

# REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE



# ARRON CHAMBERS REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE

unleashing the power of an identity-driven life

**Standard**<sup>®</sup>  
P U B L I S H I N G  
*Bringing The Word to Life*

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*To the late Dr. Roger Chambers—*

*my mentor, my example, my hero, my friend, and my dad.*

*Thank you for remembering who you were. I'll never forget you.*

*I love you, Dad.*

*And to my children: Ashton, Levi, Sylas, and Payton—*

*I am excited about who you are and who you're becoming.*

*I can't wait to ooh and aah as you soar.*

*I love you.*

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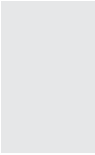
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*For most who live, hell is never knowing who they are.*

—CALVIN MILLER, *The Singer*





# BEFORE WE START

## REMINDER TO REMEMBER

Amnesia is a rare, medical condition in which a person can't remember anything. People with amnesia can't remember where they live, how old they are, or even *who* they are. Amnesia is a tragic disorder because without an identity the victim of amnesia has nothing. No home, no birthday, no job, no past, no future, no purpose . . .

OK, I know what you're thinking—the prospect of having your past wiped away seems a little bit liberating. Maybe you don't like who you've become, and you think your life could be so much easier if only you could wipe the slate clean. You'd love to walk away from your problems and start over. You'd love to just forget who you are. No identity, no messed up marriage. No identity, no rebellious children to break your heart. No identity, no debt. No identity, no taxes. No identity, no in-laws. No identity, no personal history full of poor choices and poor judgment.

But also . . . no identity, no purpose.

Amnesia is not a blessing, but a curse.

When people don't know who they are, they don't know why they're here. Identity gives life purpose.

I recently read in the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* about a man cursed with amnesia.<sup>1</sup> He thinks his name is William. He was found facedown on the beach with a head injury and no identification. He doesn't know how old he is, where he's from, or how he came to be in Hawaii. He has only sketchy memories of anything prior to 1980. Police have tried matching William's fingerprints to missing people, and hospital officials have chased every name, phone number, and address he can remember. All dead ends. The article says that although he's not sure of his name, he has tested at a genius-level IQ. The article includes his picture. It shows a dark-haired, nice-looking man with a blank stare. His expression seems . . . lifeless, hopeless, and sad. He looks like a man who doesn't know who he is.

He doesn't.

Do you?

Do you know who you are? Or have you lost yourself in the process of trying to live?

My parents made me who I am today. They gave me moral direction, confidence, a strong, spiritual foundation, and a clear sense of who I am. My dad had a phrase that he said all the time. He especially loved to say it as I headed out the door on a hot date with my girlfriend. He'd say, "Son, remember who you are." Even though he's been gone for almost twenty years, I can still see his face and hear those words as if they were spoken this morning.

*"Remember who you are."*

Those words were meant to protect me. Those words were a not-so-subtle reminder to be careful. Those words were an anchor for my soul.

Who was I? I was a Christian. I was a member of a church. I was the member of a family. I was the son of Roger, a preacher and a well-respected

Bible college professor. I was the son of Linda, a church secretary. I was the grandson of godly grandparents. I was the grandson of a preacher. I was the great-grandson of a preacher. I was the great-great-grandson of a preacher.

When my dad said, “Remember who you are,” I knew that he was really saying, “May your strong sense of identity keep you from making poor choices that will rob you of the glorious purpose God has for your life.”

My identity gave my life purpose.

As I remembered who I was, I made good choices . . . most of the time. I didn’t know exactly what I wanted to do with my life, but I knew that God had a plan. I knew that one bad choice could be disastrous. I knew that I was special to God. I knew that if I’d only seek his will and try to follow him, I’d eventually find myself fulfilling his purpose for my life.

Who am I today? I am a Christian. I am a husband. I am a father. I am a son. I am a grandson. I am a preaching minister. I am a writer. My identity gives my life purpose. When I get up each day, although I may not know what to wear, where my other sock is, why my twelve-year-old daughter is so emotional, where to find my keys, or how to operate the microwave, I *know* why I’m on this planet.

**Our identity in Christ is power.**

Do you remember who you are?

God wants you to.

Throughout the Bible, God tries to give us a clear sense of identity by reminding us of who we are. He reminds us that we are made “in his own image” (Genesis 1:27). He reminds us that we are his sheep and he is our shepherd who prepares “a table before [us] in the presence of [our] enemies” (Psalm 23:5). He reminds us we are so special that “he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life” (John 3:16).

He has to remind us because we forget so easily.

We get busy, and we forget who we really are.

We get hurt, and we forget who we really are.

We find ourselves in the midst of trials, and we lose ourselves—forgetting who we are.

Our identity in Christ is power.

Too many teens have been convinced that they are simply products of chance, animals who have survived only by being smarter and bigger than millions of other insignificant creatures who came from a slimy creature who found a way to crawl out of a muddy puddle millions of years ago. This book aims to convince us that we are divine reflections of God—created *on purpose with purpose*.

Too many adults have been convinced that they exist only to eat, sleep, work, and barbecue by the pool on Labor Day. Somehow and somewhere, while they weren't paying attention, life morphed from a magical world in which they played, hoped, and imagined their way through each day into a dreary world full of appointments, bills, antidepressants, and loved ones who no longer come home for Christmas. This book will serve to remind people that we were created to live dynamic lives full of dreams, purpose, laughter, and hope.

Too many Christians seem to have been convinced that the purpose of the Christian's life is to not make God angry. To these fearful faithful, God has become a mean man with big, flat-soled shoes. And we are roaches—wretches—scurrying around his house, hoping we don't do anything that will cause him to squash us. In this book we'll be reminded of who God really is and who we really are. We were not created to be destroyed but to be enjoyed. We are not accidents; we are on purpose. We are not ordinary; we are extraordinary. We are not worthless; we are priceless. We must remember who we are!

Oh, by the way . . . William, the man who was found facedown on a beach in Honolulu, apparently started remembering who he was a few months after they found him. His real name is Philip.<sup>2</sup>

If William—I mean, Philip—can start remembering, there’s hope for you too.

## WHAT ON EARTH AM I WRITING THIS FOR?

I’ve read—and enjoyed—Rick Warren’s book *The Purpose Driven Life: What on Earth Am I Here For?* Our congregation is one of the thirty thousand-plus congregations that have participated in the 40 Days of Purpose program. It was a positive and unifying experience that more than doubled the number of our small groups and the number of people involved in small groups.

*The Purpose Driven Life* has not sold more than twenty-four million copies, been translated into more than fifty-six languages, and been one of the world’s best-selling book for multiple years by accident. People are looking for purpose. They want a reason to get out of bed. They want a reason to go to work. They want a reason to come home. They want their lives to have a *what*. People wondered, *What on earth am I here for?* and God answered through a humble preacher from California and a simple book on purpose.

As much as I enjoyed reading the book and participating in the program, there is something that felt premature about *The Purpose Driven Life* . . . like the cart was where the horse should have been.

While reading *The Purpose Driven Life*, I couldn’t stop thinking, *This is great stuff for people who want to know what they’re here for, but what about the people who want to know who they are?* Life needs purpose. We need purpose. But before we need purpose, we need identity. That’s who my heart beats for—the person who needs an identity. Identity is a powerful and creative force.

Identity precedes purity.

Identity precedes maturity.

Identity precedes hope.

Identity precedes peace.

Identity precedes purpose.

I believe that it's not until people realize *who* they are that they will begin to wonder *why* they are. I have a burden for the countless people who look in the mirror and don't see the extraordinary person looking back at them.

So . . . I started to write this book to encourage those who are yet to see value in a purpose-driven life because they are yet to see the value of *their* lives. I wrote this book for those who aren't sure they really matter. Before we can do anything that really matters, we need to know that we really matter. We must *be* something that really matters, or our actions won't really matter.

And the truth is, we all matter!

So what's the matter? Well, the matter—I mean, the problem—is that we sometimes struggle with something that religious people have struggled with since belief systems began. Sometimes we are good at *doing*, but bad at *being*.

This was the Pharisees' problem.

Concerning them, Jesus said in Matthew 23:

- *“Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you hypocrites! You travel over land and sea to win a single convert, and when he becomes one, you make him twice as much a son of hell as you are”* (v. 15).
- *“Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you hypocrites! You give a tenth of your spices—mint, dill and cummin. But you have neglected the more important matters of the law—justice, mercy and faithfulness. You should have practiced the latter, without neglecting the former”* (v. 23).
- *“Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you hypocrites! You clean the outside of the cup and dish, but inside they are full of greed and self-indulgence”* (v. 25).

• “Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you hypocrites! You are like whitewashed tombs, which look beautiful on the outside but on the inside are full of dead men’s bones and everything unclean. In the same way, on the outside you appear to people as righteous but on the inside you are full of hypocrisy and wickedness” (vv. 27, 28).

The Pharisees knew what on earth they were here for.

They were evangelizing: *You travel over land and sea to win a single convert . . .*

They were giving: *You give a tenth of your spices . . .*

They thought they were living pure lives: *You clean the outside of the cup and dish . . .*

They were public examples of righteousness: *(You) look beautiful on the outside . . .*

They knew their purpose, but they had forgotten who they were!

Jesus’ condemnation is not based entirely on what they were doing (or not doing), but on who they were being (or not being). Jesus begins six of the seven woes in Matthew 23 by saying, “Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you hypocrites!”

“Hypocrites!”

Ouch!

And Jesus would know.

He sees the heart, so hypocrisy can’t be hidden from him beneath fancy clothes, religious words, and righteous acts. He knows who we really are.

I wish we all did.

Purpose without identity can lead to a hypocritical existence.

The Pharisees’ knew what on earth they were here for—teaching the law to God’s people, observing the Sabbath, praying, and tithing—but

**Purpose without identity can lead to a hypocritical existence.**

## REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE

they had forgotten who on earth they were.

They had works but no faith, and works without faith is just as dead as faith without works.

What if they really had known who they were? What if they had looked at their reflections in the well and seen men of God? What if—based on that identity—they had lived as men of God?

Their lives would have been respected.

Their prayers would have resonated.

Their tithes would have been blessed.

And the Pharisees would be remembered favorably both for who they were and for what they did.

Purpose without identity leads to actions without context at best, and pharisaic behavior at worst. Because I want to live a purpose-driven life, I seek first to live an identity-driven life. The goal is real purpose, driven by clear identity every day of every year of every life, which—according to the latest studies—will last about 28,470 days.

Wanna unleash the power of an identity-driven life?

Turn the page.



# YOU ARE EXTRAORDINARY

*Jason, his coach, and his student body*

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*You are the salt of the earth. But if the salt loses its saltiness, how can it be made salty again? It is no longer good for anything, except to be thrown out and trampled by men. You are the light of the world. A city on a hill cannot be hidden.*

MATTHEW 5:13, 14

*Dear friends, I urge you, as aliens and strangers in the world, to abstain from sinful desires, which war against your soul.*

1 PETER 2:11

It happened in a gym in upstate New York. And it was recognized by ESPN at their 2006 awards show as the greatest sports moment of that year. In the final, seemingly meaningless moments of a game that was already decided, an extraordinary thing happened.

Jason McElwain is autistic and loves basketball, but he was unable to make the team at Greece Athena High School in Rochester, New York. So he settled for the next best thing: he became the team trainer. Jason, or J-Mac as he's known to his teammates, had done a great job as trainer, missing only one game in four years. In recognition of Jason's dedication to his job, his team, and his school, Coach Johnson arranged for Jason to dress for the last game of the year. His classmates were ready with cutouts of Jason's face on sticks; so when Jason entered the game, the gym erupted with applause. One minute after entering the game, Jason launched a three-pointer and missed terribly. Undeterred, Jason launched another three-pointer and nailed it. The fans went crazy. But he wasn't finished. Jason kept shooting and kept sinking three-point baskets, eventually hitting six in a row!

When the game was over, the fans stormed the floor and carried Jason off the court as a hero.

**But it was the people involved who made this event extraordinary.**

It was a record-setting performance and an event that captured the world's attention. Within days Jason's extraordinary performance was being talked about from

the White House to my house and houses around the world. This event was extraordinary but, in my opinion, not necessarily for the obvious reasons.

Yes, it is extraordinary for a basketball player to hit six three-pointers in a row.

Yes, it is extraordinary for a basketball player with autism to hit six three-pointers in a row.

And, I admit, it is extraordinary for a basketball player with autism to hit six three-pointers in a row when he's not a basketball player at all, but a trainer who had not played a single minute of a single game in high school up to that point.

But it was the people involved who made this event extraordinary. It would not have happened without the extraordinary decision of an extraordinary coach, Jim Johnson. An ordinary coach might have given Jason a plaque at the end-of-the-year awards banquet in recognition of four years of service to the team as trainer. An ordinary coach would not have given playing time in an actual game. What an extraordinary coach, and what an extraordinary thing to do for an extraordinary young man!

And yes, Jason is extraordinary—not just for his performance at the end of that game at the end of the season but for his performance at every practice and every game. An ordinary young man who had not made the team might have moved on with hurt feelings and resentment. Not Jason. He volunteered to be at every practice and every game for four years to help his team—earning their trust, their respect, and their love. What an extraordinary young man!

But Coach Johnson and Jason were not the only extraordinary people in that gym. The student body at Greece Athena High School did an extraordinary thing by celebrating and honoring Jason the way they did that night. I wish everyone could experience what Jason experienced. Every person in this world deserves to have his name chanted, to have his face put on a stick and waved in the air, to be cheered as his name is called on the PA system, to have every action on the court encouraged, and to be carried off the court as a hero. What an extraordinary student body!

**If good is the enemy of great,  
then ordinary is the enemy of extraordinary.**

Things like this don't happen every day, and we don't see extraordinary people like these every day either. But we should. God expects us to be extraordinary every day, but all too often we settle for ordinary.

If good is the enemy of great, then ordinary is the enemy of extraordinary.

I don't like ordinary. I don't think ordinary. I don't do ordinary. Ordinary annoys me. I don't want to live an ordinary life, have an ordinary marriage,

raise ordinary kids, preach ordinary sermons, serve with an ordinary church . . . and I don't want to write ordinary books.

Ordinary is easy. Anybody can *do* ordinary. Anybody can *be* ordinary, which is why my dad was upset with me when I got a C on a test and then tried to justify it by pointing out that "everyone else did bad on the test too."

"You're not everybody else," Dad said. (Maybe you've heard that one too!) "You're a Chambers, and I expect more from you. We raise thoroughbreds in this house. If you want to be ordinary, you're going to have to move in with the family down the road."

Every day we wake up  
with a decision to make too:  
be extraordinary, or not.

"You need to remember who you are," Dad would say. "God has a plan for your life, so you need to be prepared so that when he needs you, you'll be ready."

Most young people rise to meet their parents' expectations. If parents expect their kids to fail, they probably will. And if parents expect their kids to be extraordinary, they probably will too.

Ordinary was not an option in our house. Mom and Dad expected more from us, and they got it.

Dad knew that I had gotten that C because I had chosen one more hour in the pool when I should have chosen one more hour at my desk. Dad knew that I was not really trying. And not really trying for long periods of time leads to a life called ordinary. I knew that Dad loved me and believed in me, so I tried harder next time; and I'm still trying harder. Daily I fight the temptation to be ordinary, but it's as if ordinary stalks me. It stalks you too.

## WE HAVE A CHOICE

Every day is a series of decisions through which we define the day as either ordinary or extraordinary. Every day an African gazelle wakes up with a decision to make: to run or not to run. It knows that it must run

faster than the fastest lion or it will be killed. The first day the gazelle decides not to run is the last day of its life. Every day we wake up with a decision to make too: be extraordinary, or not.

Kiss your spouse on the way out the door, look into her eyes, and tell her you love her—and you are outrunning ordinary. But if you rush out the door with a simple good-bye, ordinary has caught you.

Hug each of your kids before they leave for school, and tell them that you love them and wouldn't trade them for all the money in the world—and you are outrunning ordinary. Keep your nose in the paper as they rush out the door, and ordinary has caught you.

Tell your boss that you are grateful for her leadership—and mean it!—and you are outrunning ordinary. Tear down your boss in the break room, and ordinary has caught you.

Take the kids to soccer practice so your wife can relax before dinner—and you are outrunning ordinary. Work late when you don't have to and arrive late for dinner, and ordinary has caught you.

Have a family game night after dinner—and you are outrunning ordinary. Let the boys play video games in their room, your daughter listen to her MP3 player in hers, your wife play solitaire on the computer in the den, while you play with your sports car in the garage . . . and ordinary has caught you.

Pray with your kids before bed—and you are outrunning ordinary. Let your kids put themselves to bed while you watch *SportsCenter*, and ordinary has caught you.

Go to church, get involved with your church, give to your church, and invite others to your church—and you are outrunning ordinary. Go to church only on Christmas and Easter, and ordinary has caught you.

Build a close relationship with God through prayer, Bible study, and discipleship—and you are outrunning ordinary. Talk about building a close relationship with God through prayer, studying your Bible, and discipling with another Christian, and ordinary has caught you.

Have Jason dress, and put him in the game—and you are outrunning ordinary. Give him a plaque at the sports banquet at the end of the season, and ordinary has caught you.

I don't want to be ordinary. And I definitely don't want anyone who reads this book to reshelve it, regift it, or return it still thinking of himself as anything but extraordinary. God expects more of us.

That's the point Christ was trying to make in that sermon on the mountainside at the beginning of his ministry, when he said, "You are the salt of the earth. But if the salt loses its saltiness, how can it be made salty again? It is no longer good for anything, except to be thrown out and trampled by men. You are the light of the world. A city on a hill cannot be hidden" (Matthew 5:13, 14). In comparing us to salty salt, shining lights, and cities on hills, Jesus is calling us to be extraordinary.

During Christ's time salt was used when making sacrifices, as currency, and as a preservative for meat and fish. It was valuable because . . . well, because it was salty. It was extraordinary. But if salt were ever to lose its saltiness, it would become ordinary and worthless.

The ancients depended on daylight, as well as the limited light they managed to produce before our age of electricity. Light enabled them to

**In comparing us to salty salt, shining lights, and cities on hills, Jesus is calling us to be extraordinary.**

work, care for the home, and simply function. Without light, their lives would have been one-dimensional and terribly hindered; but because of light, their lives were

blessed. Light was an extraordinary gift. And even though we often take it for granted today, light is still extraordinary.

What makes a city on a hill extraordinary is the fact that it can be seen for miles around, especially at night when its lights are shining. Ordinary cities are not easily seen, but extraordinary cities capture the attention of travelers and beckon them to enter in and find safety, nourishment, and rest.

We are not supposed to be ordinary. We are supposed to be extraordinary.

Before going further I feel the need clear up a few things.

First, I want to give you permission to view yourself as extraordinary. You may feel uncomfortable thinking of yourself of extraordinary, but that's just because you're thinking from the world's perspective and not God's. This is not about pride; it's about respect. When I tell you that you are extraordinary, it is not to make you prideful but respectful, both of yourself and your designer. Our extraordinary-ness has nothing to do with us and everything to do with God.

Second, when I say that you are extraordinary, I'm saying that you are beyond what is common. You are unique. You are different, but good.

Third, when I say that you are extraordinary, I mean that God designed you to be evocative. I know that may seem like an odd choice of words. I wrestled to find the right word to express what I see in the Bible, and I chose *evocative* because it means "to bring to mind." Our lives should be so extraordinary that even a glimpse of a brief moment of our lives will bring God to mind.

The service manager for the Dodge dealer called from South Carolina to tell me that the transmission in our van was fixed and my van was ready to be picked up. After calculating the cost of driving to Columbia, South Carolina (on the wallet, our kids, and ourselves), and after finding an inexpensive flight online, my wife and I decided that I'd fly up to get the van.

I had an early flight that morning, so we had to carry our kids straight from bed to the car for the short drive to the airport. On the way to the airport, our son Sylas noticed the sunrise. It was amazing! The eastern sky was a shade of orange I don't think I've ever seen before. Sylas was captivated by its beauty. It was extraordinary and brought God to his mind . . . and ours.

As a dash of salt brings taste to mind, the first ray of morning sunlight brings the day to mind, a city brings civilization to mind, six three-pointers

from a boy with autism bring a bunch of extraordinary people to mind . . . and as a sunrise brought God to Syllas's mind, our lives should bring God to mind. When people observe our lives, they should see only a reflection of Jesus and think only about God. And they will, if we choose—each day—to be extraordinary.

## WE DON'T HAVE A CHOICE

The sun can't decide not to shine. Salt can't decide not to be salty. Light can't choose not to illuminate, and cities on hilltops can't choose not to be noticed. In Christ we are extraordinary, whether we choose to be or not, which is exactly what Peter points out. He uses words that

**When people observe our lives,  
they should see only a reflection of  
Jesus and think only about God.**

aren't as politically correct as the word *extraordinary*—but mean the same thing. In describing our extraordinariness, Peter uses the words *aliens* and *strangers*.

To a group of Christians who were being subjected to a severe persecution under the oppressive rule of the Roman emperor Nero, Peter wrote, “Dear friends, I urge you, as aliens and strangers in the world, to abstain from sinful desires, which war against your soul. Live such good lives among the pagans that, though they accuse you of doing wrong, they may see your good deeds and glorify God on the day he visits us” (1 Peter 2:11, 12).

What do you picture when you hear the word *stranger*? I picture the hideous, candy-offering, van-driving creep whom elementary-school students are taught to run from on the playground.

Do you know what God pictures when he hears the word *stranger*?

You.

We like to be liked. We want to fit in. We wear what everyone else is wearing, talk like everyone else is talking, laugh at all the same jokes,



watch what everyone is watching on TV, go with the herd into the theater to see the latest blockbuster, and drive home to a house that looks just like every house in the neighborhood.

Strangers are strange, and we don't value being strange. Strange doesn't get you a raise. Strange doesn't get you a date with the homecoming queen. Strange doesn't get your kids into the right private school. Strange doesn't get you the best table in the restaurant. Strange doesn't get you picked first for kickball. Strange doesn't get you voted Most Likely to Succeed or Most Popular.

No. Strange is most likely to get you ridiculed, avoided, and voted off the island. But that's nothing compared to what aliens get.

What do you picture when you hear the word *alien*? A green creature with big eyes, long fingers, a huge head, and evil intentions?

These kinds of aliens don't belong. These kinds of aliens are feared, so they must always try to convince the locals that they "come in peace." These kinds of aliens end up in pieces on metal tables outside Roswell, New Mexico. Who'd want to be this kind of alien?

Or maybe when you hear the word *alien*, you picture a person crammed with eighty other people on a boat off the coast of south Florida, or you picture a person dashing across a desert toward the southern border of Arizona.

These kinds of aliens end up working bent over in fields in the hot sun, or as awkward outsiders who are tolerated but not always accepted, or sometimes even dead in the desert.

Do you know what God pictures when he hears the word *alien*?

That's right, you. He sees you as an alien, someone *beyond* ordinary.

Just look around. Have you seen what ordinary looks like? Ordinary looks like people living together before they're married. Ordinary looks like binge drinking at the sorority house. Ordinary uses the Lord's name as a curse word. Ordinary looks like cheating . . . on a test, on your taxes, and on your spouse. Ordinary laughs at a dirty joke. Ordinary

walks around with her cleavage displayed. Ordinary is a bigot. Ordinary tells lies to his parents. Ordinary exhibits road rage. Ordinary keeps the money when the clerk gives back too much change. Ordinary looks at pornography after his wife goes to sleep.

Have you seen ordinary these days? Ordinary looks like sin.

If we want to please God, we have no choice. We must “abstain from sinful desires” (1 Peter 2:11). We must fight back when those desires “war against” our souls (v. 11). We must “live such good lives among the pagans that, though they accuse you of doing wrong, they may *see your good deeds and glorify God* on the day he visits us” (v. 12, emphasis added).

Here’s the Chambers’ revised version of 1 Peter 2:11, 12: “Live such extraordinary lives in this ordinary world that, though people think you are strange, they will see your extraordinary-ness—and God will come to mind. Then their sin will come to mind, and they will choose to be extraordinary too. Every day until the day God comes back again, they will praise him for bringing such saltlike, lightlike, city-on-a-hill-like extraordinarily strange aliens into their ordinary lives.”

**Have you seen ordinary these days?  
Ordinary looks like sin.**

You can choose to be extraordinary by submitting your life to Christ. And once you give your life to him, you’ll never be ordinary again. You’ll have no choice. You’ll be extraordinary, whether you feel extraordinary or not.

And when that happens, people will find Jesus.

Lives will be changed forever.

Hopeless people will find hope.

And boys like Jason will be carried off the court as heroes.

## FOR PERSONAL REFLECTION OR GROUP DISCUSSION

**FOR PERSONAL REFLECTION:** *Buy today's newspaper and cut out an article that tells an extraordinary story. You can also print an extraordinary article from a daily online news source.*

**FOR GROUP STUDY:** *Ask your group members to bring an article from a newspaper or an online news source that contains an extraordinary story. Begin your group time by asking each person to share his or her story with the group. Then discuss why these stories are extraordinary.*

1. What is the most extraordinary thing you've ever experienced? Why?
2. What is the most ordinary thing you experience on a daily basis? Why?
3. What's the most extraordinary thing you've done during the past year? What made this thing extraordinary?

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*Read Matthew 5:13, 14*

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4. What are some foods you cannot imagine eating without salt?
5. Recall a time when you were most grateful for light and explain why.
6. Think about a time when you were most grateful for another Christian. What happened?

REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE

7. What do you think are the top three things that keep Christians from living extraordinary lives?

8. What can you do this week to be extraordinary?  
Be specific.

*“Lord, you do extraordinary things for me all of the time. This week I am committing to do the following extraordinary thing for you:\_\_\_\_\_*

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

*Please help me to be extraordinary for you today and forever.”*