

Lifesong

A Testimony Concerning the “Doing” of the Word

by
Jim Sayles

“So may the words I say
And the things I do
Make my lifesong sing
Bring a smile to You...”
(Lifesong by Casting Crowns)

“Lifesong” by Casting Crowns is my favorite worship song, and each time I sing along at the top of my voice, the words of that song are my prayer.

I desperately want my lifesong to bring a smile to Him, and my lifelong goal after being delivered from deep Satanic bondage thirty-four years ago has been to make Paul’s confession in Galatians 2:20 my own confession:

I have been crucified with Christ, and I no longer live. The life I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the One who gave His life for me.

A few years back I had a dream from the Lord. In the dream I was standing on the podium with a number of other men and women looking out over a vast open air audience stretching as far as the eye could see as the light of the Holy Spirit appeared like a bright, white, haloed spotlight on one of the men in the audience.

As he stood up he sang his lifesong, and though it was not given to me to remember his words, it was the most beautiful song I had ever heard, and my heart was filled with joy at the testimony of his lifesong.

It was obvious that everyone in this setting, including those of us on the podium, would sing his or her lifesong for the others, and, as the man singing completed his song, I knew intuitively that the haloed spotlight would next fall on me.

But, instead of singing the joy of my faith walk in Christ out loud, I was shocked and intensely grieved by the realization that I had forgotten the words of my lifesong.

I woke up instantly from that dream with tears running down my cheeks, and I quickly got up out of bed without waking my wife to go into my office where I wept over the revelation that had come to me.

Our “lifesong” is His song being sung through us as we walk by faith in all that we think, say, and do. It is “hearing” and “seeing” the revelation of His truth, promises, and commands in both large and small ways and then “saying” or “doing” that which He has prompted and empowered us to say or do so that we manifest His glory, His presence, His truth, His love, and His *dunamis* power in the world, the glory of the one and only Son of God who gave His life as a ransom for us in order that we might become the righteousness of God in Him.

Nothing in all the years that I have followed Him has grieved me as deeply as that dream, and nothing in all the years He has been disciplining me has brought as much change.

In the days and weeks that followed I prayed in brokenness and tears that He would teach me my lifesong again, because I realized with all my being that NOTHING else mattered, NOTHING else was important by comparison, and NOTHING less would satisfy either Him or me.

It came to me afterwards that I needed to prepare for my death. At my age, with a lifelong passion for physical, intellectual, and spiritual risk-taking, the reality of the need to make certain preparations for my physical death suddenly became important to me.

I renewed my will. I wrote out my desires related to a memorial service which included, of course, the singing of “Lifesong.” And I wrote sealed letters to my wife and my children.

But the preparation for my physical death, prompted by the Spirit, was merely a necessary step in preparing for my death to self, the crucifixion of the flesh, which is the natural man apart from the influence of the Spirit.

It is this death to self, then, that releases us from the constraints of the flesh so that we can fully live out the lifesong He has foreordained for each of us.

And, by the grace of God, I will not forget the words of my lifesong again because I did not “hear” and say what I “heard” Him say, and I did “see” and do what He commanded and equipped me to do by grace through faith so that He is glorified and others in the world receive His ministry through my lifesong.