

## Everything to Me

These past few days have been crazy. I feel like I need a vacation. I know a lot of you feel that way as well. Life can get pretty discouraging sometimes, right? Can I get an “amen?” As I am writing this a wonderful thought just popped into my brain. My relationship with God is everything to me.

Matthew West rights a song called “You are Everything.” The chorus goes like this: You are everything that I live for/ Everything that I can’t believe is happening /You’re standing right in front of me /With arms wide open/ All I know is Every day is filled with hope /You are everything that I believe for /And I can’t help but breathe you in Breathe again/Feeling all this life within /Every single beat of my heart.

I hear that and I have to stop and ask myself: “Is God really everything to me?” My knee-jerk answer is “yes!”, but my real, thought—out answer is “not always.” When is the last time I let God truly be everything to me? When is the last time I truly believed that? When was the last time I didn’t get choked out by the cares of the world? When was the last time I stopped worrying and getting in the way of God? I have to candidly say “I don’t know.”

When we look through the Bible, we are confronted with people who did say that God was everything. Think about Abraham—leaving everything he knew for something he couldn’t see. Being asked to sacrifice his only son. Joseph: being hated by his brothers, sold into slavery, accused of rape, and thrown in jail for nothing—but he still held on to God. What about Gideon, who God found cowering in a winepress, who because he trusted in God was able to rout the oppressive Midianites with just three hundred men!

Look at the Apostles. Ordinary men—fishermen, a tax collector, common, uneducated people, a religious terrorist. They left their lives, homes, and everything they knew. They were the normal people—but God led them into literally changing the world. They all (except John) died horrible, agonizing, and unthinkable deaths, but they rejoiced in the fact that they could give their lives for Jesus! What would possess a person to do that? Because they truly knew that God was everything to them.

So I have to come back to myself and really ask “Is God everything to you, Scott?” And I have to say “yes!” He is the reason I breathe, the reason my heart beats, the reason I get up every single morning, the reason I fight against myself and wrestle my ego and pride. He is the one constant in an ever-changing world. He’s my Rock in a world of shifting sand. He is my only hope. He is the only One who knows who I am and what I’ve done, yet He still chooses to love me. He is my everything, because without Him, I have absolutely nothing. God is my everything. Jesus is my reason for breathing. What about you? Is He your everything? **- Scott**