

Enriched in Everything





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How the Gospel Changes Us

EDMOND SANGANYADO



ENRICHED IN EVERYTHING

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*To Surprise, my treasure from heaven and my sons precious  
gifts from the Lord, Chesed and Chaniel.*



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## Introduction

**I**t was supposed to be the happiest day in my life, and it was. Sleepless nights, anxiety attacks, incessant daydreaming and uncontainable happiness harassed me daily. I did not know what to think or what to expect. Like a punter at a race course, I crossed my fingers, made a silent prayer and hoped for the best. On such a day, everything was supposed to be flawless, immaculate clothes, faultless hairstyle, impeccable smile and even a perfect walk. I was the only person who could spoil the day and I did.

I was late for my own wedding, not by five minutes, ten minutes or thirty minutes, but a solid hour. You probably know the reason. No, I did not wake up with a cheetah in my room, a tattoo on my face or a missing tooth. It was not a Hangover reenactment, but the traditional late groom excuse; I left the wedding rings home. I am a perfectionist who gold plate teaspoons and sugar coat cookies. You can imagine what

arrive late for my own wedding made me feel. I entered the marriage with a dent in my pride.

“If you had told me, I would have lent you mine,” chuckled my pastor, obviously finding my predicament hilarious.

As I stood by the entrance, waiting for my cue, my pastor’s wife continually assured me everything would be fine. I needed that. Beneath the stern and confident facade, lay a small kid crying for help. I needed assurance, encouragement, and someone to pat my back and say, “Go for it, son.” Thank God, she was right there, doing exactly that. She has always done that, but that is another story altogether.

All the anxiety, fear and self-loathe evaporated when I entered the church. In jubilation, my family and friends’ brought down the roof of the building snuffing away all the negative emotions that was clogged in my heart. It was a day the Lord made, and I rejoiced. I ate, laughed and danced. We exchanged vows and my father-in-law, who was the marriage officer, requested that I tell my lovely bride something that was in my heart. I did an impromptu poem; many people thought I had written it before. It runs in the genes I guess, even Adam got poetic when he saw Eve.

As the festivities came to an end, the sermons preached, the gifts given and the songs enjoyed, there was one problem. Even though I had a beautiful gold ring on my finger, a gorgeous bride on my side and a state-issued marriage certificate, I did not feel married. No, I did not. The same highly opinionated, short, skinny, almost-genius boy who

entered the church few hours before, walked out on his way to a honeymoon. There was no change. Although, according to the state registry, I was at that moment married, I did not feel it. What was wrong with me?

When I exchanged vows with, Surprise everyone in the church knew what was going on. When my father-in-law told us, we were husband and wife from that moment, everyone else knew we were married, except me. The rings were a guarantee of our commitment to each other, the certificate our commitment to the institution of marriage in society and the kiss a public proclamation of mutual love. With all that proof, I did not feel married.

My battle with reality affected the first few months after our wedding. Honestly, four years later plus two kids, the problem of reality still persists. I had no clue on what marriage entails since I lost both my parents before I turned seventeen. I wanted my marriage to be filled with fun, inspiring, encouraging or serving others. I spent a lot of time with couples that modeled my ideals and tried to be like them. I thought if I sit, talk, work or teach like them, then I was on my way to becoming a husband. I was trying to become what I already was.

This story is similar to the gospel in life. By picturing marriage as an authentic spirituality, a wedding day as the day you received a new life and a marriage home as your spiritual life, you will get a clear illustration of the gospel dilemma most people face. Each day we are bombarded by the contradictions of perceived spirituality, what entails a gospel transformed life,

authentic spirituality, what scriptures teach is the gospel-transformed life and individual spirituality, what we view as gospel-transformation in our lives. When perceived, true and individual spirituality is the same, we experience the joy of the gospel. Unfortunately, for many people this is not so.

### New Life Paradox

There are many times that our Christian walk seems to exude a paradox, where we are caught in a dilemma beyond cold war proportions. Often, biblical truths and promises seem contradictory to our experiences. At such moments, a mirage divorced from divine truth confronts us and shakes our core beliefs, threatening to pull down the unshakable foundation we have in Christ. At other times, we spiral into a mundane daily grind of recompensing our failings or covering up for our wrong doings. During these moments, Jesus' divine utterance from the cross, "It is finished," seems to be an incomplete or not finished enough for atonement of our misgivings and misdealing. This is the quandary that many believers live, including me.

"How is that possible?" we wonder when a fellow believer, who at one time was a beacon of hope and faith, sink into an abysmal wild animal trap of rejecting Jesus Christ. With the proliferation of social networking, blogging and self-publishing, our once innocent minds are confronted with ideas from former believers who claim they have found

enlightenment outside of Jesus or the scriptures. They proclaim how their incomparable wisdom, thorough study and personal experiences led them to a new deep divine revelation, such as Jesus is not enough, Jesus was never God, anyone can be saved outside Jesus, God is no longer healing people today, and so forth. How are you going to stand firm, in the middle of these ravaging winds of false and perverted enlightenment?

We do not have to go far to see the apparent contradiction in Christian living. Many of us have received the gift of life; we have accepted Jesus Christ as our Lord and Savior. How is it possible we continue to struggle with sin? Why are there certain sins enslaving us even though the Bible says we are no longer slaves to sin? “A man cannot serve two masters,” Jesus once advised. You can either love one or hate the other. How is it possible that we remain slaves to sin when Christ has made us slaves to righteousness? Is it possible for a slave to have two masters? Why do we describe certain sins as part of our personality and defend them by saying we are being real? Is this the best that Christ must offer us?

In his well-researched book, *True Spirituality*<sup>1</sup>, Francis Schaeffer explains many believers experience a disjoint between their life and sound Christian walk. He called this the

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<sup>1</sup> Schaeffer, F. A. (2012). *True Spirituality*. Tyndale House Publishers, Inc.

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