I Heard the Call

Tacyana Behrmann

Andrews University

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.andrews.edu/luh-pubs

Part of the Practical Theology Commons

Recommended Citation
Behrmann, Tacyana, "I Heard the Call" (2013). Lake Union Herald. 184.
https://digitalcommons.andrews.edu/luh-pubs/184

This Student Stories is brought to you for free and open access by the Lake Union Herald at Digital Commons @ Andrews University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Lake Union Herald by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Andrews University. For more information, please contact repository@andrews.edu.
When I think about my story thus far, I think of the story of Peter in Matthew 14 — Jesus’ call for Peter to walk upon the water. For years, I knew Christ was calling me to walk on the water; yet, it wasn’t until I was 18 years old when I had the courage to “get out of the boat.” My story was one of great loss but, with the acceptance of Jesus Christ, my story is no longer one of loss but the greatest gain my life can know.

I grew up not wanting or needing anything. My mother, a fashion designer, and my father, at the time a financial planner, provided my sister and me with everything children could ask for. Our home life was one of love, forgiveness and always this overwhelming feeling of Christ’s presence. I could never doubt His existence or turn away from a knowledge of the undeniable fact that Jesus lived because of the example of my parents. Everything they did exemplified who He was; whether at church, work or home, my parents were consistent in their daily commitment to love and serve Christ and reared us in a way we would experience Him, not only through their words but through their lives.

My loving parents could not protect me from the pain life seemed to bring me. The devil always seems to find ways to prey on the youngest of God’s children. My young heart experienced much pain and loss that resulted in an extremely low self-esteem. As a result, the view of a loving Christ was extremely tainted in my young mind. By this time, my father had accepted the call to ministry and had become a pastor. His decision confused me. How could he leave the money, lifestyle and bonuses to serve a God who allows humanity such pain? I developed resentment toward my father, which, in retrospect, was resentment toward who I thought Jesus was. In spite of my resentment toward my father, he never stopped being Jesus to me. My dad’s heart for me and his longing for a relationship with me was evident.

As my rebellion grew, I could anticipate my dad’s, the pastor’s, reprimand. I would wait to see how he would react toward my behavior. Time and time again, I found myself crying in disbelief and conviction because the Jesus whose character I wanted to deny was ever evident in my father, and even in his reprimand. I could see Christ’s heart for me through the example of how my father spoke to me, no matter the situation, good or bad. My father’s love for me, his pursuit of me and his decision to see that the devil not have the victory in my life is the reason I am dedicated to serving the Lord today.

Many times I hear of pastors’ kids who are wayward, and I think of the example of my father. I think of the fact that I could, indeed, find fault in him, but I could never deny the fact that, even in his faults, he was honest in admitting, surrendering and growing in Christ — to be the man Jesus called him to be in order to raise me to be the woman Christ called me to be. His heart for me and for my

BY TACYANA BEHRMANN
salvation overwhelms me with tears to this day. I wouldn’t be who I am today if it was not for my parents’ ever-loving pursuit of my heart for Jesus.

In 2008, my parents encouraged me to take part in a mission trip to India that our conference youth director was planning. In preparation for India, I came to the realization that I needed Christ in my life. I was going on a mission trip to tell people about a transforming love that I had yet to accept and experience.

During my experience in India, I found Jesus. I’ll never forget being in my hotel room and hearing the voice of God speak to me so clearly, urging me to surrender all to Him. In surrendering to Christ, there were things I would have to leave behind. I knew this. Finally making the decision to “step out of the boat” was extremely transformative. I knew that, for years, Christ had been calling me out on the water to find Him, in the mystery where His redeeming love could transform my heart. I finally understood in that moment, in that hotel room, that I had nothing to give in this life but to retell the story of Jesus. The story that for years I tried to overlook, dismiss and reject was the same story that brought my heart, mind and soul a renewing peace and an overwhelming amount of joy and ful...