

Praise for *Uncommon*

“Before I ever opened the book, just the title *Uncommon* captivated me, prompting me to want to know more. I sat down with my coffee in hand and began to read, Carey’s words reminding me that there is nothing common about who we are or what each one of our lives will look like, but the beauty of who we are is walking in His will by saying yes no matter what. Quickly, I noted the following quote in my journal, *‘Being uncommon in this world takes a strong woman with some guts and grit.’* I am fired up and ready to step back in and be *Uncommon*. Thank you, Carey!”

—Shari Rigby, Actress, *October Baby*, Director of
The Dream Center, Speaker, and Writer of *Beautifully Flawed:
Finding Your Radiance in the Imperfections of Your Life*

“If you’re comfortable with mediocrity, don’t bother opening this book. But if you’ve been longing to escape the mundane? . . . Throughout these pages, you’ll hear the voice of the best kind of friend: one who’s been there, who gets where you’re at, and who wants to see you grow far beyond the status quo. Carey equips you to step boldly into the intentional, countercultural, uncommon life God created you for and calls you to live.”

—Cheri Gregory, Coauthor of *Overwhelmed:
How to Quiet the Chaos and Restore Your Sanity*

“Being uncommon in this world takes a strong woman with some guts and grit. I give a big yes and amen to that. Carey has written this book so beautifully, while filling it with such practical life-changing insights and encouragement. You will be encouraged to live an uncommon life, no matter what comes your way.”

—Alli Worthington, Author of *Breaking Busy: How to Find Peace and
Purpose in a World of Crazy* and *Fierce Faith: A Woman’s Guide
to Fighting Fear, Wrestling Worry and Overcoming Anxiety*

“In a world that seems to be in a race to the lowest common denominator, Scott calls us higher with *Uncommon*. She surrounds us with a crowd of exemplary women from scripture, equips us with verses to cling to and prayers to pray, and pushes us forward with the voice of a friend and coach. *Uncommon* is the book that’s needed for women of our day.”

—Amy Carroll, Author of *Breaking Up with Perfect*,
Proverbs 31 Ministries Speaker and Writer

“Carey Scott takes the word ‘uncommon’ and unpacks it into a positive experience through the lens of Scripture. This book is saturated with depth—something women are seeking as they dig into their own identities as daughters of the King. You’ll want to read it twice: once alone as you cry, and again with a group of friends on the same journey of uncommon womanhood. Get out your highlighters and get started on this book today!”

—Christine Abraham, Founder and
Ministry Director at Women’s Bible Café

“*Uncommon* offers honesty, vulnerability, and courage that will challenge you in a world that is screaming, ‘Not enough!’ Carey is lovable and beyond inspiring as she shares her vulnerabilities and personal stories that will make you laugh

out loud and cry at the same time. A heartfelt and tender read that will move you, captivate you, and encourage you to be. . . uncommon.”

—Melody Lovvorn, Co-Founder of Undone Redone,
Creator of My Secure Family & Perfectly Imperfect Marriage

“Every fiber of our being craves comfort. Add that to the pull of our fears, our selfishness, our desire to not make waves, and we can easily live a ‘safe,’ but unremarkable life. Carey issues a loving, beautiful challenge to live life boldly, deliberately, to dare to be different in a world that demands conformity. She writes with such beautiful authenticity because, well, she’s not normal. And I mean that in the best possible way. Carey is living the uncommon life. Over and over again, she uses real-life and biblical examples that powerfully illustrate the amazing and sweet God who meets us when we dare to live a life that, choice-by-choice, reflects His uncommon love, boldness, kindness, and generosity. A life that is anything but normal, but one that leaves us in grateful awe of the mind-blowing grace and power He is just waiting to display through us.”

—Melinda Means, Speaker and Author of *Invisible Wounds: Hope While You're Hurting*

“Carey’s words pack a powerful punch from the very first page. This book gives us permission to step away from perfectionism and into the life of freedom God desires for us. If you’re looking for peace, if you’re ready to make a change in your life, if you want the freedom of heart promised by God, this is a guidebook to get you there. I cried, I laughed, I pondered. . . and most of all, I found myself reflected in Carey’s words.”

—Jill Hart, Founder of Christian Work at Home Ministries and Author of *Do Life Different*

“A refreshing and motivational call-to-action, Carey Scott offers us another book filled with wisdom, insight, and down-to-earth girl talk—a how-to for adding depth and beauty to our daily lives.”

—Varina Denman, Author of *Looking Glass Lies*

“As Christians, we are called to live differently, but how should we do this? Often we think it’s about standing up for and upholding what we believe are Christian principles. Carey teaches us another way. She champions us to stand out from the crowd and be extraordinary in our ordinary day-to-day moments and encounters. However, Carey never asks us to do anything she hasn’t done or wouldn’t do herself. She draws us in through her struggles, many common to all of us, and encourages us to be *Uncommon*.”

—Rachel Britton, Writer, Blogger, and Speaker

“Through what truly felt like comfortable conversation with a good friend, Carey reminded me why it matters deeply that believers live the way God intended—as salt and light. Every chapter encouraged me with examples of women in the Bible who modeled this kind of life and were blessed for it, along with very practical action steps that convinced me I really can do hard things! *Uncommon* is one of those rare and wonderful books I enjoyed from start to finish and will no doubt be pulling back off the shelf to refer to again and again for personal accountability and for guidance in mentoring others.”

—Amy Hale, Online Bible Study Leader and Teacher

Un- Common

PURSUING A LIFE OF
PASSION AND PURPOSE

CAREY SCOTT

SHILOH RUN  PRESS

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Our mission is to publish and distribute inspirational products offering exceptional value and biblical encouragement to the masses.



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Dedication

This book is dedicated to the woman who has believed
for so long that being different isn't a bad thing.

Maybe you've had it right all along.

Good for you.

Rock on, sister.

Acknowledgments

Wayne, you are a one-in-a-million kind of husband, and your unwavering support makes what I do possible. Thank you for carrying an extra load from time to time so I can walk out my calling. Thank you for being a cheerleader when I doubt my words. Thank you for being an encourager when I feel unworthy. Thank you for putting up with my crazy. Such a man is uncommon.

Sam and Sara. You two are why I want to be uncommon! I want to give you a compelling reason to live differently than the world. I want to teach you to love with all you have and know right from wrong with the same measure of passion. You are the next generation of influencers, and I am excited to watch as your lives point others to God. You are extraordinary, and I love being your mom.

Jessie Kirkland, the most amazing agent to walk planet earth, you may never know how much I treasure your friendship. You've fought for me and my work in uncommon ways, through the best times and the hardest times, and I'm sure your heavenly crown will be fitted with the biggest jewel on record. I promise to help you hold your head up from its weight. You are—hands down—one of my favorites.

To Lisa Kyle, Julie Thomas, Sherry Snead, and the rest of my powerful tribe of warriors, you have worked overtime to keep me sane. Literally. Thank you for being available. Thank you for being willing to walk into deep waters with me. And thank you for pouring your love and wisdom into my life. You are the very essence of uncommon.

Kelly McIntosh and the entire team at Barbour Publishing, thank you for saying yes to *Uncommon*. That you would want to publish a book like this tells me you're a different kind of house. I couldn't be more excited to partner with you.

And thanks to you—the sweet woman holding this book. I wrote these words *for* you and *because* of you. As I typed away at my computer, I kept seeing your face, and it spurred me on. My hope is that you develop passion for the truth as you learn to walk out your God-created purpose. What a gift you will be to the world as you do. Through these pages, God is calling you higher. He is calling you deeper. And I am challenging you, #beUncommon.

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CHAPTER 1

The Common Life

I laid my hands on my belly and prayed right there in the kitchen.

Father, I don't want this. My family needs me. Please don't ask me to carry this burden. But Lord, if this is part of Your perfect plan—and if my journey will help one woman find You—I'll take it.

That day, in all my fear and anxiety and confusion, with tears spilling out of my eyes, after weeks of being in a fetal position, I accepted the possible assignment of ovarian cancer. The pathology report from a routine I-don't-want-my-period-anymore hysterectomy showed a small spot on my uterus with ovarian cancer cells. And four different pathologists found it.

Cancer.

It's the word we dread more than any other. It's the diagnosis we never want to hear. And my doctor spoke it as we sat in the exam room. I could tell something wasn't right when I first saw her face, but *this* had never crossed my mind. Cancer wasn't part of the plan. My appointment that day was to remove stitches. Not this. And as my two kids—then seven and eight—enjoyed extra screen time as they sat in the waiting room, their only concern was what flavor of ice cream they were going to order at Dairy Queen on the way home.

But my concern was heavy enough for all of us.

Am I going to die? That was my next question—one with no immediate answer. I'd have to meet with an oncologist who would run tests to get a better understanding of the spot and the cells, and then determine the next steps. But that wasn't now. Now was the time I had to muster every bit of strength so I could hold it together for my kids. Now was when I had to get control of my thought life so I didn't fall into the pit of hopelessness. Now was the season when I needed to press into God with all my might so I could navigate this situation well.

I gathered my kids and drove to Dairy Queen. It took determination not to burst into tears as I watched them eat their ice cream from the rearview mirror. I was so thankful for the oversized sunglasses. They were the only thing hiding the fear and confusion in my eyes. And when we got home, I turned on a movie to distract them as I slipped away into my bathroom to gather my thoughts. I called my husband and my parents and others who needed to know. And then I lost it.

The cancer center waiting room was decorated with great intentions of bringing light and hope to those who sat in it. But regardless, it was filled by patients and family members with empty, blank stares. And as I sat there with my husband, I silently prayed for God to intervene.

The oncologist was cold and young, and he ran lots of tests that involved needles—something that unnerved me even more. We listened as the doctor made the case for removing my ovaries and possibly more based on what they had discovered. At that point, neither of us would argue with his suggestions. I couldn't help but feel sorrowful that a part of what made me a woman was about to be removed.

This choice wasn't for me to make—it was a choice made for me. It's funny how you define yourself as a woman by the organs that help create or sustain life. Maybe you know just what I'm talking about.

And I began asking God tough questions: *Why do bad things keep happening to me? When is enough. . . enough?*

Let's just say I haven't lived a charmed life. From sexual abuse at age four to a minefield of other painful encounters with men growing up to an embarrassing divorce with my first husband plus a million more “you've got to be kidding me” moments, life had been anything but charming. Or easy. And because I thought maybe God would let the second half of my life ease up, I certainly didn't see this coming. I was at the crossroads of *questioning* God and *trusting* God, and I had a choice to make.

He brought back to mind a vision from years earlier where He revealed plans for a speaking ministry. And I had watched in awe as random invitations to speak came my way. God had been opening doors only He could open. So deep down, I knew He was trustworthy and had good plans for my future. But this was real life in Technicolor, and I wondered if I could trust God in this life-and-death situation, too.

The timing was horrible. My husband and I were in crisis mode with our son, who was reeling from the horrible and painful effects of a third-grade bullying situation. He needed me now more than ever. And my daughter needed a mom to teach her about being a woman of God, something I was excited and honored to share with her. I knew my husband didn't want to think about raising this family without me. We'd fought hard for the marriage we had, and the thought of being apart was too much. *I can't die now. My*

family needs me. Why is this happening?

It's easy to trust God when the stakes are low, but this wasn't one of those times. There was so much to lose. . .so many lives to mess up. . .so many dreams hanging in the balance. Believe me, God and I had conversations. Lots of them. But with each prayer, with each scripture read, with each worship song that passed through my lips, things began to shift in me. Fear became hope. Anger became resolve. And questions became praise.

I decided to reach out on social media, asking for prayer and sharing my journey. I'm pretty sure I was on every prayer list from LA to NYC. My online community rallied around me in such a profound way—an uncommon way. And I felt loved and cared for and encouraged with each message and post. This unexpected support system blessed me more than I can even put into words. Community is a powerful weapon.

So as I stood in the kitchen that day praying and laying my own hands on the part of my abdomen directly in front of my ovaries—standing at the intersection of *questioning* and *trusting*, of *fear* and *courage*—an immediate calm overcame my heart, and worry gave way to bravery. And in an instant of complete surrender, I told my Creator that if it was His will for cancer to be part of my story, then so be it.

That response was anything but common. And it was a sharp left turn from what my prayer had been. Something had changed.

In that moment, God gave me a complete peace the world couldn't understand—a peace I couldn't even fully understand. His presence in the room was so thick, and I felt His supernatural strength infuse me. Even typing this

out, I'm struggling to find the perfect words to describe an experience that was unexplainable. Maybe you know exactly what I am talking about because you've experienced it, too. There are powerful moments when God collides with our anxious hearts, and the results are profound. That sacred moment created a new resolve in me for the assignment I felt God might have ordained for me. And looking back—because I didn't realize it then—I was making a conscious decision to be uncommon by saying. . .*yes*.

That's what God does for us when we seek Him. That's what happens when we press into the Perfect One for help. That's what happens when we give God permission to use our story. He exchanges our ordinary for extraordinary. But it's a choice—every day and in every situation. Being uncommon takes guts and grit and a willingness to surrender.

Some of those days between the doctor's diagnosis and my kitchen prayer time were pretty messy. I cried and screamed at God for letting this happen. I hid under the covers, feeling hopeless. I pleaded with God, reminding Him of the two kids He gave me to steward—ones who deeply needed their mama. I told God that while my husband was an amazing father, he would not make the best mother. And I began isolating myself. I hate good-byes.

Don't you think all of those responses make sense? Because when life throws punches and knocks us to our knees, sometimes we struggle to find a way to get back up again. It takes time to catch our breath and find our footing. Even if we're connected to the heart of God, sucker punches hurt. We still get scared. And even more, they can make us second-guess God and His ability and willingness to help us.

Maybe you've responded to life's surprises in these sorts

of ways in the past. These responses are not only common, but they make us mortal. Hey, we're not perfect, right? I call them "fleshy" moments because we take our eyes off God and act out of human emotions. We cower before the scary-looking giant standing in front of us. We let the fear of our circumstances seep into our thoughts. We feel small and vulnerable. And it scares us.

I completely understand what it's like to doubt God's sovereignty, faithfulness, or trustworthiness when we get scary news from the doctor. And when our future feels uncertain, I know how normal it is to let fear get the best of us. We've all struggled to love the unlovable and forgive the unforgivable, especially when they've been the cause of our pain. And we all have a rebellious streak (or four) that often entices us to ignore truth and respond the way that feels good in the moment. It's "normal." But friend, we weren't called to be normal.

Let's unpack the tendency we have to respond in "common" ways even further. Think back to a time or two when you should have persevered but instead gave up on something or someone because it just took too much effort. Do you remember having the perfect opportunity to share your faith, but you let it pass because you were worried what others might think of you? And who hasn't felt like their prayers hit the ceiling, so they just gave up asking? Too often, we decide waiting for God to intervene isn't working—we worry He is going to be late—so we try to fix it ourselves instead. And in the hustle and bustle of life, I bet we've all put God at the very end (or close enough) on our to-do list. Common, right?

Maybe you have a friend who is a cup-half-empty woman, so you avoid her calls rather than encouraging her to see life

differently. Maybe they don't include you in the group, so you gossip behind their backs to help justify those feelings of rejection. Maybe your husband asks for forgiveness, but you're slow to give it because you enjoy the power. Or maybe you have the chance to give someone grace, but instead you allow your sense of justice to take over. Typical responses, yes?

Maybe your kids act out at school and you overpunish because you're worried their actions will make you look like a bad mom. Or when another kid is mean to your child at school, you heap blame on his or her mom and decide your own parenting skills are superior. When people cut you off on the freeway, you scream at them because they were wrong. And when life gets hard, you step into the victim role and milk the attention for all it's worth. Aren't those normal and justified?

The truth is that it's easy to yell in anger and gossip in our hurt. It's easy to give the silent treatment when someone makes us mad. It's easy to quit when it gets hard. It's easy to have a crisis of faith when God doesn't answer prayers the way we want them answered. It's easy to make quick decisions without seeking His will. It's easy to dislike others, especially when they stand for something different. And sister, this list isn't even exhaustive.

I'm guessing you found yourself somewhere in those last few paragraphs. Sweet mother, I know I did. Having these common responses to life is something that unites us, because we all have them—every single one of us. I'm not saying it's a good thing. I'm just saying it's a *normal* thing. Can you see how easy it is to live the common life? It has become our default button, and here's why. . .

Most of us were taught to go with the flow. . .follow the

crowd. . .fit in at all costs. . .avoid the spotlight. We were told to be normal—whatever that meant. We were taught to blend in so we would avoid standing out. We probably watched our parents try to live this way and took our cue from them. And so we grew up doing the same thing everyone else was doing, because we learned the hard way that being different—being uncommon—was unacceptable.

Most of us weren't encouraged to be special or to stand out. And if we were, it was only to an acceptable or appropriate level. Few of us felt comfortable rocking the boat too much because we might get noticed for the wrong things. We weren't encouraged to take risks and try new, inventive ways of doing things. Instead, we learned to follow the leader and stick to the unwritten rules within our families and even in our culture. We didn't want to do anything that might bring criticism, judgment, or negative labels our way, so we opted for the status quo. And if we did choose to be different or step out in another direction, it was probably because everyone else was doing it, too. No wonder we are where we are today.

If you journeyed through my last book *Untangled: Let God Loosen the Knots of Insecurity in Your Life*, my hope is God uncovered places where you didn't (or don't) feel special. I pray He revealed and healed *I'm-not-good-enough* lies that knotted up your confidence as a woman, a wife, a mom, a friend, and a daughter. These lies have the power to make us feel ordinary because they trigger feelings of inferiority and insignificance, so we fly under the radar, hoping to be unnoticed. And through the pages of *Untangled*, we learned prayer and scripture are fail-safes to keep us from falling into the pit of common living. Even if you didn't read *Untangled*, God's

willingness to free you is just as real.

When we invite Him into our broken places, we experience freedom. The chains that have held us hostage fall away. They are lying at our feet. And when we choose to walk away from them in our God-given freedom—freedom to believe we’re good, lovable, and worthy, freedom from worrying if we have what it takes to be the woman God created us to be, freedom from being consumed by what others think of us, freedom from trying to fit into the world’s ways—we can live uncommon. God is the key.

Take a moment right now and close your eyes. Can you bring a visual of that beautiful image to mind? Now spread your arms wide, take a deep breath, and feel the freedom. See yourself taking a step away from what has tangled you for so long. The chains can’t hold you anymore. Can you see it? You are no longer a prisoner to common ways of living. Your insecurities can’t keep you afraid of standing out. Friend, it’s uncommon and it’s the way God created you to live.

Freedom is so powerful. And sometimes when it’s new, it feels foreign. Unfamiliar. You wonder, *What now?* And it’s in that unfamiliarity that we often reach down, pick up those entanglers, and try to wear them again. They have been your identity for so long. For many of us, they’re all we’ve known, and we fear changing what’s always been. We begin to crave the common life because we know how to navigate it.

When Moses led the Israelites out of their four hundred years of slavery in Egypt and into the desert, these men, women, and children tasted glorious freedom—freedom they had been crying out to God for daily. In the wilderness, gone were the days of abuse and oppression and they instead

traveled with visual reminders that God was with them. But less than three months after their miraculous exodus, they wanted Egypt again. It was familiar and predictable. And they romanticized their bondage, forgetting the hopeless conditions that smothered them.

“It would have been better if we had died by the hand of the Eternal in Egypt. At least we had plenty to eat and drink, for our pots were stuffed with meat and we had as much bread as we wanted. But now you have brought the entire community out to the desert to starve us to death” (Exodus 16:3 VOICE). Every time I begin to feel disgusted by their lapse in judgment, I’m reminded of my own. I understand their argument for the familiar.

But friend, you cannot live extraordinary when you live in the bondage of ordinary. You weren’t just created to survive. You were created to thrive.

Countless times, I’ve seen women opt for bondage rather than embrace the freedom God had delivered them into. I’ve actually been one of them—more than once. But how can we continue to justify that kind of living when we collide with Galatians 5:1? *“Christ has set us free to live a free life. So take your stand! Never again let anyone put a harness of slavery on you”* (MSG). We can’t justify it at all because freedom and bondage cannot coexist. Neither can uncommon and common. We have to choose which life we want. So let’s choose right now.

Remember the picture in your mind’s eye of standing in freedom with the tangling chains and ropes now lying at your feet? Rather than choosing to be tied to an ordinary life again, why not accept freedom and walk into a different way of living?

Will it be easy? Probably not. But that's okay. You can do hard things.

Will it be quick? Not necessarily. You didn't get here overnight, and healing won't be spontaneous either.

But I can promise you this: it will be so good. Why? Because choosing God's way over the world's way will reestablish your God-given identity. And when that happens, you'll begin to walk in the truth that you were created on purpose for a purpose. Rather than live in your own strength, you'll draw from God's strength so you can live differently—live with passion and purpose. That is how you live uncommon.

This book is all about *that* next step. It purposes to answer the question: *What does it look like to be uncommon?* I believe God will show us the way as we pursue Him. He will honor our desire to live with purpose and passion. In these pages, we'll unpack practical ways we can be different because the world needs the influence of uncommon women now more than ever. And God is extending an invitation for you and me to live in such a way that others see Him because of it.

We can't afford to sit on the sidelines any longer. Let's stop letting the Enemy discourage us into complacency. We don't have time to sit around in our mess, playing victim and making excuses. The world needs Jesus now.

Yes, it will require you to make hard choices and decisions. And yes, you will have to go against the norm. But we can do it all if we ask God for help.

The truth is that you and I are here for a reason. We have been anointed for a beautiful purpose. And like it or not, our words and actions are meant to point others to God Himself. We are His plan A. There is no plan B. Choosing

to live in common ways—ways that focus on fitting in where we were never designed to—will make us miss the point of our existence.

Let's do this together—me and you. I want my life to make a real difference in the corner of the world where God has placed me. The fact you're still holding this book in your hands is proof that maybe you do, too. I'm tired of being told I have to fit in, because I was created to stand out. Friend, so were you.

Now take a deep breath.

Find your resolve.

And buckle up.

Because it's time to be. . . *uncommon*.

CHAPTER 2

The Reason We Can Be Uncommon

*F*ive hours later, the surgery was over. My husband, my parents, and my dear friend sat waiting to hear something—anything. And as the doctor walked toward them, hope sprung up in their hearts.

“We cannot find any signs of ovarian cancer. We’ve cut and cut and cut. We ran pathology on biopsied parts during surgery, but they came back clean. And while we’re sending some samples off to a lab for further testing, I feel confident we won’t find anything.”

Wait, what? Four different pathologists from four different labs found cells of concern that indicated cancer. Tests revealed lymph nodes of concern. And the surgeon found. . . *nothing?*

When he called a few weeks later confirming the post-op test results were indeed clean, he said no follow-up treatment was necessary. “So that’s it?” And he replied, “That’s it.” I hung up the phone feeling gratitude, relief, and confusion—all at the same time.

Thank You, Lord.

I’ve often asked God how this fits into my testimony. Even today, I don’t really understand what that season in my life was all about. Did He want my full surrender? Did sharing the diagnosis and asking for prayer within my community change someone’s heart? Maybe I won’t know the

details this side of heaven, but He wanted this story in the book. And maybe it's because I believe it was a miracle.

There are many people today who believe miracles don't exist. They believe in doctrine that says spiritual gifts—like healing—ceased with the original twelve apostles. They don't believe God performs signs and wonders anymore and think the New Testament miracles happened merely to prove a point. The term for this is *cessationism*, and I don't subscribe to it.

Now that doesn't mean I think every good outcome is a miracle, nor do I believe everything bad is courtesy of the Enemy. But friend, I've just seen God move too mightily in my life to have any other reasonable explanation for the disappearance of cancer. Maybe you have had the same experience. I look back at my life and see God's fingerprints all over it. And I'm humbled by all the ways He has worked in my circumstances—and in my heart. So I'm giving Him the glory and thanks for the favorable outcome. I firmly believe He answered prayer and healed my body.

The truth is we can't fully understand God. He is unpredictable. We don't know why He heals in some situations but not in others. We can't explain His actions, and so often His will and ways confuse us more than make sense. God just doesn't perform for us like some genie in a bottle. Our Father in heaven is the essence of uncommon, which by definition means He is exceptional and remarkable. And at some point, we have to embrace that truth and appreciate He cannot be boxed up or figured out.

Psalm 115:3 (MSG) reminds us that *“our God is in heaven doing whatever he wants to do.”* He is sovereign. And even though I may not understand the details surrounding my

diagnosis, the miraculous outcome, or why I had to face the harsh consequences of surgical menopause at a young age, I trust His reasoning. Romans 8:28 (VOICE) is why I can: “*We are confident that God is able to orchestrate everything to work toward something good and beautiful when we love Him and accept His invitation to live according to His plan.*”

Chances are you’ve been confused by God in your life, too. And while He is never predictable, He is always trustworthy. God embodies everything uncommon. There is nothing normal about Him. Think about it. He doesn’t react to circumstances like we do. He is quick to give grace, always acts justly, lives in peace, and has no sin. God’s wisdom and understanding lack nothing. His ways are good and beneficial for all involved. Here’s the perfect example.

To make a way for a renewed relationship, God’s Son put on human skin and stepped out of a perfect heaven into an imperfect world. He allowed Jesus to die in brutality to bridge the gap left by sin. The cross was an uncommon way to show His love. God’s complete forgiveness in that moment was an uncommon response to our sin. And Jesus’ resurrection three days later was an uncommon way to validate Himself to humanity.

Here is where I am going to blow your mind. Ready? You—with all your flaws, faults, and failings—have the ability to be uncommon, too. And Genesis 1:27 tells us why.

In that short yet powerful scripture, we are told that we’re created in His image. The Hebrew root of the Latin phrase for *image of God* is *imago Dei*. It means shadow or likeness. Simply put, you are a reflection of God.

That means because God is uncommon, you and I are uncommon, too. It’s undeniable. We may not have His