

That Night
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That night in Gethsemane, Jesus became you.

He became me too. He became every single one of us. He experienced every single terrible moment of our lives.

That night, He went through the agony of chemotherapy.

That night, He was a victim of assault.

That night, He came out of the closet and was kicked out of the house.

That night, He didn't know how He was going to feed His family.

That night, He overdosed.

That night, He battled depression and anxiety, and He considered suicide.

That night, He lost a child.

That night, He felt hopeless. He felt terrified. He felt abandoned by His friends, and abandoned by His God.

Whatever you have felt, He felt it too. He felt all the pain and anger and sadness and loneliness that you have ever felt. He knows everything you've done, and everything anyone has ever done to you. He knows you perfectly.

And He still loves you.

In fact, He loves you not in spite of knowing you perfectly, but BECAUSE He knows you perfectly. He loves you more than you can imagine. Even when you don't love yourself—ESPECIALLY when you don't love yourself—He loves you.

His love will never change or fade away, just as your worth will never change or fade away. You are a literal child of Heavenly Parents, the King and Queen of the universe. That makes you precious. Your worth is infinite.

Jesus Christ volunteered to feel what you feel, to suffer what you suffer, because of that love He has for you. He took it all on Himself so that He can know how to help you and heal you.

It may not happen right now. It may not happen soon. But He will help you. He'll take away your pain. And until He can, He'll be there to strengthen you so you can handle it, to carry you when you're too weak, and to hold you so you're not alone.

Because of Him, there is always hope. The light is always there, because He is the Light.



Painting: *Gethsemane* by Adam Abram