



THE
RESOLUTION
FOR WOMEN

New Revised Edition

PRISCILLA SHIRER





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FOR WOMEN

New Revised Edition

PRISCILLA SHIRER

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The Resolution for Women, New Revised Edition

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For Lois & Mary



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Jerry. Thank you for loving and supporting me as I've fumbled my way through marriage, motherhood, and ministry. You have been a brick wall of support and refuge as I've sought to honor God and you and to walk beside you in life and love. I'm forever grateful for you. Thank you for encouraging me to be a woman of resolution.

Jackson, Jerry Jr., Jude. When I first wrote this book, you were all under ten years old. Now a decade later, the three of you have blossomed into young manhood in the most spectacular way. My life's seminal aspiration has been to serve you well. And while I haven't been perfect at it, I pray that I've been consistent. My hope is that the resolutions your father and I have made concerning you and our family will have ripple effects that will bless your children and your children's children. We are both nuts about you and are thrilled to behold the men of resolution that you are becoming.

Alex and Stephen Kendrick. I am still stunned that God has allowed my ministry to intersect with yours, on paper and on screen. I am completely aware that the breadth of ministry the Lord has entrusted to me is largely because of your vision and leadership. You have increased our territory and broadened our reach. Jerry and I are both grateful and honored to partner with you.

Lawrence. Every publishing project is a journey, and walking alongside you in this decade-old one has been a gift that keeps on giving. Thank you for living a life of resolution as a writer, husband, father, and follower of Jesus. Your patience, humility, spiritual sensitivity, and excellence inspire me in more ways than you can imagine.

And my sister-friends—some younger, others older, some single and others married, some moms and others not—who met with me ten years ago over dinner to offer your sentiments, personal experiences, and insights for this project, I say thank you. Hundreds of thousands of women have been challenged by the resolutions that were birthed out of our conversation. And now there will be a fresh crop of ladies who will digest them for the first (or second) time and recalibrate

their lives because of them. In the last decade, we've raised children, cultivated our marriages, lost loved ones, battled difficult diagnoses, struggled through disappointment, and celebrated each other's joys. You have been women of resolution, and your faithfulness continues to inspire me every day. Thank you for lending your perspectives and opening up your lives to me. The richness of your lives is the crowning treasure of this book.

Finally, B&H Publishing Team. Thank you for publishing this book . . . again. There are a host of women who were too young to notice it the first time around. Who knows if they might grab hold of it this time around, both in their hands and their hearts. Jerry and I treasure you and are grateful to partner with you.

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FOREWORD

One name kept coming up in our conversations.

It was ten years ago. We were deep into the making of the feature film *Courageous* while simultaneously crafting a companion book to help men step up and become stronger fathers and husbands. But we needed help. *The Resolution for Men* was only part of the battle. How could we also support and encourage women in their many vital roles in the family?

We were writing to men. We needed a strong, godly, female voice, someone who was grounded in the Word and could speak directly to women. As we prayed and sought counsel, the same name kept rising to the top as the perfect writer for *The Resolution for Women*.

Priscilla Shirer.

We didn't realize at the time the wonderful blessing she would become to us.

It was through her partnership on this landmark book that our friendship with Priscilla and her husband, Jerry, began. And by God's grace, He not only used this book to bless countless women but sparked our joyful ministry partnership. Priscilla later stepped into our movie ministry and gave us wonderful performances in *War Room* and *Overcomer* that touched lives around the world. She also partnered with us on her powerful books *Fervent* and *Radiant*. Truly the Lord has enhanced our lives through Priscilla's ministry gifts, encouragement, and tremendous love for the Lord.

This ten-year revision of a true classic is the latest. And we are grateful for what He is going to do through this updated edition to bless women like you.

We invite you to warm up a fresh cup of coffee. Find a quiet place to focus. Then open your heart and ask God to do a fresh, renewed work in you as you read. May you be blessed, encouraged, and challenged by Priscilla's words and by the God she so deeply loves and serves!

Alex Kendrick
Stephen Kendrick

.....
A NOTE *from* PRISCILLA
.....

If I could go back and give my mid-twenty-year-old self a helpful word or two of advice, here's what I'd tell her. . . .

Don't forget to stretch.

I've always been an active person. Back in my school days, I participated in a handful of competitive sports and extracurricular activities: track and field, gymnastics, cheerleading, basketball, and volleyball. As every athletic season dovetailed into the next, I'd immerse myself into whichever activity was currently on the front burner, engaging the unique physical demands of each one.

One common thread, however, ran throughout all of them—but at every practice, every game, every warm-up for every competition. Every time.

Stretching.

We always had to stretch.

Depending on the sport, our coaches would guide us through stretching routines and drills specific to that discipline, sometimes specific to that day's emphasis. Several of the techniques were similar across the board—general stretches for our arms, legs, and core—but many of them focused precisely on the muscle groups that were most involved in performing our roles in that particular sport. We were told that a commitment to stretching would help us maintain flexibility, enhance agility, and cultivate a full range of motion, not to mention stave off injury. For all these reasons and more, we never skipped the stretching portion of our workout, no matter the sport. Ever.

But then I grew up and became a twentyish woman who was busy with the details of a burgeoning life. I wasn't playing sports any longer,

but I still exercised fairly regularly, hoping to burn calories and manage my weight.

By the time I was nearing thirty, my husband and I had begun growing a family. One kid became three in fairly quick succession. Given this new dynamic, I felt that I had to take advantage of any spare moment I could convert into exercise, jumping into a cardio routine that accelerated my metabolism, burned calories, and kept my favorite jeans fitting just right. I'd burst out of my front door before dawn and jog around the neighborhood. Then when I got back, I'd drop to the grass for a few quick rounds of push-ups and sit-ups before heading inside. My shirt would always be soaked with sweat, my thighs alight with the buzz of feel-good adrenaline and endorphins. My blood was pumping and I was ready to launch into the day. Ahead of the game, right out of the gate. Mission accomplished.

Except I hadn't stretched. Didn't see the need. Wasn't a priority.

Because who had the time? Not me, that's who.

During the next decade of my life, as God gave new ministry opportunities, my family and I were often out traveling with our three sons in tow. A few days each month, hotel workout rooms and vast convention center parking lots replaced my neighborhood streets and yard as available exercise venues. Thirty minutes here, forty-five minutes there, I'd periodically break away for a heart-pounding workout routine, rushing into my usual intervals and exercises without any meaningful attempt at stretching myself out first.

Then came the forties. And this new decade brought a new set of physical challenges. For one, my knees turned tender and inflamed. I quickly realized I'd better lay off the jogging and revamp my program to something less traumatic on my joints and more conducive to my long-term health and fitness goals. The only problem was that I'd been doing the same kinds of exercises for so long that I was bit lost on how to shift to a new regimen. I needed help breaking out of the rut.

So I enlisted a trainer, Troy, to help me shake up my routine. And on our very first session, on our very first day, in our very first minutes together, what do you think Troy did? He stretched me. Pushed my limbs far beyond their comfortable range, forcing my muscles to

A Note from Priscilla

lengthen and elongate. Twice each week, over the next four years, he spent the first fifteen minutes of every workout advising and assisting me with movements designed to increase flexibility in my hamstrings, glutes, quads, calves, and shoulders.

And I'll be honest, after those fifteen solid minutes of introductory work, I always wanted to quit. If I'd had it my way, I would've packed up my bag, walked right out the door, and dragged my limp extremities to the nearest Krispy Kreme. After twenty years of neglecting stretching, each repetition felt like fire screaming through my body. The discomfort was palatable. Painful. Every time.

Stretching *became* the workout. At least it sure did feel like one.

Truth is, stretching feels that way, in all areas of life. Any time we push past our comfort point—personally, creatively, spiritually, relationally, emotionally, mentally, and, yes, physically—we're apt to feel a resistance that causes us to favor complacency. Stretching requires intentionality and willingness to experience an uneasiness that few people are interested in pursuing. Because, let's be honest, *not* stretching is easier. But if we don't commit to this discipline of stretching ourselves, even as far back as our twenties and thirties, a certain rigidity will naturally slip in as we move into our forties, fifties, sixties, and beyond. Just like my various coaches warned me throughout high school, we'll look up one day and realize . . .

- We've lost our *flexibility*. We won't be as able to adjust gracefully and with ease during the many shifts and changes that each season of our lives will call for. Our hearts will seize up, hardening with resentment toward those around us. We'll feel ourselves being pulled out of our routines and established patterns, out of the habits we're most comfortable and settled in, and we'll reflexively resist. Even if we know we should adapt our expectations, the built-in rigidity becomes a huge obstacle to overcome. It will draw us back, make us feel stuck and held down, even if a change of course is what's truly best for us, perhaps even required of us.
- We've lost our *agility*. Our quickness to respond. Sometimes the challenge in front of us won't wait. We need to move;

we need to act. But if we haven't been keeping our joints lubricated, we're liable to be caught off guard, unable and unwilling to respond to the need of the moment. Only through ordinary and incremental stretching, on days when we're not under the gun, do we build up the reserve of conviction and wisdom that can spring into the nimble action that life often requires. Stretching keeps us sensitive and anticipating. Primed, principled, decisive.

- We've lost our *range of motion*. Life is complicated. As soon as we focus on any one thing and start feeling pretty good about it, ten other aspects of our lives have sprung a leak and started to deteriorate. It's tough. What we need, and what God frees us to do if we'll cooperate with Him, is to increase our capacity, to take a whole-life approach that keeps everything moving in a faithful direction, all the way around, so that growth in any one area bleeds naturally into all the others.
- We are prone to *injury*. Instead of people's hurtful comments rolling off our backs, dropping powerless to the ground, we'll bristle at every real or imagined slight. Instead of having a capacity for feeling others' needs and injustices, we'll be too sidelined with our own aches and pains to care. But like with my strained and pained knees, the discipline of stretching decreases our inflammation, takes some of the pressure off, and eases some of the tenderness that makes us so easy to wound. It limbers us up and keeps us from feeling unnecessary aggravation.

If we'll *only keep stretching*.

Because here's the deal: our physical muscles naturally stagnate with age. It just happens. The tightness, the stiffness. Time does it without our help, simply while we're out there living. We don't need to do anything to facilitate it—*EXCEPT not stretch*. The same is true about life. Without intentionally, consistently reaching and stretching toward God's best for us and those around us, we'll harden over time.

A Note from Priscilla

But that's why I'm here. And hopefully why you're here too.

No matter your age or stage of life, this book is an invitation to s-t-r-e-t-c-h, to extend yourself in those places where you've been either too busy or too distracted to think deeply, to press onward and upward, to sharpen your gifts and talents, to pursue God's best for yourself and those you love. I want you *stretching* in ways that will yield God-honoring outcomes both now and throughout your lifetimes.

Looking back, I'm so grateful for the way that some of my wisest mentors kept challenging me to reach higher in different areas of my life. I'm even more grateful for how the Lord, in His sovereign kindness and care, has continued to place me in scenarios and circumstances that have stretched me, challenged me, and matured me.

So as you turn each page of this book, consider me your trainer, enlisted to push you, to challenge you, to reach and press and pull you toward maturity so that you'll stay agile and unrestricted, growing healthily through your current season of life and into the ones yet to come.

That's what *The Resolution for Women* is all about.

And just like any good trainer, I want you to know what you're getting into, just in case you'd rather opt out before your first session begins. This book isn't for pleasure reading. In fact, some of it may not be very pleasurable at all. Sometimes it hurts to stretch, especially when someone else is pushing you in ways that feel uncomfortable. You'll most likely find it a bit antagonistic and convicting in spots.

I certainly have.

But I'm praying right here at the forefront that you'll make the choice to continue on with me, because I'm convinced that stretching ourselves with God-honoring resolves is worth it.

Even if you're not the resolution-making type.

Even if you're in relationship with someone who doesn't respect what you're doing and has no intention of making any resolutions of their own.

Even if you're a tad unconvinced that any of this will make one bit of difference.

Even if you're not in the mood for it and don't have the track record to back it up.

Even if you haven't stretched yourself like this in years.

Come with me anyway, on a resolution revolution journey that will be worth every step we take together. Why?

First, this resolution is with God. Unlike many of the New Year's variety, these resolutions are founded squarely on principles that God Himself has established. These are more than just determinations you make within yourself; they are girded about with the power of the Holy Spirit—encouraging you, comforting you, equipping you, empowering you with the strength you need to carry them out. Essentially, these are His resolutions for you.

Second, these resolutions will impact the people you love. If you're married, I'm talking about your husband. If you're a mom, I'm talking about your children. If you're single, I'm talking about your friends and family. Even if none of these people appear to actively admire or support your efforts in making these resolutions, you're going to be doing business with God and making decisions based on His Word. And the deep impact this will have on your life will overflow into the experiences of those around you. Sometimes the greatest miracle of all is the one that happens in your own heart, the change that takes place in you and then surprises you as it filters into the seams and fabric of your whole life. But the effects of a changed person on her surroundings can be staggering. The deep impact this resolution will have on your life will overflow into the experiences of those around you.

You may find yourself tempted as you read along to point a finger of blame and frustration in other people's direction. "What about my husband? Why isn't *he* inclined to change? Why is it always about what *I'm* supposed to be doing, instead of my family, my children, my coworkers, my friends? Aren't they a part of this equation too?" You may feel like rolling your eyes at the seemingly one-sided skew of some of the conversations we're going to have.

So let me just be clear. This book *is* slanted. It's decidedly and purposefully designed not to take into consideration the actions (or

A Note from Priscilla

inactions) of the other members of your family or the people who live and work and go to church with you. I'm not going to be addressing your husband or how he should behave. This is about what *you* will do, who you will become by God's grace from this day forward. This is the *Resolution for WOMEN*. More specifically, one woman.

You.

And all you need to know and care about is that in God's impeccable timing and design, He has brought this book into your life for this particular season. He is going to stretch you in the themes that these chapters present, and you'll need a strong dose of courage to dare living them instead of throwing in the towel prematurely, packing up your gym bag, and (like me) wanting to head straight to the nearest Krispy Kreme. You'll need a humble willingness to look inward, not outward. A steady confidence in His Spirit to empower you to follow through on these resolves, regardless of how little those around you may seem compelled to follow your example.

So take a moment, right now, in the quiet of your own heart to gloat. Celebrate the sterling woman you must be to brave a book like this one, a book that demands nothing less than a radical response from anyone who reads it.

Did you do it? Good.

Now get over yourself and let's get on with it already.

There's work to be done and resolutions to be made.



My hope is that you'll read this book slowly and purposefully—not with the intention of finishing but of engaging with each segment. At the end of each chapter and section, you'll find some questions or concepts to consider, perhaps a suggested, practical application for you to implement. I encourage you to take your time, maybe even a full day between segments so you can put into practice what you're reading within the rhythms of your own life.

Again, resist the urge to "just finish." Choose instead to consider carefully where you stand with each suggestion and biblical principle,

and then spend time practicing what you're resolving to implement into your life. These same questions could also be adapted for use in a small group or a regular gathering of friends, enabling you to work through these points with some sisters who can keep you accountable. That's how a resolution becomes revolutionary. Life changing.

Ultimately, our experiences together within the pages of each section will lead us to a moment of decision: the crafting of a new resolution statement. A promise. An action. A purpose to be wrapped around our lives until we are more thoroughly shaped into the image of God's will and desire. I'll ask you to read it over prayerfully—to speak it out loud—and then sign your name to it. I think it would be good, too, if you'd consider making these resolutions with your family present or with a group of godly friends who can help you (while you also help *them*) to become everything these pledges are meant to accomplish. By no means are you promising to be perfect; rather, you're making a commitment simply to begin—to journey forward in the direction each particular resolution is pointing you.

And to keep stretching for the rest of your life.

I'm confident, my fellow sister on the journey, that in this place and through these pages, your life will start to intentionally change. With God. With abandon.

Ready to do some stretching together? Me too. Let's go!

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Priscilla Shiver". The signature is written in a fluid, elegant style with a large initial 'P' and a long, sweeping tail on the 'r'.



1. ***I will embrace*** my current season of life and will maximize my time in it. I will resist the urge to hurry through or circumvent any portion of my journey but will live with a spirit of gratitude and contentment.
2. ***I will champion*** God's model for womanhood in the face of a culture that seeks to undermine it. I will teach it to my daughters and encourage its support by my sons.
3. ***I will accept and celebrate*** my uniqueness, and will esteem and encourage the distinctions I admire in others.
4. ***I will live*** as a woman answerable to God and faithfully committed to learning and living out His Word.
5. ***I will seek*** to devote the best of myself, my time, and my talents to the primary roles the Lord has entrusted to me in this phase of my life.
6. ***I will be*** a woman who is quick to listen and slow to speak. I will care about the concerns of others and esteem them more highly than myself.
7. ***I will forgive*** those who have wronged me and reconcile with those I have wronged.
8. ***I will not tolerate evil*** influences even in the most justifiable form, in myself or my home, but will embrace and encourage a life of purity.
9. ***I will pursue justice,*** love mercy, and extend compassion toward others.
10. ***I will be faithful*** to my husband and honor him in my conduct and conversation in order to bring glory to the name of the Lord. I will aspire to be a suitable partner for him to help him reach his God-given potential.
11. ***I will demonstrate*** to my children how to love God with all their hearts, minds, and strength, and will train them to respect authority and live responsibly.
12. ***I will cultivate*** a peaceful and grace-filled life where everyone can sense God's presence not only through acts of love and service but also through the pleasant and grateful attitude with which I perform them.
13. ***I will make*** today's decisions with tomorrow's impact in mind. I will consider my current choices in light of those who will come after me.



THIS IS WHO I AM.





**SURPRISINGLY
SATISFIED**

A resolution to be content



Every Bite Counts

“This is going to be a good year for you, my friend. Thirty-six is a great age.”

Thirty-six.

That’s how old I was becoming and the affirmation I was receiving when I first wrote this book. It was the end of December, and my longtime friend Rachel grinned at me over celebratory coffee on my birthday. She’s a decade older than me, so her brown eyes glimmered with a tinge of remembered excitement.

I’m not sure why, but something about what she said really got to me. Maybe it was just the way she said it. Maybe it was the expression in her eyes as she looked at me. Maybe it was the little smirk that curled up at the corners of her petite lips. Whatever it was, it drew me in, got my attention, and settled into my mind and heart for consideration.

“Thirty-six is a great age.”

Today I’m the same age *she* was, when she said those words to me. And in hindsight, I’m even more endeared to them now than then. Because now, I get it. That’s what hindsight does; it helps you “get it.” Where younger eyes see challenges to be feared or fretted over, age inverts those very images of stress and uncertainty until they

Surprisingly Satisfied

sparkle with all the satisfying ingredients of blessing, opportunity, and freedom.

Rachel continued by sharing some of the happenings of her twenties, the surprises that interrupted her thirties, and the settledness that had held her hand, gratefully escorting her into her forties. She'd now been married for twenty-five years, raised three incredible children, dealt with the unexpected twists and turns of life that most any person standing on the cusp of her fiftieth year has probably lived through. She'd seen disappointment, experienced incredible joy, and was now living a full life complete with deep friendships and an even deeper faith.

And here at a Christmastime restaurant table adorned with a delectable molten chocolate cake that we were ravenously sharing, she sighed the full breath of a woman satisfied. She swept her blonde bangs off her eyelids, cocked her head slightly, and told me that the season I was about to enter was a good one, that I should face it with expectation and enjoy its blessings: kids that were a bit more self-sufficient, a marriage a few years more mature, a body still pretty much pointed in a northerly direction.

Yup, recalling that year in her life made her smile. It had been good.

And with that simple comment spoken, she went back to her eating—fork to mouth dripping with chocolaty goodness.

She must not have noticed my reaction. Didn't notice the weight of her comment hitting me with a full blow, like a baseball player swinging and connecting with the pitch. With one abrupt flick of the wrist, she had sent my heart sailing into the outfield of conviction. The thing she was suggesting, implying in so many words—the way she was proposing for me to approach this next phase of life I was entering—was exactly opposite of what my proclivity had been.

I'd been the type of person, you see, whose heart and body hadn't always been good about sharing the same space. Instead of relishing each moment, each year, each opportunity, each step on the journey, I'd been constantly overeager to get to the next thing, which always looked more enticing than what was currently before me. I'd rarely been satisfied in full with my present station.

Not at thirty-six. A quick mental inventory revealed ample evidence to support the claim that I hadn't really been in attendance for large portions of my life. As a teenager, I'd impatiently rushed toward young adulthood full throttle. As a single university student, I couldn't wait to be in a committed relationship and out of college so that life could "really begin." Then with a loving mate promised for life, I enjoyed our first years of marriage, but during some of them I secretly harbored discontentment with our childlessness. And when the kids started coming, the nights were long and the days even longer, and I prayed through each of them that bedtime would come more quickly today than I'd remembered it coming the day before. I was *present* for all of those years of my life as a student, a wife, a mom—a woman—and yet there was so little I could really remember, few emotions I could recall that accompanied some of the events of life. Why? Because I'd been there, but I hadn't really *been there*.

And with my thirty-fifth year coming to a close, it occurred to me that I hadn't engaged fully in *that* year either. Oh, I'd enjoyed it for the most part, but I hadn't soaked in it, relishing it, cherishing it, celebrating it, appreciating it for what it was—the only thirty-fifth year my life would ever know. Now it was nearly over, and before me stretched another year, populated with all the things, people, events, relationships, and milestones that would make it a once-in-a-lifetime experience—my only chance to fully be the person I'd be at this age and in this season. Only for the coming year would my husband be exactly like *this*. Only for these fleeting moments would my children talk, look, and act exactly like *this*. And if I chose to hurry through in an attempt to avoid the parts I didn't like, I'd simultaneously miss all the things I *did* like about this season.

I recognized that by rushing through life, I'd been subtly devaluing those around me and the experiences I was involved in, not appreciating the importance and significance they bring to my life at this very moment, not grasping my responsibility for holding dear and treating well these gifts God has entrusted to me. Instead of embracing the privilege of being a blessing to my husband, my children, my friends, and others, I'd been quietly communicating that I wanted them to

Surprisingly Satisfied

change and speed up, to get busy being somebody else, someone who's more in line with what I want and need, to hurry along to a place where they could make me happier than they currently do.

That's been me. Always looking toward the next moment, the next month, the next event, rarely allowing myself the privilege of fully participating and embracing the happenings that were right before me for that day.

And with one final bite of the most eye-opening dessert date I may have ever had, I realized this feeling had a name: *discontentment*. She shows up at the doorstep of each day eager to march inside and make herself at home. But instead of only coming for short visits on rare occasions, she refuses to leave, spreading her baggage everywhere, filling up corners of your space that you thought you'd locked up to this odious intruder. She comes, she lingers, and she robs you of your years. Then before you know it, you've missed out on the joys in the journey, the growth that comes from battling through the difficulties, the sweet and savory experience of creating the memories.

I snapped out of my momentary trance and looked down at my plate. No more full bites left. Just chocolate syrup lacing the bottom of my plate, along with tiny crumbs of spongy cake dotted with miniscule dollops of whipped cream. With new resolve I started scraping up everything I could salvage, not wanting to leave behind any part of this delicious experience. Mmmmm. It had been worth all the hard work. Tasted just as good as the first.

Glad I didn't miss anything on my plate.

And I resolved right then and there not to miss anything in my life, ever again.



• *Take a moment to savor what the Bible says about contentment:*

- “True godliness with contentment is itself great wealth.” (1 Timothy 6:6 NLT)

- “If we have food and clothing, with these we shall be content (satisfied).” (1 Timothy 6:8 AMP)
- “Make sure that your character is free from the love of money, being content with what you have; for He Himself has said, ‘I will never desert you, nor will I ever forsake you.’” (Hebrews 13:5 NASB)
- *Now think about your life. What have you been hurrying through?*
- *What have you been hurrying to get to?*
- *What are some of the good parts of your experience that you’ve missed in your attempt to rush through the more difficult ones?*
- *What can you do differently today to “scrape the plate”—to gather up all the good things around you and begin enjoying the journey of your life?*

Through the years I've noted a common thread that runs through the life of every woman who's impacted me. *Resolve*. None of them were perfect women, just purposeful women, intentional about charting the pathway of their lives in the direction of God's promises.

Living with this kind of intentionality is what this book is about.

The resolutions you'll find in these pages are aspirations that will resonate with every part of your life, designed for women like us to pursue together. To start young with. To grow old with. To pass down to the next generation of daughters and granddaughters.

Resolutions based on the Father's promises give us purpose.

As His Spirit empowers us to fulfill them, they become the legacy we create, the treasures we strategically place in the path for others to follow.



New York Times Best Seller – Refreshed and Revisited

I've updated this book with many different insights the past ten years have taught me, but the core resolutions are the same. Because the One who designed us never changes, even when the world has. Not even when we have. He is still more than able, and is ever faithful, to complete the good work He's started in us.

Believe it. Receive it. And resolve to live in light of it.

Pisilla

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