean the men around me don't fall into sin. But it honors God that His temple is holy and is encouraging holiness around her.

Do not present your members to sin as instruments for unrighteousness, but present yourselves to God as those who have been brought from death to life, and your members to God as instruments for righteousness.

Romans 6:13

I want nothing more than for my body to be an “instrument of righteousness,” and I want to run far, far away from my body being an “instrument for unrighteousness.”

I know I fail, and I get lazy about what I wear. And I am so thankful that I married someone who will remind me of how important it is to treat my body like a holy temple when I don't feel like wearing anything but leggings.

But I am always going to be striving to make this temple one that is more holy, and one that is used as an instrument of righteousness and not unrighteousness. 



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