

Title: "Afraid to Ask Jesus"

June 8, 2026

Greetings all,

I recently got an encouraging Immanuel Approach story from someone in one of my mentoring groups. Thought an excerpt from their story would bless the rest of you. (Shared with permission.)

"...I realized that I was scared to ask Jesus because I was afraid He was going to say something terrible that I didn't want to hear. But then I remembered the intermediate-level skill of 'Just tell Jesus everything you're thinking' regarding why you don't want to talk to Him, so I told Him I didn't really want to ask Him my question because I was afraid He was going to have a bad answer and tell me something I didn't want to hear....And then I asked Jesus to help me with my fears about this, and where had my fears come from about hearing what He has to say?

He took me back to this memory of me in youth group. We were singing a song that says, "I only have one life, and that will soon be passed. I want my life to count for Christ -- what's done for Him will last. Lord, send me anywhere, only go with me. Lay any burden on me, only sustain me. Sever any tie, save the tie that binds me to your heart. Lord Jesus, my king, I consecrate my life, Lord, to you." The whole culture there was basically that you had to surrender to Jesus, and He was probably going to ask of you exactly what you didn't want to give up, and if you didn't give it to Him, He was going to force you to give it up anyway.

So I had this memory of singing this song in youth group, except I realized a very odd thing, which was how this memory is stored and always has been. The scene I see in this memory is not of me singing the song with a bunch of people, but rather there's this closet with the same lighting as youth group, but totally empty except me singing this song. I don't know how you can store real memories like that, but anyhow, that's how it's stored -- me alone in this closet in the middle of youth group room, singing this song alone and scared of what Jesus is going to yank away from me.

So I asked Jesus to be with me, and then I started having these thoughts. He was showing me that this song was particularly out of context in my youth group. Jesus pointed out the phrases as follows: "I only have one life, and that will soon be passed. I want my life to count for Christ -- what's done for Him will last. **Lord**, send me anywhere, **only go with me**. Lay any burden on me, **only sustain me**. Sever any tie, save **the tie that binds me to your heart**. Lord Jesus, my king, I consecrate my life, Lord, to you."

He said that the youth group had never taught us about Jesus actually being with us or going with us in any living or interactive way. He told me that they had never taught us about how Jesus truly sustains us in the deepest and most painful trials that could come upon a person. He showed me that they'd never encouraged or helped to forge ties between our hearts and God's. He showed me that *if none of those things are present, of course the other parts seem scary*.

He was outside the closet thing talking to me, and He said He'd come in, but I'd have to give Him permission because He wanted me to feel safe. Even though He knew I'd be safer with Him in the closet with me, He cared so much about me and me feeling safe, and about not forcing me into things I didn't want, that He wouldn't even come into this closet unless I wanted Him and invited

Him. Which brought tears to my eyes. Because they'd taught me that Jesus would yank things away from me by force if I wouldn't give them up. But Jesus wouldn't even do something to help me if I didn't want Him to because He cared about me feeling safe and cared about me being on board. I could hardly believe it."

Blessings,

Dr. Lehman/Karl

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