

## Creating Goals

Welcome back!

When I was in elementary school, I remember making these “mission statements” for our lives. I can’t tell you what I wrote but boy, do I ever wish I could look back on it now! I can almost guarantee I have not lived up to whatever it was I said I would do. Goals can be tough to keep. New Year’s resolutions, diets, lifestyle changes- we all make them. Over and over again, we make them. Trying to be the best version of ourselves that we can be.

Even if we don't keep them, I believe in setting goals because I think **it's so good for the soul to set our minds on hope the future, while intentionally living in the present.**

So long as our goals are open to change, they can be excellent *motivators* for us to become our very best selves.

The reason I say we need to leave them open to change is because God is not predictable and I don't want you to make the mistake of putting the scope of His blessings for your life into *a human-made box of limitations*. We have to leave space for God to work if we want to go BIG places with Him and show His glory.

When we have loved ones with addictions, our goals can be set to the side. In fact, our goals can become so *unimportant* and *hard to work toward* that we forget about them entirely. We may let them sit so long that we're unable to pick them back up and they have become *regrets*; Baggage, further weighing us down.

I know how that feels. I was a hairstylist with a very fast-growing clientele and had a good thing going when I met my husband. I joyfully put my goals to the side to follow

him to New York City, not realizing how difficult it would be to work there. I had to apply for a work permit, that took seven months. Then I got pregnant, that took another 9 months (I have high-risk pregnancies, no standing for long periods of time, no walking, no lifting, no stressing allowed). Then I had a new baby in the throws of my husband's addiction while he went off to treatment. *Twice*. I could go on but the point is, I set my personal goals off to the side for what I thought would be a very short time and before I knew it, *four years had passed* before I went back to work as a hairstylist. By the time I went back, I realized my heart wasn't in it to start over again and I was left goalless. *In an instant, the past decade of my life was gone*. Everything I'd worked for was all for naught.

I found myself lost and thinking, **“Now what do I do?”**.

I applied for jobs and tried to figure out my next career move but nothing was working well with my life. My husband was still in treatment and I was restricted in what I was able to do both financially and time-wise. Not to mention, I had nothing on my resume for the last decade except “mom” and “hairstylist”. Trust me, no employers look at that and think, “That girl must be intelligent, I'd love to hire her!”. After four months of applying for jobs, **I didn't get one phone call.**

“Lord, I am stuck!” I said.

I went through what we all go through when trying to figure out life, asking myself a million questions and running through every possible option, *“Maybe I should go back to school?”*, *“Maybe I should just get an easy job that pays well and stop looking for a career?”*, *“Maybe I should stay home until the kids are older?”*... my lawyer suggested I get a job in a factory, apparently that was all I was qualified to do in his eyes.

I have a feeling you can relate when I say that I knew God had something better out there for me than that. Writing was something I had always loved to do but the picture of a “poor writer” popped into my head every time I thought about becoming one. Not to mention, it seems everyone was a writer and yet, I didn’t know one person who successfully made a living out of it. Journalist? Sure. Freelance writer and social media manager? Yep. Writer... who just writes *stuff*? Nope. Not-a-one. But I decided that since I was already poor and had nothing left to lose at that point, no one was hiring me anyway, I may as well try to be a writer in the meantime because who knows- you just never know.

That was a little over a year ago and now here we are today. Yes, I’m still a broke writer but I now have dreams and goals to be a broke writer full-time. I’m telling you all this because I want you to know that **there is a dream in your heart the enemy will try to steal from you in this mess.** The small, seed of a dream from God is the one you always convince yourself that you’re *not good enough for or cannot do.* **But that seed is a piece of you. A dream placed on your heart from birth, woven into the fabric of your personality and calling you into more.**

Wouldn’t you like to live a life of more? More *purpose*, more *interest*, more *joy*, more *success*- just more? More of the good and less of the bad. Well, we do that by introducing more good. The hope is that eventually the good will *outnumber*, *outweigh* and *overcome* the bad.

So today, we’re going to make some goals and we’re going to summarize them with an elementary-school style mission statement. In your homework, you’ll work through goal-setting worksheets and when you’re finished, summarize it all with a personal mission statement (we could also call it a “personal mantra”).

I want you to print out your mantra and put it beside your bed. Write it on a post-it-note and stick it on the bathroom mirror. Write it in your journal. Put it on a piece of paper in your car. Put it everywhere to continually remind yourself of the goals we're making today.

I'll see you in the next video!