

Romans 5:8 | Who are you?

Before you even read the rest of this devotion, go around and answer that question. After you've finished, we'll come back to why your answer matters.

My family's planning on remodeling our kitchen, so lately I've been on a few trips to our local Lowe's with my mom to shop for refrigerators and ovens and other things you'd find in a typical kitchen. On one such trip, we went specifically to check out the fridges, and we naturally stumbled upon a glorious-looking Samsung one with a touch-screen and everything.

I didn't even know Samsung made fridges.

Anyway, the price was originally listed at something like \$2500, but it's since been crossed out with one of those red slashes and reduced to a solid price of \$1499.99. The 99 cents are there to throw you off to make it seem like you're saving more money than you actually are.

So pretty soon we figured out why the thing was a thousand dollars off—there was this tiny dent near the bottom left corner on one of the doors and a minor scratch mark where the water & ice cube dispenser was located. My mom and I both scoffed and were like, “*Psh* no wonder they're trying to get rid of this thing. Nobody wants it in **this** condition.”

Today's verse goes something like this: “*But God demonstrates His own love toward us, in that while we were still sinners, Christ died for us.*”

See, the \$1500 fridge is actually quite a steal; realistically, if you never glance at the front of your fridge for more than, idunno: 3 seconds? You probably wouldn't ever notice the damage. But let's say for the sake of my blatant metaphor that **we're** the refrigerators and **we** got beat up a lot worse than the Samsung one—as in, our touch screens don't work, our doors don't open, and even if you **could** open us, we're not even cold inside. Imagine Jesus strolling down the fridge isle and He comes upon us and He sees that we were once worth an unimaginable amount of money, but our price tag now says, “*1 Cent or less, if that's even possible.*” When we were given the choice to love God and we chose not to, we broke.

But Jesus didn't haggle. He didn't say “Um, actually...Dad? Maybe we could find one that hmm...idunno. *WORKS??*” Jesus said, “What is this nonsense. No. I'm going to pay for ALL these so-called “garbage” fridges for FULL PRICE,” and he brought us home and was determined to fix us even if it killed him. He let us kill him just so he could fix us.

That, guys, is the **ridiculous** love of God. It's ridiculous to us because we wouldn't think we're worth the trouble *OR* the cost. It's ridiculous because we were worthless and purposeless. *What good is a refrigerator that can't even keep your food cold?* But God saved us from our brokenness.

The **creator** of the **universe**—who could have done **anything** else **instead** of saving us—willingly chose to do this so that we could focus on Him again.

What I really want you to do is to remember what you've read. It's probably safe to say that storms will come up at some point. If life is really great for you, that's awesome. I hope life *keeps* being great for you. Still, even though those storms may not come until years later, you can count on them probably wrecking you when they do.

Maybe it'll look like a day, week, month, or even a year of overwhelming "*feelsbad*". Maybe you want to be liked by people at school, but it feels like no one really likes or notices you for just being you. Maybe you feel like you're useless because you don't quite meet the academic standards your parents set for you or the ones you've set for yourself. Maybe you've just gone through the worst break-up of your life or maybe you have a ton of friends, but you've never felt lonelier. Or maybe you get to the point where it feels like nothing matters and you're just living apathetically, day-by-day.

It's easy to fall into the "God-Doesn't-Love-Me" trap when things like that are going on, and it's easy to go into "That's-Life-Just-Deal-With-It" mode when disappointment gets to feel like a daily thing. But at that moment, think about who or what you're placing your self-worth in, and think about refrigerators.

We're going to the fair to evangelize—that's what this team has been about all this time. Some of us are going to be on stage, using our bodies and our voices to speak to the masses, and others are going to be in the front, talking to strangers and asking how they're doing and whether or not this is the first time they've seen our dramas. There may be times when we've given it our all and we're sweating and breathing hard and absolutely no one's watching. Or maybe while we're speaking some people lose interest and walk away. Out in the front, maybe that conversation didn't go completely as planned and you're left feeling awkward and cold. Who are you at that moment?

Don't let your schoolwork, or how you look, or what other people say about you, or how successful you are define you—because all of that can change real quick. Don't even identify with your ministry. How you perform at the fair is **not** a reflection of who you are. All of that is metaphorically building your house on sand. Instead, remember that crazy thing God did for you over 2000 years ago, and how you're not a broken refrigerator because you were *never* garbage to God. You were always **worth** something to Him, and you are—to this day—**loved** by Him. Remember that **that's** why your life matters: because while we were still sinners, Christ died for us.

There are going to be people walking by our tent who measure their worth based on how much money they make or how funny they are or how many friends they've got or how attractive they are, and whether or not that's actually working out for them, soon it's going to be your mission to tell them about who they *really* are.

So what matters to you? How do you measure success? In all honesty, how do you define yourself?