

A GIFTED FOR LEADERSHIP RESOURCE *from*

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CHOSEN IN CHRIST
CALLED TO INFLUENCE

The Mentoring Series

Liz Curtis
Higgs



The Mentoring Series

Liz Curtis Higgs



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Introduction

Refreshingly Real

It was love at first read for me with Liz Curtis Higgs.

By Caryn Rivadeneira

I love Liz Curtis Higgs for this reason: When I first started working in Christian publishing well over a decade ago and found myself emerged (and nearly drowning) in syrupy, fake-y, Jesus-makes-everything-happy writing from many well-meaning Christians, Liz was the first I stumbled upon who laid it all out there.





GFL Mentor Series: Liz Curtis Higgs
Refreshingly Real

In the first article I ever read of hers, she shared the good, the bad, and the deep, deep pain of her life. And made me laugh throughout it (because she's hilarious—not because I was laughing at her!). Since then, I've continued to appreciate that honesty, humor, and wisdom from Liz. As a best-selling author of more than 20 books (see the **Additional Resources** for many of them), sought-after speaker, and leader of her own ministry, she's never failed to maintain a humility and willingness to share her successes and failures and joys and hurts. Her humor and transparency provides a wonderful model for the rests of us in leadership.

But beyond that, I take from Liz's writing that she's the sort of woman who's always looking to God as the leader of her life. Even when it's scary. Even when it seems impossible. Once again—a great model of leadership.

The following collection of articles are among the dozens that Liz Curtis Higgs wrote for *TODAY'S CHRISTIAN WOMAN* throughout her years as a columnist. We've picked some of our favorites and ones that are particularly applicable to those of us in leadership.

I hope you are as touched and inspired by her warmth, wisdom, and wit as I always am.

Many blessings,

Caryn Rivadeneira

Contributing Editor, KYRIA downloads,
Christianity Today International



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On Recharging

Leap Year

Is it time for a radical sabbatical?

By Liz Curtis Higgs

In every woman's life comes the moment when you realize you're DTM: Doing Too Much. Too much at work, too much at church, too much at school. Not enough at home.

Sometimes we resolve to "do better next year."

And sometimes God has a more radical plan in store.

I discovered I was DTM three years ago while taking a shower in a city far from home. (I often have "ahas" in odd places.) Preparing to be the guest speaker for an all-day event, yet desperately missing my family, I stood beneath the spray of hot water, drenched with tears.





My heart's desire of ministering to women at conferences had come true—but at a cost I no longer could ignore. Thirty weekends away from home each year. Dozens of forfeited special events with my husband and teens. Lonely hotel rooms and crowded airports. Exhaustion.

Standing there, naked not only in body but also in spirit, I had to face the ugly truth: My crazy life was *my* fault. Though I'd convinced myself it was *ministry* and therefore worth any sacrifice, the truth was there were other, less lovely reasons for my tendency to DTM—ego needs, financial wants, insecurity issues, and on and on.

Help, Lord!

I didn't have to wait long for an answer: *Rest one year. Be still. Recharge.* With that quiet assurance came an echo from Scripture: "Find rest, O my soul, in God alone; my hope comes from him" (Psalm 62:5).

Yes! My heart literally leaped for joy. So did the rest of me.

The very thought of spending a year at home—a year without traveling or speaking, a year of mothering and writing, a year of ministering privately instead of publicly, a year of seeking God's heart—sent me jumping out of the shower and reaching for the telephone.

"Honey, how does the idea of a sabbatical sound to you? A year at home?"



My Bill, who manages my ministry, is a practical man. This would mean a lot less money and a lot more Liz. A serious double whammy for a financially frugal husband who loves a quiet house.

"Great idea!" he said. Did I mention he's also wise and loving and a dozen other blessings?

We kept our plans under wraps for a couple of years, working out the logistics and saving our pennies. I began mentioning it to trusted friends, wanting to quell any concerns—"Is Liz ill?!"—and to let them know they'd be seeing more of me around the neighborhood. Finally we slipped a mention in my newsletter, posted it on my website, and breathed a sigh of relief. Our "radical sabbatical" was official.

Funny how people respond when you announce you're taking a break from the action. One well-meaning soul cautioned, "Once you get off that platform, you'll never get back on it." Now *that's* encouraging! I smiled and assured her God was in charge of my life and certainly could handle my speaking calendar. Others eyed me closely. "Are you *sure* you're OK?" Very OK. For the first time in a long time.

Mostly, though, I heard from seasoned mothers. "I did the same thing when my children were finishing high school. They need you at home, Liz. You're doing the right thing." Some women kindly offered to pray for us. Others confessed their own DTM challenges and pledged to join me in doing *less*, instead of doing more.



What about you, sis? Could you say "no" to something this year? Work fewer hours instead of working overtime? Unplug from one committee or organization? Reclaim a day or two each month for you and those you love?

Why not take a leap of faith? Instead of making a to-do list for the new year, think about a not-do list. If you're DTM, maybe it's time for a change

Reflect

- *What type of "radical sabbatical" might God be calling you to?*
- *One naysayer cautioned Liz that if she got off her platform, she'd never get back on it. What fears might keep you from taking the rest you need?*



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On Surrender

A Good Cry

God can use anything we surrender to him—even our tears.

By Liz Curtis Higgs

I cry easily and often. Happy tears, sad tears, over-the-top tears, Hallmark commercial tears—you name it, I've leaked over it.

Hankies up, girlfriends, if you're with me on this.

Out of sheer joy, I cry at church more than anywhere else. When I hear a wondrous truth spoken or a glorious song lifted in praise, when I see a new believer step forward or an old saint read the Scriptures, I'm so overwhelmed with God's presence that tears flow down my cheeks.



Not little drips—buckets. Sheets of water. A monsoon.

Even after 16 years of marriage, this baffles my husband. He looks over at me, eyes wide with concern, and whispers, "Are you okay?"

"Oh, yeah." I smile blissfully as another waterfall plunges over my chin and pools on my silk blouse. "Couldn't be better."

While I've made peace with my non-stop tears, I know many women are ashamed of their tearfulness. One day I talked with a dear woman in Missouri named Marcia who thought her tears were a stumbling block to serving God. After hearing me teach about the woman in Luke 7 who anointed Jesus' feet with her tears, this leaking sister sought me out.

Between sniffs she explained, "I want more than anything to help hurting people in my church who go to the altar for prayer. But the minute I hear their stories, I start weeping, which embarrasses me to no end. Now I just hide in the pew."

"Aha!" I gave her a big hug. "You have a ministry of tears."

"A *what?*"

"When you weep right along with people, your tears help keep them from feeling foolish. The Bible tells us to 'mourn with those who mourn' (Romans 12:15), and



to 'comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves have received from God' (2 Corinthians 1:4). See, babe? Your tears don't hurt, they help!"

Later, after I printed off all the Bible verses I could find on "leaking" and sent them to my new friend, I discovered that Marcia got the message loud and clear. She wrote back: "During this evening's service, a lady in our church knelt at the altar, praying and crying desperately. Guess who God shoved down the aisle to help her? After she shared her needs with me, I did my usual leaking and a whole lot of blubbing. I had a difficult time speaking above the sobs, but I prayed with her and loved her. And you know what? She knew my heart. And God knew my heart."

(Hang on a second; let me find a tissue.)

She finished with, "One of the verses you sent me said, 'He who goes out weeping, carrying seed to sow, will return with songs of joy' (Psalm 126:6). All my life, I thought my tears were a curse. I just wanted you to know, I'm reaping a harvest of joy in Missouri!"

Marcia's experience shows God can use *anything* we surrender to him. Laughter and tears. Joys and sorrows. Victories and mistakes. Strengths and weaknesses. We minister to others best when we offer our true selves—"as is"—not waiting until we've cleaned up our act or dried up our tears, but *right now*, leaks and all.



My role model for crying isn't Mary or Martha from the Bible; it's Marcia from Missouri who bravely gave herself to God and trusted him to bring the tissues.

Reflect

- *What's one thing you need to surrender to God?*
- *How do you suspect he might be calling you to use that "one thing" as a leader?*

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On Competitiveness

Who, Me? Jealous?



Combating the green-eyed monster at work.

By Liz Curtis Higgs

I was a member of a prestigious professional association for all of two weeks when I showed up at their national convention in Atlanta. My name badge—unlike most others—didn't sport a single special ribbon or honorary designation. I was—horrors!—unknown. Unimportant.

My heart cried out, *I'm nobody here, Lord!*



People squinted at my barren name tag, then kept walking, looking through me like so much clear glass. I sat through one presentation after another, sinking lower and lower in my seat. Then, alone in my hotel room, I reviewed the day's notes and ended up weeping, feeling frustrated, inadequate, and overwhelmed. How could I ever hope to reach their level of expertise?

I kept telling myself I wasn't so much jealous as I was discouraged. *It's not envy, Lord, I'm simply feeling left out. ...*

As the years passed, doors began to swing open. Soon I found myself dealing with a new set of unfamiliar, unpleasant feelings: *How come she's moving along faster than I am, Lord? Why did they honor her instead of me?*

I wasn't jealous, of course. Merely, uh ... competitive.

The awful truth revealed itself one gray morning when I received an announcement from a colleague who'd been blessed with an opportunity I was convinced should have been mine. I tossed the letter across the room in an angry huff, whining, "It's not fair, Lord!"

He chose that moment to get my attention. *Was the cross of Calvary fair, Liz? Have I called you to succeed—or surrender?*

I was undone. Jealousy, envy, and strife were alive and well in my jade-green heart. After a time of weeping and confession, I knew what needed to happen next. I sent a heartfelt memo to more than 60 peers in writing

and speaking, women who love and serve the Lord and who—here's the ugly truth in a nutshell—push my jealousy buttons without even knowing it. Included with my note was a brief survey that encouraged my sisters to help me—help all of us—deal with the seldom discussed reality of professional jealousy.

Their candid answers began pouring in anonymously, as requested. I was especially touched by one role model who wrote, "I could be really spiritual, but I'll be truthful instead."

Just as I'd hoped, my anonymous contributors offered several specific suggestions for experiencing victory over Ol' Green Eyes.

Confess and pray. The business world uses phrases like "friendly competition" and "may the best person win." In Christian circles, we declare we're "working for the Lord"—but sometimes the truth is less honorable. Although I've sung "To God Be the Glory" for 15 years, I'm finally realizing it's "easier sung than done."

When I'm worn out, envy not only gets a foothold, it takes hold of my mouth as well!

Once a week, someone calls me to say, "All my friends think I'm as funny as you. How do I get started in writing and speaking?" The "outside" Liz used to smile and say, "Isn't that wonderful?" while the "inside" Liz gritted her teeth, thinking, *Oh, perfect. Another competitor.*



GFL Mentor Series: Liz Curtis Higgs

Who, Me? Jealous?

First, I have to admit my jealousy is a sin: "If you harbor bitter envy and selfish ambition in your hearts, do not boast about it or deny the truth" (James 3:14). Then I ask for forgiveness and healing, just as one of my friends puts it: "I pray for a clean heart and confess honestly to God about the status of my 'green machine.'" The freedom and release of prayerful confession sets me free to move to the next step.

Rejoice! The surest solution for feeling down is looking up: "Celebrating with others who succeed is energizing for me," one of my colleagues has discovered. Another friend wisely points out, "If one person succeeds, there isn't less to go around. The truth is, there's more available because they got the ball rolling!"

I keep a stack of postcards ready to send out when I hear of someone's success. The postage stamps are already on them so I can't change my mind after I've written, "Way to go, my friend!" (What, and waste 28 cents?!)

"I will say it again: Rejoice!" (Phil. 4:4).

Stay on task. My obsession with "who's on first?" means I'm diverting attention better spent on my own calling. "I make sure my own work is solid," one woman wrote. "What others do is God's business, not mine." Another wise soul decided to "take all the time and emotional energy I used to waste on jealousy and put that energy into doing a better job."



No doubt about it, the effort wasted on fighting the green giant is significant, which is why I've posted on my office wall that important Eleventh Commandment: "Thou shalt not whine."

Be patient. If you're not in the spotlight, count your blessings, including the freedom to not have all the answers. "I'm in process, in training," a friend of mine has realized. "Every time something good comes my way, the Lord is widening my boundaries, in his time, in his way." Many a career or ministry has collapsed under too much, too soon. I'm slowly learning to relax with the tasks I've been given rather than long for something bigger, better, or faster. Scripture tells us, "From everyone who has been given much, much will be demanded" (Luke 12:48). Sometimes less is already enough to worry about!

Befriend your "rival." Not to be confused with "love your enemy," this good advice has made all the difference for me. As one peer put it, "I try to see the 'winner' as a person, not a competitor. This helps me feel joyful, rather than resentful ... usually." Another woman has found that "taking the initiative to get to know the woman behind the headlines has transformed my green-eyed monster into a cheerleader." One professional woman who thought she'd just met her biggest rival "heard God's voice saying, 'She's smart, energetic, and sharp ... just like you. You could be best buddies.' It was a revelation! We've developed a wonderful, lasting friendship."

Plan ahead. Taking care of ourselves is also good insurance against a roving green eye. "If I exhaust myself, skip quiet times with the Lord, forget to exercise, or neglect the



friendships that uplift me, negative emotions like envy can get a foothold," admitted one woman. Personally, I've found that when I'm worn out, envy not only gets a foothold, it takes hold of my mouth as well! Finding partners to fight the good fight has proven to be productive. One woman offered her specific strategy: "Twelve of us who share the same profession formed a covenant two years ago to pray for each other and meet annually. It's hard to be jealous when you have this kind of accountability." My own solution: I meet with a small group of Christian writers online. When we laugh, cry, confess, and rejoice with each other, the seeds of jealousy are crushed before they can take root.

Lean on the Lord. What a relief to know I no longer need to fight this battle myself, since the Lord stands ready, willing, and able to conquer my sin through the power of his Spirit. "The Lord is sovereign, and we cannot add one inch to our stature, physically or any other way," a good friend recently reminded me. "He guides us every step and his ways are perfect. It has nothing to do with us!"

It's been said that "comparisons are never productive unless Christ is the mirror." He is the one who is "jealous" for us, desiring that our whole heart, mind, body, and soul be focused on him. A friend who admitted to once being a nine on the jealousy scale is now happily living at a one: "The more we hear his voice and are settled in what he is calling us to do, the less we are vulnerable to envy and jealousy," she says. "If we keep a grateful heart, we can rejoice when others succeed!"





GFL Mentor Series: Liz Curtis Higgs

Who, Me? Jealous?

The ultimate litmus test was the day I opened my email to discover a post from a dear friend who was meeting with two Hollywood honchos to discuss turning her book into a movie. A movie!?! The "old Liz" would have turned the air green with jealousy, but the "new Liz in Christ" tapped into the keyboard, "Praise God for his blessings on your work, my friend" ... *and meant every word!*

I wept with joy for her success, and in a small way, for my own victory over a foe that has plagued me for years. As long as I remember to confess, rejoice, and lean on him, I can sing "To God Be the Glory"—and hit every note.

Reflect

- *What are three things you are jealous of? Why are you jealous of them?*
- *Which of Liz's suggested steps might be the most urgent for you to take to rid yourself of this jealousy? Which ones might be the hardest?*



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On Calling

Mission Accomplished



I wanted to serve God in an exotic locale, but he had other cross-cultural encounters in mind.

By Liz Curtis Higgs

When I became a Christian 20 years ago, I was as enthusiastic as a new puppy, jumping on everyone who crossed my threshold, eager to tell them about Jesus. I soon met two missionaries on furlough who were even more excited about sharing the gospel than I was, and my future flashed before me: I, too, would become a missionary to Indonesia!





I figured if I threw myself at the mercy of a missionary board, they'd happily take me, right? After all, look at what I had to offer:

1. I'd been a Christian six whole months, after a wild and woolly decade as a Bad Girl.
2. I knew three verses of Scripture (and even had them memorized by heart!).
3. I had no husband, no college degree at the time, and no clue where Indonesia was on the map. But my new friends had been there. Surely I could go, too.

Herb, the director of the missionary board, was very kind. He listened, nodded, smiled. And then he said the last thing I expected: "I'm sorry, Liz. But ... no."

"No?!" I was crushed. I thought if you offered to live in a jungle hut and eat beetles, they'd say, "Yes, yes! Sign here." But not Herb.

"Liz, for that particular mission field, we prefer to send married couples rather than single women for security reasons," he explained. "Plus, you'd need to finish your college degree and take extensive Bible and missions classes as well."

"I see ..." The hurdles were stacking up quickly.





"Then there's language school," he cautioned, "and months of learning the Indonesian culture." He paused, seeing my crestfallen expression. "The thing is, Liz, you're already well versed in a culture most Christians know little about."

I gulped. "Are we talkin' sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll?"

"Bingo. Remember what happened when the woman at the well met Jesus? She went back to the town where everyone knew her sordid story and shared the Good News. That's what you need to do, Liz."

"You mean go back to the people I work with, in my own city?" My cheeks grew hot even thinking about it. "The people I partied with ... *those people?*" I could feel Indonesia slipping away from me, as the faces of people I knew—people who knew *waaay* too much about me—quickly came to mind. People as lost and confused as I'd once been. People who needed to know about Jesus.

"God will take care of Indonesia," Herb assured me, placing a gentle hand on my shoulder as he escorted me to the door. "Go back home and tell your story, Liz."

I wrapped my dreams of Indonesia in imaginary tissue paper and tucked them in a corner of my heart, then returned to my workplace—a secular radio station—and told my story with joy and abandon. No jungle, no hut, no beetles, yet a mission field for which I was already well trained and highly qualified, simply because I spoke their language. And because I loved them.





Soon one coworker came to know Jesus. Then another. Then a third.

Who knew? Herb knew. So did God.

But here's the rest of the story, the proof that no heartfelt desire goes unnoticed by our loving Lord. Twenty years after my no-go with the missionary board, I was standing in my publisher's booth at the Christian Booksellers Association International Convention. Rob, the fella in charge of selling international rights, pulled me aside and said, "Liz, please meet Yani with World Harvest."

Before me stood a tiny woman with thick, black hair and a huge smile. "Hello, Liz," she said with a lilting accent. "I'm in the process of translating your three Bad Girls of the Bible books." "How wonderful!" I beamed back at her. "And what language might that be?"

"Indonesian."

Oh, Lord. You're too good for words.

Reflect

- *Have you ever had hurdles thrown up in front of what you believed was a calling? How did you respond?*
- *What are some of your heartfelt desires? Do you ever feel they go unnoticed by God? Why or why not?*



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On Desires

Hidden Treasure

What secret gifts and dreams has
God tucked in your heart?

By Liz Curtis Higgs

Did you have a secret wish as a child,
something you longed to do "someday" when you
grew up? Me too. I wanted to write a novel.

When you make such a bold confession at age 10,
people hide their smiles. "Is that so? Good luck,
honey," they comment. (For the record, they say
the same thing when you're 20, 30, 40, or 50.)





At 10, I only heard the "good luck" part.

I bought a ruled notebook with a fake marble cover and began my first novel, *The Mountain Cabin Mystery*. Handwritten with a Ticonderoga pencil, it was page after page of perfectly awful prose, such as ...

"Eighteen-year-old Betsy Lane was a girl of action and excitement." (Oh, dear. Pray for Betsy.) "She found a thin manilla (hmmm ... like vanilla?) envelope in the secret passageway, hidden in a dark corner." (Never guess I was writing a mystery, huh?)

Three months later, I proudly displayed the finished product on my bookshelf, bought a second notebook, and started *The Secret of Lakeview Manor*, followed by *The Ghost of Pine Lane*, *The Mystery at Snow Castle*, *A Clue by Candlelight* ... you get the idea.

Nancy Drew: Take two, with deepest apologies to Carolyn Keene.

Ten juvenile mysteries poured from my pencil before I went off to college, storing my fiction hopes in a cardboard box in my parents' attic. Those notebooks quietly gathered dust while I pursued a broadcasting career, then marriage, motherhood, and public speaking, my dream of writing a novel all but forgotten.





But God didn't forget, not for one patient minute.

He nudged me year after year—just as he may be tugging at your heart right now—whispering, "What are you waiting for, child? Open it. Open your gift." Since "every good and perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of the heavenly lights," then you can be sure whatever gifts were tucked in your young heart came from the hand of God.

Often we display our gifts proudly as children, then hide them in adulthood, hoping no one will ask us, "Do you draw? Can you play the piano? Do you know how to sew?"

"Not really," we murmur, fearing risk, dreading failure, convinced those things we loved to do as kids were nothing but child's play, when in truth they were a gift from God, placed in our small hands with big expectations.

Last summer, my husband came strolling into my office, a grin stretched across his face. "Your brother called. Says he found something of yours in the attic."

When the crate from Pennsylvania arrived, I paged through *The Mountain Cabin Mystery*, teary-eyed and overwhelmed. I'd forgotten the story, but I remembered well the girl who wrote it—curled up on her bedroom chair, pouring her heart out on those lined pages, dreaming of the day she might write a real novel.





The Lord knew, long before I knew him, that I would become a storyteller someday. Just as I'd hidden that box in the attic for safekeeping, God had stored that dream deep inside a corner of my heart and waited for me to find it again.

"Someday" took a long while. From my first pretend novel to my first published one took—*gulp!*—35 years. By our measure, a lifetime. By God's reckoning, right on time.

My kids looked over my shoulder, wide-eyed, as I paged through my notebooks. "Wow, Mom. If you were an author when you were ten, why'd you wait so long to start writing stories again?" You and I know the truth: The question isn't "Why did I wait so long?" The question is, "Why wait another minute?"

Reflect

- *What callings or dreams in your life have you been waiting "so long" for?*
- *What steps might you need to take to move the dream closer to reality?*



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On Doing It All

Task Master

Is doing it all, all at the same time, really the best way?

By Liz Curtis Higgs

Busy moms do it out of necessity. Drivers do it at 60 mph. And teenagers do it better than anybody.

Multitasking. No longer mere computer lingo, the word now describes life as we know it. Noshing on a burger while steering a car through traffic while fumbling with directions.

Gone are the days of one task at a time. Now we do everything simultaneously. Work. Play. Eat. Travel. We feel so efficient, so on top of things. Look, Ma ... no hands!





But when one of those multiple tasks includes a human being, we may be missing what matters most: an eye-to-eye and heart-to-heart connection.

I watched a young mother at the post office sort through her mail, talk on her cell phone, and try to keep tabs on her toddler. Nothing too dangerous there. Except she tossed out a letter, only to realize she meant to keep it, called out to her wayward little girl without really getting her attention, and apologized numerous times into her phone, "Sorry ... what did you say?"

The child was clearly frustrated. No doubt the caller on the other end of the line was, too. Both of them received the same unintentional message: "You're third on my list of priorities right now."

Do we really have to do three things at once to feel productive?

Apparently we do, and I'm the worst of sinners.

While on the phone with a long-winded friend, I open my email, turning down the computer speakers so she won't hear the telltale sound effects, even as I wave a sheet of fast-food coupons at my husband, pointing to what I want for lunch.

Or I'll take a stack of correspondence into our family room and tune in a movie I've been eager to see. Distracted by the film, I have to read each letter twice, not really connecting with the dear person who's written to me, nor fully involved with the story on the screen.





When a family member joins me and starts to chat, I catch myself scribbling words that make little sense, trying to follow the movie out of the corner of my eye and only half-listening, half-nodding to whatever my loved one is saying.

Is there any hope for a multitasking mama?

Yup. A simple one: Follow the Lord's example.

When Jesus spoke with people, they had his complete attention. The Bible does not say, "And while he sanded wood and kept watch on a pot of stew, Jesus said ..." He simply listened, then responded. Individually and compassionately.

In Jesus' meeting with the woman at the well—his longest one-on-one conversation recorded in Scripture—she was amazed a Jew was even willing to speak to a Samaritan: "How can you ask me for a drink?" (John 4:9). The disciples were taken aback, too, when they "returned and were surprised to find him talking with a woman" (John 4:27).

Clearly Jesus put conversations first on his to-do list, ignoring what was politically correct or productively expedient. Nothing mattered more than this thirsty woman.

His disciples got the message: "No one asked, 'Why are you talking with her?'" (John 4:27). She got the





message, too, putting aside her task in favor of talking to people: "Leaving her water jar, the woman went back to the town ..." (John 4:28).

Now it's our turn to get the message: Relationships aren't a task. Listening intently is the most valuable gift we can give. And looking into the eyes of someone we care about is time wisely spent.

My New Year's resolution? Do one task at a time and do it well, always putting people first. Sure, it's old school. About 2,000 years old.

Thank the Lord it's never too late to learn.

Reflect

- *How much of your day is spent multi-tasking?*
- *What does the amount of time you multi-task say about the priority relationships have in your life?*
- *What might need to change? And how?*



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Additional Resources

Books to help you further.

Embrace Grace, by Liz Curtis Higgs. The forgiven life. The grace-filled life. It begins with an embrace. Wherever you are spiritually and whatever you have been through emotionally, *Embrace Grace* brings the welcome, life-giving message that you are already enfolded in the arms of One who believes in you, supports you, and treasures you. God is waiting for you to embrace him in return, to accept the gift he's offering you, and to listen for the whispered words you've longed a lifetime to hear: "You are loved. All is forgiven."





Rise and Shine: A Devotional, by Liz Curtis Higgs. Want a better way to start your day? How about some gentle words, uplifting thoughts, God's Word, and simple prayers? Culled from the best of Liz's early writings, these essays are packed with honest humor, poignant stories, and biblical lessons. Nearly 100 bite-sized readings (some new) will make you smile while giving you a fresh perspective.

Unveiling Mary Magdalene, by Liz Curtis Higgs. A novel and *entertaining* approach to Bible study! Closely paralleling Scripture, Higgs's book opens with a fictional account of a madwoman adrift in 21st-century Chicago. Then dashing the myths and misconceptions, Higgs offers a verse-by-verse examination of Mary Magdalene and her life-changing encounters with Christ. Includes discussion questions.

Bad Girls of the Bible: And What We Can Learn From Them, DVD Edition, by Liz Curtis Higgs. Women everywhere marvel at those "good girls" in Scripture—Sarah, Mary, Esther—but on most days, that's not who they see when they look in the mirror. Most women (if they're honest) see the selfishness of Sapphira or the deception of Delilah. They catch a glimpse of Jezebel's take-charge pride or Eve's disastrous disobedience. Like Bathsheba, Herodias, and the rest, today's modern woman is surrounded by temptations, exhausted by the demands of daily living, and burdened by her own desires.



GFL Mentor Series: Liz Curtis Higgs

Additional Resources

So what's a good girl to do? Learn from their lives, says beloved humor writer Liz Curtis Higgs, and by God's grace, choose a better path. In *Bad Girls of the Bible*, Higgs offers a unique and clear-sighted approach to understanding.



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