

FOREWORD BY BESTSELLING AUTHOR ANNIE F. DOWNS

# YOU ARE THE GIRL FOR THE JOB

DARING TO BELIEVE

THE GOD WHO CALLS YOU

*Jess Connolly*



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*Jess Connolly*

ZONDERVAN

*You Are the Girl for the Job*

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yet I knew the  
moment I started  
worrying about  
whether or not  
I was good enough  
for the job, I  
wouldn't be able to  
do it.

- MADELEINE L'ENGLE

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# FOREWORD BY ANNIE F. DOWNS

I don't know I need a reminder until I do.

Do you know what I mean?

My phone alarm just went off reminding me of a lunch meeting I have today. My assistant just sent me a message that I need to return a phone call this afternoon. My sister just texted me to make sure I had a date on my calendar to go to an Atlanta United soccer game with her next month.

I love all these reminders. I need to be reminded.

The actual purpose of a reminder is to RE-MIND us. To put back in our mind something we have forgotten, or maybe even never known.

Re-mind: 1. cause (someone) to remember someone or something. 2. cause someone to think of (something) because of a resemblance or likeness. 3. bring something, especially a commitment or necessary course of action, to the attention of (someone).



Jess helps me remember things. She and I sat at a dinner in 2013 until the entire restaurant was closed, all the chairs turned over on tables, all the floor swept, all the employees annoyed and ready to go home. It's a place in Germantown neighborhood in Nashville and it was warm outside. That's about all I remember except the way Jess told her story.

She looked me in the eyes the whole time. She teared up, so did I. She laughed, so did I. She laid out pieces of her heart and story that I did not know but were important for me to understand and for her to be understood. She needed to walk backwards a bit for us to walk forward. She was telling me things I didn't know, but it also felt like she was reminding me of something greater that I had always known.

I had always known I could do the thing that was right in front of me, but she reminded me that I had everything I needed.

I had always known that while the road would be tough and it wouldn't always be easy- the going backwards into my own story and going forward into my calling- but she reminded me how much it mattered, because she did it too.

I had always wanted a cheerleader to tell me I was the girl for the job, and Jess reminded me.

Jess also causes me to think of some people I really love because of the resemblance or likeness. She reminds me of my mom, a strong business woman who knows her professional strength. She reminds me of my friend Haley, a stay at home mom who finds joy and purpose and strength in raising her children. She reminds me of my pastor Kevin who teaches us to pray, who turns to God first, and loves the local church so deeply. She reminds me of my friend Nicolle who works out regularly because her entire self is better because she cares

about her health. And she reminds me of Jesus because of her resemblance to Him. She models strength and balance and joy and all these things I see in my relationship with Him.

Jess has done all that for me. But now I get to remind you. I get to focus on that third definition of “remind”. I want to bring something to your attention. It is a necessary course of action.

You are the girl for the job.

Jess is the girl to remind you.

To God be the glory.

## INTRODUCTION

# MY SPIN CLASS REVELATION

I sat on a bike in a dark and emo cycling studio. The room was shadowy, with lights that rose and fell, evoking emotion, matching the rise and fall of our intensity. The music was loud—so loud the words were almost indistinguishable, but the impact wasn't diminished. There was a thumping, a thriving undertone set by the sound, and it was perceived by everyone in the room. I'd come in that morning defeated, to say the least, jet-lagged and heartsick from an incredibly hard season, but I found myself swept up in the passion and energy in the absolute best way.

It was a 7 a.m. spin class in Los Angeles. I was on the West Coast for a work trip, and the whole week, I'd honestly felt like a character in a romantic comedy. You know, the one where the woman gets scorned by her lover and rushes off to see some new piece of the world, only to find herself and figure out that she was all she really needed in the first place? Okay—that wasn't *quite* the story I was living, but I was a broken gal, temporarily in a new place, praying for a fresh wind and hoping for some healing.

I'd come to LA fresh on the heels of an incredibly painful season in our church. I'm a pastor's wife—a church planter's wife, to be exact—and while some moments of leading the church are exhilarating and we feel like we're seeing in new colors, other seasons are heartbreaking, and it feels like signing up to run on mission is the same as signing up to have your heart poked by toothpicks incessantly for years. We'd recently sat through meeting after meeting after meeting, handling our own shortcomings and sorting through the pain of the people we love the most—pain we'd caused, pain they'd caused, all of it hard and all of it broken.

This work trip had been planned in the midst of it, so while leaving felt like the absolute last thing that I wanted to do, it was what I had to do, and I was trying to make the most of it. I packed my sunglasses and my most West Coast-y clothes (lots of black!) and hopped on the plane, eager to see what God had for me on the other side. As I made the almost-all-day trek from Charleston, SC, to LAX, I found a sliver of airplane internet and booked a bike at my favorite spin place, Soul Cycle, for a 7 a.m. class.

Have you ever been to Soul Cycle? It's a mix between a dance club, a fitness class, and a really incredible worship service. I basically can't get enough of it. Right now you can only find a true Soul Cycle class in pretty large cities, so anytime I'm in a bigger city, I figure out how to make my way toward one. Austin; LA; Washington, DC; New York—if I'm in one of those spots, I'm heading to Soul Cycle.

So far, I haven't made it through a class without crying—not because the physicality of the exercise is so tough, but because the experience is so moving for me. It's the perfect combination for my personality to feel alive. Mixing physical exertion with

loud music and excited crowds, a dark room, dance music, and someone pushing me to go further—I'm done. I'm toast. I'm so happy. I'm so moved. I'm in heaven. Soul Cycle is my happy place.

It's not everyone's cup of tea—if you're easily overstimulated or overwhelmed, or if being pushed emotionally and physically makes you feel threatened, you're going to want to stay far away from the dark room with the thumping music and the headset-ready instructor who wants to change your life.

I sat there in the room with my dark and bruised-up heart, desperate to move and desperate to be moved by God—searching for Him in a spin class for two significant reasons: (1) I think God can move anywhere and often does, and (2) my church suddenly didn't feel so safe for me. There were no leaders to blame other than myself, and there was nowhere to hide, so I was looking to be led and fed anywhere and everywhere God was willing to show up.

I was listening to sermons, spending hours on my knees, and poring over God's Word for encouragement—but I was also looking for Him on this trip to LA. *Come Father—breathe a fresh wind, bring a fresh fire, do more soul work in me in this short trip than I could ask or imagine. Put the romantic comedy storyline to shame with the renewed sense of purpose You're going to bring. Please.*

I went in needy. And God showed up.

## THE WORD OF GOD AGREED

The instructor's name was David, and I can't tell you that he's a Christian. But I can tell you I wouldn't be surprised if he was,

because it was 7 a.m. on a Friday, and David straight-up got to work ministering to everyone in the room, including me.

From the moment the doors closed, the lights dimmed, and the volume of the music increased, he started preaching. To be honest, he never got on his bike once—he had a stand-in gal to do the cycling for him so he could use every ounce of his energy to lead us. And as the music pulsed and our feet started pumping, David paced and yelled.

He started the class honoring one rider who just happened to be celebrating her birthday—he had us cheer for her—and then he got more intentional and personal in his affirmation as the class went on.

He started by telling her that joy was her birthright, hope was her birthright, and love was her birthright. He told her that this was a fresh year, a fresh chance to be who she was made to be, to step into her calling and step away from the fears of the past. I was just one bike behind her, and I watched her feet speed up, watched the tears carve paths down her cheeks, watched her nod in agreement with what he was saying. David was giving, she was receiving, and it was beautiful.

But then he turned to the rest of us, and in a loud and emphatic voice, he began assuring us of the same truths! It might not be our birthdays, it might not be a literal new year for us, but it could be the start of something new—we could leave behind the brokenness of our pasts and press into a new season. His words meant more to me than he could have guessed, because I didn't just hear them as general wisdom and empty truths.

The Word of God tucked into my heart agreed with the affirmations this stranger was saying over me. Second Cor-

inthians 5:17 was resounding in my brain: *The old has gone, the new has come!* It was the very first verse I memorized as a believer twenty years ago, and the Lord was bringing it to mind in that very moment, reminding me that the hurt I'd left behind in Charleston didn't have to dictate my future purpose. I was grateful, relieved, and refreshed—so I pedaled faster.

A song began that coincided with a steep climb on our bikes. As it progressed, we were supposed to choose to increase the incline ourselves. If you haven't been to a stationary cycling class, here's how this works: the difficulty of the pedaling is controlled by a small knob on your bike. As you turn it to the right, the resistance increases, simulating a hill. As you turn it to the left, pedaling gets easier. You can feel like you're flying downhill, riding on flat ground, or basically biking up a mountain—you choose by turning the knob and picking your own poison. It's worth it to know that theoretically, you could fake your way through a spin class pretty easily—keeping it turned to low resistance the entire class—but I'm sure you know the saying: you'd only be cheating yourself.

As David encouraged us to keep turning the wheel, to keep pushing against the defeated feeling within us that told us we couldn't, he dropped yet another truth bomb: "You will repeat what you don't repair." He started explaining, again, the universal truth that the wounds for which we don't seek healing will just be replicated over and over in our lives. I thought about my romantic comedy running story, how I'd escaped Charleston just at the pinnacle of my pain, hoping to come back lighter and somehow not caring about all that had been done to me, somehow instinctively able to avoid making the same mistakes over and over again.

## YOU ARE THE GIRL FOR THE JOB

Hebrews 12:14–15 from *The Message* (MSG) version of the Bible came to mind:

Work at getting along with each other and with God. Otherwise you'll never get so much as a glimpse of God. Make sure no one gets left out of God's generosity. Keep a sharp eye out for weeds of bitter discontent. A thistle or two gone to seed can ruin a whole garden in no time.

You will repeat what you don't repair. A thistle or two can ruin the whole garden. God's truth, transcending church walls yet again.

*Lord, I thought as I spun faster, I'm listening. I receive this moment and all that You're bringing to the surface. I'll acknowledge my own pain and even examine it, if growth will come on the other side.*

## THE PROBLEM PRESENTED

Gals, I could write a hundred more pages about the wisdom David shared that morning. He just kept going and going and going—affirming, encouraging, gesturing wildly, and shouting eternal promises to my shattered heart. The Holy Spirit inside me was working just as hard as I was pedaling, it seemed, connecting the words of our instructor to the revelation of God's Word that was tucked in my memory. It was line after line of LIFE to my very heavy heart.

The second the class was over, I bolted to my locker, grabbed my phone, and tapped an iPhone screenful of notes.



I typed out all the little nuggets of wisdom and truth that my new friend David had poured into my heart through his words. And then, with my own words just about spilling out of me, I found my husband's name in my contacts and called him, burdened to my core with one idea that had risen to the surface above them all:

*Nick? Hey babe. It's me. I just got out of Soul Cycle and I need to tell you about it.*

*This forty-five-minute spin class I just took? It was more life-giving, more encouraging, and spoke more truth to me than any other Christian event I've ever sat through. I felt like I belonged more than I have in any community of believers, and it seemed like I was challenged more by truth, compelled and called to change more than I ever have been through a book or a sermon or a conversation with a friend.*

*I met with the Lord in Soul Cycle today, and I'm realizing that people everywhere are getting what they need from God from everyone else BUT believers. Because our church is NOT this encouraging, and our friends who love God do NOT speak life like this.*

*I'm worried we're missing out on doing what David is doing every single day. And we're in full-time ministry. If we're missing it—how many people are letting the opportunity slip by to change the lives of those around them?*

As I confessed my concerns to Nick, I realized they were bigger and deeper than just my concerns for our life, our family, our church.

I'm worried we're missing it.

We're missing our chance because we're too caught up in our own lives and in the fear that we'll do it wrong.

David isn't missing his chance—but maybe I'm missing mine.

And I know thousands of women who may be missing theirs.

### THE WORDS WE NEED MOST

Every week for the last few years, typically on Tuesdays, I have an hour-long call with a stranger. I started taking these coaching calls a while ago because it got too hard to answer all the emails I'd get from women who want to use their gifts or get into ministry in some capacity. So I take one call a week. Sometimes this turns into an all-day session with a brave soul who is willing to come be in my actual space here in Charleston. I meet with hopeful writers, women's ministry leaders and volunteers, gals who have a small business idea they'd love to see come to fruition. I meet with single moms who want to start a small group or college students on the brink of entering the working world, desperate to discern their place in the kingdom, I lend advice. I help these women make a game plan, but more than anything I state one message over and over and over again: *You're the girl for the job.*

If I'm meeting with a college student who wants to write to other women about Jesus, I tell her: *you're the girl for the job.*

A newly married gal finds herself unexpectedly pregnant and overwhelmed at the thought of being a mother: *you're the girl for the job.*

Two friends who want to start a local ministry encouraging the women around them: *you're the girls for the job.*

Is it negligent that I tell so many women the same thing?

Is it false hope to spur them on to some spiritual work when I know it may be harder than they think? Shouldn't I be warning them that it may not go the way they want it to?

Well, honestly, I don't think so. I find that most of us are pre-wired with fear, anticipate struggle, and carry a massive amount of doubt about our capacity. And honestly? We're not crazy. Life is HARD. Loving others is MESSY. Very few people are wildly successful, and no one is immune from getting beat up when they're on mission. We aren't crazy for having fears; we're realistic.

And what about our capacity? You know the old adage, "She believed she could, so she did"? I find that for me, just about *nothing* is further from the truth. I know my own natural capacity—it is very, very low. If left to my own devices, I'd watch Netflix and eat dairy-free yogurt all day long. I'd probably never enter into hard conversations or get out of my comfort zone. If I wanted to do things that made me feel capable, things that celebrated my strengths, I'd have a life that consisted of taking naps and making coffee. I'm naturally good at both of those things.

If I worked only based on what I can do well in my own strength, I'd never have children, get married, do ministry, drive a car, write books, love my neighbors, go on vacation, live on mission, serve the homeless, lead a church, start businesses, have friends, or encourage *anyone*. I would never live. I would never love. I would never taste abundance.

So how can I tell women every single week that they're the girl for the job? And what basis do I have for writing an entire book telling you the exact same thing? I'm certain the Holy Spirit was using David and his words that day in the spin

class, but what grounds do I have to believe the encouragement that came my way that day? And every time I open the Word of God?

*Here's the secret:*

We are the girls for the job because of the God of all capacity who not only calls us but equips us, and dwells within us, enabling us to carry out His plans. We are able to live, to love, to move, to repair, to receive, to heal, to hope because of Him. We are the girls for the job, for this season, for this life, for the joy and blessing of those around us at this exact appointed time because God has placed us here. He's called us to be His ambassadors, and He doesn't make mistakes.

## THIS IS YOUR INVITATION

This isn't a book about a spin class, and it's honestly not even a book about us. In the name of Jesus, my prayer is that you'll find that every single page of this book is about the God who made us good, set us free, called us holy, invited us on mission, and never wavers in His capability or His capacity. This is a book about the God who is right for the job, and it's an invitation to take your place as His coheir, servant, and friend.

This book won't puff you up and tell you that you have all you need, but it *will* point to the One who does. This book won't beckon you to be blind to your circumstances, but it *will* enlighten you to the truth that you're placed where you're at, with what you've got, on purpose.

We're going to go on a journey, one that I pray will take you to a place of being able to boldly, humbly proclaim that

YOU are the girl for the job—the girl for the task He’s given you and the girl for every task He is going to give you in the future. More than that, I hope these words commission you as an ambassador to speak life and authority to those around you, telling them *they* are the girls, boys, men, women, people, children of God for the jobs that He’s given them.

We’re going to dive into an others-focused mind-set, setting our sights on their good and His glory, and squashing the power of comparison and the feelings of inadequacy in one crushing blow. Partnering with the Holy Spirit, we’ll dive back into our pasts, taking stock of where we’ve been and what He’s given us. We’ll look at our strengths, our weaknesses, our stories, and the tools we’ve been handed by a good Father with new eyes—eyes that can see belief and hope.

Next, we’ll take God at His Word and ask Him for vision to see what it is He’s called us to, not just in the present but for the days and years to come. We won’t approach Him as though He’s a genie in a bottle or a Magic Eight Ball we can shake to find out the future, and we won’t expect Him to provide a detailed plan, but we will look to Scripture for truth and stand firm on the promises that say He’ll provide wisdom when we ask and that He’ll tell us to go to the right or to the left (see James 1:5 and Isaiah 30:21, respectively).

This is our invitation to strip off defeat, kick fear in the actual face, and get over ourselves so we can get on with living the wild and wonderful mission that He has for our lives. We’re going to bring the scariest parts of stepping into our calling into the light, to let Him shine on them, exposing the lies that keep us hiding in the dark. Friends, while reading this book we’re going to make a plan, and then, in the name of Jesus, we’re

going to begin making *moves* that align with His call on our lives. We're not just going to affirm that we're the girls for the job; we're going to agree with our actions.

This is your invitation. This is our invitation. It is for those of us who are burdened and broken, beat up by the sin of others and the inadequacies of our own lives. It is for those of us who took a break when it got too hard, and it is for those of us who never took the first step because it was too scary. This is an invitation for the women of God who have been stepping into the call of God on their lives for years to keep going, to keep fighting.

This is an invitation to not miss it, to not miss out on the thrilling and heart-wrenching life of love that God has for us. Because I don't believe David should get to have all the fun. And I don't believe we want to live in a world where a spin class speaks more truth than a sisterhood of women who have taken God at His Word to rise up and love with all we've got.

This book is for you. It's your invitation to leave behind defeat and disbelief and to permanently believe that God is who He says He is and that because of this, you are exactly who He's made you to be, on purpose.

You're the girl for the job. If you're ready to get to work, keep reading.

# CALL IT QUITS

It's time we quit arguing with God about our inadequacy and start relying on His capacity.

# IT'S QUITTING TIME

I'll never forget the day I decided I wasn't all that pretty.

It was early in my freshman year of college, a bright fall day, and I was walking from my class to the dorm. This first semester of college I'd taken all morning classes, as I was attempting to get school finished early in the day, work a part-time job in the afternoon, and study or hang with friends in the evening. Fall in South Carolina means it's still unthinkably warm, so I was walking and sweating and hadn't attempted to dress nicely or put on makeup. I felt great about that decision as the perspiration just dripped down my face and neck, pooling into a moist spot between my shoulders.

And then I saw her.

She had short, dark, straight hair that hit just at her shoulders in a beautifully natural way. Her outfit was similar to mine, just somehow better: a T-shirt and shorts, tennis shoes, and minimal jewelry. But her face was like something Michelangelo would choose for a muse—her bone structure was flawless, and I wondered how cheeks could be so pointy and pretty all at once. Her olive skin was tight, as though someone had pulled it back



and tied it with string beneath her hair. Even her eyes sparkled—*literally sparkled*—as I passed her, me on my way to the dorm, she on her way to wherever impossibly beautiful people go.

Sixteen years later, I can still describe the face of the girl who convinced me I wasn't all that pretty. I can still see her in my mind's eye. For all I can remember, I don't think I ever saw her again, but if she walked into a restaurant here in present-day Charleston, I'm almost positive I could ID her in a second.

That was the moment when I first thought to myself that some people just have beauty naturally. That thought has stayed with me for sixteen years.

My kind of beauty, on the other hand, is the *unnatural* kind. Some people look stellar in their husband's sweats with no makeup on. When I don't wear makeup (which is roughly four out of seven days of the week), everyone asks if I'm tired/depressed/sick/okay. I can't fit into my husband's sweats because he's super fit and trim, and while I get after it in the gym, too, my hips and booty are about twice the size of his, so we can just throw out that scenario altogether. My hair started going gray in my late twenties, but not in a distinguished way. We're talking squirrely, wiry, disobedient wildfires of gray that sprout up all along my part, so I dye those suckers regularly.

Don't misunderstand me—I feel *great* about how God made me, but I am *not* what you'd describe as a natural beauty. It takes about forty-five minutes on average for me to look my best, and that doesn't mean I actually spend forty-five minutes getting ready every day. I'm just down with not looking my best most days because it's my quiet rebellion against the confines and constructs of our society that say women can't be useful unless they're flawless.

But back to that day during my freshman year in college: my perspective shifted because I realized that, on the natural beauty scale, I would essentially never rank. But here's what I want you to catch: I wasn't devastated or dismayed. On the contrary, it was as if a fresh wave of freedom passed over me when I realized I was out of the running.

## OR THAT GREAT OF A MOTHER

I became a mom in a season where most of my friends were still in college, much less thinking about marriage or starting families. I was twenty-one when I got pregnant, had been married for eight months, and honestly, I didn't even slightly mind being the one in my group of friends to go first. My oldest child is now rounding the corner to twelve years old, and half my friends still don't have kids. But I *love* that we share our lives with people in diverse stages of life and always have. Our kiddos have grown up with the best spiritual aunts and uncles—single or newly married friends who have the margin and passion to invest in them—but what they don't have is a plethora of playdates, since we don't spend time exclusively with other families who have kids our age.

My first child was born into a community where we were literally the only people our age having children, but we made a move (across the country) to Seattle just before our second was born. Then we had our third baby just a year after the second. So we were twenty-four and twenty-five with three children under three, living literally as far as we could be (while staying in America) from our families. God provided abundant

community quickly—friends who are still some of our closest to date, and to top it off, they were all our age and having kids quickly, like us.

You know what happens when you go from being the only mom in her young twenties to being one in a crowd? Or, moreover, when the crowd you're in is filled with women who've always dreamed of being mothers? They all made their own baby food, talked about homeschooling, and wore their babies in slings. These were essentially *professional moms*. They knew so much more about the whole enterprise than I ever could. And the kids?! The kids were like baby geniuses. How could they not be, with wildly intentional mothers speaking life and hope and learning into them all day?

My motherhood plan was essentially this: *wing it*. We did a lot of baby food in plastic containers and PBS up until that point. Not being around other mothers had allowed me to live in the dark, oblivious to the horrible phenomenon termed the “Mommy Wars,” but suddenly my eyes were opened. There *was* a competition, and I was incredibly behind.

Not sure what I mean? Think about this in your community: *Who is the cute mom?* You know, the one who always looks good and whose kids always look good. You've mentioned it to her, or maybe you only say it when she's not there. *Which one is the healthy mom?* Her kids have the most nutritious snacks, and you won't catch an ounce of plastic anywhere near them. *Who's the mom with the vibrant marriage?* Everyone is so impressed because they still make it on regular date nights or anniversary getaways. They're so in love! Motherhood hasn't fazed her!

For whatever reason, motherhood brings the race to be the

best to the surface like no other. And we unknowingly partner with it when we label and even laud one another. In all three books I've written, I've talked about my friend Karen in some way, shape, or form because she really is one of the wisest and most pure-hearted friends I have. And she is an *incredible* mom, mostly because she somehow constantly rises above what is expected of her and just does what God tells her to do.

But one day I was with a crew of women, most of whom don't have children, who were privately praising Karen and her motherhood in a way that made me uncomfortable. It wasn't jealousy; I took myself out of the running to be the best mom years ago. What messed with me was that I was hearing their acclaim with fresh ears—I was hearing how much pressure we put on one another to be perfect.

"She's so calm!"

"She literally *never* yells."

"She's so creative!"

"She's read so many books, and she's always reading to her girls."

I loved Karen enough to want these women to see the best in her, even if she *did* yell, even if she *lost her chill*, even if she ran out of things to do with her kids and stuck them in front of a Disney movie for an afternoon. I wanted them to see that Karen was an incredible mom, the absolute best mom for the job, because she was the one God had given to those girls *on purpose*. And what made her motherhood so life-giving to watch was this one thing: *she believed she was the girl for the job*. It wasn't because she was spinning her wheels trying to be her best; it was because she was resting on His strength and just shining where He placed her.

As I said, I had to take myself out of the running for the contest of best mom years ago. I don't remember exactly when it happened, I only know that I don't ever want to be back in the race. God showed me that when I am trying to be the best mom in the eyes of everyone else, the people who lose are the ones I'm trying to mother. There's a choice to pursue the prize for the best (through likes on social media, the approval of my peers, or meeting some arbitrary standard of perfection) or to be present, and I often choose incorrectly. When I love my kids—specifically, how they *need* to be loved, to the glory of God and for the praise of no one else—it might not look all that sparkly to the outside world. But that's okay, because I'm the girl for the *unique job of mothering my own children*, not the winner of the best mom race. I've taken myself out of the running. And I've never known so much freedom.

## LET'S QUIT NOW

You may not care a thing about beauty, and motherhood might not be on your radar. I realize these are easy examples for some of us to relate to and easy for others of us to dismiss. But it doesn't change the undeniable truth that somewhere in your life, there is temptation to measure up, to compete, to stand out, to rank. Where in your life do you feel a constant or frequent desire to look to the left or the right and compare yourself to others? Maybe you'd never admit you're trying to be the best, but quietly you're spinning your wheels. You might never dream of saying it out loud to another human, but you're silently exploring where you rank at \_\_\_\_\_.

Maybe you picked up this book out of that need, out of that desire to rise to the top or, at the very least, to find the confidence to begin running at all. Maybe you grabbed it because you're in need of the world's biggest spiritual pep talk or because no one has ever equated you with being able, special, fruitful, or appointed.

If so, I'm sorry to tell you that at the very beginning of this book, *the very first thing I'm going to ask you to do is quit. Give up. Surrender.*

In the race to be the best woman.

The best servant.

The most authentic.

The most hospitable.

The most encouraging.

The most studious.

The most creative.

The best mom.

The most energetic.

The best listener.

The most effortlessly put together.

The most successful small business owner.

The funniest.

The best wife.

The most empathetic.

The most justice-minded.

The fittest.

The most capable.

The cleanest.

The cutest.

The most self-sufficient.  
The best leader.  
The most quiet.  
The healthiest.  
The most fun and spontaneous.  
The most positive.  
The best friend.  
The most productive.

Whatever it is for you, whatever goal or attribute or personality characteristic you've decided is important for you to master, even maybe to excel in, passing those around you, I'm going to ask you to quit it. And here are a couple of reasons why:

*We cannot seek God's glory and our own at the same time.* If any part of our hearts is divided, seeking to win rather than seeking to wonder at His goodness, let's just quit right now.

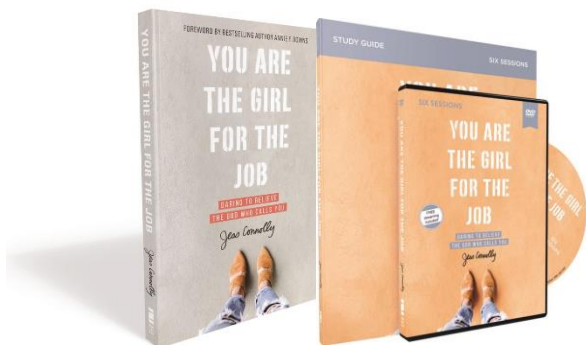
*We can't seek to be the girl for the job and the girl who wins at the same time.* You are the girl for the job, and I'm going to spend the rest of this book telling you why we can biblically stand on that truth, unpacking how we can actively obey the call He's given us. But we can't go forward trying to win the award for any of those things mentioned above while we seek to be obedient to what He's particularly called us to.

Our Father in heaven, He's the best, He's the ultimate, and He's here for His glory. Because He calls us, we do have a race to run. But it's not *our* race. It's not a race in which we win the prize and claim the glory for ourselves. It's *His* race, aimed at bringing as many people under the light and life of His love as possible.

Therefore we also, since we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which so easily ensnares us, and let us run with endurance the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and has sat down at the right hand of the throne of God. (Hebrews 12:1–2 NKJV)

The first breaking, burdensome weight we're going to have to lay aside to love well is the desire to be the best. So let's give up now. Let's quit. *Let's take ourselves out of the running.* I'm going to spend the rest of the book making a case to convince you that you're the girl for the job. But truly: it's God's job, God's strength, God's power, and God's grace that actually get the work done. To step into this truth, to take our rightful place in this narrative, we've got to take ourselves out of the running for His job and take ourselves out of any race that pits us against other people or ourselves. To start, we've got to quit.





# YOU ARE THE GIRL FOR THE JOB

*By Jess Connolly*

**Life is too short to get stuck in a holding pattern.**

Have you ever let doubt, hesitation, and comparison hold you back from embracing that deep tug on your heart—your calling from God? The lie far too many of us believe is that we are not the right person to impact whatever circumstance or situation we face. But the truth is that God has placed you exactly where you are for exactly what is before you. You **ARE** the girl for the job.

*You Are the Girl for the Job* will not only show you how to make a difference, but it will give you a jumpstart into confident, purposed living. Face your fears, catch the vision, make a plan, and finally live like you believe you were destined for God's call on your life. Dive into Scripture and see just how perfectly planned every element of your story has been to get you right here, right now, ready and fully equipped to take off and join God in His mission.

**LEARN MORE**