

Discover Your Value,
Live Your Worth



Neighbor, Love Yourself

BRYAN CRUM



FOREWORD BY *NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLING AUTHOR BOB GOFF

NEIGHBOR, LOVE YOURSELF

DISCOVER YOUR VALUE, LIVE YOUR WORTH

Bryan Crum

Foreword by Bob Goff



WATERBROOK

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Details in some anecdotes and stories have been changed
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*To Maggie and Casey,
who have made a story worth telling*

FOREWORD

By Bob Goff

I love flying seaplanes. They come in handy for my wife, Sweet Maria, and me since they're the only way to get to one of the places we live. You've probably seen planes like this; they look like they have two canoes strapped to their feet in the places where wheels would normally be. I guess someone realized wheels don't work well in water and made the change.

Many of us are like seaplanes who have forgotten about our flying ability. Most of us have spent so much time floating on the water or tied to the dock that we've missed out on the great wealth in our wings. Seaplanes have value in the water, but if they remain there, they will never experience the heights and places they were meant to reach.

It would be easy for a seaplane to feel like a lousy boat. I know it's a silly thought since the plane was never intended to be a boat, but it occurs to me that many of us live out a logic just as silly when we settle for a life less than the one God intended us to live.

The world can throw a lot of water at us, and in the deluge of untruth, it's easy to convince ourselves we're lousy boats

when, in reality, God made us something else entirely. Like the two canoes strapped to the bottom of my seaplane, I've discovered two waterproof truths to keep us afloat. First, our current surroundings don't dictate our worth, and second, we don't have to stay in a place we don't belong.

When we get clear on the value God sees in us, it changes how we see ourselves. It's like finding wings in a life you thought was meant only for water.

God loves us, but too many of us don't love ourselves because of things that have happened to us or because of where we find ourselves afloat. The good news is that we don't have to stay in those waters.

I think you're going to love the brilliant perspective of this book. My friend Bryan and I have spent a lot of time discussing the mystery of what makes us valuable. Bryan has a way of making you laugh, think, and sometimes cry, all to discover what God wants you to know about yourself. This book will entertain you, but more importantly, it will enrich you.

These chapters will change how you see value in yourself and help you understand ways God has equipped you that you probably haven't realized.

The one note Bryan continually plays in this piece of music is something we all need to put on repeat. Bryan reminds us we are priceless because of our worth in Jesus. Most of us haven't seen anything close to that kind of value in ourselves yet, which is why a book like this is important.

God loves us in any state, but since we're a lot like seaplanes, understanding the value God has placed inside will help us get to places in life that we might have considered totally off the grid.

I'm proud to be part of Bryan's debut because I think we will see a lot more of his words in the world, and those words are the kind that lift us out of the deep waters and up into the

heights. In aviation terms, the pages that follow are a flaps-up, full-throttle, buckle-your-seatbelt discovery of all the value God has given you. You are in for a fun flight.

BOB GOFF

New York Times bestselling author

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INTRODUCTION

We Aren't Missing Any Parts

Years ago, an Italian man named Ferruccio had a successful agriculture equipment business. Ferruccio's expertise mainly involved designing tractors, but he knew he could use his skills to develop a high-powered performance luxury car.

At the time, Ferrari was the absolute standard, a well-known name in the industry. Still, Ferruccio approached Enzo Ferrari anyway and suggested ways Ferrari could improve the performance of his world-renowned car. Ferruccio believed the clutch on the Ferrari was too small for the powerful vehicle. Clutches kept burning out, and Ferruccio saw this as a design flaw. Enzo Ferrari—insulted anyone would suggest his beloved cars had a design problem—did not respond positively to Ferruccio.

Ferrari said, "You are a tractor driver, you are a farmer. You shouldn't complain driving my cars because they're the best cars in the world."¹

Ferrari, known for his temper, exploded. "The clutch is not the problem. The problem is you don't know how to drive a Ferrari and you break the clutch."² Enzo was loud and

animated and told Ferruccio he should stick to making tractors.

Because he knew he had the skill to design and build a high-performance car, Ferruccio wasn't discouraged. After being told he should stick to building tractors, Ferruccio manufactured the first version of his car, a 350 GTV that bore Ferruccio's last name: Lamborghini.³

Lamborghini was convinced Ferrari had a design problem. More specifically, he thought Ferrari's cars were missing a piece of equipment. But Ferrari didn't think his cars were missing anything. He thought Lamborghini just didn't know how to drive them. Two titans of the car industry, one with a design flaw and one with a driving problem, were both wondering about each other's wiring.

Have you ever wondered about your wiring?

There's a good chance someone reading these words has doubts about their design. Maybe it's you? Maybe you're the person who feels unequipped, who thinks life is a problem and you're inferior to solve it. Maybe you feel like cards are missing in the hand life has dealt you. The marriage hasn't worked or the career hasn't gone well, and the face you see in your mirror doesn't look happy. Less than confident, you wonder if you are missing something and ask yourself, *Is there something wrong with my design?*

There's also a chance someone reading these words has a driving problem. Maybe your engine is on, your career is going well, your family is healthy, and your bank account too. You've never had issues finding first gear, and you're someone who has felt the fast speeds of success, but you have no idea how success is supposed to carry you to the life God destined for you. Unfulfilled, you stare blankly when life asks its biggest question: "What's it all about?"

There's a good chance someone reading these words is in a

third category because you have a disconnect. You don't have driving problems, because you aren't driving. Your car is still, and the engine is cold. You haven't questioned your design, because you haven't discovered it. You live unaware, not knowing you are divinely sophisticated. Unaware of the potential heaven has handed you, you haven't yet thumbed the ignition switch to the life God intended for you.

Some of us don't realize we possess high-powered vehicles. Furthermore, a high-performance vehicle we can't drive isn't much use, and a vehicle whose design we don't understand won't take us very far. All three scenarios stem from not knowing how God wired us. Each yields the same result: a self that doesn't feel special and a life you don't love. This book is for people in all three categories because so many of us are not living the powerful life God intended.

God designed us with all the necessary components to experience lives we love. Still, most of us don't know how to operate the equipment, don't understand our capabilities, or simply don't realize what equipment we already possess.

God designed us to exist in a paradise called the Garden of Eden, where we were happy, full of purpose, and close to our Creator. We know about Eve and Adam eating the apple and understand God kicked them out of the garden. We read of God sentencing the serpent to slither on its belly, and we envision the angels guarding Eden's gates with a flaming sword, but we've missed one crucial piece. God removed humans from the garden, but he never removed anything from humans. God never reconfigured our original design. The components for experiencing happiness, harnessing purpose, and living close to our Creator are still inside us in the places he first installed them. Each feature is a piece of divinely sophisticated hardware bearing the fingerprints of the One who connected it. Over time our extraordinary parts have become

buried inside, resulting in ordinary living on the outside. We see the results as we look over the landscape of our lives. We lack happiness and struggle to find purpose. The disconnect we feel from God shows itself in one loud voice: We don't love ourselves.

The good news is we don't need new equipment; we just need to better understand how our equipment works. We can't un-bite the apple, but we can, by God's grace, see our inner selves restored to their state when we were freshly made. A life in which we love ourselves isn't rusty and out of reach; it's just dusty and disconnected.

INTERNAL WORKINGS

A small sanctuary in Nashville called Clementine Hall has an aged apparatus that offers insight into our inner workings. When you walk through the front door, out of the bright sun, it's impossible to miss the old organ standing at the end of the aisle. The instrument filled the room as my eyes adjusted to the light, its tall brass pipes reaching high, their thickness narrowing to where they connect to a piano-like contraption.

As I looked closer, the black and white keys were familiar—I understood how each corresponded with the golden pipes standing in rows. Still, the long wooden pedals under the bench seemed out of place, and I wondered how the whole thing worked.

I've heard and seen organs played at many churches throughout my life, but standing here, I realized that how this device makes music was a complete mystery to me. I walked behind the instrument and discovered a glass panel. Looking through this window, I could see the organ's moving parts and machinery and witness how the music was made. The air

forced in and out to make sound isn't visible, but it's here as the bellows breathe each note and whistle strains upward, filling first the ceiling and then the entire room with melody.

It's a beautiful scene as the wedding ceremony is about to start. The organist plays, and ushers escort guests past bare brick walls down the long white runner stretching the center aisle. They step into rows of seats arranged perfectly on oak floors and find their places. The groom stands nervously, and the bride is hidden away and waiting for her cue, but all at once, everything is interrupted. The organist is pressing keys, and depressing the bellows, but the power feeding the instrument has been cut. The motor that pushes air through the pipes has stopped and the song is now silent. It's a tense moment. The sound stops even before the wedding starts, but not to worry. A circuit breaker is flipped, power returns, and air and music flow again. The organist plays beautifully, and the wedding ceremony goes off without a hitch.

As I listen to the music, I realize God constructed us like the Nashville organ. I've spent more than a decade as a hospice chaplain, and when you sit and hold someone's hand as they confront their mortality, it's like looking through a window and seeing someone's inner workings on display. Spending years at the bedside of dying people has given me a front-row view of how God designed us. I've listened to hundreds of life stories, some tragic, some triumphant, all telling because too many of us don't love our lives and don't love ourselves.

Understanding the people God created us to be is a power source for living, but this circuit breaker has been flipped for many of us. The bellows still work, and we can still press the keys, but without power, it's pointless. As a result, most of us live with a lot of effort but not much of the music we call love. All the work, construction, and design put into the organ are

meant to produce music, and we are the same. All the work, construction, and design God put into us, he intended to produce love. Love is the music of the world. Love is everything. We're told that sharing this music is the highest order, told first to love God and then to love our neighbors as ourselves. For many of us, the first is easier than the second. Many of us don't love ourselves, at least not as much as God intended, and this affects how and how much we love those around us. If we aspire to love our neighbors with any success, we must first love ourselves.

Flipping the circuit breaker for the Nashville organ made for a wedding ceremony full of music. Finding the person God intended you to be will make for a life full of love for yourself. The following pages provide a way to flip the breaker, and to plug in a power cord in our lives that, for many of us, has been kicked loose from the wall.

This book is an effort to share what I've seen as I've sat in the quietness of final moments and witnessed how we are wired. Our lives are spent filling our world with notes and composition for a time, but the music gets quieter near the end, and the quiet allows an understanding many miss.

I'm sharing these insights the same way I received them, through stories. People who are dying have incredible insight into how to live, and as we hear their stories, we learn how the Creator equipped us to live our own stories. I'm also sharing these stories because the people who told them asked me to. I was continually surprised to find humor woven thickly into the saddest moments. This book sometimes reads like a comedy because to truly capture how the Creator wired us is to share our saddest and lowest and our happiest and highest moments. Jesus also told a lot of stories, so I've included some of his in these chapters too.

Lamborghini and Ferrari weren't talking about our inner

workings, but their conversation could have easily been about us. Like the Ferraris and Lamborghinis, we don't have a design issue, and like the Nashville organ, we aren't missing any parts. There's simply a disconnect between who we are now and who we were initially designed to be.

If you've doubted your design, felt unfulfilled, or are unaware of the divine features inside you, this book is for you. This book will help you trade in your tractor and buckle in behind the wheel of the Lamborghini God created you to be. Imagine a life where you proudly wear your price tag instead of wondering about your worth.

**NEIGHBOR,
LOVE YOURSELF**

CHAPTER 1

Unearthing Our Inner Worth

When I learned about a real-life treasure buried in the ground, my first instinct was to pack a bag and go looking for it. A chest filled with 265 gold coins, hundreds of gold nuggets (two of them as big as a chicken egg), Chinese jade carvings, an emerald ring, and a bag of gold dust was closed and hidden away somewhere in the Rocky Mountains north of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Hidden by a man named Forrest Fenn, this collection of valuables, worth an estimated \$2 million, birthed a modern-day treasure hunt.¹

Perhaps more interesting than the story of the treasure is the story of the man who hid it. Diagnosed with cancer and not expected to live, Forrest Fenn neared what he thought would be the end of his life and decided to leave behind something for people to find. Incredibly, Fenn survived cancer.

Alive, Forrest chose to leave the treasure where he buried it, and up until June 2020 it was still up for grabs.²

Fenn published a poem in his autobiography with nine clues that led to the treasure. I've never buried a treasure, but I guess after you've dug the hole, placed the riches, and left

the clues, you do what Fenn did. You wait for people to find it. Fenn waited, but he did something else that caught my attention. He delighted. Fenn delighted as people came searching to find the wealth he had hidden. Every day, Fenn received calls and emails asking about the poem, the clues, and the whereabouts of the hidden chest. Fenn says one person was within 250 feet of the treasure but didn't find it. More than 350,000 people looked for the treasure; some came close, some didn't, but all searched for something they hoped would improve their lives. The reward was great, and the risk was also great—five people died while searching. Fenn, however, said his intent behind hiding the treasure was to give people hope.³

Hope.

The first time I heard the story of Forrest Fenn's treasure, I was intrigued by the gold and by the treasure hunt. The thought of a dying man leaving behind a treasure for people to find inspired me, but Forrest Fenn's intent to give people hope haunted me.

Hope given not just to the one who found the treasure but to all who searched for it. People were so full of hope some died searching for something they believed would improve their lives.

Fenn left clues and delighted for years in all who came to find them.

It reminds me of the treasure hunt you and I are on. At our births, God placed tremendous treasure not in the ground but inside us. Like Forrest Fenn, God does something else, something I hope will catch your attention. He delights. God delights as we search for something he has hidden inside of us that will make our lives better. Like Fenn, God offers hope not just for those who find but for everyone willing to search. Are you ready to put in effort to find the treasure in yourself? God

is calling all treasure seekers, people looking for more and wondering how to find it. This is an invitation to an expedition inside yourself, one worth more than any box of buried gold. We have clues to follow and digging to do, and the first step is bringing what's been hidden out of hiding.

OUT OF HIDING

My youth group played a cutting-edge game at church lock-ins called hide-and-seek. There were three rules. Rule one, no lights allowed; this meant some areas were very dark. Rule two, stay hidden until you're found. Rule three, the last person found is deemed the ultimate hider and is given legendary status in the youth group forever. In my youth group, guys wanted to be the last found, and girls wanted to date the last found, and they would have dated them, but they could never find them.

Our God-given components can be hard to find at first because we approach finding them the same way we play hide-and-seek. We're searching, but we've left the lights off. If we want to find the valuable features that bring wealth to our lives, we must start by finding our talents. Getting clarity about the things you are good at is the equivalent of flipping the light switch. Find the things you excel at and do more of them. In the search for the features God has equipped us with, lights are allowed. Identify lightbulbs in your life by first making a list of your natural abilities. Starting an all-out expedition to search inside yourself can be daunting, but the launch of such an endeavor typically begins with something as simple as making a list.

My youth group came up with a creative name for the person searching for everyone during hide-and-seek. Some peo-

ple call this person the seeker, but we were trendsetters, so we called this person . . . *It*. The game started with kids scattering everywhere, looking for places to hide as soon as *It* began counting to five hundred.

One kid achieved legendary status that night at the lock-in by being an expert hider. When the hide-and-seek game started, John seemed to become part vapor and vanished like a dissipating fog.

It reached five hundred in his count and shouted, “Ready or not, here I come!”

Everyone froze.

Silence.

Darkness.

It was so quiet I remember trying to make my breathing slow and shallow, so afraid *It* might hear me.

No sound at all until finally, I could hear footsteps.

It was in the sanctuary, and he walked to where I was hiding.

If he dropped to one knee and looked under the pew, I would face the ultimate shame of being found first.

Then salvation came as someone across the sanctuary knocked a hymnal onto the floor. The echo boomed through the auditorium, followed by muffled laughter. The seeker’s feet moved quickly away from me and headed for the giggling hid-ers.

One by one, people were found—everyone except John.

In no way am I suggesting this is safe or recommending it should be tried today. I’m merely explaining that John achieved legendary status from which I’m sure he has drawn years of self-worth and a more prosperous life of personal glory.

He was still hiding.

We searched for *three* hours. Eventually, everyone was searching. John was hiding so long the chaperones started to

worry. One chaperone walked through the church, speaking to the air and telling John the game was over and to come out.

John would go down in history as a hide-and-seek legend that night as the entire youth group and every chaperone collectively gave up and sat down on the front pew altogether in the dark. Every person searched for him, and we had no idea where he was. As we sat on the front pew, the big sanctuary became silent. We had looked everywhere and discussed every possibility. We were stumped, so we sat in the quiet, big, dark church until finally one sound broke the silence—the sound of a single drop of water.

Water dripped in the baptistery on the stage behind the pulpit. Everyone jumped to their feet, rushing with realization, climbing onto the stage, looking over the baptistery wall, down into the water.

It was pitch black.

We all stood there, silence again settling over us as we peered into the dark space until It said, “Hand me that broom.” It commandeered a broom leaning against the wall and began to poke at the water with the handle.

First, nothing, and then, as if a great sleeping crocodile had awoken, a thrashing sweep of water as John cried out, “Ah, you found me!”

John had submerged himself in the baptistery and breathed through a straw. He had waited underwater for more than four hours. When the lights came on, we saw John shivering; his fingers were prunes, and his clothes looked like they would never stop dripping. As John stepped out of the dark baptistery, we realized he had done something extraordinary. John had earned legendary status as the ultimate hider.

Legendary status as a hide-and-seek player is funny, but the truth is you and I already have legendary status; we were made legendary. There’s a sleeping crocodile, a legend, waiting to be

awakened just below the surface of ourselves, and we can wake it.

Have you ever felt the disconnect between who you are and who you could be? Those feelings are the legend inside you growing restless in its hiding place. Our true selves have been underwater and need more air than the little straw we've been breathing through can provide. To remain hidden is to be content with a less fulfilled life, one in which we never realize our full potential, one that makes it hard to love ourselves. Follow the breaths of fresh air in your life—the things you are good at, the things God has wired you with talent to do. God has equipped you with talent in certain areas, created you with skills and natural abilities. It's time to seek them out and wake your legend.

THE ARTIST WITHIN

Patricia couldn't lift her coffee cup; her hands were hurting worse than they were on my last visit. She let the cup sit on its saucer instead of risking the embarrassment of spilling, but I knew she would rather be drinking it while we talked. Even in her final days, she was dignified. I'd been visiting for several weeks and witnessed her increased discomfort. The only thing growing faster than the cancer inside her bones was the uneasiness in her spirit. Patricia told me she had been a painter in her early days when the brush was steady and she could still stand in front of the easel. As she showed me painting after painting, I found a little understanding of the many hours, the many brushstrokes, and the countless canvases she had covered with paint.

"I got a little better with each painting," Patricia said.

"Was this one of your first?" I asked.

I was holding a portrait of a young girl, one arm larger than it should be, the left ear hanging even with the chin.

“No, that’s what she looked like—her poor parents,” Patricia said, shaking her head.

It took me a minute to realize she was kidding. She kept her humor to the end too.

“How did you become a painter?” I asked.

“One day, I put paint on a canvas, and when I did, I felt a connection,” Patricia said.

“That’s how it started for you, just putting paint on a canvas?” I asked.

“That’s how it starts for all of us,” Patricia said.

The days passed, and cancer grew until she put down her paintbrush for the last time. Many of Patricia’s paintings were hung in her room, so they surrounded her in her final hours. As I surveyed her work, I realized why Patricia painted. Her paintings made you feel something. The choice of colors and the technique of texture captured a feeling. It was as if Patricia selected one of your memories and held it up to the light so you could relive the moment. The paintings were a testimony to the skill Patricia possessed. Her pieces were beautiful, photograph-like renderings of people and scenes, all portrayed perfectly on canvas.

The paintings were wonderful, but the true masterpiece wasn’t hanging on the wall or balanced on an easel. The masterpiece to behold was Patricia’s discovery of her talent. The sparkle in her eyes as she spoke of painting rivaled any picture in the Louvre or any portrait by Da Vinci or Michelangelo.

I’m not a painter, but I learned some brushstrokes from Patricia. The brushstrokes Patricia showed me were not color on canvas but rather truth about living, and I think she would want me to share them with you. God placed a painter inside Patricia long before she was aware it was there. At first, Patri-

cia wasn't a great painter; it was a talent she had to uncover over time. Like an archaeologist patiently removing the dust from an ancient treasure found in the ground, Patricia unearthed the painter inside herself one brushstroke at a time. As Patricia found this talent, she discovered other values God had placed inside her. She found her identity and confidence, and these helped her as her body began to fail and her story came to an end. She couldn't paint anymore, because her hand was pinched in pain to the point she was no longer steady enough to complete a landscape, but Patricia was still a painter. The talent Patricia uncovered inside herself is still with us. Great paintings outlast the painter because the talent God has given us transcends the bodies holding them. Patricia's paintings hang everywhere. You can find them in her children's homes, on display in one of the banks in town, and in the homes of a few people who were privileged enough to watch her create them.

God delights as we discover our talents because he knows they are the first clue in a great treasure hunt. God delighted as the shepherd boy David discovered the king inside himself. He delighted as Peter, Andrew, James, and John left their fishing boats and discovered the spiritual leaders buried within. Today God delights as we discover the great things buried inside ourselves. How did David find the king inside? How did Peter, Andrew, James, and John find the spiritual leaders inside? In the same way Patricia found the painter inside herself by putting paint on the canvas. If you haven't uncovered your talent yet, start by putting paint on the canvas. Find the things you are good at and do more of them.

Like John down in the baptistery, many of our best components are hidden in places we wouldn't think to look. Are you willing to put in effort to find the treasure in yourself? If so, you may discover a talent that lives longer than you do. Let's

probe with the end of our broom handles. The legendary lives God intended have been hidden from us long enough, and they need only a slight nudge to wake them. It's time to turn on the lights of our talent so we can bring the life God intended out of hiding. Go ahead, put paint on the canvas. As you do, I'm convinced you will wake your legend.

CHAPTER REFLECTION

We all have talents hidden deep inside us. But God does not intend for us to keep our talents buried. It is time to start uncovering the talents God has hidden inside you for your good and the good of the world.

1. Make a list of the areas in your life in which you have natural ability. If you have trouble thinking of areas, ask your spouse or a close friend.
2. How can you put "paint on the canvas"? What are activities, interests, or skills you are passionate about?
3. How could you engage these things for your own good and for the good of your neighbors?

Remember, having talent doesn't automatically make you an expert. Identify a starting step, an action you can take toward doing more of what you are good at, and take that step.

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