



ARE THEY WORTH IT?

KEY SCRIPTURES: Matthew 10:26-30, 2 Peter 1:3-8

I had been looking around for some Christian blogging sites to join, when the title of her blog caught my eye: "idk what to do." Thankfully, I was the mother of a teenager at the time, so I knew what she meant. She was saying, "I don't know what to do."

I took a moment to read her blog. It was only one medium-sized paragraph, and it was a little difficult to wade through. As has become so common, she had a lot of texting lingo and abbreviations that I had to stop and process, but it didn't take a genius to figure out that she was hurting.

She was afraid that her faith wasn't enough, that because it was waning she was sure she was going to hell. She was confused, because people would tell her one thing and live out another. She was sure she would be on the losing side of the battle of Armageddon. And she couldn't figure out how God could send people to hell.

It wasn't my original purpose, being on that site, to get involved in someone else's pain. I was on a mission, wanting only to sign up to post blogs of my own, and move on to the next blogging site. I hadn't intended to answer the rambling questions of a stranger. A very deep-thinking stranger, at that. But God had other plans. So, I prayed, and I wrote. And I wrote, and I prayed. And I felt at peace that God had put me in the right place at the right time with answers of peace and kindness.

And then it was gone.

I had submitted my email to start an account, but had not yet received the confirmation email that would allow me to respond to a post. So, when I submitted the answer to this sweet young lady that had taken me a good hour to formulate, it was gone. The website had lost the whole thing. All I got was the auto-response message of doom that said my email hadn't been confirmed, so I couldn't proceed. And, when I tried to hit the "Back" button, there was nothing back there to find.

(continued)

"...so we can know our value, live with purpose, and make a difference...[In that order.](#)"



ARE THEY WORTH IT? Page 2

It was gone.

And I wanted to cry.

I had felt in my spirit that I should copy and save what I had written, but I brushed the feeling to the side and forged ahead. (After all, I was still on a mission.) That made it worse. I asked God to somehow miraculously make all my work appear again. He didn't. It didn't. I found the email that I needed to respond to in order to become an official part of the website. I opened it. I clicked it. I approved it. I hoped that I would somehow find my answer to the young lady. I didn't.

Then God asked me a question.

"Is she worth it to you to begin again?"

Is she worth it? I didn't even know her. And it took me a long time to answer all her questions. And they were good answers, too! I didn't think I could even begin to duplicate what I had said. I felt like I had wrecked a car that I had just paid off.

Then, God. "I'll give you the words again. Is she worth it to begin again?"

Sigh.

Was she worth it? She was an interruption. She was thought-provoking. She was a challenge. She was a stranger. She would have no idea if I had decided to give up and walk away. Was she worth it?

Yes. She was worth it. She was worth the failure and the trying again. She was worth the time. Twice. She was worth the prayer, and the near tears. She was worth the frustration.

She was hurting, and I knew without a doubt that God had placed her in my line of vision. How could she not be worth it?

So, I began again.

©2014 Wendi Miller

"...so we can know our value, live with purpose, and make a difference...[In that order.](#)"