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writings by Beth Ann Phifer



## Only the Blood

### The Slain Lamb is on the Throne, Risen!

A Personal (but Universal) Testimony from April 3, 1980, John 3:3

Written September 5, 2025, in the waking morning hours

Nothing could help me. Nothing could wash away my sin, my rebellion against God, my years of ignoring His presence, my rejection of His wooing arms, my silencing of His voice saying, "Come."

Nothing. No repentance, no half-efforts of human goodness, no sorrow, no money, no fasting, no hours spent in prayer, no display of spiritual gifting. Nothing could remove the embedded, entrenched, stain-filled habits, the petrified grooves that constantly steered me away from the Light. Nothing.

*Nothing but a Perfect Sacrifice yielding the purest blood – a flowing Substitution for my deserved penalty, a Payment to cover every last horrific blot.*

It was impossible for the blood of bulls and goats in the Jewish sacrificial system to take away sins. The blood of the lamb of atonement shed once a year at the hand of the high priest was only a ritualistic sign, a void shadow. And the Jewish practice of purification by immersion into the waters failed also. Naked, with fingers separated and mouth open, the earnest devotee would dip three times to be sure he or she was completely cleansed. But no water could remove the heart's rebellion.

Only Jesus, the Only Begotten of the Father, born with our nature, yet without sin.

Only the Exact Representation of the Father Who through agony gave His will to do the Father's will.  
Only the One Who was crushed for my iniquities.

Only the One Who took upon His body the unfathomable weight of all the sins of the entire world.

And so, in my helpless, hopeless, hostile deadness, the Father made Jesus to be an offering to pay my insurmountable debt. After He relentlessly, patiently wooed me, drew me, and revealed Himself to me over and over again... **one day**... lying there in exhaustion, I barely opened my eyes still encrusted with old tears, doubt, and questions, and heard Him say, "Come to Me, Beth Ann. You are weary and weighed down... Come. I will give you rest."

And then a microscopic something in my brain yearned with, "Yes, I will. But I have nothing." He whispered, "Just come. It is finished. My blood was enough. You are washed. I am replacing your old heart with a brand new one full of desire to follow Me. Now we are lovers forever."

New tears poured from my now-fully-opened eyes. The fog cleared. My vision reached further than I ever remembered. Chains I had not seen before were gone, releasing me to swim deeply in a mighty crystal sea, frolicking, floating, moving weightlessly, fully saturated in His love.

His blood, pouring from His wounds of mutilation, torture, and shame, made me whole.