

Dealing with comparison is easy as long as you don't own a phone, use the internet, or ever leave the house. If you, like me, do any of those things, though, you're going to need Nona's new book. To get to the heart of who you are and the root of comparison, read this!

JON ACUFF, *New York Times* bestselling author of
Soundtracks: The Surprising Solution to Overthinking

This book is all things Nona Jones—strength, individuality, and daring vulnerability wrapped up in one amazing message glorifying Christ! From the first page, *Killing Comparison* takes you on a journey from feeling insecure over your differences to truly feeling valued for the very same reasons.

SADIE ROBERTSON HUFF, author, speaker, and founder of Live Original

In her masterful work *Killing Comparison*, Nona Jones exposes and addresses one of the major contributors to people failing to experience their best life and become their best self: comparison. This work is timely, necessary, and destined to set people free.

DR. DHARIUS DANIELS, lead pastor of Change Church, author
of *Relational Intelligence* and *Your Purpose Is Calling*

In a world that seems determined to make us believe we aren't good enough comes *Killing Comparison*. Nona Jones has taken a well-known Bible story and turned it on its head to help us see with new eyes how to get free from comparison-born insecurity. This is a message everyone needs to read.

CAREY NIEUWHOF, bestselling author, podcaster, and
founder of the Art of Leadership Academy

Whether you are a single woman, corporate executive, Sunday school teacher, or high school student, you need the message of *Killing Comparison*. Nona Jones has stripped insecurity down to its core to help us see it for what it is and get free from its toxic grip on our hearts.

DR. ANITA PHILLIPS, LCSW-C, trauma therapist,
host of the *In the Light* podcast

Ever have the gnawing feeling that you just don't measure up? Well, fear no longer. Nona Jones, in *Killing Comparison*, kills the notion that you aren't good enough. Nona tackles negative self-talk and the external forces that attempt to put a lid on the potential inside you. A must-read!

DR. A. R. BERNARD, founder and senior pastor of the Christian Cultural Center, author of *Four Things Women Want from a Man*

Killing Comparison is the book we all need to read to stay grounded in the truth about our identity. It's easy to believe the lie that we don't measure up when every magazine article and social media post seems to focus on our deficiencies. But Nona Jones lovingly reminds us that "even what we lack has purpose."

ANTHONY O'NEAL, #1 *Wall Street Journal* bestselling author and speaker

KILLING
comparison



KILLING *comparison*

Reject the Lie You
Aren't Good Enough
and Live Confident in Who
God Made You to Be

NONA JONES

 **ZONDERVAN
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Killing Comparison

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*To everyone who has ever felt like you were less-than
because it seemed like someone else was more.*



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AN INVITATION TO KILL COMPARISON

If you're anything like me, you have probably read several books about insecurity. To grapple with my own issues, I have read books by incredibly thoughtful and wise authors; some are well-known Bible teachers and others are well-respected therapists. But as insightful as I found many of those books to be, the reason I wrote this book is because some of those books felt clinical. They felt detached. They felt more like theological medicine than a personal journey toward healing from insecurity.

Therefore, when I decided to write this book, I chose to provide my personal, honest, unfiltered journey, something that requires a level of vulnerability that makes my heart palpitate. No, really; with every keystroke I found my heart racing because I had to put on display some feelings and imperfections that I would prefer to keep hidden. My biggest fear, in full transparency, was that someone would read this and think, "Whew, she's a mess. Why would anyone ever listen to her?" But I've laid myself bare on these pages because your freedom is worth the cost of my pride.

AN INVITATION TO KILL COMPARISON

I want you to know you are not alone. I want you to know you are not broken. I want you to know you hold my heart in your hands because you hold my truth in your hands. But it isn't my truth alone. It is *ours*. My hope is that, after you read this book, you will experience the true and lasting peace that comes only from killing the toxic comparison that so desperately wants to destroy your sense of identity and worth. My prayer is that you will stand boldly and confidently in the truth that nothing you *do* can make you more worthy than simply being who you *are* in Jesus. Let's get started.

“Let the one who boasts boast in the Lord.” For it is not the one who commends himself who is approved, but the one whom the Lord commends. (2 Corinthians 10:17–18)

Part One

**THE LIES THEY
TOLD ME**



Chapter One

EVERYONE IS INVITED ... EXCEPT YOU

I leaped out of bed when the alarm signaled it was time to wake up and hit the pavement. Ten minutes later, I was outside pressing “start running” on my fitness app and putting in my earbuds to listen to a worship music playlist. I was excited to run because the cool, crisp mornings between winter and spring are my favorite time of year. Although the April sky was still dark, threads of orange and purple streaked across it as the sun rose. My heart was light and joyful despite the unsettling times we had all been recently thrust into as the pandemic brought the world to a screeching halt.

Around mile four I began a conversation with God. I thanked him for my life, family, work, ministry, friendships, and the gift of healthy lungs that allow me to run. I prayed for wisdom to carry me and my team through an unknown future—one that

THE LIES THEY TOLD ME

required helping churches around the world figure out how to operate without gathering in a building. As the head of global faith partnerships at Facebook, I had received more calls, texts, emails, and direct messages from pastors and church leaders during the first weeks of COVID-19 than I had in the three years prior.

As I reached mile six, a favorite song came on, and I did a run-dance on the sidewalk as drivers-by looked at me in confusion. I punched the air and clapped with the beat while singing, “Trust in the Lord with all your heart! Trust in the Lord with all your mind! Trust in the Lord with all your strength! Lean not on your own understanding!” The upbeat tempo always got me pumped, but I had no idea that an hour later my trust in the Lord would be put to the test.

I made it home just in time to give my seven- and ten-year-old sons sweaty hugs and my husband a sweaty kiss before they left for the day. Then I started my post-run routine of showering, stretching, making a pot of tea, and having some quiet time with the Lord. I was looking forward to my Bible study time because the cancelation of many of my speaking engagements allowed me to study for the fun of it without the pressure of preparing to give a message.

The Holy Spirit had led me to take an interest in the life of Jonathan, King Saul’s son. A lot was written about his father, and even more was written about his best friend, David, but I had never looked closely at Jonathan. I started reading in 1 Samuel 14, which tells the story of how Jonathan waged an attack on a Philistine outpost with only his young armor-bearer by his side. As Jonathan made his way to Mikmash to fight two dozen Philistines by himself, his father, the king, rested comfortably

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under a pomegranate tree in Gibeah with six hundred soldiers. The juxtaposition of the two scenes was striking.

When Jonathan and his young armor-bearer reached the outpost, they saw that the Philistines were positioned on a cliff. This put Jonathan and his armor-bearer at a strategic disadvantage because it robbed them of the element of surprise. The climb to the Philistines' position would also use precious energy they needed for the battle. Nevertheless, Jonathan turned to his armor-bearer and said, "Come, let's go over to the outpost of those uncircumcised men. Perhaps the LORD will act in our behalf. Nothing can hinder the LORD from saving, whether by many or by few" (1 Samuel 14:6).

I repeated that last line to myself: "Nothing can hinder the Lord from saving, whether by many or by few." Something about it resonated. *When the Lord is for us, we can be outnumbered but are never unprotected.*

When the Lord
is for us, we can
be outnumbered
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I read a couple more chapters and then decided it was time to start my day. I quickly checked my Facebook page to respond to comments and messages and then did the same on Instagram. Although I normally go straight to my Instagram notifications, that day I caught a glimpse of my newsfeed first. And that's when the downward emotional spiral started.

FRIEND 1: Hey, friends! I'm so excited to announce that I'm joining the speaker lineup for Susie Sacred's Full Blossom Conference. Visit the link in my bio to register, and meet me online next month with an incredible roster of speakers!

THE LIES THEY TOLD ME

FRIEND 2: I'm beyond ecstatic to share that I'll be speaking at the Full Blossom Conference next month with Susie Sacred and an amazing roster of the best speakers across every sector. Will you be there? Comment below to let me know!

FRIEND 3: Next month is going to be epic! Join me and other amazing speakers at the Full Blossom Conference with Susie Sacred online next month. I have a message for *you*. Tag a friend and register at fullblossom.com!

After scrolling for what felt like an eternity, I counted no fewer than eight friends posting the exciting news that they were joining an amazing roster of speakers for a major women's conference that was going virtual because of the pandemic. Since I don't follow many people on social media, it seemed like the only thing in my newsfeed was an avalanche of exciting announcements about speaking at the Full Blossom Conference.

"Why wasn't *I* invited to speak?" I asked aloud. "It's like Susie asked everyone we mutually know except me."

With each new post, I felt what can only be described as the stab of an emotional ice pick to the heart. My mind was clouded with hurt, so I stopped scrolling, closed Instagram, and looked out my living room window into a beautiful day. The skies were blue and filled with fluffy white clouds. Birds bounded from limb to limb on the tree just outside my window. But the beauty outside couldn't overcome the ugliness churning inside me.

I was scheduled to join a video conference, but I was so distracted by confusion and pain that I went to the kitchen to make

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another pot of tea. As I stirred the honey into my teacup and watched the golden sweetness dissolve into the hot water, I was flooded with “why” questions.

Why was I left out?

Why was I not considered?

Why was I overlooked?

Why was I not worthy of an invitation?

An old, familiar hurt resurfaced inside—the hurt of being unwanted.

I’ve had a full speaking schedule for years, despite never once advertising myself as a speaker or asking to speak at events. And I receive more speaking invitations for business and church conferences than I can accept. I’ve been invited to speak on multiple continents and keynoted major conferences across the United States and abroad. Yet, somehow, not being invited to speak at *this* conference bothered me.

I’d heard of Full Blossom before and had never desired to speak at it, but after I saw many of the people in my ministry circle invited to speak there, my exclusion catalyzed a self-worth inquisition. Comparison makes what never mattered before the thing that matters most.

As I sat down at my desk and opened my laptop, I felt a magnetic pull back to Instagram. I had back-to-back video conferences every thirty minutes for the next seven hours, so I set my phone down and logged on for the first meeting. Within ten minutes, I had discreetly unlocked my phone, opened Instagram, and continued the scroll. An irresistible and poisonous thread tugged on my heart and distracted me from work.

THE LIES THEY TOLD ME

I went to Susie's profile and saw post after post of her gushing about each speaker: how incredible they were and how perfect the conference would be because of them. My chest tightened, and a lump grew in my throat as I watched a video of her enthusiastically naming several of my friends as speakers. Although she spoke about them, my heart heard her speaking to me: *Nona, I know who you are. I've seen what you do. And you're not good enough. You're not what I'm looking for. You're just average.*

I had not only constructed the full-blown, play-by-play narrative for why Susie hadn't invited me but also decided I needed to unfollow everyone she had invited to speak. My heart felt like it would shatter if I saw one more friend's post about the awesome conference I wasn't invited to speak at. I didn't want to wade through endless reminders that they were speaking at the conference and I wasn't.

"Why did she pick everyone around me but not me?" I asked aloud again. The more I thought about it, the more my hurt turned to anger. But in my anger, I heard the Holy Spirit ask a different question: "Why does it matter?"

"Why does it matter?" I responded incredulously. "Because everyone who's anyone will be speaking there. And I'm not. This will be the largest online women's ministry gathering of the year, and I will be absent."

"So you think you matter only because of the speaking invitations you receive?" the Holy Spirit asked.

"No," I said. "I know I matter to *you*. I just . . . I just . . ." I stammered as the weight of the truth settled on me.

"Go ahead," the Holy Spirit prompted, "say it."

"I just want to matter to *them* too," I whispered, tears forming in the corners of my eyes.

EVERYONE IS INVITED . . . EXCEPT YOU

“I know, Nona. You want to matter to them because you’re insecure,” the Holy Spirit said matter-of-factly.

“Insecure?” I responded with disbelief. “I’m not insecure! Far from it. I know who I am in you. I preach about it regularly. Besides, I have everything I could ever want and more than I could ever have imagined. I’m definitely *not* insecure!”

With love and conviction, the Holy Spirit said, “Nona, you think people are insecure if they don’t like how they look or don’t like what they have or don’t like what they do. Those are *expressions* of insecurity, but they’re not the *root* of insecurity. The root of insecurity is when your identity is built on an insecure foundation.”

As I considered what the Holy Spirit said, I felt defensive. “My identity is secured to you, Lord. I know what the Word says about who I am, and I believe it. How can you say I’m insecure?”

“Yes, you know what my Word says, and you also believe it,” affirmed the Holy Spirit. “But knowledge and belief are not the same as faith. As long as you know my Word in your head and believe it in your heart but don’t practice it daily, your identity will continue to be secured to the affirmation of others. You have built your identity on people’s approval. People show their approval with likes on social media, but I demonstrated my approval through love on the cross. I approved of you before you were formed in your mother’s womb. And my approval is unchanging.”

The truth in these words hit me like a Mack truck. So much of my life had been spent trying to win people’s approval, and maybe yours has too:

- That time in high school when you were one of the “it” girls and got invited to all the best parties and hangouts—until

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you were no longer invited. A wealthy new girl started attending the school and your friends decided there wasn't enough room in the clique for both of you, so they kicked you out to make room for her.

- Those months when your calendar was filled with business travel and making deals on multiple continents while wining and dining with the powerful—until, without explanation, your calls started going to voicemail and your emails went unreturned. A new company emerged on the scene, and everyone wanted to do deals with them instead.
- Those years when you were your pastor's favorite Sunday school teacher and he placed you in charge of the entire Sunday school department—until he decided your style was outdated and brought in a skinny-jeans-wearing kid with a mohawk and a TikTok following to “get things back on track.”

The approval of others is never permanent, and it often depends on variables that are beyond our control. People use things such as height, weight, wealth, popularity, theology, position, or political affiliation as “approval filters” to determine whether we're good enough for them. Yet God approved of us

before there was anything to approve of.

||| God created
us *on* purpose,
with purpose.

God created us *on* purpose, *with* purpose.

The Holy Spirit said, “Nona, the reason you're hurt by not being invited to speak at that conference is because you measure

your worth based on how much people approve of you *compared* to others. When you aren't secured to the stable foundation of who *I* say you are, you drift with the shifting currents of

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others' opinions about you. When you drift from me, you have to secure your identity to people's opinions to stay afloat. Your insecurity didn't start this morning. You've been insecure most of your life."

I sat in silence with my eyes closed, reflecting on what the Holy Spirit had said. Before I knew it, my eyes were brimming with tears. The Holy Spirit was right—as always.

Somewhere along the line, I had surrendered my purpose for performative applause. God had valued me before I even had the ability to perform my way into his love. Though God determined I was worth dying for at my worst (Romans 5:8), I made the mistake of conflating my eternal, intrinsic value with likes, follows, shares, and speaking invitations. And the craziest part of it all is that no one knew. *Not even me.* It happened subtly, over time.

With every larger platform I stepped onto, my heart had slowly detached from the secure foundation of God's approval and attached itself to the insecure foundation of other people's approval, creating insecurity.

"Lord, you're right," I said. "You say in your Word that people honor you with their lips but their hearts are far from you. I now understand what you mean. I have honored you with my lips, but I'm not honoring you with my life. Lord, I need your help. Please deliver me from insecurity."

"Nona, what you're asking will require more than you expect, but if you trust me and obey me, I will help you get to freedom. You must no longer look to others for approval; you must look only to me."

"Lord, I'm ready," I said.

"No, you're not. But that's what my grace is for."

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Just as Jonathan was outnumbered against the Philistines, we can feel overwhelmed by seeming to never measure up. But the same divine grace that enabled *his* victory is the same grace that enables our victory over insecurity too.

Making Sense of Comparison

I'm guessing you're no stranger to the lure of comparison. Maybe you just found out your best friend is getting married. Even though you're devastated, you put on a fake smile, embrace her with warm hugs, and offer to host her bridal shower. You thought you would be the first to get married, but the man of your dreams told you he didn't love you anymore and decided your cousin was a better fit for his future.

Or perhaps you've been working your butt off for a promotion, but instead of hearing, "Congratulations, you got the job," you heard, "We've decided to go with an external candidate." You did everything your manager said you needed to do to prepare for the opportunity, but when it came down to it, the job went to someone who had never sacrificed anything for the company.

Maybe you just found out your college roommate, who never cared about politics in college, was elected to the United States Congress on their first attempt, while you, who have lived and breathed politics since serving as a class president in middle school, have multiple failed campaigns to your credit.

When others achieve something that we desperately wanted or worked for, a painful question inevitably arises: Why them, not me?

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- Why didn't my boyfriend propose to me after I gave him the best years of my life, but Scott proposed to Sarah after just six months?
- Why is this outsider going to be my boss when I'm the one who has kept the team moving forward and am just as qualified for the position?
- Why have my efforts to get elected to local and state offices been soul-crushing failures, but my college roommate's first run for Congress was a wild success?

All these questions can be reduced to one root question: Why am I not good enough *compared to them*?

This question has haunted me every time someone else has received an opportunity that I had my heart set on. I would mentally stack up my credentials next to theirs to figure out how I fell short. Insecurity uses other people as the measuring stick for our worth. When the opportunity I wanted went to someone who had more experience or notoriety than I did, the pill was still bitter, but *at least* I could make sense of it. It was much harder to make sense of why an opportunity went to someone else if I couldn't identify how I had fallen short. How could I make sense of not being chosen "just because"?

When I compared my qualifications and social media reach with those of several of the others who were chosen to speak at the Full Blossom Conference, I struggled to make sense of why I had been left out. I couldn't identify meaningful differences between them and me, and in several cases, I had more experience and more social media followers. Then I considered another variable: Did the speakers have a closer relationship with Susie than I did? She and I weren't super close, so maybe the

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others were closer to her than I was. As I did my comparison-fueled sleuthing work, including texting a few friends to ask how they knew Susie, I found out that she didn't even know several of the people she'd invited. So why them and not me?

Once again, the Holy Spirit asked me, "Why does it matter, Nona?" I didn't have a good answer.

But it *definitely* mattered.

It mattered so much that I scoured the speakers' Instagram profiles and Facebook pages to calculate their reach and engagement *in comparison to my own*.

It mattered so much that I visited their websites and reviewed their upcoming events to see how many major conferences they were headlining *in comparison to me*.

It mattered so much that I checked their lists of followers to see how many celebrities and media organizations were following them *in comparison to me*.

Although in retrospect I know I was being childish, if you're anything like me, you've probably never asked yourself "why does it matter" when drowning in feelings of inadequacy. You simply did what I did; launched into a Jacques Cousteau-level exploration of the depth of another person's beauty, wealth, or influence to calculate how you measure up *in comparison to them*. But we can't compare perfection to perfection. Allow me to explain.

French Impressionist artist Edgar Degas once said, "Painting is easy when you don't know how, but very difficult when you do."¹ In other words, amateur artists can paint with a level of irreverence that allows them to present even what might be seen as sloppy work with pride. But master artists pick up the tools of their artistry with a high degree of respect for their craft and

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their creation. And no work of art is considered finished until it reaches perfection in their eyes. For this reason, a true master artist would never compare one work of art with another work of art because they are *both* perfect in their eyes.

We tend to think perfection is in the eye of the *beholder*, but no. Perfection is not in the eye of the beholder; perfection is in the eye of the *creator*. It is for this reason that comparing a priceless work of art with another priceless work is impossible for the creator—*but simple for those beholding the creation*.

Imagine being a handmade porcelain vase sitting in a display cabinet next to other porcelain vases. You and the other vases are all available for purchase, but the display has four rows of vases, and you're in the last row at the back of the cabinet. As you observe the vases near the front, you wonder what it is about them that merited more prominent placement. You take note of their size, shape, color, and unique artistic markings etched across their surfaces.

"I'm shorter than that one and rounder than that other one," you observe. "That one is purple, but I'm green. And I don't have any artistic etchings." You conclude that these traits—the ones you don't have—must be what gave the other vases more prominent placement. Suddenly, the characteristics that made you perfect in your creator's eyes become the very ones that cause you to question your value. As you secure your sense of worth to what you don't have—based on comparison—you feel insecure. Shaky. Unstable.

Experienced potters often design their vases as sketches before they grab a lump of clay and form it on the pottery wheel.

Perfection is
not in the eye
of the beholder;
perfection is
in the eye of
the *creator*.

THE LIES THEY TOLD ME

They have a vision before they shape a vessel. The same principle applies to you. You began as a vision in the Potter's heart before you took shape in his hands. Your unique value and identity were skillfully designed before you were formed. This is why it's unwise to compare yourself with anyone else. The divine Potter designs every person with a unique purpose according to his own vision of perfection, so why would we try to compare our own perfection with someone else's perfection? Let me tell you why.

Right now I have almost seventy thousand followers on Instagram. Given that the average person has 150 followers, my follower count places me in the top 5 percent of Instagram accounts. But before we throw a celebration, I should also point out a couple more people who have far more followers than I do. For example, Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson has 298 million followers. That's 60 million *more* than Beyoncé. (I know, right? How?) While my account is considered a "top account," it would be crazy to compare myself to The Rock or Beyoncé.

Since I know competing with people who are at the level of Beyoncé and The Rock would be impossible, toxic comparison causes me to dismiss what is unattainable and to set my sights lower. Toxic comparison leads me to set my sights on a person who is ever so slightly beyond my grasp but still within my reach if I just work a little harder. A person I *should* be able to be as good as or even better than if I simply put in a little effort.

When we suffer from toxic comparison, we identify people in our social circle who have an attainable degree of success. Once we have them in our line of sight, we secure our identity (often unknowingly) to getting to where they are on the worthiness ruler. Our goal is to get to where they are on that measuring stick. But every time they advance further ahead—with a

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new relationship, promotion, pound lost, or major speaking engagement—our identity feels threatened because their success moves them further out of reach. We have made them our standard for perfection without understanding that we are perfect beyond compare to our Creator.

Pegging our identity and self-worth to the people we believe we should be as good as, if not better than, is so deeply embedded in our human nature that we don't even realize we're doing it—until we find ourselves sitting in our office with our camera off during a video conference because we're snot-bubble crying after being left out of a conference we had never even desired to speak at.

Exposing Insecurity

If you're tired of feeling that emotional ice pick stab your heart every time [insert name] achieves something new, I invite you to join me on a journey toward freedom and healing. It won't be an easy journey, but it will be worth it. I believe God is calling you to secure your identity to the only true and unwavering foundation: who your Creator made you to be and the unique purpose only you can fulfill.

Although social media often gets blamed for causing insecurity, I believe the truth is far more complicated. We didn't wake up one day after scrolling through Twitter, Snapchat, Instagram, or Facebook and suddenly question our worth. Instead, many of us come to those platforms with a self-worth that is tenuous to begin with. There is a root problem that existed before social media, and this is the problem we need to excavate and repair.

THE LIES THEY TOLD ME

Instead of social media causing insecurity, I believe we bring our insecurities to social media. Why? Because we can have everything social media promises and still be insecure.

We can have material possessions and not have joy.

We can have the perfect Instagram gallery and not have peace.

We can have a marriage others envy and not have fulfillment.

Every time comparison makes you ask why—“Why was I left out? Why was I overlooked?”—ask yourself instead, “Why does it matter?”

Asking this question is important because experiences that *expose* your insecurity are not the *source* of your insecurity. In other words, someone else’s material possessions, appearance, or perfect relationship is not the source of your insecurity. The source of your insecurity has a history, and you must explore that history to repair the soil of your heart and prepare it for healing and freedom.

Asking “Why does it matter?” has led to groundbreaking personal insight because it forces me to be honest about what I believe to be true and why. It forced me to get at the root of my insecurity by bringing me face-to-face with myself and interrupting the natural downward spiral into thoughts of inadequacy that usually accompanies a toxic comparison trigger. Now when I think I’m not good enough, pausing to consider those four words brings me back to myself.

As you begin this journey with me, my prayer is that each chapter will equip you to overcome comparison and to attach your identity to a secure foundation. To help you on your way, each chapter concludes with a four-piece toolbox:

EVERYONE IS INVITED . . . EXCEPT YOU

RECALL lists the key teaching points from the chapter.

RECEIVE offers a guiding Scripture to contemplate.

RECITE provides a prayer you can pray based on the chapter theme.

REFLECT offers closing insights based on what healing has looked like in my own life.

I invite you to use this toolbox to pause and reflect. Then join me in the next chapter to explore how our past experiences reverberate through the present-day beliefs that shape us.

Recall

When the Lord is for us, we can be outnumbered but are never unprotected.

Why does it matter?

Insecurity uses other people as the measuring stick for our worth.

The root of insecurity is building your identity on an insecure foundation.

Comparison makes what never mattered before the thing that matters most.

God created us *on* purpose, *with* purpose.

Perfection is not in the eye of the beholder; perfection is in the eye of the creator.

You began as a vision in the Potter's heart before you took shape in his hands.

Experiences that *expose* your insecurity are not the *source* of your insecurity.

THE LIES THEY TOLD ME

Receive

Trust in the LORD with all your heart
and lean not on your own understanding;
in all your ways submit to him,
and he will make your paths straight. (Proverbs 3:5–6)

Recite

Lord, help me to understand that I am more than the invitations I do or don't receive. I am more than the friendships I do or don't have. I am more than the things I think I can't live without because I believe they give me value. Help me to understand and believe in my heart that I have value because I am yours and because you made me perfect and unique.

Reflect

As I stewed in the pain I felt from being left out, God issued a challenge that knocked me off my feet. Susie and her team ended up having issues advertising their event on Facebook and Instagram and reached out to see if I could help. The petty version of me would have found a way to avoid responding to the email. Instead, I took the challenge and made sure my team helped them to get back up and running. Regardless of why I was left out, that God placed me in a position to help was its own form of blessing.

If that person who triggers toxic comparison in you comes to you for help, prayerfully consider whether God may be offering you a blessing—an opportunity to detoxify your system with the antivenom of kindness, mercy, and grace.