

ELISABETH HASSELBECK

New York Times best-selling author



POINT OF VIEW

*A Fresh Look at
Work, Faith, and Freedom*



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Foreword by CANDACE CAMERON BURE

ELISABETH
HASSELBECK

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*To my husband, Tim, and our children,
Grace, Taylor, and Isaiah. I love how we love.*



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So from now on we regard no one from a worldly point of view. Though we once regarded Christ in this way, we do so no longer.

—2 CORINTHIANS 5:16

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Foreword

Learning from Those Who Go Before Us

Along with millions of other viewers, I watched a cute unknown shoe designer—with her petite frame and blond hair—walk, talk, and struggle her way through television’s *Survivor*. I watched in awe that such a little thing had a presence that was so bold. I loved that she didn’t back down and was in it to win it, but not from a backstabbing, I-don’t-care-about-anyone-but-myself mentality. There was something different about her.

I then watched this reality show contestant take a seat at the table on *The View*, unashamedly proclaiming her biblical worldview during Hot Topics. She held her own and was not afraid to go back and forth with opinionated heavyweights Barbara Walters, Whoopi Goldberg, and Joy Behar who, the majority of the time, were in total disagreement with her. I remember hearing her speak faithfully, stand firmly, yet listen with empathy—never afraid to apologize if she misunderstood or had a logical, reasonable, or compassionate change of heart. She never wavered. This woman was a powerhouse, yet she was graceful. I watched wonderstruck as she grew her voice and career before my eyes, and I cheered her on from the sidelines like millions of others.

From a distance I watched a woman just one year younger than I am carve out her path in an industry I’ve grown up in my whole life. She was so strong, so bold and unafraid to walk into the fire. How did she have that kind of confidence? Where did her courage and strength come from? How has she been able to hold leadership positions and climb the corpo-

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rate ladder, all while proclaiming her Christian faith and holding her family so tightly that you knew they were her world? How did she develop her worldview in a way that she feels so certain of it? She's a standout, but not in ways the entertainment industry typically embraces.

Elisabeth is someone I've always looked up to, taking note of her life and career simply because she has walked the road less traveled and paved the way for many women, like me, to feel confident enough that it can be done. We can be strong, we can be vocally conservative, and we can rise to a position of influence while keeping our dignity, morality, and values. We can be feminine, we can be beautiful and lovely, and we can have families and make them our priority while still being in the workplace. This woman is the kind of empowered woman I admired. But what I realized through watching her journey was that she was empowered because she was inpowered by the Holy Spirit.

An empowered woman believes she can do anything because her own strength, courage, boldness, and drive are enough. An inpowered woman believes she can do anything because God is enough. God holds all those attributes and more and supplies them to every one of us, even when we don't think we're capable of carrying them.

I never imagined as I watched Elisabeth for so many years on television that I would one day take the very same seat she held for ten years on *The View*. Scared out of my mind to be the token conservative and not feeling equipped to handle my new job, I knew I could do it because Elisabeth had done it with the same God of the universe and with the same Holy Spirit that inpowers her as He does me. "Be strong and courageous. Do not be afraid; do not be discouraged, for the LORD your God will be with you wherever you go" (Joshua 1:9).

Elisabeth lives out her life exactly the way she preaches it in this book. Before my cohosting position was announced to the public, Elisabeth got

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my number and texted me congratulations with an offer for lunch or dinner at her home or in the city or anywhere, really, that was convenient for me. She was offering me any guidance and encouragement she could provide. That wasn't the only text during my time in New York City, as she was often prompted to let me know she was praying for me, cheering me on, and available any time I needed an ear or advice.

I looked to Elisabeth as the one who went before me, knowing I could learn from her faithfulness, as well as her hardships. Views from a distance—with a wide-angle lens—have had a great impact on me. You, my friend and reader, with this book right here in your hands, are getting the intimate, up-close-and-personal tight-angle lens to obtain her wisdom. Read it with the same intentionality you would give a newly budding and growing friendship with her, as I have, to encourage and guide you in the most important areas of life, all while being in God focus.

I wish I could have walked alongside Elisabeth starting twenty years ago, sharing giggles, secrets, and tears, because I know her example of heart, character, and integrity would have ministered to me long before I knew how much I'd need and appreciate it. Knowing her personally now makes me that much more excited for you to get to learn and glean from all the life lessons she so vulnerably and humbly shares in this book. Just like Elisabeth, my worldview came into focus when my focus shifted to Him, Jesus Christ. God changes our point of view when we understand just how blurry our vision really is without Him.

CANDACE CAMERON BURE,
actress, author, producer

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1

Learning to See Differently



You are the God who sees me.

—GENESIS 16:13

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As a fourth grader, I thought I could see perfectly. After all, I made good grades and participated in school, my cursive handwriting was on point, and all my spelling tests seemed to check out okay. Didn't all the other students walk up to the chalkboard to see the spelling words and then sharpen their pencils? Or was that just me?

The smell of the mildewed sponges used to wash the chalkboards at the end of each day is still clear in my memory. But looking back, I know that was about the only thing clear to me at the time.

When the day came for us to report to the school library for our annual vision test, I stood in line obediently, smoothing my navy-blue plaid jumper over my midsection. I kept thinking, *Next year I won't be stuck in this thing. I'll finally get to wear the fifth-grade skirt and blouse*, yet knowing I was an entire school year away from that rite of passage. I felt we waited in line *forever*. I needed to stay focused. It was almost my turn.

Finally, the school nurse called my name, and I stepped my Mary Jane shoes to the masking tape on the library floor.

"Place this plastic piece over your right eye, and tell me what you see," she said.

"Okay. And now the left," she continued.

When I wasn't thinking about my uniform, I was listening carefully to students ahead of me as they read the letters on the vision chart. I had memorized them, which is why I confidently told the nurse what they

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were. I had figured out over the years that the benefit of having a last name that began with *F* and not with *A* was that I never really went first for anything. Even when the teacher reversed alphabetical order to give students with last names beginning with *T* or *W* a chance to go first, I was still in the middle. That definitely had its advantages on vision testing day.

Once I had aced the test, the nurse said, “Okay, next student please step up.”

That’s how it went each year.

The nurse had no idea that I had a secret. I knew I could not see the letters, but she didn’t! Saved by the power of my good memory! As long as I could repeat what I had heard, I wouldn’t have to get glasses.

Or so I thought. Despite my faking success on the eye exam, one of my teachers mentioned to my parents that she thought an eye doctor should examine me. I was mortified!

“Your teacher is helping you,” my parents told me.

Treason is what her recommendation felt like to me. Betrayal. *The worst.*

A week or so later, I found myself in the eye doctor’s office without anyone with an *A–E* last name ahead of me in line to tell me what the letters on the chart were. There was no alphabetical order to grant me time to figure out the sequence. It was just me—and the eye doctor.

“Well,” he said, “I don’t know how you have been doing your school-work because you really need glasses. You are not seeing anything clearly.”

That didn’t seem true to me. I was just fine. I just had to get really, *really* close to something, and then it looked clear.

I grumbled as I grew quietly curious. *What have I been missing?* I wondered. *What more will I really be able to see if I get glasses? Will things look different? Will they look better? Worse?*

With the glasses prescription in hand, my mom and I darted to

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LensCrafters. I can still remember the parking spot we pulled into. I knew this excursion was important. What I did not know was that I would never see the same again.

With the guarantee that my glasses could be done in less than an hour, we began our search for the perfect frames. I must have tried on every pair while my mom waited patiently and helped me. And then I was ready. The decision was made.

With a familiar, encouraging-but-protective voice, my mom asked, “Are you sure about these frames? As long as you like them, that’s all that matters.”

Like them? I thought. I loved them! They were the biggest, reddest, widest lenses I could ever have imagined, and in about fifty-nine minutes, they would hold the power to let me see all the things the eye doctor said I had been missing.

“Yes, Mom. These will be great.” I was sure.

While the people at LensCrafters made my lenses, I ran errands with my mom, as she had taken the afternoon off from work for the big event. The sky grew darker, and the big fuzzy red lights on the backs of the cars in front of us told me it was almost dinnertime. My stomach sent the same message with its growling. I was getting hungry—and a little nervous.

Mom and I returned to the eyeglass store fifty-five minutes after we had left, and *there they were*.

Putting on those glasses for the first time was something I will never forget.

I finally saw what I had been missing out on all those years. The leaves on the trees—I could see them from across the street, and I could see *all* of them! I could see everything on the wall from all the way across the room! Those fuzzy red car lights were not fuzzy at all! Even better, they

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were not just one big blob of red blurry light. There were two—and they were sharp and square! (I am dating myself. These were the days before the innovative third brake light.)

I could read street signs for the very first time. I spent the entire ride home calling them out: “Papa Gino’s!” “CVS pharmacy!” “Dry cleaners!” “Kmart!” “Gulf!”

I could see people—their faces and their expressions.

My mom had the biggest smile on her face—and a little tear. I had been faking her out with my way of being okay with the blur for so long that she likely felt both overjoyed that I could finally see and perplexed and guilty about not catching it earlier. It was not her fault at all. She was the smartest, most caring mom (and she still is). I was just really good at memorizing eye charts.

Seeing as Others Do

I was seeing everything for the first time. I mean, really seeing everything, not just knowing it was there. There is a huge difference. And I never ever wanted to be without that ability again. My first time wearing glasses was also when I learned that the way I saw things wasn’t necessarily the way others did—nor was my blurry or clear necessarily the “right way.” Those big red glasses showed me that sometimes others had a completely different view of the world around them.

Even though this lesson was in the physical sense of sight, I soon learned that the same truth applied in the metaphorical sense. The way I looked at a situation or an issue might not be the same way someone else saw it—and it would take more than a pair of glasses to make sense of this. I realized that we all have our own point of view, based on our experiences, our education, and our outlook. Merriam-Webster online defines

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point of view as “a position or perspective from which something is considered or evaluated.” This distinction became very important when I began my broadcasting career.

One of the first lessons I learned about conducting interviews is that extracting the point of view, or POV, of the person being interviewed is essential. Doing so allows the interviewer the chance to see the issue or topic through the other person’s eyes. Getting as close as possible to seeing the truth of the matter from that person’s viewpoint is the goal. Almost always, seeing the story as that person sees it requires a shift in perspective. For decades I have practiced and refined the skill of extracting the POV of the person I am interviewing to get to the truth of the matter.

Seeing Through God’s Lens

My first shift from seeing everything through fuzzy eyes to seeing with crystal clarity happened in 1985. Little did I know that, years later, I would use the recollection of this event to illustrate the love of God and His vision for all of us.

I’ve learned that adjusting my point of view has at least two benefits: it allows me to see things the way someone else does, and spiritually it allows me to take that to the next level and see things as God wants me to see them. My hope has been that my vision would move farther away from my own thoughts, opinions, and interpretations and closer to the way God sees things.

I tell this intimate journey of faith through the important moments in my life, moments of my life’s story that have caused me to see something differently than the way God wanted me to see it and the sometimes rocky but always revealing ways He has led me to see situations His way. From *Survivor* to *The View* to *FOX & Friends* to my current role as

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CBO (Chief Breakfast Officer for my husband and three children)—through being hired, fired, and retired—He has allowed me to be inspired, and I have learned a lot the hard way.

Despite my naturally strong work ethic, which has given me a tendency to will my way through situations, my constant prayer of surrender is that by the power of the Holy Spirit, I will line up my point of view behind the lens of the gospel in order to see myself, others, and all that is happening as God wants me to see it. I pray to see myself as He sees me and as He sees my situations. As you read through these pages, this is my prayer for you too.

That ability—to see clearly through the biggest, widest lens possible—is a blessing I do not take for granted. My point of view has been refined and changed and adjusted, but it comes into sharp, clear focus when I look through the lens of God’s promises. The lessons I have learned—some powerful, some practical, and some intimately personal—have all been blessings. His lens is there, and I have the blessing and opportunity to *choose* to look through my lens alone (limited) or His (limitless). My lens looks like fear; His looks like trust. My lens can look like disappointment; His looks like hope. My lens can look deceiving; His looks like truth.

The view through my lens can be fearful. Through His, it is trusting.

The view through my lens can be disappointing. Through His, it is hopeful.

The view through my lens can look less than accurate. Through His, it is always truthful.

I have learned the hard way that mistaking our vision for God’s heavenly lens only allows *us* to define our days, our years, or ourselves incorrectly—and things get out of line quickly. I now know that I don’t

want to look at anything without the lens of Scripture. Believe me, I have tried to see things on my own. Thankfully, God has brought some amazing hearts, friends, and teachers into my story to press into my heart, encourage me, and redirect me to that big pair of glasses so that I see through His lens—time and time again. Within the pages of this book, you will meet those who have taught me—the spiritual optometrists who have helped me look at something differently or more closely and pointed my eyes to a different point of view. Those lessons and moments are precious to me.

As I look back on this adventure-packed path that God has placed me on—from being a walk-on college-softball player from Cranston, Rhode Island, to dropping into the Australian outback by plane on season 2 of *Survivor*, to voicing my thoughts and opinions on *The View*, to hosting a news program on the FOX News Channel—I still blink a few times! This journey assures me that God has already written my story. He’s been there all along, at every juncture, failure, and next turn, putting things back into focus. He is the ultimate lens crafter.

In my mind, I am still that little girl who wants to get the biggest pair of glasses possible and see things the way God sees them. I’ve come a long way since that day in the eye doctor’s office.

I want you to feel invited and welcomed into the points of view I have witnessed, experienced, and learned from. They range from moments on the infield to dinner with Queen Elizabeth II.

My sight is not perfect. My point of view constantly needs to be refocused. You will learn throughout this book that I am a fixer-upper, a work in progress. But I know God is not done with me yet. Remember, I tend to learn the hard way! Most of that work begins with my point of view and perspective. What I’ve learned is that until I see myself as God sees

me, I am not seeing clearly, and until I see God in everything, I am not seeing at all. I hope that in my journey you are able to see a little bit of yours and that you will learn, as I am learning, to see your story from God's point of view. So let's put on those big red glasses together, figuratively speaking, and see all that He wants us to see.

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2

The Walk-On Way



I know who you are, and I know what
you can do. I love you. Go show them.

—MY DAD

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I tend to do things “the walk-on way.” This means that whatever I lacked in natural talent or ability I made up for with hard work, determination, and persistence. I can characterize a lot of my life this way: working hard worked for me. Maybe I didn’t have the skill to do certain things better than everyone else, but I never let that stop me.

I am more than blessed to have been raised in a home where faith, freedom, and family were the pillars of my youth. My mom and dad raised me to understand that believing in God, working hard, and having gratitude held doors open. If a door was open, I was going to work hard to go through it and to help others through it as well.

My parents—both of them—had an amazing work ethic. Our house rules went like this: Work hard. Be kind. Be honest.

My dad and mom told me that if I worked hard, I could do whatever I wanted to do. Dad failed to mention that no matter how hard I worked at shooting hoops outside until dinnertime, it was not likely that I could play in the WNBA (I am all of five foot five). I refuse to classify that as a lie because he did not have a crystal ball—and maybe I could have, right?

Nonetheless, I would not go inside until I reached my goal of a certain number of shots in a row on the street under the lights. If I made just one more shot, I would be one shot closer to my goal.

At some point on my journey, I allowed a little lie to become a big

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part of my life. It said, “You might not *be* the best, but you can try to *work harder* than the rest.” I came to believe that the more I efforted through something, the more valuable I was. I became convinced that the harder I worked, the better I was. Struggle and hard work should look like a big sacrifice and hurt a lot, I thought, and I found myself craving hard work—in everything I did. What I did not realize is that freedom can come with an understanding that resting well is key to working well.

Called by Name

I played softball for years growing up, and my dad was always there for my games. He was my coach for almost all my softball playing days, and he never missed a practice. When I played he coached me from the sidelines, and after every game he talked to me about how I played and what to do differently so I could improve.

Mostly though, my dad saw who I was, not just what I did. Where I saw mistakes, he saw capabilities and adjustments. That’s because he didn’t see only a passed ball or a strikeout, or even a solid base hit. He saw me.

The work ethic my parents instilled in me, coupled with my dad’s coaching, encouragement, and belief in me, paid off when the time came for me to go to Boston College. What a hard season that was! My mom was battling breast cancer, and I had a heavy heart going into what was the biggest change during the most uncertain time my family had ever known.

When I confessed to my mom that I did not want to go and leave her during her treatment, she said to me, “Go. You must go. I’ll be fine.”

Art and sports had always been my outlet, and my mom and dad let me grow in both. As the time to depart for school drew near, I knew I

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would have a work-study job at the museum, would double major in biology and studio art, and would be in the premedical program, but something was missing from those plans, and my dad knew it.

“Why don’t you try out for the softball team?” he asked casually as we were loading up the car.

I thought he was joking.

“Dad,” I said, “they are Division 1. They’re in the Big East Conference.” (At that time they were.) I continued, “I’ll never make the team. They have all their scholarship players already. They don’t even know me. I’m not good enough.”

I battled fear, followed by doubt, followed by the lie: *They don’t even know your name.*

Partially to honor my dad and partially because I had a little hope placed in me that day, I packed my glove and my bat bag.

After arriving at school, I got my dorm room organized with the best roommate in the whole wide world, Jennie. God sure blessed me with her friendship then and now. Then I reached out to the softball coach and found out what day tryouts would be held. And I called my dad to let him know that I was going for it. He could tell I was terrified.

My dad simply said, “I know they don’t know you, but I know who you are, and I know what you can do. I love you. Go show them.” He was serious and I knew it.

Then he added, “You can run really fast. Go do that.”

So I did.

I pressed on through the next day of tryouts. Ground balls spitting up in my face, sprints, push-ups—and the fact that I must have missed every ball hit to me. Every single one.

Ooh, was I angry. Almost in tears, I called my dad and explained how awful the tryout was.

“Give it another try,” he told me. “Show up tomorrow, and give it another try.”

Fine. I would do that, but that was it.

The next morning, I literally fell out of my dorm-room bed because I was so sore. But in a way, knowing I was far from my mom, who was in the battle of her life against cancer, put things in perspective and gave the pain and fear I had inside a place where it made sense on the outside. As tired as I was, and as hurt as I was, getting it all out on the field felt healthy. That had been my way, and I would give it another try.

On day two of tryouts, I ran even harder, helped with equipment, and decided to bunt—a lot—not because I was great at bunting, but because with a bunt, at least my bat had a better chance of hitting the ball. I kept thinking, *The bigger I swing, the bigger I will miss.*

I’ve learned since then that the truth is, you don’t miss bigger if you swing bigger. If you miss, you miss—no matter how hard you swing.

When the tryouts were complete, I could hardly wait for the coaches to finish calling the names of the players who made the team. As I heard them read one name after another, my heartbeat was intense. I could hardly wait for them to finish so I could put the softball team behind me and move forward with my college experience. Just before they did, I heard the last name called.

“Filarski,” they said.

What?

I made the team!

They called my name.

It didn’t matter that it was the last name on the list. It mattered that they called my name. I would get a number and a helmet and a jersey and my name on the roster.

That first year and the following year, I was the happiest benchwarmer

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on the planet! I was so happy to simply be a part of it all. Cheers from the bench? I was on it. Carrying water jugs? You bet. Organizing equipment in the dugout? I had that covered. Warming up the starting outfielders? Sure! I was so thrilled to be on the team that whatever I could do to help, I did.

I do have a confession: during warm-ups, I tried to dive for every ball if I thought it would result in a grass stain or a streak of mud on my uniform—just to look like I had played in the game.

A time came when bench warming became pinch running, meaning that when one of the players could not run the bases, I ran for her. That was my role, and I was happy with it. And whenever I did have a chance to hit the ball, I swung fully, freely, and joyfully.

God's Top Recruit

Maybe you can relate, and you're thinking, *I know what she means!* Maybe you too have worked *so hard* all your life as well.

Working like a walk-on—whether you're on a sports team, at home with your family, at work, in relationships with friends, or another setting—is not a bad thing. It is about the *why* behind the *work*. In fact, I really like Colossians 3:23, which says: “Whatever you do, work at it with all your heart, as working for the Lord, not for human masters.” But the freedom of working hard at whatever you do comes from knowing that God does not see you as a walk-on. God sees you as His top recruit.

Just as my dad always saw me for who I was, God sees you for who you are. He knows your name. He has a jersey and a locker and a cap with your name on it. He has saved a place for you and has paid your way through life in full. Let me explain this by asking you to imagine a scenario.

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Let's say you get a letter in the mail tomorrow. When you read it, you can hardly believe what it says. It comes from someone you don't know, and it promises that you, or if you have kids, each of your children has already been accepted at his or her first-choice college or university. All of them. Even your five-year-old. They are all accepted—exactly as they are right now. The school is holding places for them. Their spots are secure, just waiting for them to come. The whole college acceptance thing? It's a done deal. Each child is accepted. You are fully accepted.

In addition, all tuition and all the fees are paid—completely. Every single dime. Everyone has a full scholarship. Why? Because each one is a top recruit.

Your first comments would probably be “Who would do this for us? Who paid for all of this? I want to meet that person and thank him!” Of course you would.

Imagine the extraordinary kindness of a person who could and would guarantee that all your children could attend the schools of their choosing at no cost whatsoever. Imagine a person who would do this simply because he wanted to take the college decision drama and the cost burden off your shoulders. Just think about it. What if that really happened one day?

That scenario is a tiny example of what God has already done for us. It represents His love and care for us. He loved us before we deserved His love (because we didn't) and before we earned it (because we couldn't). We are fully accepted. That acceptance has been paid for in full—on the cross with Christ's blood. Imagine *that*.

Metaphorically speaking, the scholarship has been saved for you. All the fees have been paid in advance—in the best place you could ever imagine being. I want to encourage you right now to rest in the truth that

you have already been recruited as God's first choice. You are on full scholarship to heaven. It's the only place where good looks or brains or athletic abilities or awards from your job won't help you earn a spot. Your place has already been reserved for you. It's paid for.

That raises the same question as the scholarships to your children's first-choice colleges would raise: Who would do this for me? And just as you would want to meet and thank a person who would extend such generosity and relieve such a burden from your family, you would want to meet, know, and thank the One who has secured your spot in heaven:

Who did this for me? Who is the Jesus who did this for people?

"I am the God of heaven and earth. Who gave My only Son for you. The debt is paid because I want to be with you again."

Seeing ourselves as God's top recruits points not only to *who* we are but also to *whose* we are. So let's look at the team! Our awesome God loves you enough to pay the deposit in full for you to have a secured spot in heaven. This spot does not require that you work hard to earn it, as you would not be able to do that. You can be free to swing away. You will miss sometimes, but this heavenly Father recruits you by name, knows your number, wants to be with you, and has saved you a spot. The price—that tuition fee—has been paid in full by His Son, Jesus Christ, our Savior, who took our place and came to earth to pay the price for us to live forever.

I know this is a simplified example. But I am not ever going to fully understand what God has done, because it flows from such radical love and desire for an imperfect me. In this example, though, I see how I can live as though I am recruited and called by name, or I can keep trying to earn God's love and a place in heaven by my own works. But the reality is, I can never earn that spot because it has already been purchased for me.

Father Knows Best

I still think about what my dad said to me as he took me to college in 1995. Years after he spoke those words, it dawned on me that what he said reflects what our heavenly Father is saying to us all the time: “I know who you are, and I know what you can do. I love you. Go show them.”

Just as my dad knew me and wanted me to play softball the way he knew I was made to play, with all the joy that went into it, God knows us and wants us to do what He created us to do. He sees us and hears our hearts. He wants us to hear His voice telling us that He knows who we are—everything about us—and has made us to fulfill the great purpose and plan He has in mind for us. We don’t have to hope to make the team because He has already called us by name and we are His. Isaiah 43:1 summarizes this perfectly: “But now, thus says the LORD, who created you, O Jacob, and He who formed you, O Israel: ‘Fear not, for I have redeemed you; I have called you by your name; You are Mine’” (NKJV).

When I think about God having called us by name and reserved a place for us, I think of the National Football League draft. Other people may not think of that, but I’m a player’s wife. I have spent a *lot* of time around the NFL. When draft picks are announced, it’s a big deal. In a televised event, each player’s name is called, and he receives a jersey with his name on it and a hat. Immediately. He doesn’t have to wait until he proves himself on the field. Once he’s chosen, he’s part of the team, and the team is excited to have him.

God is excited to have you belong to Him too. In fact, He can hardly wait for you to accept the spot He has reserved for you. He knows you did not earn the spot; that was not an option. It’s a gift. He is not asking you to change or become better; He wants you just the way you are. He knows

you really don't deserve it, and He knows He will never trade you for anything or anyone. Ever. Because *you are His*.

As you go about your life, pursuing His purpose for you, God wants you to swing like you are already on the team, not like you are simply trying out. There are a couple of Scripture verses that are important to me when I think about this. One is Zechariah 4:6, in which God says, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit." This verse has always encouraged me to rest and find freedom in the fact that doing what God wants me to do is not up to me alone. I don't have to do it by myself. His Spirit is my helper (John 14:26), and He is yours too. The other verse is Philipians 4:13: "I can do all this through him who gives me strength." Both verses make essentially the same point—that when you and I belong to God, we can count on Him to help us and strengthen us to do everything He wants us to do. We can take the swing; He's in charge of connecting it with the ball.

You can rest in the fact that you are chosen. You are God's top recruit. So put on your jersey knowing you have made the team. All you have to do now is show up and get into the game!

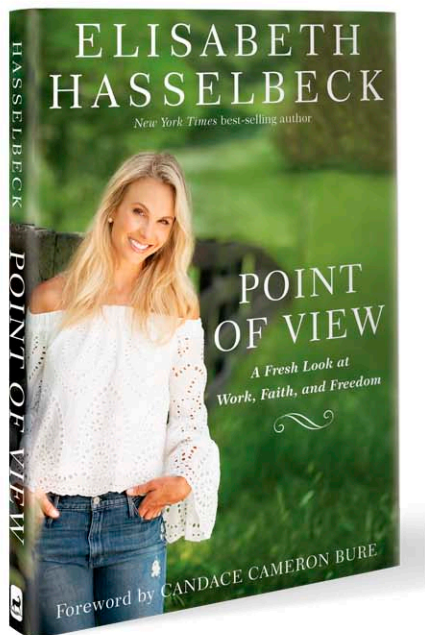
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