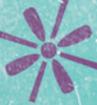




Encouragement  
2014



A collection of  
your favorite posts  
from the writers  
of (in)courage



(in)courage  
*home for the hearts of women*



# Encouragement

**(in) courage**  
home for the hearts of women



Siloam Springs, Arkansas

[www.incourage.me](http://www.incourage.me)

[www.dayspring.com](http://www.dayspring.com)

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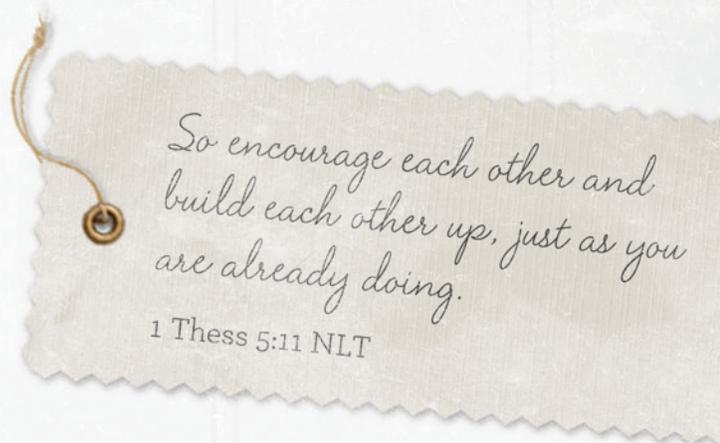
# Introduction

**Think about (in)courage** as a bit like a beach house. You can put your sandy, dirty feet on the coffee table, laugh late into the night with girlfriends, and hear God's voice through our shared, broken, beautifully redeemed, everyday stories. It's the place where you're always welcome, just the way you are.

This e-book features stories from the writers of the website (in)courage who share from their hearts encouragement and wisdom, drawn out of a wrestling with their own personal experiences, amidst the living of the everyday. Their voices vary yet it's clear they share what matters most: a deep love for Jesus and all of His girls. You're one of them; you know that, right?



And we pray that as you read these words, you'll see yourself in the stories and recognize how **beloved** you are.





# The Difference Your Words Make



She came to our first meeting prepared, with half a dozen legal pages full of notes. It was clear she had taken a lot of time to ready herself for this meeting.

The same was true for the next meeting, and the next, and the next.

As our group divided and conquered for a big presentation, she was always the one going the extra mile, making phone calls and doing additional research to make us better. Through her fact-finding mission, her light shined brightly.

And so, a few days before the meeting, I went to her cubicle and thanked her for her work. I don't remember my words, but I know that my heart wanted to let her know that she was appreciated and made a difference.

*I never expected what would happen the next day.*

We happened to arrive at our office at the same time and she said to me, "You know, I was thinking about what you said to me last night..."

Did you catch that? She went home that night, hours after I spoke to her and thought about my words. The next morning, when I saw her for the first time, they were still on her heart, while I had not thought of them since I walked away from her desk.

**This is what kind words do.** Like it says in Proverbs:

*Kind words are like honey - sweet to the soul and healthy for the body.*

Proverbs 16:24 NLT

Kind words are balm for our souls. We need to both give and receive kind words.

Too often I find myself going about my day so quickly that I miss opportunities to extend a simple kind word. Perhaps you do the same?

My colleague's response reminded me that this is not how we should live. We need to be proactive, and take just a few seconds to say *thank you, you matter. You helped me. You made a difference.*

Now I look for opportunities to say kind words and verbally acknowledge people's good works, what they mean to me or even just how they look.

I don't know why this was such an a-ha moment of me. Of course kind words leave an impact. So many times in my own life, a person's words have stuck with me, long after a conversation ended.

**Today I want to encourage you to share a kind word with someone.** Make their day – and take a moment to let it make yours, too.

\*\*\*

By Jessica Turner // [Connect with Jessica](#)

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# Five Little Words



It's ridiculous how much just five little words can hurt.

## **“What are you doing here?”**

And it's ludicrous to think that even now as a grown woman I give those words the same power that I gave them when I was eleven-years-old.

**Alongside puberty in a girl comes a painful self-awareness that she is inadequate in comparison with almost everyone else.** When I was eleven I lived in fear of someone calling me out of a crowd, of being the center of attention and of people not wanting me around. I was clumsy and self-conscious and never felt like I fit in anywhere.

Before middle school began I tried to envision myself walking into the seventh grade lunch room, searching for a seat and then being asked, “What are you doing here?” *By the time I got there, I did find friends but I still lived with the worry of being left out.*

I don't need anyone to ask me “What are you doing here?” because I ask it of myself. What am I doing here? I don't belong here or anywhere else.

Though no one ever said it quite like I think they will, their gestures, their snubs and their “lost” invitations plagued me in middle school and early high school.

## **Years later, words like this still have the power they never should have.**

I'm by myself at a wedding. My husband, who often plays guitar and sings in friends' ceremonies, is nowhere to be found. He's with the other musicians somewhere in the back.

It's in a garden, a beautiful spread of roses upon roses and I've sat down in a chair by myself. The thing is, I know almost everyone here, but we've left this church and have moved on. It was a friendly split {on our part} but perhaps unfriendly on theirs? I hadn't thought so. I'm just beginning to realize that I am not wanted here.

*“What are YOU doing here, Sarah?”* A woman asks as she comes up behind me before it begins. *“I just didn't know you would be invited.”*

## **Ouch. I have no words so I try to smile.**

Several months later I walk through the campus of my daughters' school. A woman, another mother with whom I've been friendly from time to time, stops me in the breezeway.

“What are you doing here?”

Instantly I feel shunned, embarrassed and like I’m in the seventh grade lunch room again. *People know me here and I had thought I belonged.*

Five little words from her make me feel immediately like an outcast.

The only way that I know how to begin the process of healing anything, even the pain of five ridiculously powerful uttered words is to begin to participate in the healing process of others.

So I began to say five other words. Five words with power and intention and life.

**“I’m so glad you’re here.”**

*I’m so glad you’re here*, I say to friends who step over my threshold.

*I’m so glad you’re here*, I write when a new reader comes across my blog.

*I’m so glad you’re here*, is what we say when we meet another couple for dinner and a walk on the beach.

*I’m so glad you’re here*, I tell my daughters when they wake up on an autumn morning.

**And with each positive utterance on my part I am able to forgive a piece of that which has been broken in me.**

*I’m so glad you’re here*. Five different words with the power to heal. These words have the power to override the hurt and pain that comes from not fitting in, feeling as if we don’t belong and from feeling alone.

**Today, friends, I’m so glad you’re here. If you’ve been wounded within community, if you’ve been carrying the scars of 5 little words, or if you’ve been cast out of a place of belonging today is for you.**

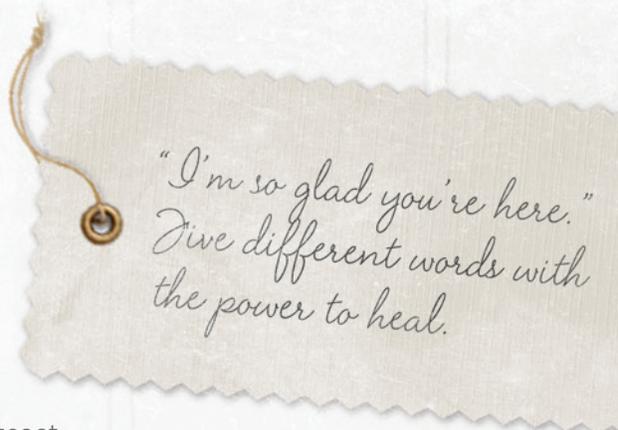
I’m so glad you’re here. I am so glad you are here!

Let us tell one another that we value them, that we love them and that we are so happy that we all belong to Jesus. And by that maybe we can begin to allow the broken pieces inside us to heal.

**Can you tell someone today that you are so glad they are in your life?**

\*\*\*

By Sarah Markley // [Connect with Sarah](#)





# You're Going to be Okay

If your life isn't perfect,  
*this is for you.*

*If you've ever been disappointed, this is for you.*

*If you sometimes have bad hair days, this is for you.*

*If you dreamed a big dream and then watched it fall apart, this is for you.*

*If you are human and live in a fallen world, this is for you.*

She tucks her head in her hands for just a moment then looks up with a sigh. "It's been a tough day," she whispers with a half smile. I nod in agreement, touch her hand with mine. "I just need to know..." she continues, "I just need to know I'm going to be okay."

Don't we all?

I remember being a newlywed with a husband trying to figure out how to help. He would offer advice and solutions with such good intentions. Finally I stopped him and said, "This is what I need to hear: Just tell me I'm going to be okay."

I hear the same from women all across the world. In conversations, emails, as a life coach, when I speak, during the time I worked as a counselor. We don't want more "how-to" or to be told what to do. When life surprises us, smacks us on the behind, runs away with our dreams it's our hearts that are left standing there hurting. Our heads know the truth. We understand what's supposed to make it right in that moment. But somehow even the truth can ring hollow sometimes.

So what do we do then? Is it even possible to live with joy, resilience, and strength in this broken world? After connecting with thousands of women about this topic, searching Scripture, and through my own journey I can say without reservation: YES.

And it's not just possible, *it's what God desires for you.*

Jesus said,

*In this world you will have trouble. But take heart! I have overcome the world.*

John 16:33 NIV



*Take heart.*

That's how we can deal with the dog messing up the rug and the devil messing up our lives. How we can face little irritations and life's big tragedies and still thrive. How we can bounce back faster and fall down less. How we can spend more of our time living and less of our time regretting. And that's what I want to share with you.

Is it easy? Nope. Nothing worthwhile ever is. But it's worth it. Research shows that almost half of our happiness can be contributed to one factor: you. How you react to life turns out to be far more important than what life throws at you. When you decide to take charge of your heart, everything changes because you change.

You are stronger than you know.

You are loved more than you realize.

You are part of a greater plan and nothing can stop God's purposes for you.

*You're going to be okay.*<sup>1</sup>

I promise.

And what's even more important...God promises too.

Take heart, friend. Good things are ahead.

\*\*\*

By Holley Gerth // [Connect with Holley](#)

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# Never Too Late for Joy

I've never picked corn before.

At the supermarket, sure.

But, I had never walked through a cornfield. Until a few weeks ago.

Sunday church was over and while milling around, a friend mentioned a nearby farm was putting on a Harvest Festival.

I knew the place would get crowded later in the afternoon, so I was anxious to get there before noon with Hubby and my two boys.

Problem was, I wore my heels that morning.

*I wasn't dressed for the occasion.*

We had to drive home – *in the opposite direction* – so I could change into my mud-ready outdoor boots.

On our way over, I hoped there was corn left for us to pick.

We arrived at the farm and stood at the edge of the field. *Littered with husks.*

**We were too late.**

## Someone Who Can Carry

*Do you ever feel like it's too late for you to find joy?*

Maybe you're looking at your schedule or your dreams, and it seems littered with the husks of missed opportunities or crowded with the pressures of the daily grind.

From the way things appear, that pursuit, relationship, job, friendship, child, marriage – that situation – is simply heading in the opposite direction of where you'd like it to be.

You're caught off guard. Not dressed for the occasion.

In the moment, it feels like nothing can take away your sense of loss or disappointment.

**But, there is Someone who can carry us in that moment.**



## The Pieces

The God who holds onto us when we are weary knows where He's taking us.

*I will make up to you for the years that the swarming locust has eaten  
You'll eat your fill of good food. You'll be full of praises to your God  
You'll know without question that I'm in the thick of life with Israel [with you],  
That I'm your God, yes, your God, the one and only real God.  
Never again will my people be despised.*  
Joel 2:25-29 MSG

It's never too late for joy.

The Lord of the harvest – Jesus – came so that we can have life abundantly.

**While we pick up the pieces of our lives, Jesus picks us the pieces to our hearts.**

*He remembers how we are put together.*

*We can hang onto Jesus, who is strong enough to carry us through.*

## Beside You

As we walked through endless corridors of seemingly plucked-through stalks of corn, we decided to trek further – *to the back of the field.*

Far away from the crowds, where many turned around and left, we found rows and rows of corn.

Ready for us to harvest and bring home to enjoy that night.

**As you stand there in the silence, surveying the rows of years gone past, notice Jesus standing there beside you.**

**He knows the way ahead. He hasn't forgotten you.**

*There is more life ahead, Jesus whispers.*

*Just hold on tight to me. I know the way to go and I'm taking you with me.*

## Unmistakeable Fragrance

It's risky to hope for joy, but God gently gathers us close, even when we're mixed with doubt and unspoken suspicions.

*The place of need is the most beautiful place to be positioned.*



That is where we experience the joy of being discovered by Jesus once again.

There is an unmistakable fragrance that seeps into us, as we hide in the loving embrace of Jesus.

His grace, His tender understanding – mixed with our fears and tears – bring an intimate harvest of joy from within.

It's never too late for joy.

Never too late for you or for me.

*No more will anyone call you Rejected,  
and your country will no more be called Ruined.  
You'll be called Hephzibah (My Delight), and your land Beulah (Married),  
Because God delights in you  
and your land will be like a wedding celebration.*

Isaiah 62:4 MSG

\*\*\*

By Bonnie Gray // [Connect with Bonnie](#)

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# When You're Tired of Wearing Masks



I have worn and discarded countless masks through my life, trying on different ones, depending on what part of my interior life I wanted to hide.

The disguises helped me survive in junior high locker rooms, corporate board rooms, Bible study classrooms, and new friends' living rooms. *Or so I thought.*

## **A woman's arms get tired holding up masks, year after year.**

But sometimes, you tolerate the wearying task of wearing a mask. Because sometimes, it feels easier to hide, rather than to let the Real You show. So you muscle through, taking your assortment of masks to the carpool lane, the parent-teacher conferences, the dinner parties.

On the inside, your actual heart knows better. Your actual heart beats to be *actually* real, but you aren't sure how. You assume that people want someone a little less... you.

Sometimes, it seems easier to stubbornly camouflage the blemishes, blackheads, birthmarks and blisters of life.

And sometimes? After years of half-false living, you can barely tell where your masks stop and your skin starts. And you don't know how to find the real you again.

I'm 42 now, and I'd like to tell you that I never wear masks anymore. I have thrown most of them aside, but my default is to reach for a mask when I want to make a good first impression.

God knows that about me. So - in His relentless grace - He continues to repeat one message into my insecurity-prone heart:

**“I didn't ask you to be her. I asked you to be you.”**

God's soul-whispers have helped me ease into my own skin, my own size of jeans, my odd sense of humor, and my inability to bake anything other than brick-hard brownies.

I've learned that all those years of mask-wearing didn't really get me anywhere after all. In truth, I had masked myself into being nearly unapproachable.

I knew it for sure the other day, when a familiar name popped into my email inbox. It was another Jennifer from the Midwest. She and I had known each other casually in college. She wrote to tell me that she had recently read my new book – a book for the bone-tired mask-wearers<sup>2</sup> – and she wanted me to know what the book had meant to her.

That was nice, and everything, but the sentence that stopped me hard was this one:

**“When I think of you in college,” Jennifer wrote, “all I remember was a girl who was so together, I was scared to be your friend.”**

I sat in the lightwash of my computer screen for a long time, shaking my head with a tinge of regret over all that I’d missed in an attempt to be someone more than I was.

I had, indeed, achieved my goal of being “so together.” But all of my careful impression-management had alienated a potential friend.

I can’t go back and erase my masks, and I won’t wallow in guilt for my past mistakes. Because I can start again today, refusing the false face. And I can do the same thing tomorrow.

And even more, I can make safe zones for others to be the best versions of themselves. I can teach my daughters to live mask-free – mostly (I hope) by modeling that behavior.

**We weren’t made for masks. And the bravest ones are the women who let their masks fall, before they inevitably break. The bravest ones go first, wearing their gritty real on the outside – scars and all.**

In Christ, we are free to be imperfectly who we are. And the very things that we think might repel others (our bed-head hair with its own zip code, our bug-splattered windshields, and our feisty muffin tops) are the actual “flaws” that make us approachable. That make us real. *That make us friends.*

And behold, when we smash our masks together at the feet of Jesus, we make the most important discovery of all:

That underneath the mask isn’t your mess; it’s your *marvelous*.

\*\*\*

By Jennifer Dukes Lee // [Connect with Jennifer](#)

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# God Filled the Gap with Himself

When it comes to the subject of my father, **unfortunately there isn't much to tell.** His name was Robert. He and my mother weren't married. He gave me a purple and white 10-speed bike with purple and white streamers attached to the handle bars when I was 9 - and he died before I turned 10.

That is the sum of what I know. I literally do not have one clear memory of my father. The memory of him giving me that bike is vague to say the least. He was never around long enough to establish any memories. Had it not been for a picture that I have of him, I couldn't have picked him out of a crowd. My mother never talked about him and I never asked. *That is how things went in my family.*

I have often thought to myself that I don't mourn the loss of my father. **Rather, I mourn the loss of what should have been.** I should have had a father. I should have had a lifetime of memories with him. He should have played a significant role in my life. One of the toughest facts to be reconciled to is that he didn't want to play a role and/or was incapable of doing so.

A lifetime of growing up without a father stirs up a well of insecurities that I can barely put words to. These insecurities have been an underlying motivation in many of the decisions that I've made. It hasn't been easy but I know that God has been with me. He has been ever so faithful to extend His grace to me at times when I have been unaware of Him or even when I have been far from Him.

*...while we were still sinners, Christ died for us.*

Romans 5:8 NIV

That is the depth of God's love for me and for you. He loves us deeply, not because of who we are or what we do or what we can offer. He simply loves us because that is who He is. God is love.

*For He chose us in Him before the creation of the world to be holy and blameless in His sight.*

Ephesians 1:4 NIV

*See what great love the Father has lavished on us, that we should be called the children of God!  
And that is what we are!*

1 John 3:1 NIV



These verses make me wanna do a Holy Ghost dance! God chose us! We have been chosen by a heavenly, gracious and loving God. He ALWAYS knew that He would make a way for us to be in relationship with Himself. He has ALWAYS chosen us. He will ALWAYS choose us! He chose us to be His beloved daughters.

Know that wherever your earthly circumstances find you today, you and I have a heavenly Father who loves us beyond all reason! **There is no end to His love and grace toward us.**

Unlike the many spiritual mothers that the Lord has blessed me with, I haven't really had any spiritual fathers in my life. I guess He decided to fill that gap with Himself.

*Though my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will receive me.*  
Psalm 27:10 NIV

I pray that you will rest in the truth of this verse. May it flood your soul with hope, peace and joy.

If you feel unloved and abandoned by your earthly father, take heart...

***Your Heavenly Father loves you.***

***Your Heavenly Father chooses you.***

***Your Heavenly Father fills that gap with Himself.***

\*\*\*

By Karina Allen // [Connect with Karina](#)

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# When You Need a Steady Stream of Confidence

"More dreams die by self-inflicted wounds than any other kind. God is for you...and it's time for you to be too."

—Holley Gerth, *You're Made for a God-Sized Dream*<sup>3</sup>

I move quickly towards the bathroom, the only place offering solitude in the whole house. I've managed genuine smiles all day while keeping the tears in, but I can't do it anymore. I'm only walking but I breathe heavy as I shut the bathroom door. I clamp my hand to my mouth but the sobs come fast and hard and there's nothing to do but let 'em go.

"*You are completely ridiculous,*" I say to myself, exasperated. "*Get a grip!*"

And that's when I hear the quiet knock accompanying a gentle, "*Kristen? Are you okay?*"

Oh heavens. There's no hiding any longer.

The setting for my meltdown was Hilton Head, the place where I was spending a much-anticipated weekend with writers who've become genuine friends. Generally, I am very comfortable around other women, even women I don't know. I move eager to begin conversations and listen to their stories. But sometimes, I do not trust that my own stories hold up to the same interest. **So in this glorious beach house with windows from ceiling to floor, I feel like every writing and blogging insecurity jumped straight through my computer screen and stands in full view for all to see.**

Now let me be clear: Nobody inside the beach house ever made me feel this way. Ever. But I don't need anyone else to suggest I'm not up to par. **I am my own worst critic, off and running with the enemy's dreadful lies.**

So when on this occasion I find myself in a room full of women who aren't just good but *excellent* at what they do, I am overwhelmed by my own smallness.

I slowly open the bathroom door and see kind faces wrapped in concern. I smile weakly and somehow the words just tumble out,

"*I don't belong here. I'm just not good enough.*"



Arms from Ann, Lisa-Jo, and Holley find themselves around me as well as kind words and prayers that give me fresh perspective of who I am in Christ. **But I'm not gonna lie: It is a fight to keep my confidence.**

I wonder if the same is true for you, if you've ever felt you didn't belong or just weren't good enough? You see the other women at your workplace or the moms at PTO and believe they have their act together while you fumble all ridiculous and small? You aren't alone.

Feeling small isn't a bad thing in and of itself. But when our mind travels from small street to the corner of unworthy and untalented, we have arrived in a dangerous part of town. We are small because of our great God (Isaiah 40:12), not because of great people. **People are all the same in that we all need Jesus to bridge the miles between us and God.** A smaller me leaves space for God to dish out his bigger, better plans for me. **And wrapped in those tailor-made plans for each of us is an abundance of talent and smarts He graciously gives, all useful in His kingdom plans.**

The other day, I read afresh Colossians 2:10,

*...and you have been given fullness in Christ, who is the head over every power and authority.*  
(NIV translation)

We have been given *fullness in Christ*. Today, we are already complete. We are worthy enough and talented enough and just plain enough. I repeat this to myself over and over and before long, the empty press of this world and devil static fade into the distance. **It is then I find confidence and security with where God has me today.**

Just like you, I have heart desires and soul dreams I want to birth. Some may need to be laid to rest on altars while others spring to glorious life. **Either way, I will rally behind His plans for me rather than raise a roadblock.** If God is for me, who can be against me?

*May it not be me.*

\*\*\*

By Kristen Strong // [Connect with Kristen](#)

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# Showing Myself a Little Kindness

My plane landed at 9:30 pm Sunday night. That's 12:30 am on the East Coast and since I'd been soaking up time with my {in}courage sisters all weekend, I had quickly adapted to the different time zone.

I was tired, but determined to make progress toward home. It's a three-hour drive from the Los Angeles airport to our home in San Luis Obispo. I grabbed a coffee, picked up my luggage, hugged my traveling partner good-bye and merged onto the 405 freeway north.

I traveled for a couple hours and started to feel the dark night wooing me to sleep. The smartest thing to do was to stop and get a hotel room, even if only for a few hours of much-needed rest. I pulled off the freeway in Carpinteria, a tiny beach town and checked into a hotel. As I settled into the bed, I felt my body relax and sleep came quickly.

I set my alarm for 6:00 am and as soon as it went off, I hopped out of bed, anxious to get on the road again. I threw on clothes, zipped up my suitcase and grabbed another cup of coffee as I headed out of the hotel and into the parking lot. My keys were already in my hand and I clicked the button to unlock the car.

**Nothing happened.** I clicked again. And nothing happened. A feeling of dread mixed with panic swept over me. Oh no. No. Ugh.

The car was dead. I figured I must have left the lights on the night before. I was tired and in a hurry to get out of the car. I called AAA and sat down on the curb to wait.

"I'm such an idiot," I told myself.

"I'm so stupid!" I repeated in my head.

Over and over I called myself names and berated myself for my mistake.

**If you were there with me and it was your car, I would have told you, "No big deal!"**

I'm sure I'd remind you it only set us back half an hour. I would have hugged you and told you not to be so hard on yourself. It was just a small, simple mistake.

But for myself I had no grace, only harsh words and criticism.



I began to wonder, at that early hour, how my perspective would change if I was gentler with myself. What if I showed myself kindness?

“It’s okay,” I whispered to myself.

“It could happen to anyone,” I told myself comfortingly.

The sun began to peek over the hillside and cast a soft glow through the trees. I exhaled. The glow of the morning light was breathtaking. Maybe I would have missed the sunrise if I hadn’t had to wait for the tow truck to come start my car.

Within a half hour I was on the road, heading towards my family. My head was filled with thoughts of how imperfect life is, and how there is still beauty to be found. I am flawed and yet, I can show myself kindness. I make mistakes, but there is forgiveness.

**It’s okay to be kind to myself.** I want to be gracious instead of critical. Isn’t that how Christ is with us?

*The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases; his mercies never come to an end;  
they are new every morning; great is your faithfulness.*

Lamentations 3:22-23 ESV

\*\*\*

By Lisa Leonard // [Connect with Lisa](#)

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# When You Feel Like It Doesn't Matter

The easiest way to get you to stop pursuing your passion, your ministry, is to convince you that it **doesn't really matter.**

The voice might sound something like. . .

***"I'm sure someone else has already thought of it and would do it better."***

***"That's your dream? It's not big enough."***

***"Everyone else is so successful. Why would your voice, your art matter?"***

***"It'll sound ridiculous."***

***"What if all the good dreams are taken?"***

***"What if God's Kingdom isn't big enough for your dream plus hers?"***

Strange and almost comical questions to some, but **in your head it seems so real.**

Lies can seem like the truth at times. Sometimes you have a tendency to **think where one succeeds there's suddenly less room for you and your future.**

And really, **quite the opposite is true.**

Through Paul, God asks you to "Be honest in your estimate of yourselves, measuring your value by how much faith God has given you." (Romans 12:3 NLT)

*But what if God has given you great faith, a large amount that has been pressed down and is overflowing?*

You assume this means to work harder on being humble. That maybe God is trying to point out the pride-log in your eye. But **what if God has given you great faith, a large amount that has been pressed down and is overflowing? Yet, you are not honest with yourself and estimate yourself not good enough, strange, or not yet ready.**

*Just as your bodies have many parts and each part has a special function, so it is with Christ's body. We are all part of*



his one body, and **each of us has different work to do**. And since we are all one body in Christ, we belong to each other, and **each of us needs all the others**.

**God has given each of us the ability to do certain things well**. So... if God has given you the gift to teach, speak out. If your gift is serving others, serve them well. If you are a teacher, do a good job teaching. If your gift is to encourage others, do it! If you have money, share it generously.

Then... Don't just pretend that you love others. Really love them... **Love each other with genuine affection and take delight in honoring each other. Never be lazy in your work, but serve the Lord enthusiastically.**

**Be glad for all God is planning for you.**

Romans 12:4-12 NLT (emphasis added)

And know that **you and your art, your business, your writing, your ministry... it does matter and it is very important... to all of us and the Kingdom.**

\*\*\*

By Stephanie Bryant // [Connect with Stephanie](#)

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# Notes

1. Holley Gerth, *You're Going to Be Okay: Encouraging Truth Your Heart Needs to Hear, Especially on the Hard Days*. (Revell, 2014).

2. Jennifer Dukes Lee, *Love Idol*. (Tyndale, 2014).

3. Holley Gerth, *You Were Made For a God-Sized Dream: Opening the Door to All God Has for You*. (Revell, 2013).

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**Come one, come all;  
we can't wait to meet you.**



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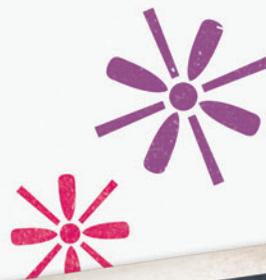
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