

Rewritten



An Easter Devotional of Hope and Healing

Reema Angelique

Rewritten: An
Easter
Devotional on
Hope and
Healing

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Day 1: Who He is

Psalm 57:8 (NIV): “Awake my soul!”

There I was, 16 years old, more aware of my brokenness than I'd ever been. Kneeling on my green, stale carpet, a Bible in hand that my stepdad gave me. It was the Bible he used when he was in prison. Although I'd never really opened it, I had no option that night. My soul knew there had to be more to life than hiding for survival from your rage-filled stepfather or your drug-addicted and angry mother.

I cried out. For something. Anything. I didn't care if it was the god of Islam or the Hindu gods or even a "spirit guide" that would talk to me.

My heart was heavy, yet empty and ready to receive whatever truth would meet me there.

I opened my Bible to Psalm 57. This was a psalm of David, who was hiding for his life from Saul.

It said,

Have mercy on me, my God, have mercy on me.

for in you I take refuge.

I will take refuge in the shadow of your wings

until the disaster has passed.

I cry out to God Most High,
to God, who vindicates me.

He sends from heaven and saves me,
rebuking those who hotly pursue me—
God sends forth his love and his
faithfulness.

I am in the midst of lions;

I am forced to dwell among ravenous
beasts—

men whose teeth are spears and
arrows,

whose tongues are sharp swords.

Be exalted, O God, above the heavens;
let your glory be over all the earth.

They spread a net for my feet—
I was bowed down in distress.

They dug a pit in my path—
But they have fallen into it themselves.

My heart, O God, is steadfast.
my heart is steadfast.
I will sing and make music.

Awake, my soul

Then I read “Awake, my soul” three times. A force of love fell upon me so strongly that I was pushed up against the wall.

My arms were spread out, like Jesus on the cross. A voice in my spirit said to me,

Jesus is the son of God and came to take away my sin.

My knees collapsed before me and I cried with tears of joy. I had opened myself that day to the possibility of truth. For the first time, I was acknowledging my emptiness and my brokenness and accepting that the truth was beyond me but something I was open to finding. No preconceived ideas.

All I had that day was a heavy heart and an open mind. And the God of the universe showed Himself to me in a way I didn't deserve.

I definitely didn't earn it.

Now this Easter, I sit in reverential awe. Not of what He did that night. But of who He is.

What kind of God would pursue someone as sinful and broken, despite all that I'd done and didn't do?

Let us take a moment to meditate on the character of a God who took on a burden for us so that we may attain the most beautiful gift in life.

Day 2: The Foreshadowing

Matthew 26:42 (NIV):

*“ He went away a second time and prayed,
“My Father, if it is not possible for this cup
to be taken away unless I drink it, may your
will be done.”*

After my encounter with Jesus, my view of life changed. But I was still in the same environment. Every day was like walking with a flashlight through the darkness. I was still encountering my stepdad in drug-induced rages, threatening me with weapons, and accusing me of heinous things I'd never done before. It wasn't only my stepdad, but my mom would join him in this abuse, and it was something that I still had to navigate, despite my newfound piece of truth. Naturally, my environment didn't change, so I still had to endure deep pain. I wasn't exempt from life's struggles when I became a Christian.

When I went to college, I began reading the Bible. I found a love for reading the Gospels. You get to follow the personal life of Jesus; the words come alive and it feels like you are hanging out with Him.

Not only are you learning, but you are seeing and feeling His presence. It isn't just words on a page.

You can see in passages like Matthew 26 that Jesus is crying out in deep agony and pain. Jesus asks God that His cup of wrath may be passed from Him. In other words, Jesus was pleading with God, his Father, to find another way, any other way, for salvation to be accomplished without him having to endure immense suffering.

Imagine for a moment what kind of agony and pain was upon Jesus.

He had been beaten, mocked, humiliated, and betrayed by those closest to him. Even the people who loved Jesus deeply, like Peter, had fallen short of being there for him.

It wasn't only Jesus's pain he was carrying, but He was carrying a burden that wasn't even supposed to be His. I can't imagine the emptiness or the sheer darkness He might have been feeling.

He was God in the flesh and still had such a dark moment, pleading for His Father to keep the cup from Him.

He still had to go on and unjustly have an excruciating death so that the world could receive justice.

Think about the darkness that the world felt on the day that Jesus was crucified. From noon till three, there was complete darkness over the world.

The world had to have darkness for there to be light.

There had to be suffering for the promise to come.

There had to be a crucifixion for the salvation of souls.

But it didn't mean that it wasn't painful and utterly desolate.

It also meant that it wasn't the end.

And two things can be true at once.

That moment of darkness on the cross, though utterly desolate, was not the end of Jesus's story. Similarly, my own encounter with Christ, though it didn't immediately erase my painful circumstances, became a lifeline in the darkness. It was the first glimmer of a truth that extended beyond my immediate suffering.

A promise that even in the midst of drug-fueled rages and accusations, there was a love and a hope that could ultimately overcome. Easter reminds us that even the darkest Friday leads to a glorious Sunday, a truth that sustained me then and continues to sustain me now.

What does Jesus's willingness to endure suffering, even when He pleaded for another way, reveal to you about His love?

Day 3: Not Forgotten, but Rewritten

Revelation 21:4 (NIV): “He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away.”

Sometimes I think that I genuinely forget about the things I've endured. Some psychologists may call this avoidance; other psychologists may call it the repression of memories. Others may think that I've been able to effectively integrate these past traumas into my understanding of the world.

Since I am in my fourth year of clinical psychology doctoral training and I've studied all these topics, I can confidently say that God doesn't really make you forget bad memories.

He rewrites them.

God has a different view of the world than we do.

When Jesus was crucified, He had been telling people that He would be coming back and that His spirit would still be living with them.

The disciples still questioned, had doubt, and felt fear. The disciples are representations of how limited our human understanding can be. They are examples of how we are sometimes unable to see the fullness of the future and how our situations will be turned around. Even when God Himself is sitting next to us telling us otherwise.

When Mary Magdalene discovered Jesus for the first time after He resurrected, I can't imagine the sheer joy that must have washed over her.

I bet in that moment, she got a glimpse of heaven: the idea that every tear would be wiped from her eyes. There would be no more death or mourning.

The resurrection of Jesus is a reminder that pain preceded the coming glory. Darkness came before the inevitable rejoicing. The past suffering had not actually been erased, but God had rewritten it.

How can the joy Mary Magdalene experienced at the empty tomb inspire you to see your own past suffering in a new light?

Meet the Author



Reema Angelique is the founder of @FaithfullyReema on Instagram and the Christian Psych Club. Reema is passionate about helping Christians glorify God while walking through mental health difficulties. She currently holds a Master of Arts in Clinical Psychology and is training to be a doctor of psychology. Reema is also the author of the book, little house on ansley. When not at school, she can be found at home with her hubby, golden retriever, Lucy, and Lab, Isaac.