



All Glorious Within

A Treasury of Inspiration for Young Women



Susannah Rose Dorfsmith

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Dedication

To my Savior, Jesus Christ: By the skillfulness of His hands, He guided me every step of the way.

To my parents, Michael and Rebekah: Through their loving direction, they grounded me in the Word of God.

To my sister, Jessica: By her invaluable advice, helpful corrections, and constant encouragement, this book became a reality.

To every daughter of the King: May this book lift you upward as you strive to be “all glorious within.”

Introduction

Dear sisters in Christ,

As daughters of the King, our shared goal is to transform into the image of our Savior. To be “perfect and entire, wanting nothing” (James 1:4) is our heart’s longing. And out of that longing, *All Glorious Within* began.

From the depths of my own tears, struggles, triumphs, and joys, I offer you a glimpse into my ongoing pilgrimage toward becoming more like Christ. My prayer is that it will strike an answering chord in your heart, drawing you closer to the King. Through the blood of Christ, and by His transforming power, may it ever be said of you: “The king’s daughter is all glorious within” (Psalm 45:13).

Seeking the goal along with you,
Susannah Rose Dorfsmith

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Looking unto Jesus the author
and finisher of our faith

Hebrews 12:2

chapter one



From Fear to Faith

It was a stormy spring day. Large flakes of soggy snow drifted down from a bleak gray sky. Gusts of wind sighed through pine boughs and pale sun rays struggled to pierce the veil of clouds. I gazed out the window with my heart parallel to the gloomy weather. Over the past few years, some of my family's brightest hopes had been deferred. Today yet another was crushed mercilessly to the dust and I felt as if the storms of life were closing in. How soon would it be until their towering waves utterly engulfed me?

In trying circumstances, where does your focus automatically go? Often I'm a lot like Peter. As I walk across the waters of life, Jesus is my goal. But the alarming gale about me strikes terror into my heart. In panic, I switch my gaze from Jesus' face to the imminent peril. The sure result? A loss of peace, a wavering faith, and finally a helpless sinking beneath the circumstances.

I fail to progress in the heavenly way and learn the lessons Jesus so lovingly desires to teach me.

Such fear in the midst of trouble doesn't have to be. On that dreary day of quelled hopes my mother thoughtfully reminded me, "We need to be more like Paul and Silas and sing while in prison." Think of it! Despite being bound in an inner prison, they sang. Despite agonized sufferings from an unjust beating, they sang. Though it was the dead of night, with seemingly no way of escape, yet they lifted their voices up to God in faith and praise.

Like me, maybe you long to have this type of song—no matter how wild the tumult, how dark the night. Yet it seems fettered to the earth and stifled in your throat. How is it possible to sing when our hearts are so unbearably overwhelmed? God has an effective cure for all joyless hearts: "Look unto me," He says (Isaiah 45:22). Look unto His perfect sacrifice. Look unto His attributes. Look unto His very self. This is the key to victorious song!

Unlike the life of fear that an improper focus brings, the life of faith overflows with richest blessings. As we gaze upon God's omnipotent power and tender love, we come to realize many wonderful reasons for song. One of these is the fact that God is in control of every storm. Whether it be financial, physical, mental, or spiritual, His hand is at the helm. We are not being tossed about by ungovernable waves, left to wreak havoc as they will. Rather, we are caught up in a tempest ruled and allowed by God. He uses it to teach us lessons of eternal value. How often just the thought that I am not left to fate has brought comfort to my soul! "Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth" (Revelation 19:6). My Savior is in command. Truly this is cause enough for song!

A gaze fixed on Jesus also causes us to progress in our walk across the waters to His side. The more we meditate upon Him, the more we grow in trust and love. The more we place our

confidence in Him, the closer He draws us to Himself. Then we are enabled to walk peacefully onward, though circumstances and uncertainties threaten to destroy us. The way may be shrouded in darkness, the night may be long, but we can grasp His hand in dependence. He will see us through.

Yet another blessing is given to those who focus on Jesus: deliverance and ministry. When Paul and Silas sang and prayed in prison, their bonds were broken. They were wondrously set free and allowed to play a part in the jailer's conversion. Though for us our outward situations may not be miraculously altered, the bonds of the heart will most assuredly snap asunder. Fear, doubt, and despair cannot tarry when we are gazing up into the lovely face of Jesus! And as we are loosed from our inward fetters, we will be able to point others to Jesus. What we learn from Him in the black night of affliction, He uses to touch other hearts crying out for help.

As we perceive the joys of the faith life, doesn't a longing burn within to always look to Jesus? Doesn't the cry rise from the heart, "More faith, Lord! More faith!"? But what if, despite our earnest desires, we turn our eyes away in a moment of panic? What should we do when the boisterous wind so terrifies us that our gaze seems riveted to the tempest? Let us try Peter's way and cry, "Lord, save me" (Matthew 14:30). At the sound of our voice, His gracious hand will immediately catch us in a clasp that renders sinking impossible. When we cry out to Him, He will never suffer us to drown.

Then may we strive with fresh zeal to remember God's loving command, "Look unto me." Oh, for the grace to ever look to Jesus! Oh, that a song of praise and faith may ever be in our hearts and upon our lips! "Lord Jesus, work in us this day."

Don't Let Me Go

My soul cries out for joy and peace
And from all fears a sweet release,
Yet darkness deepens.
I cannot see Thee, Lord above;
I cannot feel Thy perfect love;
Faith slips and weakens.

Lord, turn my focus off of *me*
And though Thy face I fail to see,
I'll look to Thee.
When storms rage fierce and tempests toss,
Don't let me go or I'll be lost.
Hold fast to me.

