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CALLED TO INFLUENCE

# Feeling Stuck

What to do when you  
feel like you're going  
nowhere fast.



## Feeling Stuck

What to do when you feel like you're going nowhere fast.



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Introduction

# In Stuck Company

By Caryn Rivadeneira



**W**hen I started feeling stuck in so many areas of my life a couple years ago, I felt alone in that emotion. Of course, I wasn't. I was just a bit too wrapped up in myself to see that nearly everyone goes through seasons of stuck. While misery always loves company, it doesn't always make it easier unless the people who have been stuck—and gotten unstuck—before us, share what they learned. Which is what realized as I started reading and hearing stories of other people's stuck experiences.





## Feeling Stuck In Stuck Company

What follows is a collection of stories of exactly that—of people (and you'll see mine down there!) who've experienced being stuck, frustrated, or disappointed in their leadership, family lives, or life in general. You'll read stories of people who floundered and wondered what God was up to, but ultimately saw that God uses our times of feeling stuck. Sometimes it's just where God wants us.

So no matter where it is that you're stuck right now—and where it is you may want to go—you'll benefit from the articles below. We hope God uses other people's experiences to help you see him in the midst of being stuck and to get unstuck.

Many blessings,

*Caryn Rivadeneira*

Contributing Editor, KYRIA downloads



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The Heart of the Issue

# When Dreams Meet Reality... Unfortunately

*By Amy Heck*

Here I am, stuck waiting again. My calling, dreams, and vision for the future all put on hold, again. Three years ago I thought I had this thing kicked. I was doing well—thriving even. I took a big jump onto a fast train headed toward my future. It was thrilling, but the ride eventually slowed down and came to a grinding halt. And there I was again: deep fatigue, depression, muscle pain, and a snowballing list of food allergies (including coffee!).





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Since 2002 I've been diagnosed with adrenal fatigue syndrome, fibromyalgia, the potential for celiac disease, plus a few others. The diagnosis can feel vague and fuzzy, but the reality is tangible and concrete. However, I also have something else that is concrete. It is a calling, a vision, a gifting, and a desire for the kingdom to come in academia. I want to study, write, and teach at the highest levels of scholarship. Yet I live with the tension between this calling and some dramatic physical limitations. Sometimes it seems like where I am and where I'm called to be are mutually exclusive, and doubt sinks in that I'll ever be able to get back on that train.

I'm not always a complete wreck—I have good weeks and bad weeks. But little things that most people take for granted come at a high price for me. Going out to lunch with friends instead of resting during my lunch hour can leave me feeling exhausted—to the point that I can't keep my eyes open. Simple things, like eating birthday cake, are just too high of a cost to pay. And while I'm present physically at the party, there is something in me that still feels left out. I battle the urge to allow my pile of "issues" to isolate me as I struggle to explain why even the simplest of commitments seem overwhelming, and so I let details and opportunities slip through my fingers. People look at me and easily believe that I'm fine, but I'm not.

It would be enough to just handle my own frustration at myself, but knowing that it affects others, and therefore my relationships, is even worse. I can't always live up to expectations or commitments I've made because of my physical limitations. I wonder if I'm just lazy or why I can't



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just try harder. Ultimately the most condemning voice comes from my own heart, but I've had my share of other's voices, too. The reality is that even if I didn't have these struggles, I still couldn't live up to those expectations because of the limitation we all share: our fallen humanity.

I am reminded once again that we live in a broken world with broken relationships. We hurt each other and make sloppy attempts at love. My physical limitations are an everyday sign to me of the gospel: I am broken, I cannot fix myself, and I am deeply in need of the Cross. My physical frailty and finitude make me live in constant awareness of my spiritual frailty and finitude—a good reminder that I am not the infinite God of the Universe.

In my best moments, I'm thankful that my limitations remind me of the stark yet sweet reality of where I end. Even Adam and Eve, in perfection before the Fall, had limitations. Limits distinguish human beings as the *finite created* from God as the *Infinite Creator*. Most people are afraid of their own frail finitude and spend their whole lives trying to overcome it. But limitations are not a product of the Fall: they are a necessary part of humanity. We are made to know the One who exists in infinity, yet who is personal. He has been revealed to us in a finite body—made flesh for us. And because he took on that flesh, he paradoxically took on boundaries and frailty, yet remains the infinite God of the universe. The moments I remember this comforts me. But there are lots of moments when I forget.





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I am impatient and feel as if I'm just wasting time and need to get on with the dream and calling that God has put on my heart. But then I come home from work exhausted and can't do the writing or studying I need to do to prepare for the next step, much less the dishes. And I get frustrated and deeply discouraged.

There is this fear that I'll get left behind as projects I've never been able to finish suddenly don't seem as original or relevant as they once did. More fear than jealousy sets in when I see others excel and move forward while I'm left behind to deal with my own reality that few seem to understand. I fear missing my train, getting left behind.

However, while it's true that time does not wait, God waits. His timing is perfect even in my limitations. He knows how and when to provide and how to heal. And the right train will show up on schedule even if I've despaired of the 1,000 that have left before it.

*Amy Heck is a proud native of Evansville, IN and graduated from Ball State University. After spending eight years in ministry with Campus Crusade for Christ, she left to pursue a degree in philosophy and theology at Reformed Theological Seminary in Orlando and graduated in 2008. While hoping to one day return to academics, she currently lives in downtown Orlando where she is on staff at a pretty great church managing (and creating) quite a bit of chaos behind the scenes while learning some very practical theology all at the same time.*





## Feeling Stuck

When Dreams Meet Reality ... Unfortunately

### Reflect

- *What are some of physical or emotional reminders of your finiteness? How do those apply, or what do they say about your spiritual finiteness and your need for God?*
- *What are some of the "1,000 trains" that you're despairing right now? What does it mean to you that God waits, even when time does not?*



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A Biblical Perspective

## Stuck on the Road to Emmaus



The secret to why we  
are not fulfilled.

*By Mark Buchanan*

*They said to each other, "Were not our hearts burning within us while he was talking to us on the road, while he was opening the scriptures to us?"*

—Luke 24:32, NRSV

**F**rankly, it's hard to figure out in middle-class, 21st-century North America what it means to follow Jesus. It's hard to discern what dying to self looks like in any given instance. Do I pursue a job promotion, or is this "selfish ambition and vain conceit"? Do I take a holiday in the Bahamas, or is this a damnable failure to be "rich toward God," a failure to give to someone in need when I have material possessions? Can I buy a season's pass at a ski resort, or is this gross self-indulgence?





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### Stuck on the Road to Emmaus

Most Christians I meet feel stuck. They started a journey, but somewhere, somehow, got stranded. They feel like they're living on the border. There they sit, swapping rumors about God. Or they just stop talking about God at all. They can talk about everything else with ease and eloquence, but their tongues thicken, twist, grow mute about naming and proclaiming God. And this: they feel that the most their faith amounts to is just that: mere talk. They've joined a talking cult.

Where is this huge, exultant freedom for which Christ set us free? Why do I still fret over downturns in Asian markets, get irked by reckless or doddering drivers, harbor grudges over petty slights, care more about my rhododendron bush than about the soul of the boy who broke its branches playing street hockey? Why can I sustain a capacity to explore, in my mind, vast tracts of an imaginary world, but can barely focus my prayers on God for more than 30 seconds at a go?

The most wondrous, breathtaking truth I've ever contemplated is the story of the triune God and his ways with humanity—with me. But a fly tapping on the window can distract me from this story. Ten minutes of my morning set aside for appropriating the story's meaning into my life seems a sacrifice, and sometimes, just a nuisance.

As a pastor, I often hear and see from those who want to have a deeper, richer experience with Christ but find themselves instead whiling away their days. Their days pass in a blurring swiftness and yet drag on in a dreary sameness—in jobs they dislike, in relationships that baffle and hurt them, with financial worries and health problems.





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They don't feel fulfilled. And they carry a secret dread: Is there more, and I'm the only one missing it? Or worse: Is this it, and everyone's pretending it's enough?

Jesus, newly risen from the dead, joins with two of his disciples—one's name is Cleopas, and the other is unnamed—as they walk to the village of Emmaus (Luke 24:13–35). Jesus asks what they are discussing. Gloomily, they tell him about "Jesus of Nazareth," a "prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people." They speak about how the religious rulers handed him over to be crucified. "But we had hoped," they say, "that he was the one to redeem Israel." They tell about the rumors told by womenfolk—more troubling than consoling—of his resurrection. One thing is for sure: the tomb is empty, bodiless.

Jesus listens, and then speaks. "Oh, how foolish you are," he says, "and how slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have declared! Was it not necessary that the Messiah should suffer these things and then enter into his glory?"

When they arrive at the village, these two persuade Jesus—whom they still do not recognize—to eat with them. He does, and as Jesus breaks the bread, gives thanks, and gives it to them, "their eyes were opened, and they recognized him; and he vanished from their sight. They said to each other, 'Were not our hearts burning within us while he was talking to us on the road, while he was opening the scriptures to us?'"





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The heart condition of these people is actually twofold: slow and burning. That is a strange affliction, and, I think, common. One definition of Christ's followers might be that: people of the slow, burning heart. Sorrow and hope, awe and self-pity, wonder and worry, believing and doubting, yes and no mix loosely in us, tugging us one way, jostling us another. Jesus walks the road with us. But we can look straight at him and not recognize him. Jesus opens the Scriptures to us and often something happens within—a warming sometimes, a scorching at others. And just at those moments when finally the scales fall from our eyes and we see that, behold, it is he, it is Jesus!—at that wondrous moment, he often up and vanishes.

Our encounters with the risen Christ are mostly like that: enigmatic, fleeting, mere glimpses, little ambushes. And we're left with the question, "Didn't our hearts burn within us? Didn't they?"

For the last two years, I have been invited to speak, briefly, to a group of men and women enrolled in a 12-step program our church offers. As the pastor, I am to assure these people that if they get stuck anywhere in the journey, I can help: diagnose accurately, treat effectively, and heal.

Both times I've done this, I have felt sorely inadequate. Some of these people—you can see it in their faces—have homemade maps of hell tattooed into their flesh. I've felt like a kid who studied a book on the Vietnam War talking to veterans who lost eyes, limbs, buddies, and part of their souls in that place. What have I to say to them?





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I tell them the story of the road to Emmaus. I tell them that there is a way that grief both blinds us to Christ and yet also makes us see him like we never have before. This journey—whether 12 steps or 12 million steps—is haunted by "what ifs" and "whys," by the pain of loss. It is a journey of nostalgia and lament. One refrain of the journey is "but we had hoped ..." (v. 21). I tell them that Jesus walks with us but seldom do we recognize him. When we do, the moment of epiphany, the moment of seeing the risen Christ before us, is often sparked and sealed, not by grand gestures, but by simple, homely things, like nail marks in the hand, like the breaking of bread in thankfulness. I tell them that just as suddenly as we can see Jesus appear, suddenly he can disappear again. I tell them we are the slow-hearted and the burning-hearted, the two things crisscrossing each other.

One of our persistent cultural myths is the myth of fulfillment—the promise that, on this earth, the fullness of all I truly need and all I really desire awaits. And it's not just a Hollywood myth. It's a Christian one, too. Maybe it's especially Christian.

Me, I'm one book away from fulfillment, one conference shy, one significant experience or insight short. *If I'm slain in the Spirit, or attend a marriage retreat, or go on a missions trip, or get involved in a real community of fellow believers, or pray more, I will be fulfilled.* That's the myth. It pushes and lures me personally. It is the constant thing I am asked to dispense as a pastor, apothecary-like, to all the spiritually, emotionally, physically unfulfilled people who come to me.





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The problem is, I don't see fulfillment this side of the Jordan promised in Scripture. I see joy and peace promised. But also tribulation, soul-piercing. I see that the "great cloud of witnesses" who surround us, cheering us on, have among them those who "faced jeers and flogging ... were chained and put in prison ... were stoned ... sawed in two ... went about in sheepskins and goatskins, destitute, persecuted and mistreated ... wandered in deserts and mountains, and in caves and holes in the ground." What's more, "none of them received what had been promised" (Heb. 11:36–39, NIV).

The portrait of the faithful is not a portrait of the fulfilled. What defines them—what defines all of us on the road to Emmaus—is hope. What defines them is a slow, burning heart. What defines them is a yearning: knowing in their bones, in spite of loss or sorrow or aloneness, that there is Something more, Something else, Something better. What defines them is a hauntedness, a shaky but unshakable conviction that the Christ they see now through a glass darkly, in little fleeting puzzling glimpses, they will see one day face-to-face.

But for now, on this road, their slow hearts burn.

We don't know anything more about these two disciples on the road. We read on, and Luke tells us that they ran to tell the other 11 disciples, and that Jesus himself showed up again: calming their doubts, demonstrating his resurrection, opening their minds to the Scriptures, commissioning them for world missions, promising to endow them with power from on high (Luke 24:36–53).





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But these two get lost in the crowd. Who is Cleopas? He flits into the story and then out, never heard from again. Who is the other one? She or he hides forever behind a thick scrim of anonymity. Unlike Peter, whose rashness and cowardice and then unflinching courage stamp him with vividness; unlike Thomas, whose mix of stubborn doubting and steadfast believing evoke the man with particularity; unlike Paul, whose gruffness and tenderness, canniness and honesty, irritableness and long-suffering make him unmistakable, unforgettable: unlike such as these, these two are mere silhouettes. We see them in dark outline, devoid of feature.

Except this: their hearts are slow and burning. They are, I think, Everyman.

Were they fulfilled after this? No more fights with the spouse? No more shouting at the kids? No more days of feeling—you know that feeling—both empty and heavy inside? No more doubting, no more despairing, no more fretting over whether the trickle of money will ever catch up with the torrent of bills? Never again missing the risen Jesus in their midst?

We don't know, because we're not told. But if the stories of the other disciples give any clue, the best response to the question, *Were they fulfilled?* is to answer, *That's the wrong question.* Was Paul fulfilled? Was Peter? Was John? It's the wrong question.

Fulfillment is heaven's business. What Paul, Peter, John, Cleopas, and the other one knew was that the thing they had hoped for—that Jesus is the one who is going to redeem not just Israel, but the whole world—is a sure hope. Their yearning was not a hollow wistfulness, a whistling in the





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dark. It was, in fact, a homing device in the heart, drawing them on no matter how long the road, no matter that the "day is almost over" (v. 29), no matter that their hearts are slow with doubt and broken with grief. Even then—especially then—their hearts still burn, and they know this journey is a good one, leading Somewhere.

And it's never taken alone.

*Mark Buchanan is pastor of the New Life Community Church, Duncan, British Columbia, Canada. This article first appeared in LEADERSHIP JOURNAL.*

## Reflect

- *What do you think is the correlation between being fulfilled and feeling stuck in your own life?*
- *Buchanan writes, "The portrait of the faithful is not a portrait of the fulfilled." What do you think or feel about that statement?*



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Practically Speaking

# Stuck Places

How to cope when  
you're feeling stuck.

*By Carol Kuykendall*



I don't like feeling stuck—especially when I have little control over the circumstances. Like when I'm stuck in rush-hour traffic. Or stuck in a long, slow line at the Department of Motor Vehicles. Or stuck at the airport, waiting for a delayed flight to take off.

Recently, I was stuck in a hospital bed, anchored by three IVs and waiting several interminably long days for the right team of doctors to assemble to do the surgery I needed.





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### Stuck Places

"How did you cope?" a friend asked when I finally came home two weeks later.

The answer seems simple, yet frustrating. When we're stuck like that, we might not like it, but we cope, because we have no other choice. We endure. Persevere. These are internal skills we have plenty of opportunities to grow and practice throughout our lives.

As a child, I used to get stuck in boredom or impatience on a long car ride, and my mother always told me to "use my inner resources." Her words irritated me then, but I think she meant "learn to endure."

In the season of raising three preschoolers, I found myself stuck fairly regularly. Stuck at home with a new baby or a sick child. Stuck in a gray-cloud world on an endless, no-school snow day.

Stuck in that rush-hour traffic with a preschooler whining, "Mommy, I'm hungry. Mommy, can I have some more juice? Mommy, I have to go poop." When I've run out of crackers and juice and I don't have a port-a-potty in the car, I'm just plain stuck. And I have to cope with the circumstances.

When stuck at home with preschoolers, I tried to follow the common suggestions about closing myself in the bathroom for a few minutes of alone time, or making a cup of tea or calling a friend. But all those external remedies didn't really "unstick" me on stuck days. The stuck circumstances were still there when I finished the tea or hung up the phone.





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### Stuck Places

I remember a story I heard that made sense to me in those hectic days of mothering. A woman checked into a retreat center, and a nun, upon welcoming her, asked what brought her to the retreat center. What was her desire?

"I feel so dry and empty," the woman answered. "I need to get filled up."

"Hmm ...," the wise nun mused. "You know that when the well runs dry, the farmer doesn't refill it. He digs deeper."

When I'm empty and stuck, I won't always find a simple solution in the world around me. Sometimes, I simply need to dig deeper in my soul—to that place where God indwells me—and trust his promises that remind me my "stuckness" isn't permanent. And to understand that the way it is now is not the way it will always be. That on a dark and cloudy day, the sun still shines behind the clouds and will come out again. And maybe most importantly, that there's something for me to gain in these stuck places that will strengthen me for the rest of life's journey.

My recent hospital experience presented one of my most difficult challenges ever, but I know that persevering through all the other stuck places in my life helped me endure this one. And it reminded me once again that God intends it for us to grow, even in our most difficult moments.

*Carol Kuykendall is a Consulting Editor for MOMSENSE magazine and the author of Five-Star Families and co-author of What Every Mom Needs.*





## Feeling Stuck

### Stuck Places

## Reflect

- *How have past experiences with feeling stuck helped you endure where you are now?*
- *Kuykendall suggests digging deep into your soul when you feel stuck. Have you done that? If so, what has been revealed? If not, what are you afraid of?*



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Practically Speaking

# Sometimes Ministry Stinks

How will you respond when you  
get stuck holding the bedpan?

*By Craig Barnes*

It had been a hard year of ministry, and I was feeling discouraged. So I went to an older, wiser, veteran pastor to seek godly wisdom. This is what he told me: "If you get stuck holding the bedpan, carry it like a queen."





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### Sometimes Ministry Stinks

Bryant Kirkland had spent over 50 years as pastor to congregations of a variety of sizes and locations. When I was in seminary, he taught my preaching courses, and he continued to be my mentor till his quiet death on Easter a few years ago. I loved going to Bryant for counsel because he had such a gift for offering wisdom that was truly spiritual—precisely because it never sounded spiritual.

He reminded me of the way Jesus made a theological point by cursing fig trees, eating with sinners, or presenting over a hundred gallons of wine as a wedding present. Jesus would have certainly used Bryant's line about bedpans if they had been around in the first century.

When one of his daughters was born, Bryant was impressed by the quality of the nurses who cared for his wife and new baby. When he complimented a supervisor, she explained that the hospital trained all of its own nurses. "We tell our nurses that there are a lot of smelly jobs in our profession, but every job can be conducted with dignity. Our motto: If you get stuck holding the bedpan, carry it like a queen. Then the focus isn't on the bedpan but on the graciousness of the one who is holding it." I got the point.

There are also a lot of smelly jobs in ministry. For example, churches attract odd people. That's our business. As another of my teachers once said, "If you want to be the light of the world, you have to expect to attract a few bugs."





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### Sometimes Ministry Stinks

Most seminaries don't explain to their students how much time ministry involves carrying bedpans, and even fewer offer guidance on how to do it. Many students in the seminary I serve are fed up with this part of their jobs.

"It just stinks!" they lament.

"Yes," I agree. "Now the question is how do you respond?"

Nothing in the ministry has the power to determine our countenance. In the words of Viktor Frankl, "The last of the human freedoms is to choose one's attitude in any given set of circumstances." So why would you hand over that freedom to a bedpan? You may have to carry the smelly mess, but you don't have to let it into your soul, where attitudes are created.

Dignity in ministry is found not in the task but in the one who has called us to it. If you are clear that it is Christ who has called you to serve this church, then you are always part of a royal priesthood. But you have to choose to see that. It's the only way you can look like royalty while doing a task that just stinks.

You can go to another church if you want, but there will be a few bedpans waiting for you there as well. The way to deal with difficult people in a church is to focus more on the Caller than the calling. Christ has set us free by binding us to himself. This frees us from other lords, which means the bedpan has no power over us.





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Sometimes Ministry Stinks

Of course, you are always free to respond to difficulty by quitting the whole business. But this means you are also free to stay in ministry, and as long as you are free, your life is filled with dignity.

*Editor at large Craig Barnes is pastor of Shadyside Presbyterian Church and professor of leadership and ministry at Pittsburgh Theological Seminary. This article first appeared in LEADERSHIP JOURNAL.*

## Reflect

- *What are some current "bedpans" you have to carry? How might learning to carry your "bedpans like a queen" help you feel less stuck or frustrated with your current circumstances?*
- *When has someone else's gracious attitude helped your experience? What might it mean to your team to show more grace in "stinky" roles that can leave us feeling stuck or trapped?*



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Revelation

# Surviving Stuck

God couldn't have used a more obvious analogy to beat some truth into my head.

*By Caryn Rivadeneira*



“**S**hoot,” I said under my breath as I slid my daughter off my hip, jiggled the fishing pole into a better position, and maneuvered the stroller out of the way. I gave the bathroom door another hard shove with my shoulder. Nothing. “What a *perfect* end to this summer,” I huffed. “Babygirl, looks like we’re stuck in the loo.”





## Feeling Stuck Surviving Stuck

My three-year-old daughter, Greta, looked up at me with a bit of panic, and my pinched face did nothing to calm her. It wasn't that I thought we'd never escape (my husband and older son knew where we were). It was just that this *stuck* feeling, this sensation of my life going nowhere fast, which had dogged me all summer, had come along on this vacation and morphed from *feeling* to *reality*, trapping me, Greta, and my baby, Fredrik, in the bathroom on Anderson's pier in Ephraim, Wisconsin.

The *stuckiness*, as I'd begun to call the feeling, first showed up in early summer after potty training Greta. While I was thrilled to have her out of diapers, getting two preschoolers to "go" before leaving the house only to have one of them need to go "for real this time!" after getting buckled into their car seats made me batty. Every trip to the pool, outing to Grandma's, and "quick run" to Target seemed to get stuck before it began.

Then stuckiness showed up in my work. Editing and writing projects—things I'd pour my energy, heart, and mind into—would get jammed up in ways that had never happened before and seemed beyond my control to unstick. While I bounded with creativity and enthusiasm, it seemed at every idea, someone would say, "Great! But let's hold off."

And then the stuckiness got hold of my marriage. Just as my husband and I were getting back into the relationship groove after having our third child in five years, we hit some rough terrain and were having trouble pressing through it. No doubt my attitude, which was stuck in bad, tired, and martyr, didn't help.





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### Surviving Stuck

And now this: Stuck in the bathroom. Stuck in self-pity. But more importantly, stuck with two little kids who were getting antsy to get out. So I took deep breaths, smiled my best "I'm okay/you're okay" smile at my kids, and then tried the door again. This time I added a kick with my Croc. And ... it opened.

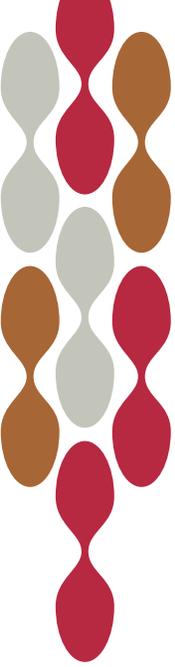
Suddenly unstuck!

As Greta and I gasped and squealed in delight, rejoicing in our freedom, I looked out at what was before us: the view off Anderson's pier. My jaw dropped. The waves sparkled under the sun, broken only by dots of bright white sails and deep green islands. It was how I imagine heaven.

So I grabbed Greta's hand, twirled the stroller out of the bathroom, and squatted beside my kids so we could take it in together. "Good thing we got stuck. We might've missed this."

As I said those words, God echoed them into my heart—and I got it. I *understood* stuckiness. While we'd been at this pier all day, looking at this same view, during those hours, it got lost in the chaos of worming hooks, keeping the kids from tumbling into the water, rocking Fredrik in his stroller, stopping Greta from terrorizing the seagulls, and of course, running to the bathroom. But in this moment—after getting unstuck—I could savor this view, enhanced by new freedom. God couldn't have used a more obvious analogy to beat some truth into my head. God *uses* stuckiness to give us focus, grow us, shape us, and recharge us.





## Feeling Stuck Surviving Stuck

Even since that experience, these sticky seasons—which I recognize when my wheels spin but I go nowhere fast or I push without making a dent—still frustrate me at first. But I've learned a better technique for getting through: stop spinning, stop pushing, stop trying to get unstuck. Instead breathe in, breathe out, and wait—on God.

Granted, easier typed than done. This runs contrary to our instincts (especially when we're stuck in a smelly bathroom!). And yet, what a relief it is when we get stuck (in rough patches in our marriages or in boring seasons at work or dry spells in our spiritual life) to settle ourselves down (breathe) and wonder at why God keeps us stuck, how he'll get us out, and what he's got waiting. It sure beats burning up energy (when God want us to rest) and causing panic (when God wants us at peace). And it definitely beats missing out on the view from when we're suddenly unstuck.

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Feeling Stuck  
Surviving Stuck

## Reflect

- *What do you see differently in your life because of past seasons of "stuckiness"?*
- *What might God be trying to focus your attention on during your current season?*



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# Additional Resources



**Holy Discontent: Fueling the Fire That Ignites Personal Vision**, by Bill Hybels (Zondervan, 2007). Bill Hybels invites you to consider the dramatic impact your life will have when you allow your holy discontent to fuel instead of frustrate you. Using examples from the Bible, his own life, and the experiences of others, Hybels shows how you can find and feed your personal area of holy discontent, fight for it when things get risky, and follow it when it takes a mid-course turn. As you live from the energy of your holy discontent, you'll fulfill your role in setting what is wrong in this world right!





## Feeling Stuck

### Additional Resources

**Stuck in Reverse**, by Charles F. Stanley (Thomas Nelson, 2008). Countless people, life's journey seems like a series of starts, stalls, and stops. Are you simply idling while others reach their destinations of happy marriages, successful careers, and intimacy with God? Learn how you can break free from fear, sin, disbelief, and hesitation; and accelerate into the abundant life God intends for you!

**A Personal Retreat**, a downloadable resource from **Gifted For Leadership**. This downloadable packet from Gifted for Leadership offers insightful, biblically based articles that will teach you the value of taking time away, as well as offer a wide range of practical tips and options to guide you in accomplishing it.

**Navigating Change**, a downloadable resource from **Building Church Leaders**. While the core beliefs of our churches remain the same, leaders and ministries are in constant flux. These articles can help leaders master the different seasons of ministries with grace and skill.

**Spiritual Direction and Formation**, a downloadable resource from **Gifted For Leadership**. This downloadable packet from Gifted for Leadership explains what spiritual direction and formation mean. The guidance offered will help transform your spiritual life.



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